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The Weekly Messenger

THE FRANCO-CHINESE WAR.

During the week, negotiations between Li Hung Chang and the French Consul at Tien-Tsin have ceased, and the Empress of China decided to summon a council of war to consider the situation. At a meeting of the French Senate, in a discussion on the Tonquin credits, the Duc de Broglie said that the government must be held responsible for the increasing gravity of the situation. M. Ferry, replying to the Duc, said that the government's duty was to pursue a policy of moderation until it proved unavailing, in which event, he pledged himself to energetic measures. He denied that France had isolated herself, saying that she was still friendly to all powers. A community of ideas existed between France and three of the great powers on the Egyptian question. According to the latest despatches he showed that the expedition was perfectly secure. In the end, the senate voted the credits with only one dissentient voice. The peace negotiations, despite contrary rumors, are described as progressing satisfactorily. In Tonquin, affairs are not progressing. General De L'Isle threatens to resign unless reinforced and every mail steamer conveys more Germans to assist the Chinese. In the meantime, the French Government is reported as buying English steamers to convey French reinforcements to China, whilst the Chinese are purchasing torpedo boats, sending them to Australia and afterwards to China. The latest advices were of a more peaceful nature, three viceroys being ordered to the frontier to suspend hostilities against the French.

An incredible story is published by a news agency in Paris, to the effect that in a letter written by a private soldier from the seat of war it is said that General Negrier, upon defeating some Chinese regular troops, handed over 200 prisoners to the best French riflemen for targets in ball practice, and that all of the Chinese were killed. Parisian newspapers are indignant at the statement and demand a prompt denial of it.

THE CONGO CONFERENCE.

To the conference, England has proposed a scheme of neutrality stipulating that in the event of war the Congo and Niger rivers with their affluents, shall remain free to merchant ships. Also, that the merchants of all nations having depots on the Congo and Niger shall be forbidden to supply war vessels with coal except in sufficient quantities to enable them to reach the nearest port. France proposes a somewhat similar scheme. The American delegate proposes to bind the powers signing the agreement to treat as neutral all territory defined in the first declaration of the conference. France only wanted coal not to be treated as contraband of war, he said, in order to establish a coaling station for her men-of-war. The English delegate has been instructed to support Italy in her endeavor to exclude the importation of alcoholic liquors from the Congo country.

THE EGYPTIAN PROBLEM.

According to a despatch from Debbeh, the natives are very friendly, welcoming the British troops, and it is also said that a mounted brigade could traverse the desert with very little risk. From Amderman, near Khartoum, the rebels are reported as continuing the siege. The lieutenant of the Mahdi is reported as advancing through the desert upon Dongola. The Mahdi has himself ordered his lieutenants at other places to send him all available troops, munitions of war and money to Khartoum. Grain is becoming very scarce near the seat of war. From Dongola comes the news that the Sultan of Darfur has deposed and imprisoned the Mahdi's Emir at Khaliid, expelling his dervishes. Lord Walseley was at Ambukol, 150 miles nearer Khartoum than Dongola, on the 13th of December. The Mahdi is trying to crush General Gordon before Lord Walseley arrives. In Europe the situation is being actively discussed, and a strong party is said to be intriguing to replace Ismail Pasha on the throne of the Khedive. Russia is said to desire an international commission appointed in order to settle Egyptian finances.

Latest despatches from the seat of war report that General Gordon is still well, and that he had but recently severely defeated the rebels, killing a large number, and blowing up their forts. The Mahdi, it is said, has written to Osman Digna, appealing for reinforcements, to which appeal Osman replied that it was impossible for him to comply, as he was himself expecting an attack from the enemy.

AN IMPROBABLE STORY.

A strange yarn comes from Egremont in Massachusetts, to the effect that Estelle Newman, a woman of about thirty years, died in 1878, and was buried, and that H.W. Wright, of Connecticut, before dying, recently, confessed to his brother that whilst a student in the Albany Medical College, he, with others, after the burial of the woman helped to disinter her. On the table in the dissecting-room she showed signs of life, was resuscitated, and conveyed to an insane asylum. After some years of partial insanity she recovered and was subsequently married. The friends of the supposed resuscitated one, discredit the story and want her grave opened. The brother of Wright denies that he ever heard the alleged confession concerning the removal of the body.

THE WAR IN MADAGASCAR.

The French Government in order to avoid complications with Australia, has decided to transfer the penal colony of New Caledonia to Madagascar. General Miot, the French commander in that Island, has telegraphed to Paris that his troops now occupy the forts and that the Hovas have fled southward, the chiefs submitting. The French suffered no losses and the health of the troops was satisfactory. On December 6th after a sharp fight he occupied another fort, when the enemy lost two hundred killed while the French loss was trifling.

LORD DUNMORE AND THE SCOTCH CROFTERS.

The Earl of Dunmore, who is the owner of the island of Harris and many adjacent islets in the Hebrides, has taken a long step in the direction of relieving that overcrowding which a Royal Commission has marked as one of the most active agents in producing want and misery amongst the crofters and cottars of the Western Isles. His lordship, who cultivates exceedingly friendly relations with his tenantry, met their leading representatives at his rent audit, at Rodil, and announced certain intentions which cannot fail to prove highly beneficial in operation. As a practical farmer he recognizes that the island of Bernera will not adequately support its population, and he has, therefore, handed over to them the smaller island of Harnetray, which will afford good grazing for a considerable number of cattle and sheep. Lord Dunmore also reduces the rent of Taddy Island, and gives to his tenants in the northern and southern townships each a large farm. Accommodation is thus provided for a number of families, but in order to prevent any undue crowding of these new lands there are in the leases most stringent conditions as to "squating" and arrears of rent. We are told that the crofters returned to their island homes "well satisfied" with the statement of their noble landlord. — *Scotch Paper.*

A DETACHMENT of the Salvation Army has visited Montreal. On Sunday morning last they held their first meeting in the open air. A large crowd of roughs assembled, and pelted them with snow. The police arrested the little band—four in number—but they were subsequently allowed out on bail, and are holding in-door services which are largely attended. On Sunday the rough element prevailed, and the chairs and windows of the Weber Hall were smashed. Special constables have, however, been sworn in to see to their protection during the services and the maintenance of order. As we go to press the army detachment—consisting of James Madden, George James Tovey, Richard Davis, Nellie Low, and Hattie Yerex—are before the Recorder's Court, charged with disturbing the peace. They have a large number of sympathizers in the city.

AN ATTEMPT has been made to blow up London Bridge, England, by dynamite, and great indignation has been excited thereat. It is supposed that dynamite was dropped over the bridge, and alighted on a buttress. The damage done consists chiefly of broken windows. A policeman, who was standing near the scene of the occurrence, stated that he saw a blinding glare like a sheet of lightning, and then heard a terrific report. The outrage is attributed to the Fenians. No clue has been obtained to the perpetrators of the outrage. The English papers speak of it in terms of strong indignation. They are unanimous in ascribing the outrage to the operations of American Fenians.

THE STEAMER "Caranya," from Rotterdam for Lisbon has foundered off the Isle of Wight, with a loss of eleven hands.

THERE WERE 314 failures reported in the United States during the past week compared with 294 and 222 for the two preceding weeks.

COMPLAINTS of hard times come from Dakota, where, it is alleged, the farmers have to pay so high a rate to the Railway Companies for the transit of their produce that nothing is left them to live upon.

THERE were 21 deaths from cholera in Paris last week.

A RECTOR in the South of England, whose son married an orphan cousin against his will, has taken the brutal revenge of shooting all the horses and dogs which were the young man's favorites. The English papers describe his conduct in cutting terms.

A HUNDRED hosiery operatives left Nottingham on Friday for America, where places have already been engaged for them.

THE PROCESS of hiring negroes in the oyster industry of Maryland is accomplished by auction. Employees, who wish for laborers, bid so much a week, and the one who bids the highest secures the negro.

PRIZE FIGHTING in England has attained to such a head that Sir William Harcourt, Home Secretary, has expressed his horror at its prevalence, and his determination to put a stop to it by the introduction of more repressive measures.

A TERRIBLE COLLIERY explosion has occurred in the colliery of the Staatsbahn Company, at Orana Steyrdorf, in the south of Hungary, by which no less than seventy-five men were killed, all of them husbands and fathers of families. Heart-rending scenes occurred round the mine after the accident. Miners from other collieries wished to descend to attempt a rescue, but were forcibly prevented by their wives and children, while relatives of the victims knelt imploring them to descend.

THE RIVER St. Charles, at Quebec, is solidly frozen over and the erection of cabins for tommy-cod fishing, has commenced.

FATHER CHINIQUEY, who has been preaching and lecturing in Montreal for the last month and who has been instrumental in making sixty-three converts from Roman Catholicism (whose names he has enclosed to the *Witness* office), has now left for Ontario, to pursue the work with which he has now been so long identified.

IT WOULD seem that in England, just now, there is a revival of the fashion of wholesale perversions from Protestantism. The only son of the Bishop of Rochester has just "gone over," and it is said that a great many other people of note intend to follow his example.

A NUMBER of English Catholic nobles have been endeavoring for some time past to get the consent of the Vatican to the establishing of a great English college. It would appear that their efforts in this direction have been crowned with success.

WHILST THE SNOWFLAKES FELL
ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

CHAPTER I.

The snowflakes came floating down softly—swiftly—silently, alike in origin, alike in nature, alike in form and hue, but, on reaching this planet earth, becoming wonderfully unlike in position. For some of the shining particles were arrested in their downward course by lofty mountain or towering steeple. Others descending lower, rested on snug manor-roof or farm-house, or still lower, whilst the greater number found their level on the wide-sweeping plain. Snow-flakes, however, being indifferent to position, it mattered little to them whether they fell high or low; and not a bit prouder, happier, or whiter looked such, for instance, as happened to light on the turret dome of Castle Dermott, than their millions of kindred that lay in fair pretty confusion on the terraced slopes below.

But even "pretty" things gain scanty admiration when they are as common as snowflakes on the 24th of December; indeed, "tiresome," "odious," "vexatious," were these special "snow-flakes" successively termed by Annette Dermott, who had intended spending the whole afternoon superintending the Christmas decorations in the church; but in consequence of the weather and a recent cold had been forbidden by mother to venture out of doors. "It is so disappointing!" she repeats for the fiftieth time, viewing despondingly the whitening world through the window-panes, which seem all tufted over with tiny feathers. "I had quite set my heart on having the church really prettily decorated this year, and now, I am sure the wreaths will be hung badly, and probably half the letters turned upside down! Is it not a very provoking storm, Ronald?" And Annette turns appealingly to her brother—a schoolboy of fourteen, who had just returned from gathering a bundle of holly, and was now enjoying a rest in the biggest easy-chair in the room.

"Yes, very. But any one can stick little bits of holly about," he answers.

"Stick little bits of holly about! How very stupid schoolboys are!" resents Annette. "I could have carried out my idea beautifully but for this horrid snow!"

"If it freeze to-night, how nice it will be walking to-morrow on the hard crisp ground!" ventured little Effie, the youngest sister, glancing up from the manufacture of a doll's bonnet, in which she had been absorbed for some time.

"Freeze!—and spoil the St. Stephen's hunt, the best fun in the whole vacation!" objected Ronald, now thoroughly in earnest.

"But a white Christmas would be so pretty—and I only remember black, wet ones," remonstrated Effie, quoting from her brief experience of nine years.

"Black Christmases! Did anybody ever hear such nonsense?" said Ronald. "I hope we may have a regular downpour of rain. Rain won't prevent Santa Claus coming, you know, Effie; and that's all you care about."

"I don't care much for anything Santa Claus can bring me this time, unless it be a doll with blue eyes to match exactly this bonnet." And Effie holds up her wee specimen of millinery. "Blue eyes, and real hair that I can curl myself every day, like what mother says her dolls used to have, all mine have only flax and I cannot fix it."

"That's because women get all the hair which was meant for dolls, to make up their own hideous frisettes and false 'ships' expounded Ronald, contemptuously. You'll be stealing your dolly's hair to do the same by-and-by, Effie."

Effie rather indignantly refuted this cruel prophecy as the sitting-room door was opened, and the servant addressed Miss Dermott,—

"The little boy, Martin Daly, ma'am, is returned from the church, and has brought up the 'greens' that were over, as you desired him."

"Returned is he? Then the church must be finished!" Annette half rises from her chair, but quickly reseats herself. "No; I shall not ask him how it looks as I know his answer would only vex me. Bid him leave those evergreens in the servants' hall and run home,—and here, give him this shilling, as it is Christmas time, and such a bad day. Christmas is really a most tiresome season—now isn't it, cousin Charlie?" she added, addressing the fourth and much senior occupant of the luxurions apartment, who, inviolated by an accident, reclined upon a sofa opposite the window, an open book in his hand. He did not immediately reply.

"Oh, don't expect an answer from cousin Charlie, he's dreaming as usual," laughed Ronald. "However, I'll settle the question by giving my own opinion thereupon, which is, that, except for vacation, Christmas is decidedly tiresome. I am sick of Christmas presents and Christmas trees; and as to Christmas cards—" Ronald paused, unable to call up a strong enough adjective.

atoms are!" he resumed presently. "Perfectly similar in every respect, yet what varied situations they happen to fall upon! Some, lighting on the high bank, will rest there undisturbed till gradually melted by the warm sun; others, descending but a couple of feet lower on the terraced walk, will be crushed into moisture by the heel of the first passer-by, or possibly Effie's own little feet to-morrow. Human beings are very much alike. It is only a mere matter of position or circumstances makes them apparently 'quite different.' High or low, rich or poor, they think and feel, suffer in pain, rejoice in happiness."

Annette glanced quickly at her cousin, then out at the snowflakes. And as she, too, read the parable the unconscious particles, unfolded, a humbled, softened expression, replaced the dissatisfied, petulant look her face had worn all the morning. A great fault in her character was a proneness to treat, not unkindly, but proudly, unsympathizingly, people occupying an inferior

asked Annette, brightening up likewise—"We have only money. It is too late and snowy to send out to buy things this afternoon."

"Oh, I am sure mother would let us buy out of the store-room; only we must be sure to pay or else we would not be giving to Martin," decided Effie. "Do you think Martin would like things out of the store-room, cousin Charlie?"

"I am satisfied he will make no inquiries as to whether Santa Claus collected his offerings in a shop or mother's store-room," returned cousin Charlie.

(To be Continued.)

MAKE THE CHILDREN'S HOLIDAYS
HAPPY.

There's a time for work and a time for play. Much study is a weariness to the flesh, and rest, recreation, with fun and frolic, is the best medicine for a child who has been diligent in study for many weeks. Home

never is so sweet to the child as when he returns to it from school, where he has done well and won the approbation of his teachers. He feels that he deserves the praise he receives from his parents, and he enters with delight upon the pleasures and pastimes they have prepared for him. In after-life no recollections of youth are more lovingly cherished than the holidays, including Christmas and New Year's spent in a Christian home. They begin a little earlier now and last a while longer, so that the young folks manage to get two or three weeks' recess. But that is all well; they will study the harder and learn the more for the relaxation they have had. And if they are lazy and hate books, and will not learn, it is very little matter whether they go to school or not. At any rate, the holidays are the season for play, and they are wise who make the most of it. It is a sad mistake of some parents that all time is lost which is not spent in some positively useful work. Play is useful, but it is not work. Play is the efflorescence of young life, the blossom that precedes the fruit. It is quite as good in its season as the toll that comes by-and-by when the back aches with the burden of life. He is wise who finds innocent sport for his children, especially in the holiday season. This is the most difficult and delicate duty a parent is required to perform. The children get into the company of other children, and very soon insist on choosing their own amusements. These are often such as judicious and pious parents do not wish their children to participate in. What is to be done about it? To forbid is to grieve the children and cut them off from the company of others of whom they are fond. And yet there is only one side of the question for a sensible and conscientious parent to take. The health, morals, mind, and soul of the child may be at stake. To be firm in the right is the only kindred to a child who wishes to do wrong. And the child uniformly treated with indulgence in all things

innocent, will readily submit to parental counsel when tempted to go in the way of evil. I can set up no wall over which children may not jump. I cannot make out a list of amusements and say you may play this and must not play that. There are rural games, common fifty years ago and now, which would be shocking to the sensibilities of city people. There are amusements common in the city that would be justly regarded as evil in the country, but are actually no worse than many plays greatly enjoyed by the best of young people in the rural districts. There is not one standard of right and wrong for the city and another for the country. But things in themselves indifferent, or innocent, may be something else in other circumstances, associations and surroundings. It is therefore hard to draw the line. Let us be charitable in our judgment of others, and true to our own convictions.

Make the holidays happy days. Only the good are truly happy, and the only play,



MAKING FOR HOME.

"I wish we could invent a new way of spending Christmas," half sighed Effie.

"Christmas without presents, trees, cards, or even holidays!" put in cousin Charlie, suddenly rousing himself. "Would that be the way, Effie?"

"Oh, no! for then it would be only like any other part of the year, and it ought to be quite unlike, you know. But if we could think of a new, pleasant, nice way!"

"I wonder how little Martin Daly spends Christmas," went on cousin Charlie; "or if he was ever tired of trees, or Santa Claus, or—"

"Martin Daly!" interrupted Annette, rather laughingly. "How could he? Of course he never even heard of Santa Claus; but then, he is quite different from us."

"Quite differently placed in the world, you mean." And cousin Charlie was silent again, whilst his eyes, this time raised from his book were fixed on the snowflakes, which still continued their swift, pretty descent.

"How similar to each other those white

social grade to her own; and now, all at once, this fault stood out in a strong repelling vividness before her; she became silent in her turn, feeling rebuked and repentant. Cousin Charlie was by no means an "over-lecturing" disposition; and he spoke after a pause in a lighter tone.

"Effie has been suggesting we should invent a new way of spending Christmas. The old 'tiresome' mode seems to have consisted exclusively in getting an overwhelming amount of presents and pleasure. What if we should try the variety of giving to somebody (who has had no former experience of them) a few of those good things whose reputation has made us feel sick! Suppose, for instance, we take poor Martin Daly, who has never even heard of Santa Claus, and surprise the little fellow with a basket of Christmas boxes?"

"A Christmas basket for Martin! What a grand idea!" cried Effie, clapping her hands.

"But how should we manage to fill it?"

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It was fast, and evening. But sold with bars about th she had a large for longed to her feet across the carriages, found; t a little be might se little girl red and b small bu good mar one had k ay—no Tremblin on, the pi The snow which cut shoulders beauty, o mering t savour of several he it was of formed by jected by ing her lit vain. Sh dared not, earned no father wo was almos attic; and, chinks in straw and penetrated dead with bundle we dard high struck it a bright, wa over it. I that poor magic tape she were si with brass the fire w her feet to instant the vanished, t less, with 2 second man kindled an fell the wa the little g in. She s white damu shining chi with apple end, smoki est to see still in her dish, and w out, and o her. She shot up th under a mo larger and i the one sh through the house. H the green b

the only amusement, that children or older people should pursue is such as the Christ-child would enjoy if he were a boy among boys to-day.

On my wall hangs a picture of Joseph at work as a carpenter, while the child Jesus stands by. What a nice face he has! so bright, so pure, so full of beauty and of promise. He knew no sin. And he grew in favor with God and man. He was the best boy, and therefore the happiest boy who ever lived. No doubt he played with young companions and enjoyed the games of childhood and youth as much as any mother's son in all Judea. And in his lovely young life I find a type of the child whose amusements were such only as became him whose birth is celebrated with every return of Christmas-day. His life is our example in childhood and manhood alike, and a merry Christmas to all like Him who was obedient unto his parents while a child, and in the hour of greatest sorrow said to His Father in heaven, "Not my will, but thine be done."—*Irenæus in N. Y. Observer.*

THE LITTLE MATCH-GIRL.

It was dreadfully cold, it was snowing fast, and almost dark; the evening—the last evening of the old year—was drawing in. But cold and dark as it was, a poor little girl with bare head and feet, was still wandering about the streets. When she left her home she had slippers on, but they were much too large for her—indeed, properly they belonged to her mother—and had dropped off her feet whilst she was running very fast across the road to get out of the way of two carriages. One of the slippers was not to be found; the other had been snatched up by a little boy who ran off with it, thinking it might serve him as a doll's cradle. So the little girl now walked on, her bare feet quite red and blue with the cold. She carried a small bundle of matches in her hand, and a good many more in her tattered apron. No one had bought any of them the live-long day—no one had given her a single penny. Trembling with cold and hunger, crept she to the picture of sorrow. Poor little child! The snow flakes fell on her long, fair hair, which curled in such pretty ringlets over her shoulders; but she thought not of her own beauty, or of the cold. Lights were glimmering through every window, and the savour of roast goose reached her from several houses; it was New Year's Eve, and it was of this that she thought. In a corner formed by two houses, one of which projected beyond the other, she sat down, drawing her little feet close under her, but in vain. She could not warm them. She dared not go home—she had sold no matches, earned not a single penny, and perhaps her father would beat her; besides, her home was almost as cold as the streets—it was an attic, and, although the larger of the many chimneys in the roof were stopped up with straw and rags, the wind and snow often penetrated through. Her hands were nearly dead with cold; one little match from her bundle would warm them, perhaps, if she dared light it. She drew one out, and struck it against the wall. Bravo! it was a bright, warm flame, and she held her hands over it. It was quite an illumination for that poor little girl—may, call it rather a magic taper—for it seemed to her as though she were sitting before a large iron stove with brass ornaments, so beautiful blazed the fire within! The child stretched out her feet to warm them also. Alas! in an instant the flame had died away, the stove vanished, the little girl sat cold and comfortless, with the burnt match in her hand. A second match was struck against the wall; it kindled and blazed, and wherever its light fell the wall became transparent as a veil—the little girl could see into the room within. She saw the table spread with a snowy-white damask cloth, whereon were ranged shining china dishes; the roast goose stuffed with apples and dried plums, stood at one end, smoking hot, and—what was pleasantest to see—the goose, with knife and fork still in her breast, jumped down from the dish, and waddled along the floor right up to the poor child. The match was burnt out, and only the thick hard wall was beside her. She kindled a third match. Again shot up the flame; and now she was sitting under a most beautiful Christmas tree, far larger and far more prettily decked out than the one she had seen last Christmas Eve through the glass doors of the rich merchant's house. Hundreds of wax tapers lighted up the green branches, and tiny painted figures

—such as one had seen in the shop windows—looked down from the tree upon her. The child stretched out her hands towards them in delight, and in that moment the light of the match was quenched. Still, however, the Christmas candles burned higher and higher—she beheld them beaming like stars in Heaven. One of them fell, the lights streaming behind it like a long fiery tail. "Now someone is dying," said the little girl, softly; for she had been told by her old grandmother—the only person who had ever been kind to her, and who was now dead—that whenever a star falls an immortal spirit returns to the God who gave it. She struck yet another match against the wall; it flared up, and, surrounded by its light, appeared before her that same dear grandmother—gentle and loving as always, but bright and happy, as she had never looked during her lifetime. "Grandmother!" exclaimed the child. "Oh, take me with thee! I know thou wilt leave me as soon as the match goes out—thou wilt vanish like the warm fire in the stove, like the splendid New Year's feast, like the beautiful large Christmas tree!" And she hastily lighted all the remaining matches in the bundle lest her grandmother should disappear. And the matches burned with such a blaze of splendor that noon day could scarcely have been brighter. Never had the good old grandmother looked so tall and stately, so beautiful and kind; she took the little girl in her arms, and they both flew together—joyfully and gloriously they flew—higher and higher, till they were in that plain where neither cold, nor hunger, nor pain is ever known—they were in Paradise. But in the cold morning hour, crouching in the corner of the wall, the poor little girl was found—her cheeks glowing, her lips smiling—frozen to death, on the last night of the old year. The New Year's sun shone on the lifeless child.—*Hans Andersen.*

OUT OF SCHOOL.

BY THOMAS GARFIELD.

The following extract is taken from an address to a graduating class. It is good advice for boys every where:

You have completed your course of instruction in the English High School; but do not think that you have finished, for you can never finish your education. You are simply to enter the school of life, and put into practice the lessons you have learned here. Be faithful in all the many relations of life,—faithful to God, to your country, and to your kind.

As boys in a store, be so useful to your employers that, when you reach your majority, they will need you as partners in business. And, when you become merchants, shun rash speculations; and, exercising the four cardinal mercantile virtues of honesty, industry, prudence, and economy, you will avoid the financial and moral wreck and ruin which befall so many men in every large community.

If a mechanic, be not too lazy or too proud to labor with your hands; put good and honest work into your machine or your house, and you will make a good and honest living. In your homes be affectionate sons and brothers, and you will become exemplary and honored men. In politics, which in a republic like ours demand the careful attention of every honest citizen, walk not in the path of the political demagogue, but emulate noble and useful examples. Let your morals be pure as the sun, and in your religion be devout and obedient children of your heavenly Father, and humble disciples of the great Teacher, earnest and honest in your own beliefs, and kind and tolerant to all others, while keeping your minds and hearts open to all the new light which the revelations of science and the studies of history may throw upon the Scriptures, old or new.

Remembering the threefold character of your nature, cultivate and preserve with care the health of your bodies, the soundness of your minds, and the purity of your souls. Keep early hours in the morning and at night. Avoid the temptations of the gilded saloon and the gaming table; and, that you may do this more effectually, I counsel you earnestly, in your leisure hours, carefully to nourish those studious habits which you have gained here. Choose some subject in history, nature, science, or art, connected or not connected with your daily vocation, and make it a speciality of research and study; and you will find ample

occupation for all the leisure hours of the longest life, and, becoming experts in your special investigations, you may be rewarded, as other humble and faithful students have been, with the respect, confidence, and correspondence of some of the best scholars and scientists of the world.

But, above all, remember that the highest attainment of life is a virtuous and manly Christian character, and that this has always been the highest aim of the good teachers and pupils of our schools. Never lower its high standard to the enemies of your purity and virtue. Never seek to gain riches by the arts of the commercial and financial frauds who infest and destroy the security and peace of the community. Live in humble competence or in honest poverty rather than become a millionaire and be at the same time an unpunished mercantile villain. Let your word be as good as your bond. Be honest, not because it is the best policy,—which it most assuredly is,—but because it is the only true principle and guide of conduct and character; and, after an experience of a long life, I think you will find that the word of the good Book is generally verified, that "the righteous shall not suffer or his seed go begging bread." Would you be truly happy, live not selfishly for yourselves and for this life alone, but live for others and for eternity. This primary school on earth is but for a few days, and will be followed by the higher school of eternity and heaven. Therefore let all your aims be just and high, and all your conduct have an upward and heavenly look, and not be low and earthly.

The world is before you, with all its joys and all its sorrows yet untasted. The cup of life is a mingled cup; but it is mingled by a kind and loving Father and it is for us to drink it with Christian trust and submission and be rewarded with heavenly peace and joy. With threescore years behind me, and with an average experience of its joy and sorrow, I think I can truly say to you, young men, just entering on its untried scenes, that the world will be to you very much what you may carry into it, and become largely the reflection of your own lives and souls. In the race of life, it is all-important to make a good start, if you would win its greatest prize in the respect and love of your fellow-beings and the approving voice of God and your own conscience.

Read all you can of the lives and words of the great and good of present and past ages, treasure up in the chamber of your memory their wise sayings and the precepts of the Great Teacher, and, what is better, live them out in your own lives.

SHAKING OUT THE REEF.

BY MRS. L. G. WILLIAMS.

We were talking about drinking liquors moderately, when an old and tried sea-captain said, "Let me tell you one of my experiences. I tell you, my friends, that when folks say 'It don't hurt anybody if they don't drink much,' they don't know what they are talking about. There is no such thing as drinking spirits without drinking too much. When I used to sail to India, and get into the trade winds, I would put all the sail on my ship which she could possibly bear. But I noticed a curious fact. Every morning, about eleven o'clock, I used to go down into my cabin and take a good glass of brandy. Before going down I would cast my eye over the ship, see that every sail was full, and every rope was taut. She was under all the sail she could safely carry. On coming up out of the cabin (having taken the brandy), it always seemed as if the ship was sailing too slow, and the wind had fallen. Then I would sing out 'Aloft there, boys, and shake out the reef!' For awhile, my poor ship would stagger under the new press of sail. By and by when the brandy began to subside, I found she was under too heavy a pressure, the winds seemed to blow harder, and again I would shout, 'Aloft there, boys, and clew up the reef!'"

"So I found it day after day, and was utterly unable to account for that lull in the wind just about that hour. One day, not being well, I omitted my brandy, and overheard my steward say to the chief mate, 'Captain takes no brandy, don't think the boys will have to shake out the reefs to-day.' Then I could see the cause for the lull in the winds at a certain hour. From that time

I dropped my brandy, and there was no change in the sails of my ship. I drank moderately, yet it was too much, and it would not have been strange if I had lost my ship in consequence. I tell you, friends, there is no such thing as drinking without drinking too much. It is even so, and those on shore know little about it. Many a captain has felt cold and tired, or sleepy, vexed or troubled, and has gone to the bottle, gained courage to be rash, 'shaken out the reef,' and the ship has been dashed on the rocks, or swamped in the sea. And many a bright boy, the hope of his father and the pride of his mother, falls into jovial company, feels that it would not be manly to refuse to drink, and he drinks, 'shakes out the reef' of home influence, is driven before the gale of intemperance to a drunkard's grave, and reads over the gate of heaven, 'No drunkard shall inherit eternal life.'"—*Church and Home.*

A PLAN FOR THE TEACHERS' MEETING.

Hints of good methods, in making the weekly teachers'-meeting attractive and profitable, are always valued by our readers. An Eastern Massachusetts worker says further of his work:

Our exercises at teachers'-meetings still consist of prepared parts according to programme given out a week in advance. The programme is prepared, in turn, by members of the meeting. As to attendance, we have a list of persons who nearly always attend, also another list of persons who specially consent to take a part once a month. This latter list contains some excellent names. Once a month is ever so much better than not at all. The trustees of the town library, on general principles (at the solicitation of Sunday school members), have added some very helpful works, such as Lewin's St. Paul, to the library. Our Sunday-school library has some good commentaries. I have two rules (no patent-right reserved): 1. Let parents study with all their children for one half-hour, on every Sunday afternoon, the lesson for the following Sunday, and good lessons will be got. 2. Keep in the Sunday-school all that are there to-day, and the school will increase.

No teachers'-meeting can be a success without hard work on the part of the leader. But no labor in behalf of a Sunday-school gives surer and larger returns of good to the school than wise and well sustained endeavor for and in and through the weekly teachers'-meeting.—*S. S. Times.*

THE WORKING TOOLS OF INSECTS.

I wonder if you know that the smallest insects you see about you have tools given them to do their work with. There is a little fly called a saw fly, because it has a saw to work with. It is really a very much nicer saw than you could make, if you were ever so old.

The fly uses it to make places where the eggs will be safe. What is more strange, it has a sort of home-made glue which fastens them where they are laid.

Some insects have cutting instruments that work just as your scissors do. The poppy bee is one of them, whose work is wonderful. This bee has a boring tool, too. Its nest is usually made in old wood. This borer cleans out the nest ready for use. When all is ready the insect cuts out pieces of leaves to line the nest and to make the cells. These linings are cut in the shape of the cells. You would be surprised to see the care taken to have every piece of just the right size, so that it will fit. When they are laid, the pieces are nicely fastened together and put into the nest.—*Our Little Ones.*

SCALLOPED OYSTERS.—To one quart of oysters I use two pounds of crackers rolled fine and wet (not too much) with sweet milk. Put a layer of the cracker in your dish, then a layer of oysters, a few pieces of butter, sprinkle over a little salt and pepper, then another layer of the crackers, oysters, etc., as previously mentioned, so continue until all is used, having a layer of the cracker last. Bake in a quick oven until a nice brown. Of course, one-half of the recipe can be used, which is sufficient for a small family.

The Temperance Worker

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20.

HOSPITALITY WITHOUT WINE.

That the temperance cause is increasing in power and influence, penetrating even the domain of society and fashion, is indicated by the following from a society book entitled "Our Department," by the Rev. J. H. Young, A. M., and published by Dickerson & Co., Detroit. The writer says:—

"The menu of a dinner-party is by some not regarded as complete unless it includes one or more varieties of wine. When used, it is first served after soup, but any guest may with propriety decline being served. This, however, must not be done ostentatiously. Simply say to the waiter, or whoever pours it, 'Not any, thank you.'

"If the guests should include one or more people of well-known temperance principles, in deference to the scruples of these guests, wines or liquors should not be brought to the table. People who entertain should be cautious as to serving wines to all. It is impossible to tell what harm you may do to some highly esteemed guests. It may be that your palatable wines may create an appetite for the habitual use of wines or stronger alcoholic liquor; or you may renew a passion long controlled and entombed; or you may turn a wavering will from a seemingly steadfast resolution to forever abstain. This is an age of reforms, the temperance reform being by no means the least powerful of these, and no ladies or gentlemen will be censured or misunderstood if they neglect to supply their dinner-table with any kind of intoxicating liquor. The mistress of the White House, Mrs. Hayes, banished wines and liquors from her table, and an example set by the 'first lady of the land' can be safely followed in every American household, whatever may have been former prevailing customs."

BARLEY.

Many say, "the barley question defeated the Scott Act in Peel County." At all events this is one of the stock arguments of the opponents of Prohibition.

From Government returns we find from the year 1868 to 1883 Canadian brewers have used, on an average, 760,391 bushels of barley per annum, thus affording a market for about one-tenth of the barley upon the market in Canada. The foreign market takes the remainder, and all are aware the foreign market fixes the price, both of this and other grains. The amount of barley destroyed in brewing is becoming greater every year, so that the above figures would not represent the grain consumed last year. Yet the whole amount now used is less than one peck for every man, woman or child in the Dominion. Now, as Governor St. John asked, "Who has a boy to trade for a market for a peck of barley?"

Looking at the question from a farmer's standpoint, and we find as a crop it is very exhaustive on the soil—disagreeable to work among—actually pays the least profit of any crop grown on the farm. The latter is the opinion of many leading farmers whom we have consulted on the question. Besides it is actually worth more for feeding purposes on the farm than the brewers pay for it, e. g., it has been ascertained by experiment that ten bushels of barley will produce an hundred weight of pork. Last year on Barrie market barley sold at 60c per bushel, pork brought \$8 per 100 lbs. Thus the profit on every ten bushels of barley

as fed on the farm was \$2 over that sold to the brewer. Converted into beef the profit will be even greater. We have reckoned nothing on the advantages of keeping the fertilization for the farm by feeding the barley at home. Brewers buy many meat cattle and hogs and then purchase the farmer's barley in order to fatten them. We ask, is this wisdom on the part of farmers to sell these off the farm?

Besides we ask, can not land be put to a better use than to grow barley for brewing purposes? Did God intend that land should be used for such purposes?—*Rev. J. J. Hindley in Canadian Independent.*

THE TRAFFIC MUST GO says the *Canada Presbyterian*. The one thing made clear beyond all possible doubt by the present Scott Act agitation is that public opinion has undergone an entire revolution on the temperance question within the past four years, we might almost say months. Whatever may be said about the merits or demerits of the Scott Act it is now abundantly evident that the people want prohibition, or at all events want the liquor traffic kept thoroughly under by the strong arm of the law. We have no idea that the great body of the people are wedded to any particular law or any particular method of working. They support the Scott Act because, all things considered, it is the best thing they at present have. No sensible temperance men look upon it as a finality. The great thing in the present crisis is the undeniable fact that the people of this country want to get rid of whiskey. They may so desire from a great variety of motives, they may prefer many different methods of bringing about the desired result, but the man who does not see plainly that the great majority of Canadians desire to rid their country of the liquor traffic is blind as a bat. There may be a slight reaction, there may be more than a reaction, there may be changes in the methods of working, but the will of the people must rule in the end and the traffic must go.

SINCE no prohibitory law can prevent people from drinking intoxicants, there is only one law that can do it, and that is the law of conscience and custom. Maine, therefore, needs all manner of moral arguments to restrain her sons from the bottle, just as much as New York or Kansas needs such influences. The drinking usages must be fought just as vigorously as the dram-shops. Do not let us be deceived. We may shut up grog-shops and yet not extirpate liquor-drinking and drunkenness. The prohibitory law of Maine is a noble and a righteous piece of legislation; it accomplishes grand results, but the moment that the friends of God and truth and virtue rely entirely on civil law and neglect all moral efforts the battle is lost. The law itself becomes a delusion and a by-word. Let our friends in the Pine-tree State—yes, and in Kansas and Iowa also—lay these tremendous truths to heart, and cease not, day nor night, to do their whole duty.—*Dr. Cuyler in N. T. Advocate.*

A FAR-SEEING BREWER—Sir Arthur Bass, speaking recently at a gathering of licensed victuallers, spoke of the depreciation in the value of public-house property, owing to the temperance movement, and urged publicans to supply non-intoxicating liquors, such as tea, coffee, and substantial food.

EXPERIMENTS made by M. Muntz with various kinds of water—spring, river, sea, and rain water, also snow—prove that alcohol may be found in all except in pure spring water.

A HEAVY VERDICT FOR DAMAGES.

ST PAUL, Minn., December 14.—In the District Court last week suit was brought by C. L. Dunn, a minor, by his guardian, against the Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Northern Railway Company. The case is a peculiar one. In the opening days of February, 1884, Mrs. James T. Dunn and children, among them her son Charley, a lad about eight years old, left Keyser, West Va., to join her husband, a baggage-man on the Northern Pacific Railway, at Glendive, Montana. While they were sitting in a sleeping car on the Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Northern Railway on the night of February the 12th, near Greene, Iowa, the car was thrown from the track by a broken rail and the child Charley was terribly burned from his elbows down to his hands, on his legs and thighs, face, and head, while his eyes were entirely destroyed. He was held pinned against the stove. Nevertheless he lived and was present in the court—a pitiable object. His guardian, Mr. O'Gorman, sued for \$50,000 damaged, alleging that the injuries inflicted were caused by the carelessness of the company. Last night the jury rendered a verdict of \$30,000 in favor of the plaintiff. The suit was a closely contested one, the main evidence produced tending to show that the carelessness of the company had produced the plaintiff's injuries. The jury was out nearly an hour. The case will be appealed to the Supreme Court, but the general opinion among the lawyers is that the verdict will be sustained.

THE VANDERBILT MAUSOLEUM.

William H. Vanderbilt, in company with his sons and Richard M. Hunt, the architect, a few days ago again visited the Moravian cemetery at New Dorp, S. I., and made other plans towards the building of the new mausoleum at that place, beneath which William H. Vanderbilt and his father will rest. Mr. Ostrander, the superintendent of the cemetery, was present and took part in the conference. The latter was instructed by Mr. Vanderbilt to make all possible haste in preparing the ground before the coldest of winter weather sets in. A magnificently wide serpentine road will lead from the cemetery entrance to the site of the mausoleum. The latter will be completed, graded and paved at once, so that the gigantic stones and blocks of granite that are to form the structure can be conveyed over it.

TIRED OF LIVING.

Mrs. H. Ruffin, of New York, committed suicide on Saturday last, by shooting herself in the mouth and left breast. She left a letter to her lawyer, in which she stated that she was tired of living. A Mr. Schroeder, for whom she had acted as housekeeper, discharged her from his employment, and to this is attributed the fatal act.

MR. OLIVIER PAIN, a French journalist, has had an interview with the Madhi, who received him courteously. Mr. Pain said that he joined the Madhi to see if he were really the man of blood he was alleged to be, killing all who refused to serve him. "Good," said the Madhi, "remain with me, and you shall see with your own eyes." Mr. Pain accompanies the Madhi to Khartoum, and is well treated.

A GIGANTIC XMAS TREE is being arranged in the New Orleans Exposition, fifty feet high, and lighted with 500 variegated electric lights. It will be covered with toys as Christmas gifts for the children.

THE WEEK.

IN AN OFFICIAL BOOK just issued at Berlin, it is stated that Germany only assumed a protectorate over the Luderitz territory on England's refusing to protect it. The claims of Germany are said to be looked upon by England with favor.

THE POPE, replying to an address of the pupils of the American college, said he had always felt great affection for the American clergy, and was much pleased with the progress of Catholicism in the United States.

THE NIHILIST EXECUTIVE has issued a manifesto, condemning Count Tolstoy, the Russian minister of the Interior, to death.

THE OFFICERS who were serving writs upon the Skye crofters have been pursued and attacked with stones.

CAPTAIN DUDLEY and his mate, Namen Stevens, who killed and devoured at sea, to keep them from starvation, a boy named Parker, have, in London, England, been tried, found guilty, and sentenced to death. They were, however, reprieved and sentenced to six months each with hard labor.

THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT is uneasy as to the plans of the dynamiters, who, it would seem, are preparing for further outrages. Great precautions are being taken at Windsor Castle, and all Government buildings.

IT IS STATED that the Prince of Wales will not solicit a Government allowance for his eldest son until the latter marries.

AUSTRIA seems to have escaped the general trade depression. Trade and crops are good, money is easy, and the Budget is more favorable than it has been for many years before.

DIPHTHERIA is raging fiercely in New York. The death rate is now 60 percent of the reported cases.

THE LIMERICK (IRELAND) MUNICIPAL AUTHORITIES refuse to pay the special police tax which has been assessed upon the city, and the Government evidently are in doubt as to what course to adopt. To imprison them will make them martyrs, and yet to allow them to defy the law will tend to bring authority into contempt.

LORD SALISBURY has written a letter urging the Government to institute an inquiry into the causes of the existing depression in trade. He says that all other questions of the day are trivial compared with this.

IN VIENNA on Wednesday a terrible storm prevailed. The wind blew with such fury that trains, loaded with passengers, were blown off the track. Many persons were injured. Several of the most magnificent buildings were destroyed.

THERE is great indignation expressed in Italy over priestly scandals which have come to light. The matter has been brought to the notice of the pope, who has ordered a strict inquiry to be made.

LORD DUFFERIN, the new Viceroy of India, has arrived in Bombay, and was accorded a brilliant reception, the city being gaily decorated.

THERE are gloomy reports from Ireland. Agrarian outrages are reviving, and secret societies appear to be on the increase.

THE RUSSIAN MINISTER of the Interior has ordered the expulsion of all Jews residing in Odessa, Kieff, and other large cities unless they possess special Government permits of residence.

TWO HUNDRED CHRISTIANS have been murdered in Macedonia within a few weeks, and three villages burned.

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ARCHITECTS who have been consulted on the subject say that the sweeping changes made 40 years ago, during the restoration of Holy Trinity Church, at Stratford, the church in which Shakespeare is buried, obliterated many of the ancient landmarks, and they recommend that in the making of the changes now proposed great care should be observed, and all the historical features of the edifice should be most strictly preserved. Among the recommendations contained in the report are the opening up of the north and south transepts, the removal of the galleries in the nave, and the erection of a vestry on the site of the old chantry, the estimated cost of this work being \$60,000.

CAPTAIN BEDFORD PIM, well known in Arctic exploration circles, has just returned from a visit to the cattle ranches of the west, and proposes the building of a railway from Cheyenne to Hudson Bay, for the transportation of cattle to England, which, it is estimated, will cost ten million dollars.

A FARMER James Murphy, residing in the South of Ireland, was murdered on Thursday evening, his skull being split open with a spade. His son-in-law has been arrested on suspicion. As usual, a dispute about some land is said to be the cause of the murder.

ABOUT 30,000 STRANGERS have already visited the New Orleans Exposition. Many of the exhibits have yet to be placed in position.

ON THE 15th inst. as a freight train on the Denver and Rio Grande railway was coming down the mountain near Marshall Pass, the air brakes failed, after gaining a speed of 50 miles an hour, the engine jumped the track followed by twenty cars, all being wrecked. The engineer and fireman jumped and were badly bruised. One brakeman was buried under the wreck. The conductor and a brakeman succeeded in detaching and stopping one car.

THE POPE has written a letter to Cardinal Parroche, strongly denouncing divorce as a flagrant violation of the sacraments of the church. The letter has caused a great sensation, enhanced by his vigorous appeal against the divorce bill now being discussed in the Italian parliament.

ON ANOTHER page we print the music of a hymn which our readers will be glad to obtain. "The Child of a King" is a favorite with many persons but is just now to be found in few of the popular hymn books.

A DECEPTIVE APPEARANCE.—As the beer drinker who takes beer in addition to other nutriment has a tendency to become fat and bloated at one time, although he may afterwards become thin and emaciated, from his digestion also suffering like that of the spirit drinker. Notwithstanding the apparent stoutness and strength of beer drinkers, they are by no means healthy. Injuries which to other people would be but slight, are apt to prove serious in them, and when it is necessary to perform surgical operations upon them the risk of death is very much greater than in others.—*Dr. T. Lan. Brunton.*

ONE OF THE WOMEN JURORS of Washington Territory asked the Judge and each member of the jury with whom she served to write in her album. The following is the response of one of them, Mrs. C. E. Bowman, of Seattle:

"They talk about a woman's sphere As though it had a limit: There's not a place in earth or heaven, There's not a task to mankind given, There's not a blessing or a woe, There's not a whispered yes or no, There's not a life, or death, or birth, That has a feather's weight of worth Without a woman in it."

THE STORY TELLER.

ADVERTISING EXTRAORDINARY. Speaking of humor in connection with funerals, we remember being at the funeral of the wife of a prominent iron manufacturer who never lost any opportunity to advertise his business. He purchased a grave in a cemetery which we need not name, and surrounded it with a very ornamental fence of his own manufacture. After he had laid his wife to rest within it, he erected to her memory a handsome tombstone, on which were carved these words: "Here lies Mrs. B., wife of Robert B., proprietor of the Ironworks, where the elegant fence around this grave was manufactured. Similar ones made to order."—*Eng. Ez.*

DOUBTFUL FLATTERY. The following we think doubtful flattery.—Doctor: "You see, wife dear, I have cured my patient through, after all, a very critical case I can tell you!" His wife: "Yes, dear hubby, but then you are so clever in your profession. Ah! If I had only known you five years earlier, I feel certain my poor husband—my poor Thomas—would have been saved!"

HE WAS A "FLORIST." During the organization of the schools in a certain town in the suburbs the children were in error as to the occupation of their fathers. The question respecting a bright little six-year-old girl, she responded that her father was a florist. "A florist?" asked the teacher. "Where is his greenhouse?" "His greenhouse! He hasn't any greenhouse, ma'am." "Why, then, did you call him a florist?" "Oh! he makes doors for Thompson & Taylor."

A "SOCIABLE" POLICEMAN.

A gentleman who rented a country house near New York city experienced much annoyance from thieves who robbed the apple trees, but was never able to catch any of them. Coming out unexpectedly one afternoon he discovered a man hidden among the foliage of an apple tree presumably with larcenous intent. "You had better come down from there or I'll send for one of the mounted police and have you arrested," said the man who was trying to raise apples. The offender coaxed it backward down the tree, when, to the amazement of the amateur horticulturist, who should the guilty party be but the mounted policeman. "I thought I heard you say you wanted a policeman," said the one formed protector of property, as he picked up some more fruit and concealed it in his bulging pockets. "Well, you are a cool one. Don't you want to borrow a basket to carry some more home?" The policeman mounted his horse, which was tied out side of the fence, and as he rode off with his booty he said: "We mounted police in the suburbs don't put on such style as them New York city cops. We are more sociable we are."—*Texas Strivings.*

THE LATEST OUTCOME OF THE AMMONIA-FUN.

Sir Samuel Shedd:—"Oh, I say, I'm told you sell Italian air to improve the voice. Just give me a pint of Mezzo Soprano for my daughter, and for myself—well, I'll have a bottle of Bass!"—*Funny Folks.*

MISNOMER. The "Nile Expedition," is that a fit name! Poor Gordon, expectant so long may we doubt it; And Britons must own, with a feeling of shame, There's not much "expedition" about it. —*Punch.*

A GREAT NEW-PAPER READER was out hunting recently, and a storm coming up he crept into a hollow for shelter. After the storm abated he endeavored to crawl out, but found that the log had swelled so that it was impossible to make his exit. He endeavored to compress himself as much as possible, but with indifferent success. He thought about all the mean things he had ever done, until finally his mind reverted to the fact that instead of buying his local paper he was in the habit of borrowing it from his neighbor, and thus defrauding the printer. On this he felt so small that he slipped out of the log without an effort.

AN HONEST OLD FARMER once, addressing a school-house audience on temperance, confessed that he had been a drinker. "But my friends," said he in conclusion, "I never drank to success."

A HINT.—Those giddy business people who are too much bent on pleasure, not infrequently end by becoming Orks.

"I CAN'T UNDERSTAND," said Mrs. Mifkins, "why Parliament should waste so much time debating over the Address. Why don't they change their postmen?"—*Moonshine.*

AN OLD LADY having seven marriageable daughters, fed them exclusively on fish diet, because it is rich in phosphorus, and phosphorus is the essential thing in making matches.

DRESS PARADE—A fashionable wedding.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1885.

In issuing once again our Prospectus of the *Witness* publications, we ask the friends of temperance to take hold of them, and try to enlist everybody as a subscriber, and if possible, as a worker in the cause. There is first

THE WITNESS,

which has now reached figures of circulation which show the growth of right sentiments in the country and whose recent increase suggests the possibility of further rapid progress.

THE WEEKLY WITNESS, (\$1.00 per annum)

which was started in the winter of 1845-6, has now a circulation of 40,900. In our last prospectus we asked for an increase of 5,000. Our present figures show an increase of 8,800 over those when we issued our Prospectus for 1884. Some of the new names, it is true, are short time subscribers. We hope that these will not only renew their subscriptions but become advocates of the paper like their older fellow-subscribers. This being so promising a season, we boldly ask our friends to try to make the subscription list up to 50,000.

THE DAILY WITNESS (\$3.00 per annum)

has at present 13,000 subscribers, which number, for a paper that opposes many things that are popular, is a marvellous one. The *Witness* does not, of course, confine itself to the advocacy of temperance. It is a newspaper of the first rank, keeping its readers thoroughly informed on all departments of current thought and events, among which temperance holds no more than its place. Moreover, it speaks the mind of its conductors on all subjects.

THE MESSENGER

is now in its nineteenth year as a semi-monthly and its third as a weekly.

THE WEEKLY MESSENGER (50 cents per annum)

already has a circulation of 7,600 all over the continent, and gives the news and abundant good reading, along with the Sunday-school lessons and a diligent advocacy of the temperance cause.

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER (30 Cents per annum.)

twice a month, gives the family reading and the Sunday-school lessons, and is largely circulated through Sunday-schools.

Lastly, for the Scott Act campaign within Canada, for the advocacy of Prohibition and nothing else, we recommend for distribution

WAR NOTES

(\$1 for 20 copies weekly for three months.)

The good work done by this lively little paper, we are glad to learn from many sources, is already great. In its columns all the arguments for and against the liquor-traffic are dealt with, and the temperance worker finds *War Notes* one of his best helps.

CLUBBING.

Our clubbing arrangements have, during the past two years, proved so satisfactory that we again repeat them. They are as follows:—

The price of the WEEKLY WITNESS is \$1.00 a year, postage paid. When THREE subscriptions are sent together in one envelope the price will be EIGHTY CENTS each, or

\$2.40 in all—a deduction of one-fifth. When FOUR subscriptions are sent together in one envelope the price to each will be SEVENTY FIVE CENTS, or \$3.00 in all—a deduction of one-fourth. When TEN subscriptions are sent together in one envelope the price will be SEVENTY CENTS each, or \$7 in all—a deduction of nearly one-third.

The price of the DAILY WITNESS is \$3 per annum, free of postage; TWO subscriptions sent together \$5.50; Three sent together, \$8.

A single copy of the WEEKLY MESSENGER will be sent for 50c a year, or FIVE copies subscribed for at one time for TWO DOLLARS.

Copies of the NORTHERN MESSENGER are 30c each per annum; TEN copies to one address \$2.50; TWENTY-FIVE copies, \$6; FIFTY copies, \$11.50; ONE HUNDRED copies \$22.

In addition to the above deductions we will present to any person sending us TWENTY subscriptions to the *Weekly Witness* at 70 cents each; SIX subscriptions to the *Daily Witness*, at \$2.65 each; TWENTY-FIVE subscriptions to the *Weekly Messenger*, at 40c each, or FIFTY subscriptions to the *Northern Messenger* at 25c each. A PRIZE of a handsome group of the portraits of the LEADING JOURNALISTS OF CANADA, with signatures, and fac similes of their respective papers. This fine picture is by Root & Tinker, of New York, and is a splendid work of art and certain to be greatly appreciated. When sending in names of subscribers our workers should head their lists with the words "For Picture." We hope our friends will be so energetic as to compel us to send away some thousands of copies of this interesting picture.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

All subscribers to the *Daily* or *Weekly Witness*, who renew their subscriptions before they expire, or become new subscribers between now and December 31st, are to be presented this year with a FINE ART-TYPE PICTURE OF THE FOUNDER OF THIS PAPER, who is, we believe, the oldest of Canadian journalists, and whose labors in the cause of religious liberty, temperance, and every other reform were well known to a past generation, and his likeness will be greeted by our older subscribers as that of an old friend. It is now approaching forty years since Mr. Douglass started the *Witness* as an independent defender of true religion and good morals without denominational preference, and of civil and religious liberty without party bias or bondage. On these lines, it is needless to say, it has unwaveringly acted ever since, giving its own views on every question at whatever cost of popularity or of favor from parties, churches, social bodies or classes of men. Mr. Douglass has for the past fifteen years, been doing a like work in the United States, whether he was drawn by crying needs of the city populations in view of the degraded character of the cheaper newspapers. While not succeeding, so far, in the special aim of supplying the masses in cities with an elevating daily press, his paper, the *New York Witness*, has attained an enormous circulation and has become the centre of the temperance movement which is gaining ground so rapidly, and of much of the earnest Christian life of the United States. To any subscriber who may prefer it, we will send, instead of the portrait of Mr. Douglass, A FIRST CLASS ENGRAVING of that fine painting of Gabriel Max's—"THE LION'S BRIDE," a PORTRAIT OF ROBERT BURNS, Scotland's great poet, or a PORTRAIT OF GENERAL GORDON, the hero of the Sudan. All the above mentioned pictures will be on fine plate paper, and be worthy of a place in any house in Canada. The picture chosen will be sent to all old subscribers who renew promptly—that is, before their subscriptions run out,—and to every new subscriber who sends in his or her name before the 31st of December. We hope that all our friends will send in their subscriptions in time and thus receive a picture.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Upon a bleak hill-side,
One dreary winter's night,
When earth was wrapped in gloom,
And stars gave little light,
Some simple shepherds rested on the ground,
Their peaceful flocks slept quietly around.

Sudden a dazzling blaze
Of glory fills the sky,
And swift an angel bright
Comes down from God on high.
The shepherds tremble; but to calm their fears,
This gracious message greets their wondering ears:

"The Saviour now is born,
In Bethlehem town He lies;
He comes to save mankind,
And lead them to the skies."
The shepherds listen, while their souls do glow,
That God such love to sinful men should show.

"He comes in low estate;
Beneath a humble shed,
Within a manger poor,
He lays his sacred head."
The shepherds marvel that to such rude home
The King of kings and Lord of worlds should come.

And now the angelic host
The whole horizon fill;
"Glory to God," they sing,
"Peace, and to men good-will!"
The shepherds with great gladness hear the song,
And gaze with rapture on the seraph throng.

The heavenly chorus swells,
And then it dies away;
The gentle angels fade,
And night resumes her sway.
The joyful shepherds rise with one accord;
"Come, let us go," they say, "and seek the Lord."

O'er rough and toilsome road
Their way they onward keep;
Yet no fatigue they know
Nor stop for food or sleep.
Such power upon them has that angel strain
That from the blessed quest they cannot now refrain.

Soon in the lowly shed,
Upon His mother's knee,
With oxen feeding round,
The holy Child they see.
And now they cast themselves before His feet,
—And worship Him, and sing their carols sweet.
—*Churchman.*

SOAP BUBBLE SECRETS.

BY THE REV. C. G. CHILD.

Few know all that a bubble can afford in the way of amusement at a slight outlay. Does my reader know how to make a giant bubble? He has learned how to employ soap bubbles as magic lantern slides if he ever see them used as parlor ornaments or in a scap bubble in harness an every day thing with him? If not, he will find these uses of the bubble described in the present article and I would add that the experiments will prove interesting and beautiful to old as well as young.

We must first learn how to make the giant bubble. This is the king of bubbles, the largest, the longest-lived, and the most beautiful. If you can imagine a bubble two or even three feet in diameter, with an existence measured by hours instead of seconds, glowing with colors five times as gorgeous as those of the ordinary bubble, you have just such a one in your mind's eye as you can make for yourself by carefully following directions.

Procure two ounces of palm oil or Castile soap, the former is preferable. Cut it in pieces the size of a pea, and place them in a bottle of clear glass with a pint of rain water. Shake violently until the water has taken up as much soap as it will hold. You have now what is called a saturated solution of soap. Place it aside, and leave it from twenty-four to thirty-six hours until it has settled, either perfectly clear or of a light pearl color. If, after thirty-six hours, the solution still remains clouded, pour off a little of the water and add more. This time it will scarcely fail to

settle as desired. Carefully pour off, straining through flannel, add half a pint of pure glycerine, and when the two have had time to mingle thoroughly, you are ready to blow a giant bubble.

To blow the very largest bubbles it is necessary to have a larger pipe than the clay pipe commonly used, though such a pipe will produce large bubbles. A glass funnel two or three inches in diameter, fitted with a piece of rubber tubing, produces enormous bubbles. There is a very ingenious apparatus used, which admits of putting the finger within the pipe itself. By this means fresh soap solution may be smeared within the pipe, affording renewed nourishment to the bubble, and enabling the experimenter to blow it to an incredible size.

These bubbles are distinguished not only for their size, but for their beauty and durability. I have known bubbles made by this method to last two or three hours in the open air, and from twenty-four to thirty-six under glass, precaution being taken that the air of the room be pure, and that no rough touch destroy their fragile lives. But now let us find out how we may examine the bubble with the greatest ease and to the best advantage.

Procure a piece of pine board about three inches square. In the middle of this fix a piece of iron wire, free from rust, twenty inches in length. At about six inches distant from the board bend the wire into a circle, the plane of which is parallel with that of the board, and with a diameter of five inches. Blow a bubble of six or seven inches in diameter, and gently place it in the ring, it will not break, and by tilting the pipe you may free it from the bubble. Thus placed the bubble shows off the colors to great advantage, for, as has been said, the glycerine bubble will last for hours, unlike the ordinary one, as fragile as it is lovely. Three or four bubbles of various sizes, placed under glass on such standards, form a beautiful object for a drawing-room, especially if their colors are seen against a background of some black material.

Next, as to employing soap-bubbles, or, more correctly, soap films, as magic lantern slides. Those who do not possess a magic lantern may try the experiment, though to less advantage in the following way: Dip the mouth of a tumbler lightly in the soapy solution, raise it gently and a soap film will remain stretched across the mouth. Hold the tumbler horizontally, and the same beautiful effects of color may be seen on the film as are thrown on the wall when the magic lantern is used. For a magic lantern go to work as follows:

Take a slip of card-board, the same size as one of your slides, and in it cut a circular hole, proportional in diameter to the width of the slide. Pour some of the solution into a shallow dish, and dip the slide into it. Raise it gently, and a film will be left in the hole. Slip the slide with care into the lantern and await results. For a moment the circle of light on the wall remains clear, but soon at the bottom a faint tinge of color appears, growing stronger and stronger, and moving upward. It settles into a band of color at last, still moving steadily upward, and succeeded by another band of another tint, which follows it, and so on, until the great circle on the wall is gorgeous with the same beautiful hues as appear on the bubble, but not stirring uneasily together as these seem, but in regular bands ever moving upward. Now jar the slide gently, and presto!—the bands break and whirl together in an astonishing maze of color, wonderful in beauty. This is really one of the most beautiful experiments imaginable, and will never fail to call forth hearty admiration.

Now for an exceedingly amusing experiment—the harnessed soap-bubble. Take a piece of the thinnest writing paper you can find, and from it cut a circular piece a little less than a dime in size. To one end of this attach a thread by the aid of a tiny drop of sealing wax—the less the better. Blow the bubble to an ordinary size, and then touch the round piece to it gently. The bubble will adhere to it, and by gently tipping the pipe you may leave the bubble suspended by the string.

A bubble blown by the mouth sinks, but if the pipe is attached by a piece of rubber tubing to a gas fixture, the bubble then blown being filled with a gas lighter than air will be carried upward as far as the string will allow. Thus you have a veritable balloon, and if just sufficient string is allowed to keep it balanced midway between floor and ceiling, it will perform very curious

antics. Those currents of air which exist in every room, unfelt by the inmates, are strong draughts to the fragile and delicate bubble. It will follow these currents, now visiting the ceiling, now running along the floor, and escaping as if by a miracle the obstacles in its path. If there is a lamp or gas jet in the room it will be gradually attracted toward it, and carried by the upward current of hot air, will dash toward the ceiling as if bent on committing suicide. But bounding on the cushion of dead air, which always lies on the surface of every solid object, it bends at right angles and darts off, escaping as if by some inward power the fate into which it was apparently plunging headlong, and again circles round the room, till drawn a second time into the current of hot air.

The ingenious reader will be able to work up the hints above given into a variety of amusing and beautiful experiments. The last described will perhaps afford most amusement in various ways, which will readily occur to his mind while using the novel toy. The true secret of success in these experiments, as in everything, is carefulness. If the soapy solution is prepared with care, there is no reason why the reader should not be entirely successful in the experiments.—*Harper's Young People.*

THE CHRISTMAS TURKEY.

No old-fashioned Christmas dinner is complete without its roast turkey, though the "roast" is usually a "lake," as few housekeepers have the conveniences for roasting in their houses, and, really, when properly baked, a turkey need not be deprived of its honored title of "roast," as it is nice enough to please the most fastidious. Of course, it is understood that the turkey should be a very good one to begin with, young, plump, as freshly killed as possible, and thoroughly picked and cleaned. Wash it in two or three warm waters, then rinse in cold, until the water is perfectly clear, and wipe it inside and out with a soft towel. Put it in a dry, cold place, and proceed to prepare the stuffing.

Chop bread either fresh or stale, the latter is best, removing hard or brown crusts. Allow a quart of the crumbs for a turkey of six or seven pounds, and more in proportion for larger ones. Put the crumbs in a large bowl, and pour over them just enough hot water to soften them. Cover, and let it stand where it will keep warm, while you gather together the necessary ingredients to make the "perfect" stuffing. If onion is liked, chop a small one, or half a medium-sized one, very fine. Drain the moistened crumbs as dry as possible, stir in a tablespoonful of butter, the chopped onion, and sufficient salt, pepper, and sifted sage to season well. It must be rather highly seasoned than otherwise, as the seasoning "cooks out," or is absorbed by the turkey to a great extent. Then add an egg well beaten, and stir till thoroughly mixed. Other flavorings are sometimes used, mace, and any variety of sweet herb-like, thyme, sweet marjoram, and summer savory, but nothing is quite so nice, we think, as the old-fashioned sage, unless one uses a little chopped celery, which we prefer to the onion.

Now rub the inside of the turkey with salt, (a teaspoonful is sufficient for a turkey under ten pounds in weight,) and proceed to fill with the stuffing. Begin at the neck which should be cut close, turning the skin back that it may be drawn over and tied closely at the end after the stuffing is put in. Then stuff the body full, and sew up with a darning needle threaded with strong thread or twine. Tie the legs down at the side, and put it where it will keep cool and dry until morning.

A turkey should always be made ready for the oven the day before it is to be cooked, as in this way it is well seasoned throughout.

Now as to the baking. Rub the turkey with salt, and place it on a grate in a large dripping pan, pour half a pint of boiling water into the pan, not over the turkey, and put it in the oven which should be at a very moderate heat at first. Indeed, during the first hour the turkey should not brown, but have more the appearance of being steamed. After it begins to brown, baste at intervals of half an hour, perhaps with its own drippings if the turkey is fat, if not, use a little butter, and dredge lightly with flour. When well browned on one side, it should be carefully turned, which will be much more easily done if the pan is removed from

the oven. At no time should the oven be very hot, as even a small turkey of six or seven pounds should cook for four hours. Larger ones may not need quite so much time in proportion, yet half an hour to a pound is a good rule to follow, underdone poultry of any kind being both unpalatable and unwholesome, and the difference in flavor between a turkey—or chicken—which is cooked slowly, and that of one which is baked as one would cook a piece of beef, is convincing proof as to the excellence of the former method.

The gizzard and liver should be put in the pan with the turkey, and when well done, (they require fully two hours' cooking,) chop them fine and place where they will keep warm.

If any of the stuffing is left, roll it in little balls, and put them in the pan about an hour before dinner-time.

When the turkey is done, remove it to a large plate, (a warmed one), take out all the strings with which it was sewed and tied, and place where it will keep warm. Then with a large spoon dip all the fat from the pan, and place the pan with the remaining gravy, stuffing, etc., on the stove where it will heat quickly, add the chopped giblets and sufficient boiling water to make about a pint of gravy, dredge in a tablespoonful of flour, stir rapidly till it boils and pour into a warmed gravy tureen. Put the turkey on a warm platter ready for the table.

Mashed potatoes, baked or steamed sweet potatoes, (the former are much the best), celery, squash, and cranberry sauce are the usual accompaniments.—*Household.*

HAVING AND HOLDING.

There are Sunday-schools which are always drawing in new scholars, without increasing the number of their scholars, just as there are preachers who are always drawing in new hearers, without increasing the size of their congregations, or again, as there are newspapers which are always getting new subscribers without increasing their subscription list. It is one thing to have; it is another thing to hold. Having is essential to holding. So, again, is holding essential to having. In the long run, holding has quite as much to do with making a good Sunday-school as having. A Massachusetts superintendent, writing about his methods of work, gives this as one of his principles of Sunday-school conduct: "Keep in the Sunday-school all who are there to-day, and the school will increase." There is a great truth in that statement of the case. Looking after the scholars who belong to the Sunday-school is one of the most important features of Sunday-school effort. Unless this is attended to, the scholars will suffer; so also will the school. Yet scholars are coming into our Sunday-schools by the thousand, and to be neglected, and to drift out unseen unnoticed and uncared for. Can you show a good account of all the scholars who have been brought into your Sunday-school during the past year? If any of them have left your school, do you know just when and why? Are you now following up the absent scholars, week by week, in order to their bringing back again? If you are, you are doing well so far. If you are not, you are neglecting an all-important duty.—*S. S. Times.*

DUTCH BOILED DINNER.—Take a nice piece of corned beef, and a piece of salt pork, lean and fat together, put on in the dinner pot at eight o'clock, and your beers, if in winter, at the same time in a separate kettle at half-past ten, put in your cabbage, turnips and carrots at half-past eleven, your potatoes pared; boil all together and at noon you can serve up a delicious dinner. A nice side dish can be made by tying a cupful of dried beans closely in a bag, put them into the dinner pot in cold water and gradually bring to a boil before the meat goes in. Dish them up, add pepper and a little butter or cream. A nice dessert is made by taking two cupfuls of sour milk, or sweet milk, with a teaspoonful of cream of tartar and a half teaspoonful of soda, but if soap is used, add an even teaspoonful of soda, no salt if you put it in with the meal, stir in Indian meal to make a pretty thick batter, have a cloth made rounded at the corners and a tassel larger at the top, wet this, dredge over with flour, pour in the latter, tie loosely so it can swell in cooking, add a little cinnamon and a few dried blueberries or other fruit, put in at nine o'clock and do not lift the cover for an hour. Serve with sweetened cream or some liquid sauce.

A DANGE STUD' AL LE

There can of any Evid diffusion o has been a p It marks an fact that at lions of t the director Word of G computed b But that is the study of has stimulat commentari various Evar bear upon Scholars,ip, to teach, are When such i John Hall, H. Vincent, tation, give tion of a -oz if that pass which conver But we o connected w been an alm tention of a Sunday-scho been irresisti the Bible act as it was? The impor over estimate day-schools which anted it was the cu out to the sc which follow not enter as passages for t into the hand to be used at programme the text of t only be found of God's Wor by the necessi Bible, or to home. Other lesson. The e see the child their way th in which the old-fashion went to the p or her own B That day ha containing th Sunday toget elucidation, or son leaf" givin that one Sund Word of God, a square inch Raphael's Ma student as a noble painting that the Bible We demand th the examinatio glory in the id with its innum a product of th same time dish to the children the divine pala These are no of our large M ago, out of f only seventeen over six hund brought the B hold them up, were lifted.

The writer o teach a class o in a school whi so-called "Bible one solitary B the dozen you! These are fac thousands of Holy Scriptur "nothing but l any Sunday-sel the preliminary pupils to hold step in the r school in the ample. If ther doubtedly be th of their own, th

A DANGER CONNECTED WITH THE STUDY OF THE INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

There can be but little doubt in the mind of any Evangelical Christian that the wide diffusion of the International Lessons system has been a priceless blessing to the Church. It marks an era in Bible study. The simple fact that at the same time the minds of millions of teachers and scholars are turned in the direction of the same portions of the Word of God, has a value which cannot be computed by any methods of arithmetic. But that is not all. The need of helps in the study of the lesson previously chosen, has stimulated the preparation of special commentaries. The leading minds of the various Evangelical Churches are brought to bear upon the elucidation of the text. Scholarship, piety, experience and aptness to teach, are all enlisted in this blessed work. When such men as President Woolsey, Dr. John Hall, Prof. Austin Phelps, Dr. John H. Vincent, and many others of equal reputation, give their ablest efforts to the exposition of a dozen verses of the Bible, it is as if that passage were made the focus on which converge a host of electric lights.

But we ought not to disguise the fact that connected with all this vast gain, there has been one almost equally great loss. The attention of a number of our most earnest Sunday-school workers at the West has lately been irresistibly drawn to the question, "Is the Bible actually used in the Sunday-school as it was when each school chose its own lessons?"

The importance of that point cannot be over estimated. In our old-fashioned Sunday-schools and Bible classes of the days which antedated the International system, it was the custom for the lesson to be given out to the school on one Sunday for that which followed. Or where the expense did not enter as a factor, a printed list of the passages for the year or half year was put into the hands of the pupils and teachers, to be used at home for reference. But the programmes of the lessons never included the text of the lesson itself. That could only be found by looking it up in the pages of God's Word. Every pupil was compelled, by the necessity of the case, to have his own Bible, or to have access to a Bible in his home. Otherwise he could not prepare the lesson. The result was that precisely as we see the children of our secular schools on their way thither carrying the book or books in which their lessons were to be found, so the old-fashioned Sunday-school boy or girl went to the place of meeting carrying his or her own Bible.

That day has passed away. A little book containing the passages to be studied each Sunday together with the "helps" for its elucidation, or still more commonly a "lesson leaf" giving the portion of Scripture for that one Sunday only, takes the place of the Word of God. One might as well cut out a square inch of the canvas of one of Raphael's Madonnas, and give it to an art student as an adequate method of studying a noble painting. We are constantly insisting that the Bible is its own best interpreter. We demand that difficulties be removed by the examination of parallel passages. We glory in the idea that the "Teacher's Bible" with its innumerable marginal references, is a product of this age. But we are at the same time dishonoring the Word by giving to the children "specimen bricks" only of the divine palace.

These are no random statements. In one of our large Mission Schools a few Sundays ago, out of four hundred pupils present only seventeen had Bibles. In another of over six hundred, when those who had brought the Bible with them were asked to hold them up, forty copies of the Scriptures were lifted.

The writer of this article was invited to teach a class one Sunday, a few weeks ago, in a school which he was visiting. It was a so-called "Bible Class" of young men. Not one solitary Bible was found to be among the dozen youth composing it.

These are facts. They are reproduced in thousands of our Sunday-schools. The Holy Scriptures are being neglected for "nothing but leaves." In the famous Bethany Sunday-school of Philadelphia one of the preliminary exercises is to require the pupils to hold up their Bibles. That is a step in the right direction. Let every school in the land follow its excellent example. If there be children (as will undoubtedly be the case) who have no Bibles of their own, there will be no lack of means

to furnish them. Let the Reformed Episcopal Church, whose corner-stone is the Living Word, be first in pushing this needed reform.—*Episcopal Recorder*.

HINTS FOR MOTHERS.

BY MRS. M. C. BANKIN.

If girls are often awkward, ungraceful and liable to fall into habits which injure both their health and beauty, what shall be said of boys of the same age? Most mothers take great pains with the girls of the family, seeming to think that their "chances" in life largely depend upon their looks and manners.

Yet these same mothers seem utterly indifferent to the disagreeable habits of their boys, or after a few inefficient efforts, they give up with a despairing, "I don't believe boys can help being awkward. They'll come out all right in a few years, and no one expects much of a boy." Now it is possible, though not probable, that the unsmooth boy will become a fine appearing man; but even if he should, it is worth while that he should for years render himself disagreeable to all but his nearest friends; that he should repel instead of attract?

Outdoor exercise and sports do much to make boys strong and straight, yet it is very common among those who are growing fast (especially if they read or study a good deal) to find the head thrust forward, the shoulders round and stooping, and a slouching, ungraceful carriage. Until these things are corrected, no boy can be thoroughly strong and vigorous. Is the health of your boy of any less importance than that of your girl?

Biting the nails is one of the most annoying habits, and yet one which almost any boy will fall into unless his mother "nips it in the bud." Not only is it almost unendurable for a nervous person to sit in the room with one of these nail-biting boys, but the young man's hands are injured in appearance, and if the habit be carried to excess, they will become almost deformed. In these days of professional manicures, mothers ought, at least, to see that there are no ragged nails and raw fingers among their children.

A habit of snuffing, or of scraping the throat, of tapping the floor with the foot, or the table with the knuckles, comes on gradually, but once fixed, is exceedingly difficult to overcome. "Eternal vigilance" should be a mother's watchword, for the true secret of curing bad habits is in never allowing them to be formed. The "ounce of prevention" is worth more than the "pound of cure."

I would not take away anything of boyishness or naturalness. A real boy is worth half a dozen fops or dudes. But I do not see why boys should not be as graceful and well-mannered as their sisters, why they cannot sit down at a table without hitting it and jarring the dishes, as well as the tempers of the whole family, why they cannot eat slowly and noiselessly, why they cannot cross a room without stumbling against the furniture, or close a door without slamming it; or sit quietly while reading or listening.

It should be perfectly natural for a boy to lift his hat to his mother or sister when he chances to meet them on the street, to rise from a comfortable chair when older persons enter the room, to entertain a visitor when the rest of the household are occupied. Do you say it is too much to expect a boy to think of all these things? If the mother has trained him from babyhood constantly and carefully, he will do them without thinking.

Good manners are a growth, and boyhood is the time, and home the place in which they should grow.—*Congregationalist*.

THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY of giving candy and toys, and other presents, to children in the Sunday school, as a part of the Christmas observances, is rapidly coming to be numbered among the rejected methods of carrying on a Christian work. The experience of these later years, in widely different fields, has shown that children of every class find more pleasure in responding to a call to give to Christ, and to Christ's loved ones, at their Christmas anniversary, than they ever found in receiving the choicest gifts that were distributed to them from the Sunday school on such an occasion. Those who have not seen the two methods tested in the same school can hardly imagine the great advantage, in every aspect, of the new method over the old one.—*S. S. Times*.

A HELPFUL CHILD.

I was going to the station to meet a friend, and while on my way I called in at my sister-in-law's to see if she would accompany me. It was not convenient for her to do so. She said:

"Addie would like to go, if you are willing to take her in my place."

Addie is a little nine-year-old niece of my sister-in-law. I said I would gladly take her with me. Addie had just finished shelling a basket of beans. Her aunt told her to put the beans into the pantry. As she rose to do so she looked searchingly around upon the floor to see if a bean or pod had fallen upon it. She spied one bean under the lounge. She quietly moved the lounge and stooping down picked it up, then moved the lounge back in its place. My sister-in-law then said:

"Addie, I think you had better change your dress. Put on the white one you wore yesterday afternoon."

Addie stepped quickly into an adjoining room to do so, and as the folding doors were open I could not help observing the dressing process.

First she opened three bureau drawers, beginning with the lower one. Then she took off her saque and, after laying it upon a table near by, she folded it neatly and put it in the upper drawer. Then she took off her dress-skirt, laid it upon the table, folded it in the same careful manner and, after putting it beside the saque, she closed the drawer.

From the middle drawer she took out a folded white dress-skirt. She put it on quickly and then took out a white saque, unfolded it and, after putting it on, she closed the drawer. From the lower drawer she took out a hat and gloves, put them on, closed that drawer, then went near her aunt and turning her back towards her, she said, apologetically:

"I am sorry to be always troubling you. If the buttons were on the front of my saque instead of the back I could easily button it myself."

It will be needless for me to tell you, Ann Marjorie, that I was astonished to see a little nine-year-old child dress herself in such a methodical manner. My sister-in-law told me afterward that her sister, Addie's mother, had six children—the eldest seventeen years old, the youngest seven—and that they are taught "from little bits of things" as she expressed it, to wait upon themselves not only, but to assist their mother. When they get home from school in the afternoon they all go directly into a small room off the front hall, and there they each have a special place for hats, wraps, rubbers, umbrellas, satchels, etc. Then they go where their mother is and "report for duty." It isn't a question with them after school as it is with so many children, "What shall I do to enjoy myself?" on the contrary, "what does mamma want me to do for her?" Now, if a mother is neat, methodical and industrious, and if she wishes her children to be the same, she must do as Addie's mother does, namely from their very babyhood teach them habits of neatness and order and train them to be self-reliant.

Well do I know that it is the labor of years, for I, too, am a mother. But, with a daily, ay, I may say hourly, persistent effort on the part of mothers, children may be trained to render much intelligent help; and not only so, but they will take great pleasure in rendering that help, from the fact that usefulness brings its own happiness with it. "Line upon line," mothers, "precept upon precept."—*Christian Intelligencer*.

LIVE within your means. Make your dress, your house, your furniture, your style of living such as will not subject you to struggle and anxiety to keep up appearances. Be content to set a poorer table than your rich neighbor who has a French cook, and be not ashamed of your faded carpet if you cannot afford a new one. Do not mind what the outside world says; this is your business, not theirs. Outside friends and guests must be drawn to our houses, not so much by costly dinner services and lavish entertainments, as by the kind heart and gracious manners of those who give the invitation.—*Household*.

OLD LINEN should be carefully preserved, as it is always useful in sickness; afterwards it can be washed and then scraped into lint.

PUZZLES.

SEMI-PHONETIC CHARADE.

My first is a river, a contract's my last; My whole, if you're caught by, in one sense, you're "fast."

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

1. I am lazy—behead me, and I am cheap.
2. I am little and love cheese—behead me, and I am cold and clear.
3. I am a mineral—behead me, and I am an accent; behead me again, and I am a number.
4. I am part of a book—behead me, and I am old.
5. I am a belt—behead me, and I am a conjunction; curtail me, and I am an article.
6. I am a stiff piece of paper—curtail me, and I am a conveyance.
7. I am a stick—curtail me, and I am a vessel.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. So careless a remark _____ to his _____.
2. The taste the _____ displayed in music was, to the cultured ear, _____.
3. It was _____ to see the players dodge _____ for fear it would strike them.
4. These are _____ offer to the constant _____ of my goods.
5. The prisoner's greatest _____ was to see if he could find _____ from the jail.
6. From what _____ from the papers, he is a man of very _____ nature.

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Select six words of five letters each, concealed in the following sentences, each word containing within itself another word of three letters; the definitions of both words being given in the same sentence. Arrange the six words first mentioned so as to form a double acrostic; the initials will form the name of a day much revered, and the initials will spell a term which may be applied to one who observes the day.

1. Is Lee present this windy afternoon, or is he to be found outside the house, in slumber, on the side opposite the wind?
2. He built us a genteel-looking house, but following the common practice, he allowed the roof to swag a very little.
3. John, I certainly think this fennel a finer garnish than the frozen water-cress we had the other day.
4. The paper defended art, science and religion, but seemed to make thrusts at our form of government in a cunning and covert manner.
5. Can you tell me how far a gorilla must advance to develop into an astronomer of note, or to be able even to sew up neatly a torn piece of cloth?
6. I shall not try raising maize this year nor next,—though I have never ceased to long to try it,—because the ground here will not mature a spike of corn, I am told.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1, Thurs. 2, star. 3, Arts. 4, Sart. 5, Rais.

A MEDLEY.—S E T H

S C U D
S I A
K I L L
R I O T
A R N O
F L A G

I GOT HUSKIE / HUSKING FROLICS.

8, 10, 11, FOLKS. 1, Open, pen. 2, Coat, oat. 3, Obed, bey. 4, Educt, duct. 5, Cucke, acke. 6, Olive, live. 7, Near, ear. 8, Keek, eek. 9, Ideal, deal. 10, Ghost, host. CHARADE.—War-saw.

WHATEVER USE IS MADE of Christmas in the home circle, or in the outside world, it is important that its primary significance, as commemorative of the advent of the Saviour of sinners, be made prominent in the Sunday-school. All its services, and every observance in connection with it there, should tend to impress the children with a sense of their gratitude for the Gift which has already been made to them, rather than cultivate in them a desire to gain some immediate material advantage from its return. If they are taught to come, then, to the Sunday-school, with glad hearts and full hands, bringing the tokens of their gratitude to Him who gave himself for them, the Christmas season is rightly improved. If, on the other hand, they are taught to come, then to the Sunday-school to receive candy, or toys, or books, as something needed to supplement the Gift of gifts, the Christmas season is misimproved or perverted. All Christmas giving in the Sunday-school, as such, should be Christward, not scholarward. And this is the tendency of Sunday-school progress.—*S. S. Times*.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Quæsti Book.)

LESSON XIII. Dec. 28, 1884. REVIEW. GOLDEN TEXT. "Blessed is everyone that feareth the Lord; that walketh in his ways."—Is. 128:1. HOME READINGS. M. Lessons I, II, F. Lessons VIII, IX, X, XI, XII, XIII, XIV, XV, S. Lessons X, XI, XII, XIII, XIV, XV, XVI, XVII.

INTRODUCTORY QUESTIONS. Who was the first king of Israel? How was he chosen to that office? How long did he reign? What are the principal events of his reign? Of what sin was he guilty? How was he punished? Give an account of his death. Whom did the Lord choose to succeed Saul? From whom was David descended? When and by whom was he first anointed king? For what purpose was he first brought to the court of Saul? What was his first great exploit? Why did Saul become his enemy? What were the leading events in his life before the death of Saul? By which of the tribes was David then made king? What cities did he possess? How long did he reign in Hebron? Why was made king by the other tribes? How did his reign end? What did all the tribes desire of him? What did David make his capital? How long did he reign in Jerusalem? What were the leading events of his reign? What part of the Bible did he write?

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSONS. I.—What is the title of the first lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Who now claimed the throne? Who favored his claims? Who informed David of the plot? What did David do? How did the people receive the proclamation? II.—What is the title of the second lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Who did David charge Solomon to do? Why had David no right to build the temple himself? What had the Lord promised respecting Solomon? What had David provided? What charge did he give to the princes of Israel? III.—What is the title of the third lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? How did the Lord appear to Solomon? What did he say to him? For what did Solomon ask? What did the Lord think of his request? What more did he promise him? IV.—What is the title of the fourth lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? When did Solomon begin to build the temple? Of what parts did the building consist? Of what was the house built? What were its dimensions? How did the Lord enter into his work?

V.—What is the title of the fifth lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Who offered the prayer of dedication? With whom did he say God keeps covenant? How did God keep his promise to David? Whose prayers did Solomon ask God to hear? What blessings did he ask in answer to prayer? VI.—What is the title of the sixth lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? For what purpose did the queen of Sheba visit Solomon? How many of her questions did Solomon answer? What did she say of what she saw and heard? What presents did she give to Solomon? What does the Golden Text refer to? VII.—What is the title of the seventh lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? What happened when Solomon was old? What did he wear? How did the Lord regard Solomon? What made Solomon conduct the more wicked? What punishment did the Lord foretell? VIII.—What is the title of the eighth lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? What was the meaning of wisdom? What is the outset of wisdom? What must we do when tempted? What good advice does the wise man give? Why should we follow his advice?

IX.—What is the title of the ninth lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Whom does wisdom call? What does she say? What is her promise? What is the value of wisdom? What is wisdom's call to the young? X.—What is the title of the tenth lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? What evils of drunkenness are mentioned in verse 29? What counsel is given in verse 31? What does it do at the last? How may we avoid the danger of drunkenness? What should we do to check the evil of intemperance?

XI.—What is the title of the eleventh lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? What did Solomon first do? From what did he next seek enjoyment? What other sources of worldly pleasure did he test? What source of worldly pleasure did he pronounce the greatest? Did it stand the test?

XII.—What is the title of the twelfth lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? With what consequence did this lesson begin? Why should we begin a life of piety in youth? What becomes of us at death? What is the value of a man? How is this duty entered?

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CHILD OF A KING,

"Let the children of Zion be joyful in their king."—Ps. 149: 2.

HATTIE E. BUREL, MT. REV. JOHN R. SUMNER, MT.

Musical score for the first part of the hymn 'Child of a King'. It features a vocal line with lyrics: '1. My Fa-ther is rich in hoggs and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hands; Of rubies and diamonds, of sil- ver and gold, His cof- fers are full, He has rich- es un- told. I'm the child of a King, The child of a King; With Je- sus my Saviour, I'm the child of a King.'

Musical score for the second part of the hymn. It features a vocal line with lyrics: '2. My Father's own Son, who saves us from sin, Once wandered on earth as the poorest of men; But now He is reigning forever on high, And will give me a home with Himself by and-by. Cho. 3. I once was an outcast stranger on earth, A sinner by choice, an "alien" by birth; But I've been "adopted," my name's written down, An heir to a mansion, a robe and a crown. Cho. 4. A tent or a cottage, why should I care! They're building a palace for me over there; Though exiled from home, yet my heart still may sing: All glory to God, I'm the child of a King. Cho.'

Musical score for the chorus of the hymn. It features a vocal line with lyrics: 'child of a King; With Je- sus my Saviour, I'm the child of a King.'

Musical score for the final part of the hymn. It features a vocal line with lyrics: 'child of a King; With Je- sus my Saviour, I'm the child of a King.'

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COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, Dec. 16, 1884.

There is of course a very quiet market for Christmas is near. Wheat is very quiet indeed all over, but there must have been a good deal more sold during the last few months, than there was thought for, as the Grand Trunk has been able to supply its Portland fleet with full cargoes of Canadian wheat since the close of navigation here. In Winnipeg the advent of Montreal wheat syndicate has helped the price, and a good deal of "whooping up" has been done. The last rise was of five cents and No 1 hard is now worth 61c, while the average price is only 48c. This shows that there is something wrong either with the inspection or the wheat. The English markets are quiet but strong and steady.

Chicago is very dull and prices are again lower. We quote:—Wheat at 70c Dec. and 69c Jan. 70c Feb. 70c May. Corn is quoted at 38c year and Jan. at 35c Feb. and 37c March.

The local market is unchanged in every way. We quote Canada Red Winter, 82c to 84c; White, 83c to 84c; Spring 81c to 83c; Peas, 72c to 73c; Oats, 31c. Barley, 55c to 67c. Corn 67c.

FLOUR.—"No business reported in change," is about all there is to say about the flour market, but there is a good deal of local business being done. One of the features of the drop in prices, has been the competition of the American millers. No matter how low the Canadian price is the American comes down with it and it is stated that American strong Bakers' has been laid down in Liverpool at \$4.00 per barrel. We quote as follows:—Superior Extra, \$3.75 to \$3.80; Extra Superfine, \$3.60 to \$3.65; Fancy \$3.55; Spring Extra \$3.60; Superfine, \$3.25 to \$3.35; Strong Bakers' (Can.) \$3.75 to \$3.80; Fine, \$3.10 (American.) \$4.00 to \$4.25; Fine, \$3.10 to \$3.15; Middlings, \$3.80 to \$3.85; Pollards, \$2.60 to \$2.70; Ontario bags, (bags

included) Medium, \$1.75 to \$1.85; Spring Extra, \$1.65 to \$1.70; Superfine, \$1.45 to \$1.55; City Bags, (delivered), \$2.35.

MEALS unchanged. DAIRY PRODUCE.—Both butter and cheese are quiet with slightly lower prices. We quote:—Creamery, 22c to 24c; Eastern Township, 18c to 21c; Western, 14c to 17c. Cheese is unchanged at 11c to 12c for September and October, and 8c to 11c for other makes.

Eggs, fresh, are selling at 19c to 21c, as to quality.

POULTRY AND GAME are steady as follows:—Turkeys, 8c to 11c; ducks, 8c to 9c; geese and chickens, 7c to 8c per lb; partridges, 45c to 50c per brace; venison saddles, 8c to 9c; do. carcasses, 5c to 6c per lb.

HOG PRODUCTS are very quiet. We quote:—Western Mess Pork \$14.75 to \$15.00; Hams, city cured, 14c to 14c; Bacon, 13c to 14c; Lard, western, in pails, 10c to 10c; do. Canadian, 10c; Tallow, common refined, 7c to 8c.

ASHES are very weak, Pots selling at \$3.75 to \$3.80, as to tars.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

There have been fewer beef cattle brought to market this week than for some time previously, yet there is no scarcity, as butchers had been buying largely for some time past and they have a considerable stock of common beef on hand. Extra cattle for Christmas market are expected in a few days when the butchers will have an opportunity to get a good supply of choice beef for their customers. Prices are without material change, but some of the cattle sold this week were of better quality than usual, and these sold at from 5c to 5c per lb.; good fat cows and common steers sell at 4c to 4c do.; common dry cows at from \$25 to \$30 each, or 3c to 3c per lb.; lean animals at 10 to \$20 each or 1c to 2c do. Sheep are in good supply at former rates, food lambs being still in active demand at from \$4.00 to \$4.50 each; common lambs bring from \$2.75 to \$3.50 each, and old sheep sell at

from \$3.50 to \$5.50 each. Live hogs are rather scarce and sell at about 4c per lb. Milch cows have been more plentiful of late and do not bring such exceeding high rates as they did a fortnight ago. Extra cows sell at from \$60 to \$75 each; good cows at \$50 to \$55 each and common cows at from \$39 to \$45 each.

FARMERS' MARKET.

With the return of good sleighing there has been a greatly increased supply of farm produce brought to the markets here, and prices, which had been pretty high last week, are again declining rapidly. All kinds of grain are plentiful and cheap; beef quarters are very plentiful and are declining in value, tub butter is almost glutting the market and prices are declining. The supply of hay is increasing, but not much of it is of good quality. Oats are 70c to 80c per bag; peas, 75c to 90c per bushel; beans \$1.40 to \$1.80 do.; potatoes 30c to 50c per bag; turnips, carrots, beets and onions 30c to 50c per bushel; cabbages 15c to 20c per dozen heads; butter 14c to 40c per lb; eggs 22c to 50c per dozen; apples \$2.00 to \$3.00 per barrel; dressed hogs 6c to 7c per lb; mutton quarters 5c to 7c do.; young turkeys 9c to 11c per lb.; geese 6c to 9c do.; fowls 7c to 10c do.; ducks 12c to 15c do.; hay \$5.00 to \$9.00 per 100 bundles.

NEW YORK, Dec. 15, 1884.

GRAIN.—Wheat, 78c Dec.; 79c Jan.; 81c Feb. 84c Mar.; 86c April 87c May. Corn, 50c to 51c Dec.; 47c Jan.; 46c Feb.; 46c; May. Rye, quiet, 63c. Oats, old; 31c Dec.; 32c Jan. 34 May. Barley, Canada No. 2, 76c. Peas nominal.

FLOUR, quiet and unchanged. We quote: Superfine, \$2.30 to \$2.65; Low Extra, \$2.60 to \$3.65; Clears, \$3.40 to \$4.15; Straight \$3.65 to \$4.65; Patent, \$4.60 to \$5.00. Winter Wheat; — Superfine, \$2.50 to \$2.80; Low Extra, \$2.65 to \$3.05; Clears (R. and A.), \$3.75 to \$4.00; Straight (R. and A.), \$4.00 to \$4.95; Patent, \$4.00 to \$5.25; Straight (White Wheat), \$4.00 to \$5.00; Low Extra (City Mill), \$2.80 to \$3.00; West India, sacks, \$3.50 to \$3.00; barrels, \$4.40; Patent, \$4.00 to \$5.15; South America, \$4.25 to \$4.30; Patent \$4.65 to \$5.40; Southern Flour—Extra \$3.00 to \$4.25; Family, \$4.50 to \$5.00; Patent, \$5.10 to \$5.60. Rye Flour—Fine to superfine, \$2.75 to \$3.85.

MEALS.—Cornmeal, \$3.40 to \$3.50 in bris; oatmeal, \$5.00 to \$5.50 per brl.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Butter unchanged. Creamery, ordinary to select 19c to 35c. Half firkins, ordinary to best 16c to 20c. Welsh tubs 19c to 22c; Western ordinary factory, to choice imitation creamery, 9c to 22c. Cheese, state factory, ordinary to fall cream, 3c to 12c. Ohio flats, fair to choice 6c to 11c; Skims 1c to 3c.

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