

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

Vol. II.

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The Temperance Worker

PUBLISHERS' NOTES.

We hope most of our readers will help at this very favorable season for such work in rolling up a large list for the *Weekly Messenger* to start with at the beginning of its third year now approaching. They can, we feel assured, conscientiously recommend it as being more than value for the price asked for it. Its comprehensive budget of each week's news, its markets, its choice tales, its excellent family reading, its illustrated and descriptive articles—all comprise one of the best cent's worths in periodical literature in existence. Price fifty cents a year, or forty cents to clubs of five. Address JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Montreal, Canada.

ALLIANCE NEWS.

The Prohibitory Alliance of New Brunswick has undertaken the task of organizing a county branch in every county of the Province.

The Nova Scotia Branch of the Dominion Alliance met in Halifax this week, the Hon. Samuel Creelman presiding. An encouraging report was read and adopted, and a discussion on temperance legislation ended in the following resolutions being adopted:—*Resolved*, That it is desirable for the Executive Committee of this Alliance to seek to unify the various temperance organizations in all the counties of this province in regard to united efforts to secure the best enforcement possible of the recent laws "The Canada Temperance Act of 1878" and the "License Act of 1883." *Resolved further*, That our officers for the ensuing year make special efforts, by correspondence and otherwise, to accomplish the result.

GOOD TEMPLARS.

Mr. P. J. Chisholm, G. W. C. T. of the Loyal Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia, has been working in Cumberland county with good results. He organized "Lorne" Lodge with twenty-six charter members at Williamsdale—Mr. Marshall Bigney, W. C. T., and Mr. James Ripley, L. D.; "Pleasant Valley" Lodge with thirty-four charter members at West Branch, River Philip—Mr. Joseph Linkletter, W. C. T., and Mr. Frederick Colburn, L. D.; "River-side" Lodge with twenty-seven charter members at Hastings—Mr. T. W. Porter, W. C. T., and Mr. James Baird, L. D.

Mr. B. D. Rogers, one of the leading workers in the seceded Order in Nova Scotia, lately organized "Guiding Star" Lodge at Island, East River, Pictou county, with twenty-four charter members—Mr. D. G. Delaney, W. C. T., and Mr. Daniel McKay, L. D.

Mr. Firman McClure, of Truro, and Mr. Edward Fulton, of Londonderry, lately went to the Stewiacke district in Colchester county, N. S., to promote union between lodges existing there under different Grand Lodges.

WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

THE ONTARIO CONVENTION.

The Provincial Woman's Christian Temperance Union met at Ottawa on the 16th Oct., and continued in session for three days.

The President's address dealt fully with the aspect and prospects of temperance work by woman, and was worthy of full report if space would allow. The Corresponding Secretary reported that efforts were being made to secure the introduction of a temperance text book into the public schools, and that there was reason to hope that this desirable end would shortly be accomplished, as a number of Teachers' Conventions had declared themselves in favor of the plan, and the Minister of Education in Ontario was favorably disposed toward it.

The question as to the use of unfermented wine for sacramental purposes has been urged by the Union upon the consideration of the churches, and many clergymen are in favor of such wine only being used.

Forty-five newspapers in Ontario regularly published temperance items furnished by the Union.

The Unions in the Province now number twenty-five with a membership of eight hundred. There are also two Young Women's Unions, one of which at Hamilton has sixty members.

Mrs. Youmans recommended that space should be secured in some widely circulated paper, such as the *Montreal Witness*, for the publishing of information in regard to the Union and its work, in order that the temperance question might be continually kept before the minds of the public. Mrs. Youmans also recommended that steps should at once be taken to get up a general petition to be presented to Parliament praying for the complete suppression of the liquor traffic. Mrs. Youmans is of opinion that a free liquor trade would be less injurious than the present licensed trade, inasmuch as a license is a direct sanction and authority to carry on this traffic, and it thus receives a certain stamp of propriety and legitimacy which it would not otherwise possess.

Greeting was read from the Montreal Union and reference made to Phil. 4: 8. The President sent a reply directing attention to Psalm 84: 7.

The Convention was much gratified to learn the great success of the Montreal Union, which started with only thirty-seven members, and now numbers four hundred.

A vote of sympathy was conveyed to the Rev. Thomas Gales, whose illness was much regretted by the Convention.

An address of greeting was presented by the Grand Division of Sons of Temperance of Ontario, and was suitably replied to by the President.

The majority of the medical men who replied to circulars issued by the Provincial Union have declared themselves opposed to the use of liquor as a beverage, and have expressed the opinion that as a medicine it should be used with the greatest caution.

Miss Willard addressed the Union on its

work. She was much pleased to find an effort had been made in regard to the use of unfermented wine and that so much good work had been done by the Union. It has been said that it takes twenty-five years to establish a new idea, but in this age we ought to get much done in a shorter time. It is nearly ten years since the successful Ohio temperance movement started and her belief was that ten years from this we will be free from the licensed liquor law and have a prohibitory liquor law in every town in Canada and in nearly every one in the States.

Before the close of the Convention it was decided to take steps toward petitioning the Legislature for total prohibition.

Public lectures were delivered to large audiences on Wednesday and Thursday evenings by Mrs. Youmans and Miss Willard.

THE QUEBEC CONVENTION.

The Woman's Christian Union, had an interesting meeting during the Convention in Montreal, at the house of Mrs. M. H. Gault, whose guest Mrs. McLaughlin was, and who opened her home for a parlor entertainment.

About one hundred ladies were present, and at the request of Mrs. J. D. Dougall, President of the Montreal Union, Mrs. J. H. Middleton, of Quebec, introduced Mrs. McLaughlin, of Boston, who expressed her appreciation of the kindness extended to her by Montreal ladies. It was said by those who studied aerial phenomena that a certain distance above the earth all sounds blend in one, and that is set to the key of C. She has seen something that reminded her of that in philanthropic work. She had seen earnest women drawn by the magnetism of the cross to an altitude of thought and feeling where for the time being all differences of creed and social position and nationality were beneath their feet, and heart spoke to heart, while the harmony was set to the keynote of the angels' song, "Peace on earth, good will to men." Mrs. McLaughlin then spoke of the wonderful opportunities for women to work to-day, and said that possibilities of extended usefulness always go hand in hand with duty and responsibility. She dwelt for a time upon the origin and the design of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Its objective points are, the home and the social circle, its work largely along gospel and educational lines.

She then touched upon the influence of society women in this work. The beneficial results of Mrs. President Hayes's, example never could be estimated. Said one wholesale dealer, I don't sell one case of fancy wines this winter where I used to sell ten. That noble woman stood calmly by her principle in an exalted position under the steady fire of criticism and never flinched. To-day her name is a household word with temperance women. Lady Thornton said at the close of the first banquet, "Mrs. Hayes, I honor you; this is the essence of true refinement," and this last year many of the most superb entertainments of Washington have been furnished without wine. Mrs. McLaughlin closed with an earnest appeal to the ladies

to throw the influence of their social position upon the side of this great reform. Mrs. J. D. Dougall then, in a few graceful remarks, moved a vote of thanks to Mrs. Gault for kindly opening her beautiful home, and to Mrs. McLaughlin for her powerful and convincing words. After this a brief session was spent in conversation and introductions, during which groups of ladies repaired to the spacious dining-room and partook of refreshments in a delightfully informal way. The afternoon will long be remembered as one of special interest and pleasure.

TEMPERANCE IN CHARLOTTE CO., N. B.

The New Brunswick Branch of the Dominion Alliance has organized an Alliance in this county with the following officers:—President, E. H. Balkam, Milltown; Secretary, C. W. Vroom, St. Stephen; Treasurer, W. W. Graham, Milltown. Vice-Presidents were appointed for each parish and town. A programme of work was drawn up, which includes the holding of a public meeting in each parish half-yearly, distribution of temperance literature and the enforcement and upholding of the Scott Act. A public temperance meeting was held in the evening, which was addressed by Prof. Foster.

It is the intention of the New Brunswick Alliance to organize every county in the Province. Besides Charlotte, Queen's and Westmoreland are already organized.

Petitions for the repeal of the Scott Act in this county have been circulated by the rum-sellers and their part are now deposited in St. Andrews for examination, before being forwarded to Ottawa.

The temperance party are sanguine as to the result of an election, and have not the least doubt that the Scott Act will be sustained.

The people of Charlotte have had experience under a license law, and they are not now going to return to it, after three years' experience of prohibition.

It is said that the rum-sellers have subscribed \$8,000 to defeat the Scott Act, and that the liquor dealers in St. John have also raised a subscription to assist them. It would be interesting to know how this money is to be used.

SCOTT ACT NOTES.

A temperance convention in the town of Yarmouth N. S., on the 26th October decided to proceed at once with the necessary steps to adopt the Canada Temperance Act. Mr. Foster, M. P., of King's county, N. B., was present and gave valuable counsel, and was one of the speakers at a crowded public meeting in the evening.

An election took place in Cumberland county, N. S., on Thursday of last week, under the Scott Act, which resulted in the adoption of that measure.

A GIRL at Winchester, Tennessee, was handling an old pistol, when it went off, killing her six-year old brother.

A WOMAN'S STORY.

One night, at a temperance meeting,
A woman stood up to speak;
Her eyes were sad, her face was pale,
And her voice at first was weak,
But soon she gained more courage,
Firmly she raised her head,
And told a tale most touching:
And this is what she said:—

I want to tell you my story,
Because I have suffered so
Through the drink, which to day is causing
Such misery, sin, and woe.
I tell it in hopes that some who are here
May give up the drink 'for ever,'
Because 'tis a cruel and deadly thing,
And the dearest ties it will sever.

I was married quite young to a man who
was loved
And honored by all who knew him,
So I knew that my heart would be happy
and safe,
When gladly I yielded it to him.
I was happy and proud as a girl could be,
On the day that he made me his wife;
And I meant to be true, God knows,
when I vowed,
As long as He gave us life,
I can't tell how happy we were the first
years,
Until two little children were given;
We both tried to make our home happy
on earth,
And prepare for a better in heaven.

About then I was stricken with fever,
And many despaired of my life;
And oft I saw Harry, with tears in his
eyes,
Kneeling down to pray for his wife.
God heard those prayers that he offered,
He raised me once more from my bed;
But oh! in the years which have fol-
lowed;

How I've wished I had died then instead.
For when I had thus far recovered,
The doctor then ordered me wine,
And sometimes a little brandy,
Or porter from time to time;
With reluctance I followed his orders,
My husband was sorry too;
But soon my reluctance all vanished,
I took it and loved it too.

Long after the fancied need had passed,
I took it, but secretly;
But soon the love became so strong,
I cared not who might see,
I shall never forget my husband,
When he first saw me worse for drink;
I heard him moan in anguish,
And he looked as though he would sink.
But soon I threw all shame aside,
I drank from morn till eve,
I felt that if I did not drink
I surely should not live,
I lost my love for husband,
For children and for self,
I ruined our happiness,
I ruined our home and health.

But once when I'd been drinking
Right on for a week or more,
I saw a sight which startled me
As I entered our cottage door.
Our youngest child, our darling,
Was lying with fevered brow,
His little lips all parched and dry;
I think I see him now;
And as the door I entered,
He held out his tiny hand,
And begged for a drink of water;
But alas! I could not stand;
My heart felt pained for a moment,
But I sank into a chair,
And strangers came to tend him,
While his mother sat sleeping there.
And in his place, when I awoke,
A waxen figure lay,
A sunbeam lighting up his face,
The first of coming day.

I was saddened with pain and sorrow,
I was humbled and ashamed,
For only I, his mother,
Could honestly be blamed.
I seemed to loathe the drink then
And promised that at length
I would give up my evil ways,
But only in my strength.
When, alas for evil customs!
Upon the funeral day,
The sight and smell of the cursed drink
Took all my strength away.

Once more I fell its victim,
Till God, in His love and power,
Put forth His hand to stop me;
But again 'twas in death's dark hour.

From the time of the death of our baby,
My husband had seemed to fade,
And soon he, like our little child,
On his bed of death was laid.
They said of decline he was dying;
I knew 'twas the work of his wife;
I knew it was I who had killed him,
For whom I'd have laid down my life.
I knew that his heart, so good and true,
Was crushed with its sense of shame
For the sin and vice of the woman
To whom he had given his name.

'Twas not many weeks he was spared me
But I filled them with penitent love;
And my husband, he freely forgave me,
And begged me to meet him above.
As I held his dear hand with death chill-
ing

I promised most solemnly then,
I would look up for help to my Saviour,
And meet him in heaven again.
And now, though I know I'm forgiven,
I go on my saddened way,
With only the hope of heaven
To cheer me from day to day.
I have finished now my story,
I do trust it a warning will be,
And if any here love the wine cup,
Give it up, friends, to-night, and be free."

—Rosina H. Sadler in Alliance News.

HOW IT ALL CAME ROUND.

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

CHAPTER XXXVII.—THREE FACTS.

Dinner was more than half over when
she reached Prince's Gate. She was glad of
this. She went straight up to her own room
and sent for her maid.

"Ward, I am very tired and not very well.
I shall not go down again to-night, nor do I
wish to see any one. Please bring up a cup
of strong tea here, and a little dry toast, and
then you may leave me. I shall not want
you again to-night."

"You won't see Mr. Harman again to-
night, miss. Am I to take him that mes-
sage?"

"Yes; say that I have a headache and
think I had better stay quiet; I will be
down to breakfast as usual."

Ward went away, to return in a few mo-
ments with the tea and toast.

"If you please, Miss Harman, they have
just sent the wedding dress and veil from
London. Are you too tired to be fitted to-
night?"

Charlotte gave a little involuntary shud-
der.

"Yes, I am much too tired," she said;
"put everything away, I do not want even
to look at them. Thank you, Ward, this tea
looks nice. Now you need not come in
again. Good night."

"Good night, Miss Harman," said the
maid, going softly to the door and closing
it behind her.

Charlotte got up at once and turned the
key. Now, at last, thank God, she was
quite alone. She threw off her bonnet and
cloak and going straight to her bed flung
herself upon it. In this position she lay
still for over an hour. The strong tension
she had put on herself gave way during that
hour, for she groaned often and heavily,
though tears were very far from her eyes.
At the end of about an hour she got up,
lathed her face and hands in cold water,
drank a cup of tea, and put some coals on
a fire in the grate. She then pulled out her
watch. Yes; she gave a sigh of relief—it
was not yet ten o'clock, she had the best part
of twelve hours before her in which to prepare
to meet her father at breakfast. In these
hours she must think, she must resolve, she
must prepare herself for action. She sat
down opposite the little cheerful fire which
warm though the night was, was grateful to
her in her chilled state of mind and body.

Looking into its light she allowed thought
to have full dominion over her. Hitherto,
from the moment she had read those words
in her grandfather's will until this present
moment, she had kept thought back. In
the numbness which immediately followed
the first shock, this was not so difficult. She
had heard all Sandy Wilson's words, but had
only dimly followed out their meaning.
He wanted to meet her on the morrow.
She promised to meet him, as she would

have promised also to do anything else,
however preposterous, at that moment.

Then she had felt a desire, more from the
force of habit than from any stronger mo-
tive, to go home. She had been met by
Hester Wright, and Hester had taken her to
see her dying husband. She had stood by
the death-bed and looked into the dim and
terrible eyes of death, and felt as though a
horrible nightmare was oppressing her, and
then at last she had got away, and at last,
at last she was at home. The luxuries of
her own refined and beautiful home sur-
rounded her. She was seated in the room
where she had slept as a baby, as a child, as
a girl; and now, now she must wake from
this semi-dream, she must rouse herself, she
must think it out. Hinton was right in
saying that in a time of great trouble a very
noble part of Charlotte would awake; that
in deep waters such a nature as hers would
rise, not sink. It was awakening now, and
putting forth its young wings, though its
birth-throes were causing agony. "I will
look the facts boldly in the face," she said
once aloud, "even my own heart shall not
accuse me of cowardice." There were
three facts confronting this young woman,
and one seemed nearly as terrible as the
other. First, her father was guilty. Dur-
ing almost all the years of her life he had
been not an honorable, but a base man; he
had, to enrich himself, robbed the widow
and the fatherless; he had grown wealthy
on their poverty; he had left them to suffer,
perhaps to die. The will which he had
thought would never be read was there to
prove his treachery. Believing that his fel-
low trustee was dead, he had betrayed his
sacred trust. Charlotte could scarcely im-
agine a darker crime. Her father, who look-
ed so noble, who was so tender and good to
her, who bore so high a character in the eyes
of the world, was a very bad man. This
was her first fact. Her second seemed, just
because of the first, even a shade darker.
This father, whom she had loved, this poor,
broken-down, guilty father, who, like a
broken idol, had fallen from his high estate
in her heart, was dying. Ah! she knew it
now; that look on his old face could only
belong to the dying. How blind she had
been! how ignorant! But the Wrights'
words had torn the veil from her eyes; the
guilty man was going fast to judgment.
The God whom he had sinned against was
about to demand retribution. Now she read
the key to his unhappiness, his despair. No
wonder, no wonder, that like a canker it
had eaten into his heart. Her father was
certainly dying; God himself was taking his
punishment into His own hands. Charlot-
te's third fact, though the most absolutely
personal of the whole, scarcely tortured her
as the other two did to-night. It lay so
clearly and so directly in her path, that
there was no pausing how best to act. The
way for action was too clear to be even for
an instant disobeyed. Into this fire she
must walk without hesitation or pause.
Her wedding-day could not be on the
twentieth; her engagement must be broken
off; her marriage at an end. What! she,
the daughter of a thief, ally herself to an
upright, honorable man! Never! never!
Whatever the consequences and the pain to
either Hinton or she must part. She did
not yet know how this parting would be
effected. She did not know whether she
would say farewell to her lover telling him
all the terrible and bitter disgrace, or with a
poor and lame excuse on her lips. But how-
ever she did it, the thing must be done.
Never, never, never could she drag the man
she loved down into her depths of shame.

To-night she scarcely felt the full pain of
this. It was almost a relief, in the midst
of all the chaos, to have this settled line
of action around which no doubt must linger.
Yes, she would instantly break off her en-
gagement. Now she turned her thoughts to
her two former facts. Her father was guilty
her father was dying. She, in an under-
hand way, for which even now she hated
herself, had discovered her father's long-
buried crime. But she had not alone dis-
covered it. Another had also gone to see that
will in Somerset House; another with eyes
far more practised than hers had read those
fatal words. And that other, he could act.
He would act; he would expose the guilty
and dying old man, for he was the other
trustee.

Charlotte was very ignorant as to how
the law would act with regard to such a
crime as her father's. Doubtless there
would be a public trial, a public disgrace.
He would be dragged into the prisoner's

dock; his old white head would be bowed
low there, and he was a dying man.

In the first shock and horror of finding
that the father she had always almost wor-
shipped could be guilty of such a terrible
crime, a great rush of anger and almost
hardness had steeled her heart against him;
but now tender feelings came back. Pity,
sad-eyed and gentle, knocked at her heart,
and when she let in pity, love quickly re-
sumed its throne. Yes; whatever his
crime, whatever his former life, she loved
that old man. That white-headed, broken-
hearted man, so close to the grave, was her
father, and she his only child. When she
spoke to Sandy Wilson to-day she had felt
no desire to save the guilty from his rightful
fate. But now her feelings were different.
A great cry arose in her heart on his behalf.
Could she screen him! could she screen him
from his fate? In her agony she rose and
flung herself on her knees. "My God, help
me; my God, don't forsake me; save my
father. Save him, save him, save him."

She felt a little calmer after this broken
prayer, and something to do occurred to her
with an instant power of tranquillizing.
She would find out the doctor whom her
father consulted. She would ask Uncle
Jasper. She would make him tell her, and
she would visit this man early in the morn-
ing, and whatever the consequence, learn
the exact truth from his lips. It would
help her in her interview later on with Mr.
Wilson. Beyond this little immediate
course of action, there was no light what-
ever; but she felt so far calmed, that about
two o'clock she lay down and sleep, which
was healthy and dreamless sleep, which
was sent direct from God to put strength
into the brave heart, to enable it to suffer
and endure. Many weeks before Mr. Home
had said to Charlotte Harman: "You must
keep the Christ bright within you." Was
His likeness to shine henceforth through all
the rest of her life, in those frank eyes, that
sweet face, that noble woman's heart, be-
cause of and through that great tribulation?
We have heard tell of the white robes which
they wear who go through it. Is it not
worth while for so sacred a result to heat the
furnace seven times?

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—THE DOCTOR'S VERDICT.

In her terrible angst and despair Char-
lotte had almost forgotten Uncle Jasper; but
when she came down to breakfast the fol-
lowing morning and saw him there, for he
had come to Prince's Gate early, and was
standing with her father on the hearth-rug,
she suddenly remembered that he too must
have been guilty; nay worse, her father had
never tried to deceive her, and Uncle Jasper
had. She remembered the lame story he
had told her about Mrs. Home; how fully
she had believed that story, and how it had
comforted her heart at the time! Now she
saw clearly its many flaws, and wondered at
her own blindness. Charlotte had always
been considered an open creature—one so
frank, so ingenuous, that her secrets, had she
ever tried to have any, might be read like
an open book; but last night she had
learned to dissemble. She was glad when
she entered the cheerful breakfast-room to
find that she was able to put her hardly
learned lesson in practice. Knowing what
she did, she could yet go up and kiss her
father, and allow her uncle to put his lips
to her cheek. She certainly looked badly,
but that was accounted for by the head-
ache which she confessed still troubled her.
She sat down opposite the tea-urn, and
breakfast was got through in such a manner
that Mr. Harman noticed nothing par-
ticular to be wrong. He always drove to
the City now in his own private carriage,
and after he had gone Charlotte turned to
Jasper.

"Uncle Jasper," she said, "you have de-
ceived me."

"Good heavens! how, Charlotte?" said
the old uncle.

"My father is very ill. You have given
me to understand that there was nothing
of serious consequence the matter with
him."

Uncle Jasper heaved a slight but still
audible sigh of relief. Was this all? These
ears he might even yet quiet.

"I have not deceived you, Charlotte," he
said, "for I do not believe your father to
be seriously ill."

He fixed his keen gray eyes on her face
as he spoke. She returned his gaze with-
out shrinking.

"Still you do think him ill?" she said.
"Well, any one to look at him must ad-
mit that he is not what he was."

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"Just so, Uncle Jasper. So you have told me very many times, when you have feared my troubling him on certain matters. Now it has come to me from another source, that he is very ill. My eyes have been opened, and I see the fact myself. I wish to learn the simple and exact truth. I wish to see the doctor he has consulted."

"How do you know he has consulted any?"

"Has he?"

Uncle Jasper was silent for a moment. He felt in a difficulty. Did Charlotte know the worst, she might postpone her marriage, the last thing to be desired just now; and yet where had she got her information? It was awkward enough, though he felt a certain sense of relief in this accounting for the change in her appearance since yesterday morning. He got up and approached her side softly.

"My dear, I do own that your father is ill. I own, too, that I have, by his most express wish, made as light of the matter to you as I could. The fact is, Charlotte, he is anxious, very anxious, about himself. He thinks himself much worse than I believe him to be; but his strongest desire is, that now, on the eve of your marriage, you should not be alarmed on his account. I firmly believe you have no cause for any special fear. Ought you not to respect his wishes, and rest satisfied without seeking to know more than he and I tell you? I will swear, Charlotte, if that is any consolation to you, that I am not immediately anxious about your father."

"You need not swear, Uncle Jasper. Your not being anxious does not prevent my being so. I am determined to find out the exact truth. If he thinks himself very ill he has, of course, consulted some medical man. If you will not tell me his name I will myself ask my father to do so to-night."

"By so doing you will shock him, and the doctor does not wish him to be shocked."

"Just so, Uncle Jasper, and you can spare him that by telling me what you know."

"My dear niece, if you will have it?"

"I certainly am quite resolved, uncle."

"Well, well, you approach this subject at your peril. If you must see the doctor you must. Wilful woman over again. Would you like me to go with you?"

"No, thank you, I prefer to go alone. What is the doctor's name?"

"Sir George Anderson, of B—— Street."

"I will go to him at once," said Charlotte.

She left the room instantly, though she heard her uncle calling her back. Yes, she would go to Sir George at once. She pulled out her watch, ran up-stairs, put on some out-door dress, and in ten minutes from the time she had learned the name of the great physician was in aansom driving to his house. This rapid action was a relief to her. Presently she arrived at her destination. Yes, the doctor was at home. He was engaged for the present with another patient, but if Charlotte liked to wait he would see her in her turn. Certainly she would wait. She gave her card to the man who admitted her, and was shown into a room, very dark and dismal, where three or four patients were already enduring a time of suspense waiting for their interviews. Charlotte, knowing nothing of illness, knew, if possible, still less of doctors' rooms. A sense of added depression came over her as she seated herself on the nearest chair, and glanced, from the weary and suffering faces of those who waited anxiously for their doom, to the periodicals and newspapers piled on the table. A gentleman seated not far off handed her the last number of the *Illustrated London News*. She took it, turning the pages mechanically. To her dying day she never got over the dislike to that special paper which that half-hour created.

One by one the patients' names were called by the grave footman as he came to summon them. One by one they went away, and at last, at last, Charlotte's turn came. She had entered into conversation with a little girl of about sixteen, who appeared to be in consumption, and the little girl had praised the great physician in such terms that Charlotte felt more than ever that against his opinion there could be no appeal. And now at last she was in the great man's presence and, healthy girl that she was, her heart, beat so loud, and her face

grew so white, that the practised eyes of the doctor might have been pardoned for mistaking her for a *bona-fide* patient.

"What are you suffering from?" he asked of her.

"It is not myself, Sir George," she said, then making a great effort to control her voice—"I have come about my father—my father is one of your patients. His name is Harman."

Sir George turned to a large book at his side, opened it at a certain page, read quietly for a moment, then closing it, fixed his keen eyes on the young lady.

"You are right," he said, "your father, Mr. Harman, is one of my patients. He came to see me no later than last week."

"Sir," said Charlotte, and her voice grew steadier and braver as she spoke, "I am in perfect health, and my father is ill. I have come here to-day to learn from your lips the exact truth as to his case."

"The exact truth?" said the doctor.

"Does your father know you have come here, Miss—Miss Harman?"

"He does not, Sir George. My father is a widower, and I am his only child. He has endeavored to keep this thing from me, and hitherto has partially succeeded. Yesterday, through another source, I learned that he is very seriously ill. I have come to you to know the truth. You will tell it to me, will you not?"

"I certainly can tell it to you."

"And you will?"

"Well, the fact is, Miss Harman, he is anxious that you should not know. I am scarcely prepared to fathom your strength of character. Any shock will be of serious consequence to him. How can I tell how you will act when you know all?"

"You are preparing me for the worst now, Sir George. I solemnly promise you in no way to use my knowledge so as to give my father the slightest shock."

"I believe you," answered the doctor. "A brave woman can do wonders. Women are unselfish; they can hide their own feelings to comfort and succor another. Miss Harman, I am sorry for you, I have had news for you."

"I know it, Sir George. My father is very ill."

"Your father is as seriously ill as a man can be to be alive; in short, he is—dying."

"It there no hope?"

"None."

"Must he die soon?" asked Charlotte, after a brief pause.

"That depends. His malady is of such a nature that any sudden shock, any sudden grief will probably kill him instantly. If his mind is kept perfectly calm, and all shocks are kept from him, he may live for many months."

"Oh! terrible!" cried Charlotte.

She covered her face. When she raised it at last it looked quite haggard and old.

"Sir George," she said, "I do not doubt that in your position as a doctor you have come across some secrets. I am going to confide in you, to confide in you to a certain measure."

"Your confidence shall be sacred, my dear young lady."

"Yesterday, Sir George, I learned something, something which concerns my father. It concerns him most nearly and most painfully. It relates to an old and buried wrong. This wrong relates to others; it relates to those now living most nearly and most painfully."

"Is it a money matter?" asked the doctor.

"It is a money matter. My father alone can set it right. I mean that during his lifetime it cannot possibly in any way be set right without his knowledge. Almost all my life, he has kept this thing a secret from me and—from the world. For three-and-twenty years it has lain in a grave. If he is told now, and the wrong cannot be repaired without his knowledge, it will come on him as—a disgrace. The question I ask of you is this: Can he bear the disgrace?"

"And my answer to you, Miss Harman, is, that in his state of health the knowledge you speak of will instantly kill him."

"Then—then—God help me! what am I to do? Can the wrong never be righted?"

"My dear young lady, I am sincerely sorry for you. I cannot enter into the moral question, I can only state a fact. As

your father's physician I forbid you to tell him."

"You forbid me to tell him?" said Charlotte. She got up and pulled down her veil. "Thank you," she said, holding out her hand. "I have that to go on—as my father's physician you forbid him to know?"

"I forbid it absolutely. Such a knowledge would cause instant death."

(To be Continued.)

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

November, 11.—1 Samuel 15: 12-26.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. "Obedience." Nothing can be loved to God which does not shape itself into obedience. We remember the anecdote of the Roman commander who forbade an engagement with the enemy, and the first transgressor against whose prohibition was his son. He accepted the challenge of the leader of the other host, met, slew, spoiled him; and then, in triumphant feeling, carried the spoils to his father's tent. But the Roman father refused to recognize the instinct which prompted this as deserving the name of love. Disobedience contradicted it and deserved death.—*F. W. Robertson*. Luther said that he had rather obey than work miracles (John 2: 5). Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it.

II. If a boy at school is bidden to cipher and chooses to write a copy instead, the goodness of the writing will not save him from censure. We must obey whether we see the reason or not, for God knows best.—*Easter*. Matt. 12: 13. "Stretch forth thine hand." What, when it is withered! Yes; obedience says, Trust when ye cannot trace.—*Bowen*.

III. The hypocrite is like a watch which is so badly made that it stands or goes wrong from its very nature, and the only cure is to give it a new inside.—*Salter*. A hypocrite is the picture of a saint; but his paint shall be washed off, and he shall appear in his own colors.—*Mason*.

PRACTICAL.

1. If men reject us, God may take us up, but when God rejects, who shall help?—*Watson*.

2. The cause of rejection is disobedience.

3. Good intention can never be a right rule of conduct and a good guide of conscience.—*Sanderson*.

4. Obedience must be full, exact, implicit.

5. If sacrifice could replace obedience, God would never be obeyed, for men will sacrifice all rather than obey.—*Watson*.

6. Sacrifices ceased in Christ, obedience endures for ever.

7. Every ceremonial law is moral; the outward act is never enjoined but for the inward thing.—*Henricusberg*.

8. We must judge rather than justify ourselves if we would escape divine judgment.—*Henry*.

9. Before seeking the approval of conscience we must regulate conscience by the will and word of God.—*Worlesworth*.

10. Hypocrisy would make convenience the measure and rule of the execution of God's command; and under pretence of godliness seek gain.—*Oslander*.

11. The obedient man will learn to put implicit trust in the wisdom and justice of God's judgments (vers. 11-26).

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

While the leading thought of the lesson is True Obedience, the lesson as a whole discloses to us (1) A hypocritical claim for the merit of true obedience (ver. 12 1/2). In verse 13 the claim is made with a most brazen-faced assurance. In verse 14 the mask is stripped off, and the claimant convicted by patent facts. Next we have (2) A hypocritical excuse for something less and other than true obedience (vers. 15-23). In verse 15, Samuel pronounces the divine judgment upon it with the intent to produce in Saul self-conviction and condemnation (ver. 17). In verses 20, 21, Saul still denies responsibility. In verse 22, the prophet lays down the eternal law, the truth that gives significance to the whole interview, and in verse 23 he makes personal application. Contrast up to this point the disobedience of Saul with the obedience of Samuel. Stanley notes as significant that Saul was con-

verted suddenly, late in life; Samuel was a child of God from infancy. Following this we have (3) A hypocritical confession (ver. 24-26). In verses 24, 25, the confession is made. Note its hollowness, and contrast with David's (Ps. 51). In verse 26 is given the prophet's judgment upon it. Note that Samuel utters not his own wishes but the judgment of God.

MEMORIZING SCRIPTURE.

It has been noticed often in recent years at the examinations in our theological seminaries, that very few of our candidates for the ministry are able to quote Scripture with any great facility. A distinguished professor of systematic theology in one of our leading seminaries, no great while ago, was much mortified that his class, though able to answer the most difficult questions on all other points could not give accurately the Scripture texts in proof of even the most important doctrines of the faith. It is to be apprehended that this is a growing defect among the young people in all our congregations and Sabbath-schools. They are taught everything about the Word of God, without learning much of the Word of God itself. The defect is a serious one, and is poorly compensated for by any amount of brilliant declamation or discussion on the part of the teacher, which leaves the pupil ignorant, after all, of the Bible's own inspired words and doctrines. What is most needed is that the young mind, while the memory is still quick, strong, retentive, and unoccupied as to other things, shall be filled with an accurate and extended knowledge of the very words of Scripture. To what better use can the mind of a child be put than to the task, which most children find easy and pleasant of committing to memory selected portions of the New Testament? In all literature there are no words so beautiful and so precious as the words of Jesus and his divinely inspired apostles. In all history and philosophy there are no truths so important for a young mind to learn, and so salutary in training it, as these sublime and beautiful lessons of the Word of God. No theory of Christian education can ever be complete without them, nor can any young mind be properly developed in the absence of these divine lessons of love, of truth, of moral virtue, contained in the Word of God.

Now all experience proves that the only true and effectual process by which this indispensable part of education can be fully secured, is found in the old-time method of committing the words of Scripture to memory. With all our new devices and appliances, there is absolutely nothing, in our judgment, which can take the place of actually memorizing the Book of God. No young person is likely to know much about the doctrines and precepts of the Bible who does not commit its words to memory. There may, indeed, be some desultory acquaintance with its facts, but as to anything more, the knowledge will be, at best, superficial, uncertain, and defective. David could say, "Thy word have I hid in my heart that I might not sin against thee." What all students of the Bible, whether old or young, need to do, is to store the mind, the memory, the heart with the very words which the Holy Ghost did inspire, and which God has accordingly spoken in the Scriptures.

Admirable in spirit and perfect in all disciplinary methods, as are many of our best conducted Sunday-schools, with their beautiful libraries and self-devoted bands of teachers, we never enter one of them without feeling that there is a sad defect in that practical ignoring of the Word of God, which has resulted from setting aside the requirements to have the weekly lesson committed to memory. The loss to the child for life by reason of this omission is incalculable. Our deliberate opinion, confirmed by experience and long observation, is that no one thing could be learned in the Sabbath-school, so important in all its influences and results, as this one thing which is now universally omitted. That the Scripture lesson could be easily committed to memory if required, is demonstrated not only by the fact that it was once universally so done, but by the fact that in many schools, even now, the Shorter Catechism is so memorized—a thing immensely harder to the child than the memorizing of any equal portion of the Word of God, except, perhaps, its genealogical tables.—*Interior*.

The Weekly Messenger.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3.

WAR CLOUDS.

General Camponon, French Minister of War, is strongly under the apprehension of an early struggle with Germany. He will devote all his energy to effecting reform in the system of mobilizing the army, or getting it ready for war. Symptoms of social ill-feeling between France and Germany are increasing. German visitors meet with so much coolness in Paris that they are deserting it. On the other side German papers are advising their people not to buy French goods, especially ladies' goods. Obnoxious French journals in Alsace and Lorraine, the Provinces acquired by Germany in the late war, have been suppressed. Germany and Russia are also showing their teeth to each other. Russian villages on the frontier are crowded with Cossacks, and the German garrisons and fortifications are being strengthened. The *Journal de St. Petersburg*, an official paper, however, declares the foreign policy of Russia is entirely devoted to peace, that her relations with all foreign powers are excellent, and that there is no question now pending likely to disturb the quiet which all Governments are striving to maintain. It must be, therefore, for the maintenance of peace that all the nations are making vast warlike preparations, including the rearing of huge fortifications mounted with the heaviest guns in each other's faces. It must also be to preserve peace that Russia is sending troops by thousands to her southern Asiatic frontiers. It is stated in semi-official circles in Berlin that the German Government is greatly incensed at the massing of Russian troops on the frontier, and is seriously considering the advisability of sending a note asking the Russian Government what all its eager movements of troops to the frontier mean. A leading German paper says there is no evidence of pacific intentions on the part of Russia beyond her bare declaration that she is peaceably disposed, while the massing of Cossacks on the German frontier and the unchecked Pan-Slavic agitations in Poland are strongly at variance with such professions of peace. The agitations referred to are intended to promote the union of all the Slavic peoples, which would give Russia dangerous strength in Europe, as the Slavs form one of the strongest elements in the northern provinces of what was until recently Turkey-in-Europe, and also in the population of Austria and Northern Germany.

THE FOLLOWING is a list of the officers of the Ontario Woman's Christian Temperance Union, omitted by oversight from our report of the meeting in Ottawa.—President, Mrs. D. B. Chisholm, Hamilton; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Tilton, Ottawa, and Mrs. Cowan, Toronto; Recording Secretary, Miss A. Orchard, Brantford; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. M. S. Fawcett, Scarborough; Treasurer, Mrs. P. C. Brethour, Milton. We are indebted to the kindness of the Recording Secretary of the Ottawa Union, Etta Falconer, for an interesting and comprehensive report of the Provincial Union, which appears elsewhere.

LADY DUFFERIN, wife of the English diplomatist, has been asked by the Sultan of Turkey to organize measures of relief for the sufferers by the Anatolia earthquake.

THE WEEK.

DEPOSITORS in the Government Saving Bank of Canada have over fourteen million dollars to their credit.

MR. Z. CHIPMAN, a leading resident of St. Stephen, New Brunswick, died recently, and left \$10,000 to the Methodist educational institutions at Sackville, \$5,000 to the Methodist superannuation fund and \$1500 to other religious objects, \$16,500 in all.

A THOUSAND COTTAGES for laboring men are to be built by the poor-law Guardians of the Limerick Union, under the provisions of the Laborers' Act passed last session of Parliament.

A SEA CAPTAIN has been rescued twice within a month while attempting the foolish feat of crossing the English Channel from Dover to Calais in a little paddle boat.

CARDINAL MANNING, head of the Catholic Church in the United Kingdom, regards anything like diplomatic intercourse between England and the Vatican as next to impossible, but does not despair of seeing a better attitude taken by both Germany and France toward the Holy See.

ENGLISH JOURNALISM is often contrasted with American to the disadvantage of the latter in point of respectability of tone. Yet in a dispute between the two generally-acknowledged most aristocratic papers of London—the *St. James's Gazette* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*—the latter calls the editor of the former a liar.

THE STRIKE OF RAILWAY SWITCHMEN at St. Louis has failed, new men having taken the places of the strikers. The colliery owners of Yorkshire, England, refused to consider the demand of miners for an advance of 15 per cent, whereupon delegates representing 41,000 miners resolved to insist upon the stated advance. Eighteen hundred printers in New York struck for a uniform scale of wages, and all but four hundred secured their demand. A board of arbitrators has decided that the colliers in South Stafford, England, are not entitled to an advance of wages.

THERE WAS A SENSATION at Black River Falls, Wisconsin, a few days ago, caused by the restoration of Miss Lena Richman, four days after she was thought to have died. The funeral had been delayed on account of a life-like appearance of the young lady's face, and the ceremony had begun when Dr. Baxter, of Milwaukee, obtained a suspension of the services until he should attempt resuscitation. His efforts shortly succeeded, the patient arising with a shriek. She said she realized with unspeakable agony that she was being prepared for burial but could do nothing.

THE VERY REV. DEAN BALDWIN, of Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, one of the most popular and evangelical preachers in the city has been elected Bishop of Huron, Ontario.

AT THE FISHERIES EXHIBITION of the world in London, Canada obtained gold medals for the best collection of cured tinned fish, shipped fish, salmon nets, deep sea fishing gear, fishing boats, antiseptics, whale oil, signalling telegraph system, the most complete breeding establishment, and steam fishing tug; also, five medals for distinct varieties of fish of commercial value, fifteen silver medals, six bronze medals and four diplomas. Newfoundland obtained ten gold, eight silver and five bronze medals and three diplomas.

CAPTAIN MAYNE REID, a noted novelist, is dead.

THE TREATY OF COMMERCE between Germany and Spain has been mutually ratified.

RADICAL PAPERS in France assert that an agreement exists between the Government and the Duc d'Aumale, as representative of the Orleansists, having in view the restoration of the monarchy under an Orleans dynasty. The Government papers deny this, owning only to an alliance with the Orleansists for legislative purposes. A demand expected to be made by the Radicals in the Assembly, for the expulsion of Orleans princes, will be opposed by the Government.

AN ADMIRABLE TRICK was played in connection with the usual choir disturbances in a Methodist church at Wallpack Centre, New Jersey. The dispute was over the choice of a choir, and during its progress some one entered the church and tarred and feathered the organ.

THE BOUNDARY BETWEEN RUSSIA AND CHINA has been defined by a new treaty.

COUNT STEFAN BATHYANY, of Hungary, was killed in a duel by Dr. Julius Rosenberg. A nobility that holds itself cheap enough to stand as a pistol target is not likely to be estimated higher than its own standard by the world.

AN AGREEMENT has been made between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities in Portugal respecting the cremation of the dead. All the principal municipalities have issued decrees making cremation optional in ordinary cases, but compulsory in districts where plagues are epidemic.

KING HUMBERT, of Italy, upon the advice of his Ministers, declined the honor of a colonelcy in an Uhlan regiment offered him by the Emperor of Germany. This is a good example, for the interchange of military compliments between nations that may to-morrow be at each other's throats is a mockery. Spain sacrificed the friendship of a neighbor and probably gained nothing by her vain king taking a course the contrary to that of the Italian monarch.

PATRICK EGAN, the Irish agitator, is becoming an American citizen and going into the grain business in Lincoln, Nebraska.

A QUARREL ON A SATURDAY in Burke county, Georgia, between two young men named Sims and Rogers was renewed with reinforcements on each side on Sunday after church was out. Three of the Sims family were shot, one having been instantly killed and another mortally wounded, and a Rogers was shot in the face by one of his own friends. It is said the Sims party were unarmed.

SINCE THE GREAT QUAKE at Chios, in the Grecian Archipelago, two or three weeks ago, earthquake shocks have been frequent and in some cases severe, at various points throughout the East.

TWO JEWS, of Costin, Germany, have been sentenced to four years' imprisonment for setting fire to the synagogue there to obtain the insurance.

MR. ARCHIBALD FORBE, the famous war correspondent, is about to publish an article to clear Marshal Bazaine of the stigma of treachery at the capitulation of Metz to the Germans. Mr. Forbes was there and ought to know something about the matter.

LATELY THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH abruptly withdrew from a ball given in their honor by the Duke of Saxe-Cobourg and Gotha, Germany, because the invitation list was not purged of some names that they objected to. Some complication is brought to the affair by the fact that the Duke of Edinburgh is the heir of the Duke of Saxe-Cobourg. The Emperor of Germany has undertaken to act as mediator between the alienated Princes.

THE OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT made in London that the Dominion government had guaranteed the payment of a three per cent dividend on Canadian Pacific Railway stock for the next ten years caused the price to immediately advance to nine dollars a share.

TRKISH TYRANNY almost surpasses itself in the Governor of the Province of Aidin, who refused to allow provisions and other supplies to be landed at Tchesme, a town with a Greek population, which suffered heavily in the recent earthquakes.

AT A MEETING OF THE COMMISSION investigating the condition of the crofters of Scotland, a Canadian emigration agent said it was the desire of the Dominion authorities that all Government aided emigrating crofters should go to the North-West of Canada, where land was plenty and success must attend intelligent exertion.

NETCHAJEFF, a Nihilist condemned in Russia ten years ago and supposed to be dead, has a letter in the journal, "The Will of the People," complaining of the inhumanity of the prison officials and the terrible treatment to which he and others have been subjected. He says he has lately been deprived of the little light hitherto allowed. The original letter was written in blood on a piece of printed paper. A list of names found in the house of Saratecheff, formerly assistant public prosecutor, who was convicted of Nihilism, has led to the arrest of many persons, including eleven officers of a grenadier regiment in St. Petersburg. Naval officers are also implicated, and the offenders generally are so numerous that a special commission of enquiry has been appointed. According to a Vienna paper the Czar has decided to grant Russia more freedom and such reforms as the people may be deemed ready for. Count Tolstoi and Count Katkoff are said to have been entrusted with the difficult task of preparing a constitution. Close upon this very important announcement comes news of a Nihilist proclamation being extensively circulated in Russia, which demands, under threats of pitiless vengeance, that the Czar summon a council representative of the Russian people, and which asks full amnesty, freedom of the press, freedom of speech and right to hold public meetings, as the only means to prevent revolutions. As a check to Nihilism the Czar's advisers have recommended that the heads of the universities be hereafter appointed by the Government. It is difficult to see any great security there would be in that policy, in view of the fact that a great portion of the strength of Nihilism is composed of Imperial officials.

MR. GLADSTONE is accused of being a friend first and a politician afterward, for having the Duke of Argyll decried with the order of the Garter, although he deserted the advanced Liberals.

M. Tirard, French Minister of Finance, is likely to resign because the budget committee unanimously rejected his rectified budget, which tried to show a balance but really proved a deficit of about \$110,000.

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THE TRIAL OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE OF NORWAY, under impeachment with the rest of the Ministry for violation of the constitution, began last week. This is a test case, the result of which will decide the cases of all the Ministers.

THE TROOPS OF CHILI evacuated Lima, capital of Peru, on the 23rd of October, and General Iglesias entered the same day as President Regenerator of the badly crushed nation. He was received enthusiastically, the town being gay with flags. Political prisoners in Chili have been released and gone home to Peru.

MORMON MISSIONARIES claim a church in the Sandwich Islands numbering 3,600. A large sugar plantation is owned and worked there for the benefit of the "saints."

COCHIOS, for attempting to rob and murder the Rev. Mr. Whitebourne, an English clergyman, on a Northern railway train, France, last June, has been sentenced upon conviction to transportation for life.

MOCK MARRIAGES are dangerous as well as silly, as Walter Vaughn, of New York, now finds upon Annie Higby claiming to be his wife upon the strength of a wedding service gone through by them for fun.

LIEUTENANT VIARD, who sent the report from Tonquin of the cruel massacre of natives at Hue after they ceased to offer resistance, has been dismissed from active service. It is said officially that his report was erroneous and calculated to bring France into disrepute. A letter from Saigon, capital of French Cochinchina, however, is very confirmatory of the dismissed officer's story. It says that Admiral Corbet directed that no quarter be given to men, women or children. Three hundred Annamites who took refuge in the mouth of the Bay of Thuan were killed, and one hundred and fifty more drifting in a junk without arms were massacred. A Government paper in Paris, while denying that Admiral Corbet gave such orders, admits that 1,200 of the enemy were slain at Thuan. Earl Granville, the British Foreign Minister, lately informed the Marquis Tseng, the Chinese Ambassador, that English mediation between France and China for the settlement of the Tonquin question must be undertaken only as a last resort. An official book issued in Paris describes the situation in Annam. It says China demands the whole of North Annam and the French evacuation therefrom, allowing France only the Southern Provinces. France is represented to be still ready to negotiate with China in a friendly way, but is fully determined to complete the work begun in Tonquin, when reinforcements arrive, unless China concedes her demands. A despatch from Hong Kong says the French will probably soon drive the Chinese from Tonquin, but the real conflict will only begin when the frontier is reached. The only apparent solution, according to the same despatch, is a compromise or a French advance on Peking. The Chinese Legation in Paris declares the official book mentioned above to be characterized by omissions and suppressions, and have determined to publish all the documents bearing upon the Tonquin negotiations in order to set themselves right in the public opinion of Europe. Commissioner Hartman has issued an edict in Tonquin, declaring that, by virtue of the Hue treaty, all persons who continue to fight against the French will be put to death.

THANKSGIVING DAY in Canada is to be Thursday, the eighth of November, and in the United States Thursday, the twenty-ninth of November.

IN THE EPISCOPAL CONVENTION in Philadelphia, the committee to whom was referred the matter of High Church practices by some clergymen reported their unanimous conclusion that the subject was beyond their competency, being already provided for by Canon 25, Title 1, entitled, "Of the use of the Book of Common Prayer." By the report of the committee on the state of the Church, it was shown that there are in the United States forty-eight dioceses, fifteen missionary jurisdictions, sixty-seven bishops, two thousand other clergy and three thousand organized parishes. Reference was made in this report to the inadequate number of candidates for holy orders, and called special attention to the work of the Church temperance organization. A joint committee on the centennial of the American Church reported that the event would be commemorated with solemn observance.

M. DE LESSEPS, the eminent canal engineer, said, in a speech to a distinguished company in Paris, that the Suez Canal and the building of the Panama Canal have effected the introduction of a new principle into the mutual affairs of nations, namely, the vast association of the capital of the world which conduces to the solidity of the interests of all nations. His argument, insisted upon strongly, was that all the important waterways of commerce the globe over should be kept open and safe to commerce no matter what international wars might rage.

MICHAEL WATERS, who was said to be the secretary of one of the landlord assassination societies, died in prison in Dublin, where he was undergoing sentence of confinement for complicity in the Crossmaglen murder.

HOW EPIDEMICS GROW is in some manner seen in the report of the court in Washington investigating the visitation of yellow fever at Pensacola, Florida, the past season. It is supposed the fever may have come from germs remaining from last year's epidemic. The first fatal case was that of a child, whose death was attributed to another cause. The house in which the child died was partially used as an ice-cream saloon, and frequented by sailors and others. Moreover the funeral was largely attended.

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE, the celebrated Jewish philanthropist and one of the most eminent citizens of London, completed his ninety-ninth year on the 24th of October.

CASES OF CHOLERA have been numerous since its second outbreak near Alexandria, Egypt, and Mr. Clifford Lloyd, the Irish magistrate, who went to Egypt on Government business, was seized with the disease soon after his arrival.

EARL DERBY, British Secretary of State for the Colonies, has refused to sanction the enterprise of the New Guinea Exploration and Colonization Company. If the company persists in its projects, the Imperial Government will intervene for the protection of the natives. General McIver, the projector of the company, has replied to Lord Derby and asked for an interview with him upon the subject. He says the expedition is peaceful, its object being the establishment of trading relations with the natives and colonists. A late despatch says that, despite the Colonial Secretary's disapproval, the projectors of the enterprise will proceed with the expedition. A steamer will be chartered and will take six months' provisions, tents and arms. Each subscriber will receive a land warrant for a thousand acres.

A SECOND EXPLOSION in the colliery at Barnsley, England, injured several of the explorers for victims of the first. An explosion in a pit near Stoke-upon-Trent killed six men and injured three.

ONE ACCOUNT represents the loss at Port-au-Prince, Hayti, during the recent disturbances there, as fifteen hundred lives and a million dollars' worth of property. Foreign representatives were reported as having agreed that if the insurgent steamer "Elderland" returned to renew the mischief they would take charge of her. The Government forces were reported to have been defeated at Miragoane with heavy loss, and General Piquant mortally wounded. The Haytian Consul in New York says only thirty persons were killed at Port-au-Prince, and that the difficulty with the British Government, caused by the steamer "Alps" firing upon vessels containing refugees, has been settled.

THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE was sworn in as Governor-General of Canada in the Provincial buildings, Quebec, on the 23rd of October, in presence of his predecessor, the Marquis of Lorne. He created a very favorable impression upon those who saw him during the inaugural ceremonies and while being formally welcomed by the civic authorities. His perfect command of the French language evoked the enthusiasm of the French Canadian element.

A BARBAROUS ACT is reported from Algeria, North Africa. Si Sliman, an insurgent chief was invited to a feast by two other chiefs, who slew him and having cut his head off sent it as a present to the Sultan of Morocco.

AN EXPLOSION occurred lately in a room undergoing repairs in the royal palace, Naples, Italy. Two workmen were seriously injured and the room was set on fire. Great excitement ensued among the people, but the cause of the explosion could not be ascertained.

THE NEGRO AGITATION in the United States over the recent decision of the Supreme Court on the Civil Rights Bill continues. A meeting of the colored citizens of San Francisco passed resolutions condemning the decision. At a meeting of colored citizens of Chicago, the Rev. W. Polk made the leading speech, in which he said the decision was an insult to the race. "I always have been a good republican," said he, "but now I believe we should give allegiance to that party which will give us our rights even if it runs the devil's ticket or Ben Butler." This is, however, only silly talk, the tendency of which is to lead the colored people to throw themselves into the power of crafty politicians. The question really is whether the Supreme Court rendered its decision in accordance with the constitutional laws of the country. If it did, then the agitation should aim at having the laws changed and not at having the judges censured and their authority subverted. In Virginia the Negroes are taking the sensible course of agitating for the passage of State laws to protect their social rights—the best thing that can be done until the nation is enabled to do the right thing for all the States.

LIEUTENANT GARLINGTON, of the Greely relief expedition, has replied to charges of mismanagement made against him, pointing out that he could have done no more than he did without uselessly endangering the lives of the whole party. He asks, if his explanations are not satisfactory, to have a court of enquiry to investigate the whole case.

THE CANADIAN DEAD LETTER OFFICE has had a week's work returning letters addressed to the Louisiana State Lottery refused by the American postal authorities. The Postmaster General of the United States is going to prosecute patrons of lotteries, as it is against the law to mail a letter asking for lottery tickets.

HERR RICHTER, a deputy in the Austrian Parliament, has been sentenced to six months in prison and deprivation of his rights as deputy, for insulting the Imperial family four years ago. He was prosecuted upon information preferred against him by a clergyman, whose object was to prevent him taking his seat in Parliament.

THAT TROUBLE at Lakeville, Connecticut, over the crucifix set up to the public gaze on the Roman Catholic Church grounds, still goes on, the latest development being a combination of prominent ladies bound to hire no Roman Catholic girls.

MR. G. W. ROSS, a Liberal member of Parliament for Middlesex, Ontario, has been unseated for corrupt practices by an agent. Charges of personal wrongdoing fell through.

AN IMPORTANT step has been taken by the Council of the Ontario School of Art, in offering twelve scholarships, each conferring three years of free tuition, to pupils from the public schools of the Province, and six to high scholars, to be won in each case by examinations held in the Council.

MRS. CAREY, widow of the late informer, receives about \$22 a week from the Government during the trial of O'Donnell. Mr. William J. Happin, Secretary of the American Legation in London, spent two hours in the prison with O'Donnell, trying to get information bearing upon his claim to American citizenship, but the prisoner, suspecting him to be a British detective disclosed nothing that could be used for Mr. Happin's purpose. Two thousand dollars were promptly sent by the treasurer of the O'Donnell defence fund in Chicago, upon receiving a letter from O'Donnell's counsel saying there was a good prospect of acquittal, but money was wanted to bring witnesses from South Africa.

CHINESE RICE PAPER.

The thick, soft, translucent material called Chinese rice-paper, is commonly supposed to be made of rice, or some sort of fiber obtained from the rice plant. A recent writer says that it is not so made, but is the pith of *Fatsia papyrifera*, sliced thin. The tree grows about twenty feet high and its pith is an extensive article of commerce in China for it is used in the manufacture of many articles, especially toys and artificial flowers. The cylinders of pith exposed on removing the bark and woody fibre are rarely an inch and a half in diameter, and as the substance is delicate and tender, rare skill and practice are required to cut the whole stick from the circumference to centre into one continuous sheet. A long, thin, very sharp knife is used for this operation. The largest sheets that can be obtained in this way are about fifteen inches long by ten wide. As soon as the sheets are cut they are spread out, all little holes carefully mended, and then they are pressed under weights until dry. The refuse scraps, etc., go to make pillows; the ordinary sheets are dyed brilliantly and sold to the flower makers, while the largest sheets are destined for the foreign market after being carefully painted by skillful native artists. There is no substance yet discovered that so well represents the delicate texture of the petals of flowers as this paper of pith, and it is exported to some extent by artificial flower manufacturers.—*Scientific American*.

THE SMUGGLER'S CAVE.

BY SELINA DON YRY.

A long time ago we lived in a grand old house on the banks of the famous river Boyne in Ireland. One day a comrade who had a small sail-boat asked my brother and me to go for a sail on the river. I gladly accepted the invitation, and though only a child of about ten years old I got leave to go. The white sail of our little boat glistened in the sunshine; the Boyne flowed on as calm and bright as if had never been the scene of battle and bloodshed in ages past, nor left its name to be a watchword for civil and religious strife in years to come. The tide was on the turn, and the breeze blew us on to the sea. When we reached what is called the bar—a rather dangerous spot—the breeze, in sailor phrase, had freshened, and my brother's keen eyes perceived something, I know not what, in the aspect of sea or sky that made him propose a return. His young comrade, indignant at the proposal, hinted that he was afraid so, as that suspicion was not to be tolerated, we continued our course to sea, wind and tide favoring it. Before long the sky darkened, the water whitened. I heard my brother say these very words, "Tom, let me put the child ashore, and I will come out with you, and go as far as you like—perhaps farther."

To return with wind and tide against their small boat was what neither of them could easily do. For my part I became insensible to danger. We were on a fearfully dangerous rock-bound coast, but I had sunk to the bottom of the boat, and lay there without thinking of that or anything else. It is curious that since that day I have never known what are called the horrors of seasickness, though I have been on many seas. The short trial-trip must have seasoned me for after-voyages. That horrible malady of the sea overcame me for once and for all. I was unconscious of danger. I heard at last a shout from a strong seaman's voice I was dimly conscious that our little skiff was grappled in some way by persons who saw it running on the rocks. I lay almost senseless. Yet in that state I was dimly conscious of being carried up an immense headland, and of hearing my brother tell me he would go, as he said, overland, to find some conveyance to take us back to the home we had left.

Once laid down I knew nothing more, for I fell into the deepest sleep, and awoke to find myself wrapped in a large mantle, and lying on some rough coats in a great cavern on the rocky headland. I was only at its entrance—indeed the cavern itself was only the entrance to another more hidden one lower down the rocks and with access to the sea. I lay some time enjoying the repose of solid earth. I had not been in the place before, but I knew the locality from hearing it often described; and I had been told some stories by an old Irish woman of what she called the smuggler's cave. But her stories were traditional, they did not relate to the present time, for, as I afterwards heard, the old dame was indebted for her excellent tale and various other nice things, to the smuggler's cave. These were not free-trade times, and I believe many a well-filled cellar held casks that the custom-house officers had never interfered with. The trade of the smugglers, however dangerous, was then a prosperous and lucrative one.

All my suffering from the sea had passed away, but intense thirst remained. I looked around for some friendly streamlet trickling down the rock, but instead of the welcome drip, drip I hoped for, I heard a rumbling noise as of things or casks being rolled along in the cavern beneath me. I sat up listening, and heard the hoarse, half-stifled sound of voices. Away went the mantle that wrapped me. In a moment I was rushing full speed down the great rocky headland, and though it was overgrown by short, stubbly, and, perhaps, slippery grass, I neither stumbled nor fell. Fear, they say, lends wings to feet; if it lent them to mine the wings were strong, for I flew down the steep rough slope, without feeling or knowing where I went, ran in at the half open door of a small stone-built hut, and dashed over about six feet of its floor against the opposite wall before I could stop in my flight.

The wall seemed to burst in before me; but it was a secret door I ran against. On its threshold I stood in more terror than I ever felt in my life, for there, behind a rough table on which were the remains of a good meal, stood a ferocious-looking man.

"I beg your pardon, sir," I gasped. It might seem curious to older eyes than mine to see the ferociousness sink down, down, down from face and eyes, as the man stared at the small trembling figure that had so startled him.

"Ha! you are the little one they took from the cockle-shell that was going to sit in on the rocks. Well, who have you brought with you?"

"No one, sir."

"Why do you come here?"

"I was so thirsty, and—"

"Ha! don't know what it is to want water." He poured me a large draught. "Take it, that is the best drink one can have. Now, was it for that only you came here?"

"No. I ran down from the cave because I heard noises and was frightened, and then voices."

"Did you know who made the noises?"

"I thought it might be the smuggler's men."

"Ha! ha! And do you know who I am?"

"I think you may be the great smuggler."

He uttered a short, hoarse laugh.

"Well, now you can tell the chaps that were with you, and they can send the revenue men to take me; and then do you know what will be done to me?"

"You will be hung," I answered truly, knowing that such was then the law.

"Then you will tell the people where to catch me?"

"I will not. I do not want any one to be hung."

"Why not, if they are wicked, and do bad things—that is the law."

"I do not know about the law, but when you go to church you hear it read out that when the wicked man turneth from his wickedness he shall save his soul alive."

"Poor innocent! it is more years than you have lived in the world since I have been inside a church. Have you another verse? Seems to me I heard that long ago, and heard your voice too. Say another."

"I know one almost the same. It is God himself says it: 'I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his wickedness and live. Turn ye! turn ye from your evil ways for why will ye die?'"

The man next sat down on his bench; he laid his crossed arms on the table before him and his head stooped over them.

"I had a little sister once," he said, as if speaking to himself, "she was all I had to love in the world; she used to read to me from her good Book." Then looking up at me he added, "Her voice was just like yours. I thought that when you first spoke, you are not of this country?"

"Did you leave your little sister?" I asked, answering one question by asking another.

"No! She left me."

"But you will go to find her?"

"No. She has gone where I cannot go."

"Oh, dear! yet you are brave—as brave as my brother—you can go over horrid waves and rocks and all sorts of dangers. Surely you will try to find your little sister wherever she may be!"

He uttered another short, hoarse laugh.

"No! where she is I dare not come."

"I thought you were so brave! Where can your little sister have gone?"

"She has gone to God."

"Oh, I am glad! then you can go to her."

"Poor little one! do you not know that sinners cannot go to God?"

"Indeed, I do not know that. I have been taught that God is our Father in heaven. When I have done wrong, and been sorry, and ask my own father to forgive me, he is sorry too, but forgives me, and lets me be with him, telling me to try not to do wrong again; and I do try, because he is so good, and I do not want to displease him. And perhaps our Father in heaven might do so too if you asked him."

He heaved a deep sigh, and rising up took out a very fine shawl; it was not large, but very beautiful, of Indian or Chinese work.

"That," he said, giving it to me, "will cause you to remember the smuggler, who will remember you."

I admired it, and, folding it up, presented it to him again.

"Don't you like it?" he asked.

"I admire it very much, but I must not take it."

"Why not?"

"Because they say it is wrong to smug-

gle goods, and so it must be wrong to take them."

"Right you are; but, child, there are hundreds, ay thousands, who will take the goods and wish no good to the smugglers. Now it comes out strange, but it is fact that just before you came in I was thinking over my past life and my present life, and somehow wishing my future life—there is not very much of it left—might be different. The revenue cruiser is off there; if they catch me to-night, there will be an end of me, but if I get through I will give up this trade, for I am weary and want rest."

"Then you will have time to try to get ready to go to find your little sister?"

"I can never find her. She is with Jesus Christ—she said something of that to me."

"Then you can go and find her, for Jesus says, 'Come unto Me.'"

"There is more of that verse. Seems to me I hear a voice from far, far away, and see the little one sitting up in her bed with death on her sweet face and the good Book on her knee. I was a wild boy, but I only ran away to sea when she left me. Your voice is just like hers. There is more of the verse—can you say it all?"

I repeated, "Come unto Me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"That is like it; yet it seems to me as if the voice from far away said, 'And you shall find rest to your souls—rest!'"

He drew a pocket-book and curious ink-bottle and pen from his breast.

"You can write, I suppose; now write down here the verses you said, and that first one about the wicked man turning from his wickedness."

I did so.

"Now sign your name and where you live."

When I had scrawled it all with a rather trembling hand, he turned over a leaf of the book and showed me his name.

"There it is, and if I am taken and hung you may hear of it, and perhaps hope I looked at these verses."

"But if they come to take you," I said, "I hope you will not kill any one."

"I have sins enough," he said, "but the sin of murder has not been on my soul, nor shall it be. I was startled when you burst in on me; I thought the revenue men had broken in when it was only a harmless babe; I might have done mischief if it had been them, for when temper is up, or life is at stake, a blow may be struck that cannot be made amends for. But there, child, I have said that if I get off this eve night I will give up free-trading and look for rest—do not tell to the chaps out there; you know my name and where I am, and you can go and tell them where to catch me—but you need not say more."

"I will not say one word about you—not for years, and years, and years,—not till you may have gone to find your little sister whose voice you think you hear saying 'Come,' and you know she is with some one who said it to her and is always saying it to—"

At the instant there was a low, shrill whistle from the headland at the back of the hut.

"That is my look-out," said the smuggler; "it is the signal that your lads are there with the shandrads that went to get you; you must run, or they will go on to the cave and miss you. Good-by child, if I ever do win my way to little sister, we may meet in a better place."

"Come! remember you are told to come," I cried and ran through the outer compartment of the hut, which looked as if it were meant for a stable or a shelter for the sheep that browsed among the rocks. The door was left with perhaps designed carelessness lying open, while the smuggler within was securing the hidden one I had broken open.

I ran against my brother, who left what was called the shandrads, a sort of Irish car, on the narrow road below the rocks. He was glad I was well and had met him; he asked no questions, so I was saved giving answers. We drove away on solid ground, and ever since I have preferred land to water.

Well, a very short time afterwards some officers from the revenue cruiser were at our house. They told of a large seizure of smuggled goods, but expressed great regret at the escape of the smuggler, a daring fellow they called him, who had contrived to give them the slip. I could hardly help laughing, I

was so delighted at hearing of their unsuccessful chase.

The years, and years, and years I spoke of have passed since I said I would not tell of him; and now, when laws have changed and smugglers are not hanged, I may, in relating this scene, express a hope that he obeyed the voice that said to him, and says to all, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."—Sunday at K'ome.

IN MY HONEST JUDGMENT, Pat O'Rafferty, the grog-seller, will have no heavier account to answer for in the "great day," than will those reputable and professedly Christian people who place bottled serpents on their hospitable tables for the temptation and poisoning of their guests. Half the drunkards in the land had one or more partners at the outset. God's Word solemnly declares, "Be ye not partakers of other men's sins;" how much worse to be their tempters! The one momentous truth that must be instilled into the minds and consciences of the young is, that nobody can safely tamper with an intoxicating beverage. On the bed-rock of entire abstinence alone are they safe. I am willing to confess, on this public page, that I would no more dare to tamper with a wine-bottle than I would dare to thrust a firebrand into one of the pews of my church edifice. Rec. Theo. L. Cuyler.

Question Corner.—No. 21.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Who was hid six months in the house of God?
2. Where do we find the words "Wisdom is better than strength."
3. Who was the doubting disciple?
4. What child was a prophet of the Lord and to whom was he sent with his first prophetic message?
5. Who came to Christ and went away sorrowful?
6. To which of the twelve spies was the first judge of Israel related, and what was the relationship?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. The land where dwelt a much afflicted man.
2. A ruler taught by night the gospel plan.
3. A daughter of the wise king Solomon.
4. A twice-wed Moabitish woman's son.
5. Ere the cock crowed, Peter denied Christ thus.
6. Yet peradventure ye live near to us.
7. This colored hair was a sign of leprosy.
8. He led the bands of Judah's chivalry.
9. A charl's wife first, then consort of a king.
10. A monarch's daughter doth to David cling.
11. Said David to the priest, "Bring hither this!"
12. Thither, with Saul, went followers of his.
13. Set high in Dura's plain, behold it stand!
14. Dethroned am I, disgraced in mine own land.
15. Christ looked toward Heaven, and sighed and said this word.
16. With this begins the inspired Book of God.
17. They toil not, and they spin not, yet they grow.
18. The flood dries up; this token proves it so.
19. Hither to anoint a king, a prophet came.
20. In this, to-day, for ever, still the same.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 19.

- SCRIPTURE ENIGMA—Lord, save me.—Mat. xii. 39.
1. Light John 1 4, 5, xii. 46
 2. Oniment Cap. 1 3
 3. Reek Exod xvii. 6; 1 Cor. x. 4.
 4. Door John x. 9.
 5. Salvation Rev. xvi. 10.
 6. Advocate Heb. vi. 19 20; 1 John ii. 1.
 7. Vine John xv. 4 9, 10.
 8. Example 1 Peter ii. 21.
 9. Manna Psa lxxviii. 24; John vi. 49-51.
 10. Ensign Isaiah xl. 19.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Clara E. Folsom.

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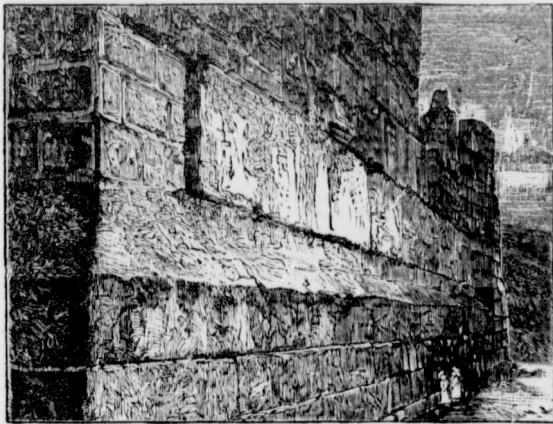
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OUTER WALL OF THE GREAT TEMPLE.

THE RUINS OF BAALBEC.

Syria abounds in names of illustrious cities. All are ancient, but some have retained importance to the present day. Such especially are Damascus and Beirut. Others, like Palmyra and Baalbec, have lost their importance and are chiefly interesting for their wonderful ruins.

Baalbec lay on the route of an opulent commerce between Tripoli, Damascus and the far East. It was adorned with vast temples, in which false deities were worshipped with great pomp. The Great Temple extended 1,100 feet from east to west, and had a breadth of 370 feet. The peristyle of its principal courts was composed of fifty-four columns. Each stood 62 feet in height, and was eight feet in diameter at the base and five feet at the top. Only six of these columns now remain upright, and they are shown in our second picture. They are generally formed of only three stones each, united by iron dowels. See with what rich Corinthian capitals they are crowned, and how finely they are wrought in every part.

The external walls of the temple are built of massive stones. There are three which measure each 63 feet in length by 13 feet in height. They are built into the wall at a distance of 20 feet above the ground. They may be seen in our first picture. So famous were they that the temple was called after them Trilithon, or the Three Stone Temple.

You have often been impressed by the strong denunciations of the Old Testament against the idolatry of the nations of Syria, and you have wondered that the people of Israel should have fallen under their influence so many times, in spite of the Divine warnings. These massive ruins will partly explain the great power and influence of the worship of Baal in those early days. You see how the name Baalbec is derived. Get your Bible and your

Concordance, and look up the references to that religion. Then, in imagination, restore the great temple to its original grandeur, and fill it with all the pomp of the ancient worship, the thousands of votaries, the smoking sacrifices and the cruel practice of parents burning their own children, and you will not wonder at the Divine judgments against idolatry.

Though so firm and so beautiful, this and all the edifices of Baalbec have fallen to decay. The worship conducted in them was idolatrous and no one cares to restore it. But all about in the land missionaries are blessed of God in establishing churches of our Lord Jesus and winning the people to love and serve him. It will be far more acceptable to Him, and far more serviceable to the people of Syria, when hundreds of unpretentious edifices are scattered throughout the land, and when in each village congregations can gather for His worship every Sabbath day.—*Foreign Missionary.*

A SEA CANDLE.

In these days of gas and electric lights it seems very strange to hear of burning whale-oil in lamps, or even to use petroleum, but an actual candle that grows in the sea and is alive, too, is still more strange.

This candle is the fattest of little fish, and it is found in the Northern seas, the very region where it is most needed. It is quite ornamental by moonlight, and glitters like pearls in the water because of its shiny armor. The Indians of Russian America and Vancouver Island catch the little fish—which are about as large as smelts—with immense rakes, having teeth made of bone or sharp-pointed nails, and every time the rake is swept in one fish at least, and sometimes three or four, will be found fast on each tooth.

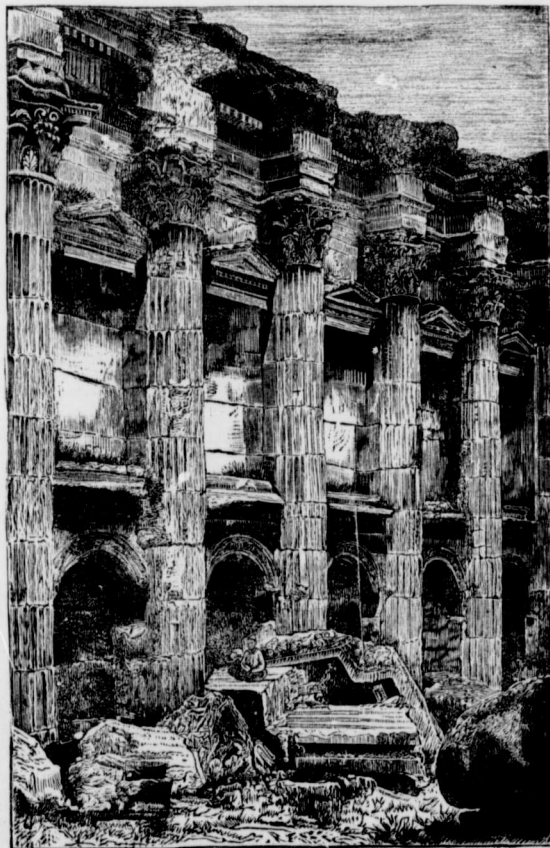
To make them into candles the

women take a long wooden needle, and thread it with a piece of rush pith, which is drawn through the fish from head to tail. When this wick is lighted the fish burns steadily in its rough candlestick—only a bit of wood split at one end to hold the candle—and gives a light bright enough to read by. Large quantities of these useful little fish are turned into oil—but not to be burned in lamps. It is the favorite supply of winter food, and helps to keep out the terrible cold of those long Northern winters. When Mrs. Indian has oil-making on hand the children probably find it worse than washing-day or house-cleaning and are glad enough to take their little bows and arrows or spears and go off until things are quiet again around the lodge.

First the squaw makes five or six large fires, and throws a number of large round pebbles into each to be heated very hot. Four large square boxes of pine-wood are ready by each fire, and in every box she piles a layer of fish, which she covers with cold water, and then puts in five or six of the heated stones. When the smoke has cleared away pieces of wood are laid on the stones, then more fish, water, stones and wood, until the box is filled. The liquid from this box is used for the next one in place of water, and the float-

ing oil is then skimmed off from the surface. This oil is put into bottles which are also found in the sea. An immense sea-weed with hollow stalks that widen like a flask at the root is gathered for the purpose, and each bottle will hold nearly a quart of oil. Candlefish is the every-day name of the oil-giver, but on great occasions it is *Salmo pacificus*.—*Harper's Young People.*

In "Wandering in a Wild Country," a book lately published in London, the author tells how a queer bird called a morroop or cassowary manages to get its fish dinners. One day the man saw one of these great fowls come down to the water's edge and watch the water for some minutes. It then waded in to where the water was about three feet deep, and partly squatted, with spread wings, ruffled feathers and shut eyes. It kept perfectly still for as much as a quarter of an hour, then suddenly closed its wings and stepped to the bank, where shaking itself thoroughly a quantity of small fishes fell from under its wings and from among its feathers. These were picked up quickly and swallowed. The fish had mistaken the feathers for a kind of weed in which they hide from the larger fish that prey upon them.



INTERIOR OF THE GREAT TEMPLE.

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, Oct. 31, 1883.

The local grain market is this week entirely unchanged prices being the same and the volume of business by no means large. As the close of navigation is fast approaching there is but little chance of a revival of business. We quote:—Canada Red Winter \$1.22 to \$1.24; Canada White \$1.12 to \$1.18 according to sample; Canada Spring, \$1.15 to \$1.16; Corn, 61c; Peas, 91c to 92c; Oats, 34 1/2; Barley 60c to 70c; Rye 62c to 67c.

Flour.—The market is somewhat quieter than this time last week but with no change in prices. We quote: Superior Extra, \$5.60 to \$5.65; Fancy, nominal; Spring Extra, \$5.25 to \$5.30; Superfine, \$4.80 to \$4.90; Strong Bakers' Canadian \$5.50 to \$5.75; do., American, \$6.00 to \$6.75; Fine \$4.00 to \$4.05; Middlings, \$3.75 to \$4.85; Pollards, \$3.50 to \$3.61; Ontario bags, (medium), bags included \$2.55 to \$2.65; do., Spring Extra, \$2.50 to \$2.55; do., Superfine, \$2.25 to 2.35; City Bags, delivered, \$3 to \$3.05.

MEALS unchanged. Cornmeal, \$3.50 to \$3.70; Oatmeal, ordinary \$2.25 to \$2.50; granulated, \$2.75 to \$2.90.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Butter.—A quiet market at quiet prices. We quote:—Creamery, summer makes 21c to 23c; Fall makes 24c to 25c; Eastern Townships, summer makes, 17c to 18c; fall makes 20c to 21c; Morrisburg and Brockville, 17c to 20c; Western, 14c to 17c. Cheese, August, 10c to 11c; September and October, fine to fancy 10c to 11 1/2c.

Eggs.—Quoted at 23c to 24c, extra as high as 25c.

HOG PRODUCTS are quiet at the following prices, namely: Western Mess Pork, \$14.50 to \$15.00; Hams, city cured, 14c to 14 1/2c; Bacon, 13 1/2c to 14 1/2c; Lard, Canadian, in pails, 10c to 10 1/2c; do., Western, in pails, 11c to 11 1/2c; Tallow, refined, 8c to 9c; Dressed Hogs, per 100 lbs., \$7 to \$7.25.

GAME.—Partridges are quoted at 30c to 40c per brace and Venison at 8c to 9c per lb. by the carcass.

ASHES are unchanged in price. We quote: Pots, \$4.60 to \$4.70 to as tars; Pearls, nominal.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

There have been large supplies of beef and mutton cutters brought to this market of late, and a considerable portion of them have been of pretty good quality. Prices have a downward tendency, and only a few head of the best cattle have been sold at upward of 4 1/2c per lb., while fair-conditioned animals bring from 3 1/2c to 4c per lb., and common to lean beast, 2 1/2c to 3c. Really good lambs sell in lots at from \$4 to \$4.50 per head and pretty good lots at \$3.25 to \$3.75 each, with common and inferior lots at \$2.50 to \$3 each. Old sheep sell at from \$3 to \$7 each. Fat hogs sell at from 5 1/2c to 5 3/4c per lb.

FARMERS' MARKET.

The wet weather in the early part of the week has caused a considerable diminution in the supply of farm produce brought to this market, yet there has been no material advance in prices as most of the housekeepers and shopkeepers had previously laid in pretty large supplies. Dressed hogs and dead poultry are both very plentiful and prices are declining. Good butter is in demand at firm rates, and fresh laid eggs are getting scarce and pretty high priced. The fruit market is plentifully supplied with common and inferior apples are pretty large consignments of evaporated apples have been received and are being sold at 15c per lb. The supply of hay is equal to the demand and prices are unchanged. Oats are 55c to 60c per bag; peas 90c to \$1.05 per bushel; potatoes 60c to 75c per bag; Swedish turnips 60c to 70c; do.; dressed hogs are \$7.25 to \$8.00 per 100 lbs; turkeys 10c to 12c per lb; geese 8c to 9c; fowls 8c to 12c; ducks 11c to 14c. Tub butter 16c to 23c per lb; eggs 23c to 40c per dozen. Apples \$2.50 to \$4.50 per barrel; Hay \$6 to \$8.00 per 100 bundles of 15 lbs.

DIRECT ANSWERS.

"Aunt Patsy," said I, "I believe in direct, immediate answers to prayer, and I know you do, but I do not think I ever experienced one; at least I cannot now put my finger on any special event, and say that it came as an answer to prayer—can you?"

"I have no doubt, my dear," answered my sweet, quiet old lady, "that in my long life I have had many prayers answered, which I have not the grace to remember; some that I do remember, I could not talk about, even to you, but if it will strengthen your hold on God's willingness to hear and answer his children, in things small and great, I will tell you of two experiences which lie so far back that I can with less hesitation lift the silence with which we do well to cover those solemn mysteries.

"Years ago, when I was a young mother, with a nursery full of little ones, I was unavoidably alone with them in our country home for some weeks. During a bad spell of weather Reuben was seized with croup, and as baby Will's eye-teeth pressed more and more, his high fever and disordered condition made me very uneasy about him. I was in feeble health myself at the time, and I remember one stormy night when Reuben was drawing harsh, painful breaths in his sleep, and coughing in that sharp metallic way, and baby was tossing in a burning fever, and I myself utterly prostrated with nights of watching and days of anxiety on the bed, too much exhausted even to kneel; but from my great need and helplessness went up a cry for strength to meet whatever God should send, and then I went to sleep, between these two sick children; and Reuben did not cough again that night, and I waked the next morning, when the sun came in at the window to find Will in such a gentle, moist slumber as he had not known for a week. 'He knoweth our frame and remembereth that we are dust.'

"The other experience takes hold of higher things. For many years after I had been a member of the church, I had a dearly loved friend who did not make any public profession of faith, though her hope was the same as mine, and her daily life gave surer proof of her walk with God. I grieved exceedingly over the difficulties that held her back, and on one communion Sunday, when she left my side and sat among those who did not call themselves God's children, I felt as if I could no longer bear the separation. I resolved to make it a matter of special intercession, not only in my daily prayers, but particularly during the Sunday morning church hour that by the next communion season, which occurred in three months, she might share the blessed privilege with me. I asked my father and mother, and my two brothers and their wives, to join me in this petition at that eleven o'clock hour of prayer on Sunday morning, when almost all the Christian world turn their faces heavenward but I said nothing of all this to the friend herself.

"It shames me to say how much surprise mingled with my joy, when, a few days before the next communion, she said to me, 'M—, I have been to see the Session, and am to be admitted to church membership next Sunday.'

"I had knocked, like the boy in the story, and had not waited for the answer. But our Father is always more ready to give than we are to receive.

"And now, my dear, let me remind you of a sentence of Bishop French, which is better than anything I can have to tell you: 'Prayer is not an overcoming of God's reluctance, but a laying hold of his highest willingness.'—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

WARM FEET are pre-requisite to good health; and warm feet are to be secured by abundant clothing of the legs as well as of the feet themselves. Warm hands are also very desirable, and warm hands are to be secured by clothing the arms. There is a great evil among all classes in this matter of clothing. Both males and females have their garments so constructed as to greatly increase the amount of clothing at the very points where congestion is most likely to occur.—Nutritive Care.

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

RULES IN CASE OF FIRE.

Our actions in sudden danger are apt to be mostly illustrations of "how not to do it." It is only calm good sense that gets away whole and sound in such emergencies, while flight turns somersaults and steps on its own head. The experience of others has given us rules for the best procedure when we find ourselves in a "house-a-fire;" and a knowledge of these beforehand will be of great use to us, if we can only keep our wits about us when the time comes.

In case of either a chimney or a room catching fire, the first thing to be thought of is to exclude all draughts, for it is certain that the slightest current of air will increase the force of the fire.

All the doors and windows should be shut at once, and if the chimney be on fire, a wet blanket should be immediately fastened to the top of the mantel-piece, so as to exclude all draughts from the opening of the chimney, and entirely cover the grate, shutting the trap first if possible.

This will, in most cases, make the fire go out of itself. You may throw into the grate a few handfuls of salt. Water should never be thrown down from above, as it spoils the carpet and furniture unnecessarily.

If the window or bed curtains catch fire beat them with the thickest woollen garment you can lay your hands upon. Window curtains can in most cases be torn down with a violent jerk, and this will prevent the flames from extending to the wood-work of the windows. In escaping from a burning house or room, remember that the air near the floor is clearer than any, and go on your hands and knees at once.

A wet cloth tied over the mouth and nose keeps out the smoke, will help the breathing, and prevent suffocation if too much oppressed.

A wet blanket, or even a dry one speedily used, will extinguish many a small conflagration—such, for instance, as an upset lamp, by excluding the air, and will be far more efficacious than water, and will be far purer; its use also prevents damage to furniture.

When an alarm of fire is given, if in bed, wrap yourself in a blanket, which will form the best protection for you from the chance of ignition, and endeavor to remember the different exits from the house—where they are and how to reach them; if you cannot attain to any of them, try to get to a front room as near the ground as possible.—Lecture Hour.

TOBACCO AND BLINDNESS.

At the Annual Commencement of the Hospital College of Medicine, of Louisville, Ky., Prof. Dudley Reynolds delivered an address to the graduating students, in which he took strong ground against the use of tobacco.

It is a well-known fact that tobacco deranges the digestion and poisons the nerve centre of a majority of the male members of the human family. A species of blindness, not complete but partial blindness, sufficiently great in extent to destroy the reading of ordinary type, results from the continued and excessive use of tobacco. Careful investigations have led to the discovery that that form of habit known as smoking produces the so-called amblyopia. This form of amblyopia is precisely identical with that produced from the excessive use of alcohol. Both are incurable. I know a number of persons in Louisville who are now practically blind from the excessive use of tobacco. A lady in Portland was forced to admit that she had been a secret smoker of tobacco for thirty years. On abandoning the habit, the farther progress of her dimness of vision ceased, though there is little hope of her regaining that power of perception which she had already lost. She may be considered fortunate in the possession of ordinary vision to go about and attend her ordinary household duties. Smoking tobacco has never been known to result beneficially to any person in the world. It always lessens the sense of smell and taste; it always contaminates the breath; it always creates an unsteadiness of the muscles through its irritating effect upon the nerves; and I know from personal experience that it diminishes the capacity for mental labor. . . . If the money destroyed by burning cigars and tobacco in Louisville could be paid into the city treasury, it would support all our charitable institutions, and pay the entire expense of the street cleaning department besides. This would reduce taxation nearly

or quite one-half, and produce a corresponding improvement in public health.—Luthran Evangelist.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON VI.

Nov. 11, 1883. [1 Sam. 15: 12-28.]

SAUL REJECTED.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 24-28.

12. And when Samuel rose early to meet Saul in the morning, it was told Samuel, saying, Saul came to Carmel, and behold, he set him up a place, and is gone about, and passed on, and gone down to Gilgal.

13. And Samuel came to Saul: and Saul said unto him, Blessed be thou of the Lord: I have performed the commandment of the Lord.

14. And Samuel said, What meaneth this bleating of the sheep in mine ears, and the lowing of the oxen which I hear?

15. And Saul said, They have brought them from the Amalekites: for the people spared the best of the sheep and of the oxen, to sacrifice unto the Lord thy God; and the rest we have utterly destroyed.

16. Then Samuel said unto Saul, Stay, and I will tell thee what the Lord hath said to me this night. And he said unto him, Say on.

17. And Samuel said, When thou wast little in thine own sight, wast thou not made the head of the tribes of Israel, and the Lord anointed thee king over Israel?

18. And the Lord sent thee on a journey, and said, Go, and utterly destroy the sinners the Amalekites, and fight against them until they be consumed.

19. Wherefore then didst thou not obey the voice of the Lord, but didst fly upon the spoil, and didst eat of the best of the Lord's sheep?

20. And Saul said unto Samuel, Yea, I have obeyed the voice of the Lord, and have brought Agag the king of Amalek, and have utterly destroyed the Amalekites.

21. But the people took of the spoil, sheep and oxen, the chief of the things which should have been utterly destroyed, to sacrifice unto the Lord thy God in Gilgal.

22. And Samuel said, Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt offerings and sacrifices, as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams.

23. For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft, and stubbornness is as iniquity and idolatry. Because thou hast rejected my word of the Lord, he hath also rejected thee from being king.

24. And Saul said unto Samuel, I have sinned: for I have transgressed the commandment of the Lord, and thy words, because I feared the people, and obeyed their voice.

25. Now therefore, I pray thee, pardon my sin, and turn again with me, that I may worship the Lord.

26. And Samuel said unto Saul, I will not return with thee, for thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, and the Lord hath rejected thee from being king over Israel.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice.—1 SAM. 15: 22

TOPIC.—The Penalty of Disobedience.

LESSON PLAN.—1. SAUL'S DISOBEDIENCE AND HYPOCRISY, VS. 12, 15, 2. HIS REPROOF AND DEFENCE, VS. 16-21. 3. HIS CONDEMNATION AND REJECTION, VS. 22-26.

Time.—b.c. 1073. Place.—Gilgal.

LESSON NOTES.

V. 12. CARMEI—about ten miles south-east from Hebron. A PLACE—where Saul had set up to his own honor. V. 13. I HAVE PERFORMED—he tries to cover his disobedience by falsehood. V. 14. SAUL SAID—Saul was angry and vexed because he had not obeyed God. V. 15. THEY—the people. He tried to shift the responsibility from himself to the people. V. 16. UNTO THE LORD THY GOD—with a show of generosity, he tried to screen them from blame by this pretext. V. 16. STAY—leave off these false pretences. THIS NIGHT—the night just past. V. 17. WHEN THOU WAST LITTLE—the Lord had raised him from a humble condition. V. 18. THE SINNERS THE AMALEKITES—these words give the reason why this people were to be destroyed, because they tried to destroy God's people. V. 20. I HAVE OBEYED—a vain attempt at self-justification. He did not deny that he himself had spared Agag, but tried to excuse the act by referring to the thoroughness with which he had executed the doom of destruction upon his people. V. 22. TO OBEY—no amount of earthly offerings can release us from the duty of obeying God. V. 23. REBELLION—a disposition to act independently of the authority of Jehovah. WITCHCRAFT—rather, divination. Idolatry is a rejection of God, and "on a par" with appeal to false gods for guidance and approach to idols in worship. HE ALSO HATH REJECTED THEE—Saul had first rejected the Lord, and this is the doom pronounced upon him. V. 24. SAUL SAID UNTO SAMUEL—Saul could no longer deny or excuse his sin. He therefore confessed it, but in such a way as showed that his heart was unchanged. V. 25. PARDON MY SIN—he seems to have been more anxious because Samuel was offended than because the Lord was angry with him.

TEACHINGS: 1. God requires of us absolute obedience. 2. Good words and intentions will not excuse a bad act. 3. The fear of man is no excuse for disobeying God. 4. Men often throw the blame of their evil deeds on others. 5. Sin blights our position and ruins our prospects.

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