

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

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The Temperance Worker

PUBLISHERS' NOTES.

This is one of the very cheapest weekly newspapers published, and besides has points of merit all its own which we leave the readers to discover by a careful examination of the contents and mechanical execution. Lately a department has been added to represent the temperance workers of the Dominion, whose co-operation is requested in providing information for their columns, so as to make the paper an acceptable organ of temperance news and sentiment for the whole country. Readers would greatly oblige the publishers and promote a useful enterprise by endeavoring to get others to take the paper. Almost any of our young friends can surely obtain enough new subscriptions to pay for his own copy according to our club rates without extreme trouble. *The Weekly Messenger and Temperance Worker* is only fifty cents a year—less than a cent a week—and ten copies will be sent to as many addresses or in a parcel for four dollars. This reduction makes the paper but forty cents a year to clubs of ten, or gives a premium of a dollar to any one who procures ten subscribers at the full price and sends their names in a single order. Address JOHN DOUGALL & SOX, Montreal, Q.

THE NEW LIQUOR LAW.

In last issue we gave some of the leading points, then ascertained in advance, contained in the report of the special parliamentary committee upon the liquor traffic. Having since perused the text of the bill submitted to the House of Commons, we are able to supply some omissions made in the former summary. As the bill has been advanced somewhat in Parliament, at the time this is being written, it is feasible, also, to give some idea of the temper of Parliament upon the liquor licensing question. In the exemptions from the operation of the Act extraordinary latitude, it seems to us, is given to druggists, who are allowed to sell up to six ounces at any one time without the medical certificate required for greater quantities. This will simply open the door to any amount of "respectable" tipping at all hours behind the dispensing panels of drugstores. Why not require the medical certificate in all cases, except perhaps in rare instances of life and death, such as when an alcoholic draught may be the proper antidote for some other poison taken when no doctor is near. License Districts are to be established by the Governor-in-Council, and conform, as near as possible, to existing and future counties, or electoral districts, or cities. As previously stated the Board to manage license matters in each district is to consist of a judge, a city mayor, or county warden, and a person to be appointed by the Governor-in-Council. An inspector, to be called the Chief Inspector of Licenses, and as many sub-inspectors as may be deemed necessary are to be appointed by each Board, whose duties are, briefly, as follows:—To give full information, in the nearest newspaper to the locality, regarding

applications for license fourteen days before the Board meets to consider them, and to affix a notice of the same kind to the outer door of the building in which the Board is to meet; to furnish the Board with a written report concerning the applicant for license, his house and premises, former conduct if previously licensed, distance of his place from other licensed houses, his character, and whether the house sought to be licensed is necessary for the public convenience; to visit and inspect every three months every licensed place of whatever kind, reporting their management to the Board; to prosecute persons whom he has reason to believe can be convicted of offences against the law, or in whose case costs at least may be recovered, with power to exact, from the person asking him to prosecute in any case, the deposit of a reasonable amount to cover the costs of prosecution. Instead of one-fourth, the applicant is required to have a petition in his favor signed by one-third of the electors in the district. The error occurred in printing the bill, and it has been corrected, much for the better, in committee of the whole House. This advantage on the side of temperance is, however, to some extent balanced by the concession made to the liquor interest, in an amendment made in committee of the House on Monday night, on motion of the Premier, which makes it necessary to procure the signatures of two thirds instead of a majority of the electors as at first proposed, to a petition against a license to compel its refusal. Add to this condition that requiring every elector's signature to be sworn to by a personal acquaintance and, except in the very most advanced temperance communities, the difficulty of opposing licenses will be so great as to be seldom attempted. A very grave weakness in the bill, which we hope to see removed, is found in the clause relating to the sale to minors, the only restriction to such being that the liquor shall not be drunk on the premises. Children may buy as much as they can pay for and carry away, and debauch themselves in the neighborhood of skating rinks or other places of resort, innocent or otherwise. They may also be the carriers for grown persons, parents or others, who may find it inconvenient or be ashamed to go to the liquor shop themselves. Thus the children so employed will be hardened to the true nature of the traffic and trained as future customers of the publicans. In cities, towns and incorporated villages the number of licenses that may be issued is limited to one in every two hundred and fifty in the first thousand, and one for every five hundred above a thousand of the population. No saloon licenses are to be granted in incorporated villages, townships, parishes and municipalities, this very desirable provision having been added to the bill in committee of the whole House. It was also agreed in committee that the council of every municipal organization not embracing more than one municipality might further reduce the above limit of licenses in proportion to population, the Board, however, not being bound by the council's action. Licenses to sell on

board vessels only give permission to do so at the tables at meal times. A motion made in the House to destroy this excellent provision was voted down by an overwhelming majority, so that under the new law these pernicious and dangerous adjuncts of passenger steamers—the liquor bars—will be a thing of the past. So far the bill lacks a stipulation to secure a full meeting of the Board, or to provide for a tie occurring between two members of the Board in the absence of the third. An amendment was added to the effect that nothing in the Act should interfere with the power of the Provincial Legislatures to collect license fees for the purposes of provincial, local or municipal revenue. It was decided that persons holding licenses under any provincial enactment should not be obliged to obtain the signatures of one-third of the electors in their respective districts. This seems inconsistent with the main ground for proceeding with the legislation in question, which was, in effect, that no licenses were constitutionally in existence. An amendment to the bill was made on Monday night, on motion of Mr. Gigault, which introduces the principle of local option and which, we think it will be admitted, compensates for many defects that there may be in other parts of the law. This amendment is to the effect that, at the request of one-fifth of the electors, a poll may be taken in any town, incorporated village, parish, township or other municipality, except counties and cities, and if a majority of the qualified electors in the district vote against licenses being granted, no licenses shall be granted and the traffic shall be prohibited in the district. The sale of liquor on Sundays, in hotels, to guests at meal times, was sustained upon a vote to prohibit it, and a motion to make the hour of closing on Saturday night nine instead of seven o'clock was lost. Since the above was in type the House has prohibited the sale of liquor to minors, and made several other changes in the bill which we shall notice in a future issue.

FRUITS OF THE TRAFFIC.

"Death from the excessive use of intoxicating liquors," was the verdict of the coroner's jury in the case of a man found dead in Quebec on Saturday.

James Kennedy, a liquor-seller of Halifax, Nova Scotia, sixty-seven years of age and one of the most respectable men of his class, was beaten to death a few days ago in the street in front of his shop, by two men named Charles Hughes and William McDonald, to whom he had refused liquor while they were intoxicated.

A rough character named Perry entered J. White's tavern at Rogersville Station on the Intercolonial Railway, in New Brunswick, when the proprietor was absent, and was ordered out of the bar by Mrs. White. He refused and was helping himself to the fiery beverages, when the lady drew a pistol and shot him in the arm. She was arrested for the shooting the following day.

John Venables, of Halifax, N. S., was startled one morning lately by finding his wife lying stiff and cold on what had once

been a mattress, but now so worn out and filthy as to be scarcely recognizable. The utter wretchedness of the apartment, the reporter said, was beyond power of description. After an autopsy had been held the coroner's jury found that the woman had come to her death through excessive indulgence in alcoholic beverages.

At North Hatley, Quebec, a few days ago two drunken young men, Timothe Paradis and Samuel Little assaulted a party engaged at raising a barn, by throwing stones at them. The party rushed after the assailants, when the latter ran for their waggons, saying they would get their pistols. They had only gone a few steps when Paradis fell by a blow from a stone and died almost instantaneously. The coroner's jury could not discover from the evidence who threw the fatal stone.

CAMPAIGN NOTES.

Pictou County gaol, N. S., is tenanted chiefly by violators of the Scott Act, one of whom, of an aesthetic turn of mind, has decorated his cell in a gorgeous manner with paint brush and tissue paper.

Public opinion in Woodstock, Carleton county, N.B., is strongly in favor of enforcing the Scott Act, and several warrants have just been issued against convicted offenders, one who refused to pay being imprisoned.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

"True Blue" Division, of Georgeville, County of Stanstead, Quebec, has been re-organized with seventeen members and with fair prospects of success. The officers elected and installed are as follows:—Beckford West, W. P.; Eva S. Tuck, W. A.; Andrew McGowan, R. S.; Susie Wright, A. R. S.; J. Park Williamson, T.; J. E. Wright, F. S.; Rev. Jas. Hepburn, Chap.; J. E. Ives, Con.; Minnie Tuck, A. Con.; Nellie Tuck, I. Sen.; W. S. Bartlet, O. Sen.

ROBERT COOPER, a colored British subject from Jamaica, makes complaint in New York that he and several others were induced to go to Mexico to work on the railway. Being ill-treated and not receiving their promised wages, they refused to work, whereupon they were sold as slaves for three years to pay the cost of their passage, which the railway company had agreed to pay. Having threatened to appeal to the British Government, Cooper was released and he managed to get to New Orleans, from whence the British consul sent him to New York. From there he is to be forwarded to Jamaica and the colonial authorities will investigate the matter.

THE FIFTH LEGISLATURE of Manitoba is in session. In his opening speech the Governor suggests a conference of delegates from all the Provinces of the Dominion for the purposes of considering the limits of Provincial legislative jurisdiction, and of suggesting such amendments to the British North America Act—the charter of the Dominion—as may be found desirable by the convention. Nothing is likely to come of the suggestion.

THE CLOCKMAKER.

BY JAMES PARTON.

Poor boys had a hard time of it in New England eighty years ago. Observe, now, how it fared with Chauncey Jerome; he who founded a celebrated clock business in Connecticut, that turned out six hundred clocks a day, and sent them to foreign countries by the ship-load.

His father was a blacksmith and nail-maker, of Plymouth, Connecticut, with a house full of hungry boys and girls; and, consequently, as soon as Chauncey could handle a hoe or tie up a bundle of grain he was kept at work on the farm; for, in those days, almost all mechanics in New England cultivated land in the summer time.

The boy went to school during the three winter months until he was ten years old, then his school days and play-days were over forever, and his father took him into the shop to help make nails.

Even as a child he showed that power of keeping on, to which he owed his after-success. There was a great lazy boy at the district school he attended who had a load of wood to chop, which he hated to do, and this small Chauncey, eight or nine years of age, chopped the whole of it for him for one cent!

Often he would chop wood for the neighbors on a moonlight evening for a few cents a load.

When he was eleven years of age his father suddenly died, and he found himself obliged to leave his happy home and find farm work as a poor hired boy.

On a Monday morning, with his little bundle of clothes in his hand, and an almost bursting heart, he bade his mother and his brothers and sisters good-bye, and walked to the place which he had found for himself, on a farm a few miles from home.

It was a lonely farm, and the people with whom he lived took no interest in him as a human being, but regarded him with little more consideration than one of their other working animals. They took care, however, to keep him steadily at work, early and late, hot or cold, rain or shine.

Often he worked all day in the woods chopping down trees, with his shoes full of snow; he never had a pair of boots till he was nearly twenty-one years of age.

Once in two weeks he had a great joy; for his master let him go to church every other Sunday. After working two weeks without seeing more than half a dozen people, it gave him a peculiar and intense delight just to sit in a church gallery and look down upon so many human beings. It was the only alleviation of his dismal lot.

Poor little lonely wretch! One day, when he was thirteen years of age, there occurred a total eclipse of the sun, a phenomenon of which he had scarcely heard, and he had not the least idea what it could be.

He was hoeing corn that day in a solitary place. When the darkness and the chill of the eclipse fell upon the earth, feeling sure the day of judgment had come, he was terrified beyond description. He watched the sun disappearing with the deepest apprehension, and felt no relief until it shone out bright and warm as before.

It seems strange that people in a Christian country could have had a good steady boy like this in their house and yet do nothing to cheer or comfort his life. Old men tell me it was a very common case in New England seventy years ago.

This hard experience on the farm lasted until he was old enough to be apprenticed. At fourteen he was bound to a carpenter for seven years, during which he was to receive for his services his board and his clothes.

Already he had done almost the work of a man on the farm, being a stout, handy fellow, and in the course of two or three years he did the work of a full grown carpenter; nevertheless, he received no wages except the necessities of life. Fortunately, the carpenter's family were human beings, and he had a pleasant, friendly home during his apprenticeship.

Now, this apprentice, when he was sixteen, was so homesick on a certain occasion that he felt that he must go and see his mother, who lived near her old home, twenty miles from where he was working on a job. He walked the distance in the night, in order not to rob his master of any of the time due to him.

It was a terrible night's work. He was sorry he had undertaken it; but having started, he could not bear to give it up. Half the way was through the woods, and every noise he heard he thought was a wild beast coming to kill him, and even the piercing notes of the whip-poor-will made his hair stand on end.

When he passed a house the dogs were after him in fallery, and he spent the whole night in terror. Let us hope the crosses of his mother compensated him for his sufferings.

The next year, when his master had a job thirty miles distant, he frequently walked the distance on a hot summer's day, with the carpenter's tools upon his back.

At that time light vehicles, or any kind of one-horse carriage, were rarely kept in country places, and mechanics generally had to trudge to their place of work, carrying their tools with them. So passed the first years of his apprenticeship.

All this time he was thinking of quite another business—that of clock-making—which had been developed during his childhood near his father's house, by Eli Terry, the founder of the Yankee wooden-clock manufacture.

This ingenious Mr. Terry with a small saw and jack-knife, would cut out the wheels and works for twenty-five dollars during the winter, and when the spring opened, he would sling three or four of them across the back of a horse, and keep going till he sold them for about twenty-five dollars apiece.

This was for the works only. When a farmer had bought the machinery of a clock for twenty-five dollars, he employed the village carpenter to make a case for it, which might cost ten or fifteen dollars more.

It was in this simple way that the country was supplied with these tall, old-fashioned clocks, of which almost every ancient farmhouse still contains a specimen. The clock-case was sometimes built into the house like a pillar, and helped to support the upper story. Some of them were made by very clumsy workmen, out of the commonest timber, just planed in the roughest way, and contained enough wood for a pretty good-sized organ.

The clock business had fascinated Chauncey Jerome from his childhood, and he longed to work at it. His guardian dissuaded him. So many clocks were then making, he said, that in two or three years the whole country would be supplied, and then there would be no more business for a clock-maker.

This was the general opinion. At a training, one day, the boy overheard a group talking of Eli Terry's folly in undertaking to make two hundred clocks all at once.

"He'll never live long enough to finish them," said one.

"If he should," said another, "he could not possibly sell so many, the very idea is ridiculous."

The boy was not convinced by these wise men of the east, and he lived to make and to sell two hundred thousand clocks in one year!

When his apprenticeship was a little more than half over, he told his master that if he would give him four months in the winter of each year, when business was dull, he would buy his own clothes.

His master consenting he went to Waterbury, Connecticut, and began to work making clock dials, and very soon got an insight into the art and mystery of clock-making.

Two smart Yankees hired our apprentice to go with them to the distant State of New Jersey for the express purpose of making cases for the clocks they sold. On this journey, he first saw the city of New York.

He was perfectly astonished at the bustle and confusion. He stood on the corner of Chatham and Pearl streets for more than an hour, wondering why so many people were hurrying about so in every direction.

"What is going on!" said he, to a passer-by. "What's the excitement about?"

"The man hurried on without noticing him; which led him to conclude that the city people were not very polite.

Every winter added something to his knowledge of clock making, and, soon after he was out of his apprenticeship, he bought some portions of clocks, a little mahogany, and began to put clocks together on his own account, with encouraging success from the beginning.

It was a great day with him when he received his first magnificent order from a Southern merchant for twelve wooden clocks at twelve dollars apiece! When they were done he delivered them himself to his customer, and found it impossible to believe that he should actually receive so vast a sum as a hundred and forty-four dollars.

He took the money with a trembling hand, and buttoned it up in his pocket. Then he felt an awful apprehension that some robbers might have heard of his expecting to receive this enormous amount, and would waylay him on his way home.

He worked but too steadily. He used to say that he loved to work as well as he did to eat, and sometimes he would not go outside of his gate from one Sunday to the next. He soon began to make inventions and improvements. His business rapidly increased, though occasionally he had heavy losses and misfortunes.

His most important contribution to the business of clock-making was his substitution of brass for wood in cheap clocks. He found that his wooden clocks, when they were transported by sea, were often spoiled by the swelling of the wooden wheels. One night, in a moment of extreme depression, during the panic of 1837, the thought darted into his mind—

"A cheap clock can be made of brass as well as wood!"

It kept him awake nearly all night. He began at once to carry out the idea. It gave an immense development to the business, because brass clocks could be exported to all parts of the world, and the cost of making them was greatly lessened by new machinery.

It was Chauncey Jerome who learned how to make a pretty good brass clock for forty cents, and a good one for two dollars; and it was he who began their exportation to foreign lands. Clocks of his making ticked during his life-time at Jerusalem, Saint Helena, Calcutta, Honolulu, and most of the other ends of the earth.

After making millions of clocks, and acquiring a large fortune, he retired from active business, leaving his splendid manufactory at New Haven to the management of others.

They thought they knew more than the old man; they mis-managed the business terribly, and involved him in their own ruin. He was obliged to leave his beautiful home at seventy years of age, and seek employment at weekly wages—he who had given employment to three hundred men at once.

He scorned to be dependent. I saw and talked long with this good old man when he was working on a salary, at the age of seventy-three, as superintendent of a large clock factory in Chicago.

He did not pretend to be indifferent to the change in his position. He felt it acutely. He was proud of the splendid business he had created, and he lamented its destruction.

He said it was one of his consolations to know that, in the course of his long life, he had never brought upon others the pains he was then enduring. He bore his misfortunes as a man should, and enjoyed the confidence and esteem of his new companions.—*Youth's Companion.*

MURRAY KENT'S VICTORY.

BY KATE SUMNER.

It was on the first day of the term at Dr. Dale's school, and the boys that were back again were gathered in the play-ground. Suddenly one exclaimed:

"Where's Murray! isn't he coming back?—there's no fun or anything else if Murray Kent isn't here."

"Precious little fun he'll bring with him this term," answered Tom Ladd.

"Why?" came from all lips, "has anything happened to him?"

"Expect you'll think so, when you see him. Murray's turned 'pious' this vacation; no more fun out of him."

A hush fell upon the noisy group. Murray Kent, bright, merry Murray, Dr. Dale's special pride, first in his classes and every outdoor sport, too; this boy, their hero and pride, was now a Christian—had "turned pious," Tom Ladd said.

Ed Baker broke the stillness. "See here, boys, I don't believe Murray will be altered very much; he's always been the best of us all. At any rate, he's not changed beyond recognition, for there he comes. Let's give him a good hearty welcome!"

Little did they guess as they ran to meet him—each with a wonder in his heart if Murray was changed, which showed in his greeting—how the boy saw it in all of them, and earnestly prayed he might not bring dishonor to his Master's name.

But as they watched him the first day or two they could see no tangible change; he was different, just how they could not tell.

"Our saint," Tom Ladd called him one time. Ed Baker turned upon him. "Just you hold up your sneers abt at Murray; if he's a Christian, he'll be a t. a. e. one." For my part, I like him better for it, though none of us needed a change for the better so little as he."

There were no more sneers after that, and soon they had forgotten it, all but Ed. He kept close watch of his friend to see if he held out in the way he, too, was "almost persuaded" to tread.

Nearly all of Mr. Dale's boys were sons of well-to-do fathers though a few were helped, or were struggling along themselves. One of the latter class, Joe Hosmer, belonged with our friends to the graduating class. He was a peculiar boy, and not very well liked by the others; but Ed noticed that this term Murray took more notice of him—seemed trying to win him from his moroseness to a more genial state of mind. At first, Ed was inclined to look upon Murray's kindness to Joe as intruding upon his own rights; but his better nature conquered, and he, too, befriended Joe.

"Just for variety's sake, boys," he said. "I should have been eager as any to bow before him if he were 'flush.' I'm only varying the monotony of life by bowing because he's empty handed."

At the beginning of the course a prize of one hundred dollars had been offered to the one who stood highest at the close. It had been offered by an old friend of Dr. Dale's, who, having no relatives, had left his property to schools and poor boys working their way. Thus far, Murray and Joe stood side by side, and Ed "just ready to jump in if they fell out," he said.

With Joe it was a serious matter; if he won, he could go on unintermittently with his studies; if not, he must work for a year or two anyway, perhaps longer. At that thought he would bend to his studies with redoubled energy. In fact, Ed told him that should he and Murray continue losing flesh till examinations, there would not be enough left of either to obtain the prize—in that case it would be his.

It had been Murray's ambition to graduate with highest honors. Often had he pictured to himself the day when he would take home to his invalid mother the glad news of his victory. Then, too, had not Uncle Murray promised him a trip to Europe, if successful—he would need it to "recuperate," he told him.

As for Ed he said if Murray got it he should want to forget Joe entirely; shouldn't have a minute's peace till he could. And on the other hand, if Joe was the victor, the thought of poor Murray would make him miserable. "Surely, I wouldn't be the one myself, for with both on my heart I shouldn't survive it long."

The time passed along till the last week had come; the very last day came finally. In was Monday morning; Tuesday the examination began. Every boy was busy, and wore an anxious look—Joe, Murray and Ed particularly. From the first a few of the boys had kept in a book the most difficult problems in mathematics, that when reviewing they might not have to work them out. Murray had promised himself this day to review that branch, but was busy a short time in the morning otherwise. He had not commenced when Joe came into his room, his face the very picture of despair; "I've given it up, Murray. I've lost my problem book—there's no hope for it now. I'll give you my congratulations, and go off to hunt up work. You will be the one the king delighteth to honor, without fail." And, overcome by his feelings, Joe turned and left the room, too proud to show more how great the trial was.

For just one moment a thrill of joy went through Murray's heart; then it left and his face was almost a counterpart of Joe's. For weeks the question had haunted him—ought he, to whom the prize was only a gratification of his pride and ambition—ought he to strive against Joe, to whom it meant so much? Very well Murray knew his proud uncle would hold to the terms—none but his mother, perhaps not even she, would forgive or forget he was beaten by a "poor boy."

None I struggle fairly. An h door. "See you wh finished can hav late you. It all face lig "God what a look if If it we eventry so kind "Nor I don't win." And J beamed "I ov afterwar for you "How you've v own self "Oh, I day, and "Oh! Murry" "I kn won the ter. Is t "It is. Murra think h the cutti a "poor The jo crowd and Chro

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After rays int spring m the rose stairs. Martin's house h day, you to begin scarcely t laid, and kettle a would h day's w each sent butter, a out of th were to s began to t to whis drying." Mrs. M for clean the stree quently, whiter d were alv clean and they wen the well-

All th strange t were not than the often di strange a "Blue A and the t hind the t Some pec particula publie-h many wu findin al wanting; looked so was—lovi The m the busin washing good-moi returned sometime about his On th was deter For a spee down th into the upon ano

None but Murray knew how hard the struggle was—it was hard to give it up voluntarily.

An hour later there was a knock at Joe's door.

"See here, old fellow—why didn't I tell you when you came to my room that I had finished using my 'Problem Book'? You can have it as well as not. I shall congratulate you after all, Joe."

It almost paid him then when he saw Joe's face light up.

"God bless you, Murray. You don't know what a trial it was. But I'll not touch the book if you are not through with it yourself. If it were not so much to me, I would not even try to go ahead of you. You have been so kind to me—"

"Nonsense, Joe; I've done nothing, and I don't want the book. Now go in and win."

And Joe did win. How his whole face beamed with joy when he heard the decision.

"I owe it all to you, Murray," he said afterward. "I can never bless you enough for your help."

"How do you owe it to him? Strikes me you've wasted flesh enough for it, for your own self," said Ed.

"Oh, but I lost my 'Problem Book' Monday, and Murray lent me his."

"Oh!" said Ed. That night he went to Murray's room.

"I know it all, Murray; if you haven't won the prize, you've won me to your Master. Is that any compensation?"

"It is worth ten thousand prizes, Ed."

Murray did not go to Europe, but I do not think he felt it very seriously, nor any of the cutting remarks about being beaten by a "poor boy."

The joy he found in his victory over self crowded out the thoughts of loss.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

HOW MRS. MARTIN'S HOUSE BECAME A HOME.

After the sun began to send his bright rays into Paradise Place early one fine spring morning, all the Martins, big and little, rose from their beds and hurried downstairs. And no wonder, for it was Mrs. Martin's cleaning day, and as the whole house had to be turned topsy-turvy that day, you may imagine that it was necessary to begin early. As for breakfast, there was scarcely any thought of it; no cloth was laid, and if John Martin had not put on the kettle and made some tea, I doubt if he would have got any before starting for his day's work. The younger children were each sent off with a large slice of bread-and-butter, and an injunction to take themselves out of the way; while Ben and Sarah, who were to stay at home to help their mother, began to make dry faces at each other, and to whisper something about "nigger-dri-ning."

Mrs. Martin had always had a reputation for cleanliness. There was not a house in the street which was scrubbed more frequently, and boasted brighter windows or a whiter doorstep than hers. Her children were always decent, and were taught to be clean and orderly, to wipe their shoes before they went indoors, and to tread gently on the well-scrubbed floor.

All this was as it should be, and yet, strange to say, James Martin and his children were not one whit more fond of their home than the Greens were of theirs, which was often dirty and untidy. Indeed, it was no strange sight to see James turning into the "Blue Anchor" when his work was done, and the children playing in the street behind their home after they left school. Some people said that Mrs. Martin was too particular, and drove her husband to the public-house, not by dirt and neglect as so many wives do, but by perpetual fault-finding about trifles. There was something wanting in that little home which always looked so neat and clean; that something was—love.

The mother was often so occupied with the business of making the children tidy and washing their faces, that she forgot the good-morning kiss; and when the husband returned from work in the evening, he was sometimes met by a frown and a sharp word about his dirty boots.

On this particular morning, Mrs. Martin was determined that no corner should be left for a speck of dust to remain in. She took down the bedsteads, turned the furniture into the passage, and piled the chairs one upon another, until there was hardly room

to pass. Ben was set to scrub the floors and paint-work, and Sarah to clean the grates and windows, while their mother hunted for cobwebs, and turned out every dark corner.

Twelve o'clock came, and found them still busy at their tasks; but although the floors were now spotlessly white, and the windows began to shine in the sunlight, there was no sign of order being restored that day.

"Can't we put up the bedsteads?" asked Ben, who was longing for a change of work. "Certainly not," was the reply. "Just clean that door, and mind you rub off all the finger-marks. Your father must put up the bedsteads when he comes home."

"But he'll be tired, mother, after his work, specially as he's not come home to dinner."

"Hold your tongue, and attend to your work," said her mother, as she went downstairs to cut some bread for the children who had just come home from school, noisy and hungry. They were soon sent off again, with a liberal allowance of bread and cheese; and scarcely had the sound of their footsteps died away, when a tramping noise was heard in the street, and several men, bearing something between them, came slowly along and stopped at the Martins' door.

"What is the matter?" cried the wife, in alarm, as she recognized in the pallid face of the man they were carrying the features of her husband.

"He's had a fainting fit, and fell down by the 'Blue Anchor' in George street," said one of the men; "and as his own house was so handy we brought him here, instead of taking him to the hospital. Shall we carry him upstairs?"

"No," she cried in dismay, remembering that the bedrooms were in confusion, and the bedsteads taken down. "You must bring him in here," she said, unlocking and opening the door of the front parlor, the only room in the house which was not dismantled.

Now that parlor was the pride and delight of Mrs. Martin's heart. Nettle-draghts hung at the windows, a gay carpet covered the floor, bright vases were upon the mantel-shelf, a round table with a green cloth, ornamented with smartly bound books and a basket of wax fruit under a glass shade, stood in the centre of the room. Four come-botted chairs, and a roomy old-fashioned sofa, adorned with three antimacassars, completed the furniture.

Upon the couch the men placed their unconscious burden, and waited to see if they could be of any further use; but as soon as her husband opened his eyes and groaned feebly once or twice, Mrs. Martin assured them and the neighbors, who had crowded in from curiosity, that he would do very well now, and that if she wanted the doctor she would send Ben for him by-and-by. She wished them all "Good-morning," and having closed the door after them, she hastily folded the antimacassars, which the men had thrown down in their hurry, and went upstairs to her work, grumbling secretly, because she had been obliged to make use of her best room for her husband.

She did not think there was much the matter with him, and really fancied that he had taken too much to drink, and that this had been the cause of his fall. So, sending Sarah to sit with her father, Mrs. Martin and Ben set to work in order to get the bedroom ready.

It was not until an hour or two later that she returned to her husband, who moaned occasionally as if in pain, and seemed so ill that she became seriously alarmed, and sent at once for the doctor. When he arrived, he asked a few rapid questions and looked very grave.

"Why was I not sent for before?" he enquired.

"I heard he had had a fall, but I thought he would be better soon. Do you think we could get him upstairs, sir?"

"Certainly not for some days. He has injured his thigh in falling, and that is a very serious matter. But you can put up a bedstead here, and make the room fit for your husband to remain in, if you open the window and take all that trumpery out of the grate," he said, as he proceeded to set the limb.

Mrs. Martin was so completely taken by surprise that she could only be silent, and quietly obey the doctor's orders.

With all her apparent coldness she loved her husband, and when the doctor in leaving told her to take very great care to avoid

inflammation, and hinted that her delay in sending for him might cause severe, if not life-long suffering, the unaccustomed tears filled her eyes and began to roll down her cheeks while she moved about the room, putting away the ornaments, and trying to make it as comfortable as possible for the sick man.

Bitterly she regretted the way in which she had that afternoon neglected him for the sake of her house. And after all, what was that? Was it not also his house? And what would it all be if he were taken away or crippled for life?

When the children came home they were told in hushed tones to go to bed; and yet, in spite of her trouble, their mother spoke to them more gently than usual, and actually kissed them all, a thing she had never done since they were babies, and then she sat by her husband's side to keep watch for the night. He was dozing quietly, but although she had been working so hard she could not sleep. Her eyes were opened, she had found out her mistake, and saw that the round of household duties she had so carefully performed had been done, not for the comfort of her husband and children, but for her own satisfaction and pleasure. Her house had been to her a sort of idol; it had filled her mind, and kept her Sunday after Sunday from the house of God until she had entirely given up the thought of going.

She remembered how as a girl in the Sunday-school she had read the parable of the sower, and learnt that "the deceitfulness of riches" chokes the Word in some hearts; but she had forgotten that "the cares of this world" are just as surely "thorns" and hinderances to the growth of the Divine Word in our hearts, and far more common. How earnestly she prayed for forgiveness and for her husband's recovery, and how firmly she resolved by God's help that she would begin to serve Him and train her children for Him.

In the dawn of the morning her husband roused, and could hardly understand where he was until she gently reminded him that he had slipped coming out of the "Blue Anchor," and had been brought home.

"No," he cried, suddenly, "not coming out. I remember now that I felt a bit faint as I was passing by. I signed the pledge a month ago, wife, and I've never been into the 'Blue Anchor' since. I didn't tell you before, I thought I'd wait and see if you noticed the difference," he added, quietly.

Her eyes filled with tears. Why had she been so blind? This simple fact showed her how little interest she had taken in her husband's doings of late. She told him at once how suspicious and neglectful she had been, and asked him to forgive her.

James Martin did recover after some months of careful nursing, and although the family were terribly pinched for a while, and some of the household treasures had to be sold, the home looked as neat as ever, and was a far happier one. A new spirit had entered the dwelling—the spirit of love, the true brotherly love which proceeds from the love of Christ.—*Friendly Greetings.*

TELLING JESUS.

Nelly, who had lately recovered from a dangerous illness, was out one day with her mother. As they were getting near home the mother noticed the child had been unusually silent for a time and all at once she stood still and as if with a determined effort spoke thus:—"Mamma"—th a pause—"I prayed last night, mamma." "Did you, dear; don't you always pray?" "Oh, yes, but I prayed a real prayer last night. I don't think I ever prayed a real prayer before."

Then the mother gradually drew from her the following: "I was lying awake last night such a long time, and was thinking how sinful I was. I thought of what a naughty girl I had been so often. I tried to reckon up all the bad things I had done, and they seemed such a lot that I tried to remember all I had done in one week, and there seemed such a heap piled up, and then I was sure I had not remembered them all. This made me so miserable, and I thought, What if Jesus had come for me when I was so ill? I was sure I could not have gone to heaven."

"Then I thought about Jesus coming to die for bad people, and that He had promised to forgive them; so I got out of bed and knelt down and tried to tell Jesus how

bad I was, and that I could not remember all the sins of even one week, so I just asked Him to think of them all for me, every one, and then I waited to give him time to think, and when I thought he had remembered them all, I asked Him to forgive them, and I am sure He did, mamma, because He said he would, and I felt so happy. Then I got into bed, and did not feel a bit afraid of God any more."

That this true incident may encourage other little weary ones to take their burden of sin to Jesus as Nelly did, is the earnest prayer of NELLY'S FRIEND.

TRANSLATE YOUR SERMONS.

What a gain there would be in the hearer's understanding of the thing said, if pastor and Sunday-school teacher were careful to choose the simplest words possible in their statements of truth. And that gain would be accompanied by a gain of time as well. An anecdote taken from a recent editorial of the *New York Christian Advocate* has pertinence in this line:

Said one minister to another, "If you were to translate your sermons into English, they would do some good." "They are in English," said the other; "what do you mean?" "I will show you," said he. "Read me the first paragraph." It was done and the Anglo-Saxon vernacular was reduced to Anglo-Saxon, with only one or two derivatives, or words of more than two syllables. When the whole was thus translated, it was found that the sermon, which before required forty-five minutes, could now be delivered with ease in thirty, and be understood. Not an idea was omitted, and all was better than before, so expressed as to convince and persuade.—*S. S. Times.*

PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

I am a word of letters five; Upon me many people thrive. Of many shades, brown, white and gray, Sometimes I'm yellow, people say, I'm sometimes sour, and sometimes sweet; By poor 'M' oft esteemed a treat. I'm sometimes heavy, sometimes light, Sometimes I'm dark as Egypt's night.

AMPUTATIONS.

Behold and curtail:

1. That which destroys life, and leave that by which life is sustained;
2. An organ of the body, and leave another;
3. An avenue in a city; and leave a tree;
4. A social entertainment, and leave the vocation of an artist;
5. A number, and leave a woman's name;
6. A small light, and leave an animal;
7. Obsequious, and leave an article of jewellery;
8. A gloomy frown, and leave an animal;
9. A writer, and leave a child's bed;
10. A wicker-covered hamper, and leave an animal;
11. A loose cover for the neck, and leave a vehicle;
12. Confined, and leave an era.

LETTER ENIGMA.

My first is a letter; add it to my second and it is your mother; then add my third and it is your father; now add my fourth and it is a noun, possessive case; add my fifth—which completes the word—and you have a dwelling-house.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

BREAKERS AHEAD.—Turn the picture until the left side is at the bottom.

PHONETIC CHARADE.—Sofa (Sew-fa.)

DIAGONAL.—

H o s p i t a b l e
t y r a n n i c a l
o p p o r t u n i t y
o p p o s i t i o n
c o g i t a t i o n
d e l i g h t f u l
n o s t r a n c e
c o m p a r i s o n
s y s t e m a t i c
s t a b i l i t y

RIDDLE.—Felix.

TWO ENIGMAS.—Dryden, Burns.

CHARADE.—Damage.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Heliotrope.

The Weekly Messenger.

SATURDAY, MAY 26.

LOCAL OPTION IN THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

From the report in a London daily newspaper we are able to give a summary of the recent debate in the House of Commons upon the resolution in favor of a local option law. Sir Wilfrid Lawson moved—"That the best interests of the nation urgently require some efficient measure of legislation by which, in accordance with the resolution already passed and reaffirmed by this House, a legal power of restraining the issue or renewal of licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors may be placed in the hands of the persons most deeply interested and affected, namely, the inhabitants themselves." In supporting his motion the honorable baronet recalled the fact that a resolution in favor of local option had been passed in 1880 by a majority of twenty-six, and reaffirmed in the following year by a majority of forty-two. Of Scotch votes he had a majority of eight to one, of Welsh votes ten to one, a great majority of Liberal votes, and considerable support from the Conservatives. As to support of the proposed policy in the country, he said the demand for the reform came not only from the working classes, but the higher classes, and from, amongst others, the heads of the Church of England. License boards gave so much dissatisfaction in Scotland that the people were in favor of having a veto over the licenses, even when granted by those boards. Some striking quotations were made by Sir Wilfrid in urging the point that the rich should not enforce an evil system upon the poor against the latter's wishes. Sir William Gull had described alcohol as the most destructive agent in the country; Mr. Walter, member for Berkshire and owner of the *London Times*, had called it the devil in solution. Mr. Gladstone's words were remembered by the workmen when he said that drink was bringing upon the country the accumulated evils of war, pestilence and famine. Judge Dowse had said that the measure of the degradation of a locality was the measure of the alcohol that was consumed in it. The people knew that good landlords, where they had control over a district, had in many cases swept away all drink shops from their property, and if the opposition to a local option bill was genuine and rational it ought to extend to preventing landlords having option in that manner. At the opening of some new houses on the Shaftesbury Park Estate, where no public houses were permitted, the late Lord Beaconsfield said—"You who have started this scheme for building these workmen's houses without drink shops have solved the problem of how to make the workmen's homes happy and comfortable. Urging the Government to bring in a measure in accordance with the spirit of the resolution, the speaker made a good point when he asked if it was well to teach the people of the country that they would never get anything, however earnestly they desired it, unless there was a flavor of violence and disturbance in their demand. "Was it well," he went on, "persistently to slight this earnest, honest, and persistent demand of the people, urged in a constitutional manner? Was it well to show the poor that the upper classes were indifferent to their wants and miseries so long as they could put a little money in the coffers of the exchequer." Contrary to what he was sorry Lord Derby had said the other day, that this question might stand over because it mainly affected the

poor, the speaker said that was the very reason why it should be brought on. He quoted from one of Mr. Bright's beautiful speeches—"In every country you find the nation is the cottage, and if the light of your legislation does not shine in there your statesmanship is a failure and your system is a mistake"—and said that night he pleaded for the cottage. "He pleaded not for the great and rich and powerful, but for the poor, the weak, the desolate, and the oppressed, and he asked the House and the Government to place in their hands a power which they would use not for the injury of others, but for the elevation and purification of themselves and their country, and he believed that he should not plead in vain." With these words Sir Wilfrid closed his speech amid loud cheers. Mr. Caine, in seconding the motion, averred a strong feeling to exist in the country in favor of local option, and said "they thought they had a right to expect some reference to this question in the Queen's Speech, at the opening of the present session, which was declared to be devoted to useful, social reformation, for this was a subject that interested the people of this country more than any other." Sir William Harcourt, Home Secretary, spoke in favor of the resolution upon behalf of the Government, intimating that the latter reserved to itself to determine the mode in which the will of the people should be expressed with regard to licenses. Sir Stafford Northcote, leader of the Conservatives, opposed the resolution because he considered it was too indefinite, although he rejoiced to hear of the progress of temperance in the country. Mr. Gladstone declared amid loud cheering that he was going to vote for the resolution that night, although he had formerly opposed similar resolutions. His former action was not due to opposition to local option, but because he was not prepared with a plan for giving it effect. Now, however, the Government had a plan, which was the creation all over the country of representative bodies who would have the confidence of their local communities, and these should be entrusted with the high and important duty of dealing with the sale of liquors. There was no prospect at present, however, the Premier intimated, that the Government would be able to bring in the desired measure, on account of Parliament not being abreast of its duties. When they came to apply the principles of the resolution, it was possible they might not be altogether in accord with the mover; but yet a measure would be produced which he believed would be admitted to contain the elements of valuable and substantial reform. Many other members spoke for and against the resolution, and it passed by a vote of two hundred and twenty-eight to one hundred and forty-one. This vote is an indication of very rapid progress, the first majority in favor of local option, in 1880, being twenty-six, the second in the following year, forty-two, and this, the very next opportunity afforded for a vote, the majority is eighty-seven, more than double the previous one.

LEARN TO SWIM.

Summer being round again, amusements suited to that season are in order. Among these one of the chief is swimming, and it is so useful apart from pastime as to rank above mere amusement. Its exercise in the first place involves bathing, a frequent necessity in warm weather, as it is a most beneficial indulgence at intervals of a week or so in winter. Yet the charm of winter bathing, except under more favorable circumstances than common, consisting mainly

in its after results, the exercise is far too much neglected, a fact partly the cause and partly the effect of too little attention paid, in building and furnishing houses, to the supplying of facilities for bathing. To those, however, who know the value of regular ablutions very commonplace applications will be pressed into service, and much inconvenience suffered, rather than that the great hygienic advantage of bathing should be lost. However, we are not now giving advice for the cold weather, but for the warm. Bathing is more healthful, we should imagine, for the swimmer than for one who cannot swim, as the whole body with the limbs being exercised and submerged at once a brisker and more even circulation is maintained. The pleasure of swimming, indeed—particularly on the seashore, where the swimmer is inspired with feelings almost sublime as he buffets the billows that rock him on their crests—must be so patent to the observer that it is hard to imagine anybody who has the opportunity—more especially a young person—neglecting to acquire the noble art. More, perhaps, than from the pleasure derivable from the art or its benefits to health is the usefulness of swimming as a life-saving art. One of the most deplorable reflections of humanity ought to be the number of lives lost every year, both in the pursuit of aquatic employments and pleasures. A large proportion, it might not be rash to say most, of this great annual sacrifice of precious human life is due to the inability of the victims to swim, or to similar incapacity on the part of others, who on that account see fellow-creatures perish without the power to save them. It is astonishing how many people brought up near the water, or having abundant access to it in warm weather, cannot swim. There would be less occasion of surprise were the art a hard one to master, instead of one of the easiest things imaginable, nature being really all the teacher required, although experienced persons can always give valuable hints. The principal thing is to become personally acquainted with the water after which the tyro need not be told that it will sustain his weight, and that all he has to do to swim is to trust himself to the water and work his limbs in the way nature prompts him. Perfect confidence, however, is necessary to enable him to keep his arms under water, not doing which he loses his balance. Once he can balance himself any possible style of swimming is easily acquired—back, front, dog, frog, paddle, one-hand, treading water, etc. Different instructors probably will have different directions to give the learner as to how he may keep from sinking while learning to use his limbs in the water. One way is to try to lie on the surface, another to do the same on the bottom, and yet another is to go out to neck depth and, diving under water, try to swim to the shore or to crawl there on the bottom. Boys generally can dive and swim under water before they can swim with their heads above the surface. Diving should, at all events, be practised by swimmers wherever they have opportunity, as it is an invaluable accomplishment in saving life. However, in going in to bathe or swim people should provide themselves with wads for their ears, as it is very injurious to have water enter those organs. They should also, in diving, know what kind of bottom there is and avoid striking even the most even bottom with their heads, as many have been painfully injured from inattention to these conditions.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, the Southern leader, was reported seriously ill a few days ago.

CRIME.

Two men have been arrested in Belgium for murdering a shop woman in Paris and stealing ten thousand dollars' worth of jewellery.

Thomas Walsh, for whipping his wife to death with a strap, was sentenced in Chicago a few days ago to thirty-five years in the penitentiary.

A tramp seriously stabbed Mr. Dick Wagner, a night operator at Cornwall, Ontario, and then escaped. The wounded man was found unconscious in the station shortly afterward, but the wound, which was behind the ear, was not considered fatal.

Charles Wickland, a railway contractor, left Monterey, Texas, the other day, to pay his men at the terminus of the Mexican National Railway, and was afterward found murdered in his wagon. Two Americans, Pausley and Mudd, were arrested on suspicion, and a rumor is published that they have been taken out of prison and hanged by a mob.

Captain John Miller, cashier of a manufacturing company in Hartford, Connecticut, recently became insane, and an examination of his accounts showed the origin of his mental troubles to be the fact that he had embezzled ten thousand dollars of the company's funds. He had been held in very high respect, and his accounts had not been examined for years.

On Saturday week, at a place a mile and a half from Williamsford Station, on the Toronto, Grey & Bruce Railway, Ontario, a farmer named George Lambert was murdered by his own son Joseph, who shot him twice through a stove pipe hole from a room upstairs. Between the shots the murderer's mother implored him to desist, but he drove her away with a threat that he would kill her next. He was arrested while trying to bury his father's corpse near the house, a man seizing him although he threatened to shoot any one who came near with the loaded gun beside him. The prisoner is the eldest of two boys in a family of seven, and has frequently been possessed with strange freaks during the past year or two. Little doubt is felt that the unnatural crime was committed in a fit of insanity.

Accounts from the scene of the anti-Chinese riots in British Columbia represent the conduct of the white men as cowardly and brutal. In the first altercation the whites beat the Chinese off with pick-handles. Then, at night, the former surrounded the cabins of the Chinese gang, and, rousing the inmates out of bed, clubbed them to the earth as they rushed out in the dark. Some were unmercifully beaten; many escaped, but nine were left for dead on the ground, one of whom proved to be so. The whites set fire to the cabins before they left, and the Chinese being unable to quench the flames on returning, on account of lack of water, all their goods were destroyed. No doctor in the neighborhood, for fear of the mob, would attend upon the sufferers, and a physician had to be procured from Yale, who pronounced the injuries of three fatal. It was impossible to obtain an unprejudiced jury, and the verdict rendered by the one that was got pronounced the man's death to have been caused by violence at the hands of persons unknown. The occurrence is one of the most disgraceful events that has ever happened in Canada, and its disrepute will cling to the country until the despicable rioters and murderers are brought to justice.

IRISH AFFAIRS.

Nothing has made more stir among Irishmen throughout the world, for a long time, than the junction of the Pope of Rome, prohibiting the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland to meddle with political agitation. The leading agitators express themselves as a rule very warmly, and declare the Pope has no right to interfere with Ireland's politics. They do not stop to reflect that the interference is not directly with politics but with the religious teachers and guides over whom the Pope has unquestioned authority. Neither do they seem to see the absurdity of, in a single breath, claiming for the priests the right to interfere in politics to their hearts' content and denying to the supreme head of the priesthood a similar right. Surely the servant is not greater than his lord in Roman Catholicism. Remonstrance to the Pope's course in preventing his priests from associating themselves with murderers has gone to the extent of threats muttered that the Irish Nationalists will contribute no more "Peter's Pence" to Rome until the embargo is removed. Shopkeepers in Dublin have, since the opening of the murder trials in Dublin, been continually in receipt of notices that all who serve on juries will be boycotted. Fitzharris, who was acquitted on the charge of murder, has been convicted upon trial for accessoryship to the Phoenix Park murders, and sentenced to penal servitude for life. Daniel Curley, the second man convicted of those murders, was hanged in Dublin on Friday of last week, dying without making any communication to the authorities or the public. Delaney, who was convicted and sentenced on his plea of guilty, has been reprieved. Arrests have begun to be made of many suspected of conspiracy to murder landlords. A large number are now before the courts for conspiracy to murder officials, and convictions are frequent. Notice has been given that the half million dollars voted by Parliament for assisting emigration from Ireland has all been expended. The fund being raised for a testimonial to Mr. Parnell amounts to ninety thousand pounds and will be kept open until it reaches fifty thousand pounds, or a quarter of a million dollars.

BUSINESS AND LABOR NOTES.

A strike in iron works at Middlesborough, Great Britain, affects four thousand men.

Five hundred cotton mill strikers at Rockdale, Pennsylvania, have gone back to work at the old wages.

Nearly four thousand hands are out of work through the lockout of shoe operatives in Cincinnati. No disturbance has occurred.

Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars is the estimated loss by the first fortnight of the coal miners' strike in Pennsylvania, which began the first of May.

Cuban newspapers are making grievous complaints against the quality of the American lard sent to the island, and call upon the Government to enforce recent regulations against inferior descriptions.

Great loss is occasioned to owners of the collapsed Massachusetts Central Railway, and also to towns along its route, from the stoppage of its operation. Four million dollars had been sunk in the enterprise, and trustees took it under a mortgage for half a million less, but it could not be made to pay running expenses. Many towns had a share in the concern, and its employees had not been paid for months.

THE WEEK.

TEN THOUSAND PERSONS attended the annual convention of the Dunkards, or German Baptists, at Lawrence, Kansas, on the opening day, and five thousand more were expected.

AFTER A SEVERE STRUGGLE the high liquor license party in the Illinois Legislature carried the day, securing the adoption of an amendment fixing beer licenses at two hundred and fifty dollars and whiskey at five hundred.

STATISTICS GO TO SHOW the Indians of the Canadian North-West to be dying at a rate that will render them extinct in less than forty years. Irregular living, the severe northern climate into which they have been driven, scarcity of game and decaying morality are the chief reasons for the sad degeneration.

SHERMAN PLATT, Newtown, Connecticut, has slept almost continually since Christmas. He arouses himself twice a day to eat a little, but has not spoken once since the date mentioned. The doctors do not understand the case, but the affliction apparently originated from an attack of malarial fever last fall subsequent to a sunstroke.

THE LATEST NEWS from General Crook has been brought in by an Indian scout who says the General took a different route from what he had intended and was moving south-west of the Sierra Madres when the scout left him. A band of sixty Apaches entered the province of Chihuahua Mexico, through the Sierra Madres, and killed a man or two in each of several villages passed through.

MARK SPILKER, a travelling salesman, was put off a train on the Pennsylvania Railway, out in the open country in a pouring rain, the conductor refusing to accept the return end of an excursion ticket from Williamsport to Philadelphia, issued two years ago. The injured passenger sued the company for damages and got a verdict of five thousand dollars. In charging the jury the judge said the ejection from the train, under the circumstances, was an outrage.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the United States and British Provinces met in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, last week, five hundred delegates being in attendance. A heated discussion took place over the acceptance of a charter from the State of New York and regarding the composition of the Executive Committee, the Western members feeling that the centre of operations should not be so far east as New York. However, the New Yorkers won the point in the end, the committee remaining unchanged with its headquarters in the commercial metropolis.

NEW YORK is evidently jealous over the success of Texas as the source of unearthly lies, and beats the mammoth meteor story of the latter State by the account of a fiery meteor falling into the Rondout Creek, Ulster county, sending up a column of steam and boiling water. Next day two boys found in the creek a sword six feet long, with two edges, weighing seventeen pounds, the blade covered with hieroglyphics, the workmanship of the weapon of the finest description and the hilt designed for a hand three times the size of ordinary humanity. It is hard to say which is stronger, the imagination that contrived such a story or the impudence that assumed people would believe it.

A LANDSLIDE of ten acres lately took place at St. Barnabe, St. Maurice county, Quebec, the principal damage being the loss of thirty thousand logs.

THE BARK "Inga," coal-laden, from Greenock, Scotland, for Quebec, struck a large fish and, springing a leak from the loss of a great part of her stern, had to be abandoned, the crew being saved by the steamer "Leerdam."

DURING A DISCUSSION on the constitutional prohibitory amendment in the Pennsylvania Senate, Mr. Nelson attacked the drinking customs countenanced in the White House under President Arthur, and commented favorably upon the temperance regimes of President Hayes and Garfield.

THE GOVERNMENT OF ECUADOR, South America, resorted to burglary to procure the sinews of war against rebels when the latter were approaching the city of Guayaquil. In the face of protests of the consuls and captains of the English and Italian ships, the Government entered the Bank of Ecuador, broke the safes open and robbed them of three hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

A BARGAIN has been made between the Dominion Government and the Provincial Government of British Columbia, under which the latter conveys three million acres on the mainland to the former, which in turn is to build the Vancouver Island railway, pay the province a quarter of a million for the dry dock site and plant and complete that work, and throw open railway lands on the mainland to settlement.

ONE DAY WORD COMES that the Brazilian Parliament met, the Emperor congratulating the assembled wisdom upon peaceful relations with all countries. A day or two later the brief announcement is made that the ministry of Brazil has resigned. There is nothing inconsistent in the two pieces of news, but each is somewhat out of keeping with usual South American politics. It is peculiarly gratifying to hear of a South American nation being at peace with all its neighbors, and it is refreshing to see a Government on that continent upset without a blood-stained revolution.

A CONTROVERSY has arisen between a Presbyterian and an Anglican clergyman, each well-supported by his friends, in Kingston, Ontario, as to the nature of the Salvation Army's operations there. It is said public feeling is on the side of the army, which the Anglican clergyman defends. The latter has received a letter from the Bishop of Ontario, who says, although he was horrified with much that he saw of the Army in England, he was "not going to throw a wet blanket on any movement that has a salvation for its object." The Bishop, however, in referring to the plea put forth that the emotional in human nature must be made prominent in religious effort, asked the gentleman addressed if he and the other clergy had themselves made the use that they might of the emotions of their hearers. "Have you ever thrown the churches open and free," he writes, "to the poor wayfarers seeking after God if haply they may find him? Have you ever had short, bright services with addresses to the emotional nature of your parishioners? If not, if instead there has been a freezing respectability and a patronizing dispensing of the gospel to the working classes, then I think church methods should be tried before we fall into ways that are as yet untested by experience. You are quite right in your efforts to give the movement a right direction, and I pray God you may be successful."

PRINCE BISMARCK, the illustrious Chancellor of Germany, has written a letter of thanks to the City Council of Toronto for naming a street after him.

JOE COBURN, a New York bully, has been refused a license to start a saloon on Broadway, on the ground that his general reputation was not good enough.

A DISCOVERY OF GOLD in Prince Edward Island, a country hitherto esteemed as purely agricultural in its natural capabilities, has caused much excitement among the inhabitants.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SIX DOCTORS finished their course in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, a few days ago, and were sent forth to heal and cure, or otherwise.

THE BRITISH screw corvette "Canada," twelve guns, upon which Prince George of Wales is rated as midshipman, has been commissioned at Portsmouth, England, for the North American station, with a complement of two hundred and seventy officers and men.

THE NOTED TENEYCK MANSION, Whitehall Road, Albany, New York, was burned last week. General Bradstreet built it a hundred and seventy years ago, and he made it the headquarters of the Tories during the Revolution. The house has been occupied for the past century by the Gansevoort and Teneyck families.

ARMOR DAY WAS WELL KEPT in the eastern portion of Quebec as well as the western. Many trees were planted in the historic old capital. It is to be hoped the enthusiasm started in the towns upon the half of trees will extend quickly to the country, for vast tracts of land in Quebec have been reduced almost to desert by the extermination of trees.

HENRY PALMER, a senior student at Yale College, New Haven, had the name of being a good writer and as such he was selected as one of the editors of the college magazine. Lately, however, it has been proved that Henry has been stealing the thoughts and language of others—in other words that he is a plagiarist—and he has resigned from his editorial position.

A BRILLIANT CELEBRATION of the Centennial of the landing of the United Empire Loyalists at St. John, New Brunswick, took place at that city on Friday of last week. One hundred years ago about three thousand people, including women and children, arrived at the harbor above named in a score of vessels from New York. They belonged to the American colonists who, refusing to give up faith in an ultimate United British Empire, were on the side of King George III throughout the War of Independence. As they had occupied to a great extent during that struggle lands which the British had confiscated upon their owners taking up the American cause, when the issue was decided in the latter's favor there was nothing left for these Loyalists but to retire. Their settlement in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, at that time one Province, was a good thing for those Provinces, as the intelligence, industry, and enterprise of themselves and their descendants were among the chief elements in making that territory one of the most prosperous and peaceful farming countries anywhere, and which has become celebrated as one of the leading ship-building and ship-owning districts in the world, and noted for the morality and intelligence of the general body of the people and as the native place of men eminent in every walk of life and in every quarter of the globe.

HOW SHE CONTRIVED IT.

BY MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

In a certain Sunday-school, no matter where, there was a class which had been the despair of successive teachers. One after another was frozen out by the elegance, or was it by the stiffness, of the half-dozen beautiful young girls who composed the exclusive circle. Bound together by congenial social relations, the young ladies remained, apparently indifferent as to whether they had a teacher or not, and equally polite and uninterested with the new teachers who came from time to time, as they had been with the old.

The superintendent grieved over their lack of class feeling. They were in the school and not of it. It was suggested to him to press them into the service as teachers. They, one and all, declined the office. During the opening and closing exercises, they behaved with propriety, as grown-up girls should, and, when they had no one to teach them, they spent the time appointed for study in talking to each other, with evident enjoyment, but as evidently about anything else rather than the lesson.

One day, a little, dark-eyed woman entered the school, and offered her services as teacher. She stated that she had recently come to live in the neighborhood, and wanted to work for Christ.

"We have a young ladies' class," said the superintendent, with some hesitation—thinking, good man, of the rich and rustling silks worn by the class in question, and of the plain attire of the woman before him. "It is an unpopular class," he continued; "nobody succeeds in it; but you might try it for to-day."

Looking in her direction a little later, he could hardly believe his eyes. The ice had melted. The class had forgotten itself over the Bible, and was a unit in its eager attention to the lady, who was speaking to them in a low, soft voice, and as if what she had to say was worth their hearing. And, yes indeed, he could see that they were asking questions as well as replying to them.

Sunday after Sunday, the stranger, who soon grew to be a friend, was in her place; but ere long the six had grown to twelve, and then to twenty; and in three months the number had increased to thirty-five. A little unused room, not much more than a recess, was set apart for the class, which could no longer establish itself in its old quarters.

The original six were as well dressed as ever, but very much less exclusive. For, among the additions to their ranks was a pretty German Bertha, who was a nurse in a neighboring family; a Swedish Katrine, who was a seamstress; an Irish Nora, who lived as maid of all work in the home of one of the deacons; and at least a dozen young women who earned their living in shops and factories.

There was, besides, a teacher in one of the public schools, a young art student who had come from the country to pursue her favorite branch, and a pale girl who was writing for the papers.

A more miscellaneous set could not have been imagined. Yet they did not seem ill-assorted. There was no patronage in the manner of Floribel N., the judge's daughter, nor the least servility in the air of Dulcie W., who was folding sheets for books daily from eight until five.

"Tell us your secret," said some of the teachers one day, to Miss—. It was at a little afternoon meeting of the lady teachers, informally assembled to talk over methods. "How do you contrive to hold those girls?"

"I have no secret," was the reply. "I pray for my girls daily. I name each individual at some time every week, to my Master, and I study the lesson with my whole heart and soul. I try to make it a living lesson; not a story of the past, but a vivid stirring story for to-day. I try to find out what is back of each girl—what home influences she has, what her surroundings, and to what key her life is set. Then I seek to discover whether she is happy or discontented, whether she feels herself of use, and what work she can do, and my constant refuge in every doubt and perplexity is my Saviour. I know these young lives are very precious to him, and I cannot be satisfied to let them slip into worldliness, when they ought to be consecrated to him."

"But how did you conquer the caste feeling so completely?"

A light came into the dark eyes, kind-

ling the expressive face into rare beauty. "I think nothing about it. Caste must go down when the cross is the central thought. Why, Elsie D. brought Katrine in, having asked permission of her friend, who was Katrine's employer; and Nora came because Katrine, who lived next door, asked her to; and Miss Jenny F., a gifted young creature who is very much alone in the vast city, was invited by Carrie P., who also studies with Professor—. Once we had set the ball rolling, there was no trouble. "The only secret," said the little woman, smiling, "is that I bear my scholars on my heart night and day, that I set them at work and that I get them to be wide awake with interest in the Bible, which is the most interesting book in the world. And then I trust in One who never breaks his word. He is with us always."—*S. S. Times.*

MABEL'S SECRET.

The first day of the New Year and the children were quarrelling! A bad beginning!

"Alice and Harriet, take your knitting work. John and Henry, you may each bring nine armfuls of wood into the woodshed. Mabel, you may take your slate and write; and I guess if they are left alone, the two babies can take care of themselves. Now for half an hour, let us have silence. If anybody speaks let it be in a whisper."

So there was silence in the kitchen, except the noise the little mother made with her pie-making, and the occasional prattle of the two babies.

There was generally a good deal of noise at Number Thirteen; and sometimes—pretty often—it wasn't pleasant noise. The children were all young and all wanted their own way. But they had learned to mind their mother.

Little Mabel sat with her slate on her knee, looking thoughtful. She wrote and erased, and wrote again with much painstaking labor. At last she seemed satisfied and, going to her mother, said in a whisper—

"May I have a little piece of white paper and a pencil out of your drawer? I want to copy something."

"What is it? Let me see," said her mother.

Mabel hesitated and blushed, but held it up to her, saying, "You won't tell, will you, mother?"

Her mother read it twice over. Tears gathered in her eyes.

"You won't tell anybody, will you?" entreated little Mabel.

"No, no, certainly not; it shall be a little secret between you and me."

She got a nice piece of paper, and sharpened the pencil anew for the child, although she was pie-making.

Mabel copied it very carefully, and laid it away in the bottom of her handkerchief box, saying—

"I shall see it often there, and nobody goes there but mother and I."

But it happened one day that Harriet was sent to distribute the pile of clean handkerchiefs from the ironing into the different boxes, and as Mabel's was empty, she saw the writing. It was so short that she took it in at a glance:

"Resolved, To Alwys spek pleasant when Enny body speks cros.

MABEL FORD."

Somehow it fixed itself in Harriet's mind, and that evening she was busy with pen and ink. The result was a writing in Harriet's handkerchief box, with a resolution written more neatly, but the same in effect:

"Resolved, That I will try this year to return pleasant words for cros ones.

HARRIET FORD."

It made a difference that was easy to see when two of the children began to practise this resolution. There was less of quarrelling.

"That's mine! You better mind your own business!" said John to Harriet, one day, when she took up his top and was putting it in his drawer.

"But, John, mother want's me to clear up the room," said Harriet.

"Well, I want the top to stay there!" said John obstinately.

"Well, perhaps it's no matter. A top isn't much litter," said Harriet pleasantly. John was fully prepared for a contest. He was afraid he would rather have relished one. He stared. Then he looked ashamed.

"What made you say that, Harriet?"

Harriet laughed and colored a little.

"Tell me! what made you?" John insisted.

"Come here, and I'll show you," said she. She took him into the clothes-press, where was a row of pretty handkerchief-boxes, each labelled.

She opened little Mabel's, and took out the clean soft pile of handkerchiefs. "Look there!" said she. John read.

"The good little thing! She never does quarrel anyhow," said John.

"So I thought I'd better put one in mine too," said Harriet, and she showed hers.—*Youth's Companion.*

SEVEN APOSTOLIC COMMANDMENTS

As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, walk ye in Him. Rooted and built up in Him.—Col. ii. 6. 7.

2. Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfill the lusts of the flesh.—Gal. v. 16.

3. Walk in love, as Jesus also hath loved us, and hath given Himself for us, an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savour.—Eph. v. 2.

4. And this is love, that we may walk after His commandments.—2 John 6.

For this is the love of God, that we keep His commandments.—1 John v. 3.

5. See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time because the days are evil.—Eph. v. 15, 16.

6. Now are ye light in the Lord: walk as children of light; proving what is acceptable unto the Lord.—Eph. v. 6, 10.

7. Walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God.—Col. i. 10; Eph. iv. 1, 2.

He that saith he abideth in Him, ought himself also so to walk, even as He walked.—1 John ii. 6.

PRAY WITH YOUR CHILDREN.

BY REV. D. NASH.

The friend of a young mother was talking with her about her maternal responsibilities, and urged the duty of constant and believing prayer for the early conversion of her children. She assured him that it was her daily practice to carry her little ones to the throne of grace, yet complained of a want of faith and definiteness in asking for them the special influences of the Holy Spirit.

"Do you pray for each child separately, and by name?" enquired the friend.

"No; that has never been my habit," was the reply.

"I think it is of much importance, Mrs. H., especially as a help to our faith and to the clearness and intensity of our desires on their behalf. You pray with them, I trust, as well as for them?"

"Sometimes I do, but not often. They seem a little restless and inclined to whisper together while my eyes are closed, and so I have felt less embarrassment and more freedom in supplication by being alone at such seasons."

"Let me persuade you, dear Mrs. H., to try a different plan. Take your little son and daughter each separately to the place of prayer, and kneeling with them before the Lord, tell him the name, the daily history, the special want of each, and see if your heart is not opened to plead for them as you have never done before."

Tears were in the eyes of the young mother as she said with trembling lips, "I'll try."

As evening came she had not forgotten her promise, but as she saw that Sarah, her daughter was unusually peevish, she thought best to take her little son first to the chamber. Willie was a bright and pleasant boy of five years, and when his mother whispered her wish to pray with him, he gladly put his hand in hers and knelt by her side. As he heard his name mentioned before the Lord, a tender hush fell upon his young spirit, and he clasped his mother's fingers more tightly as each petition for his special need was breathed into the ear of his Father in heaven. And did not the clinging of that little hand warm her heart to new and more fervent desire as she poured forth her supplication to the Healer and Answerer of prayer?

When the mother and child rose from their knees, Willie's face was like a rainbow smiling through tears.

"Mamma, mamma," said he, "I am glad you told Jesus my name. Now He'll know me when I get to heaven; and when the kind angels that carry little children to the Saviour take me and lay me in His arms, Jesus will look at me so pleasant and say, 'Why, this is Willie H. His mother told me about him. How happy I am to see you, Willie!' Won't that be nice, mamma?"

Mrs. H. never forgot that since, and when she was permitted to see not only her dear Willie and Sarah, but the children afterward added to her family circle, each successively consecrating the dew of their youth to God, she did indeed feel that her friend's plan was "the more excellent way." So she resolved to recommend it to the praying mothers by telling them this touching incident. When they meet their children at the last great day, may Jesus own as His those whom they have told Him about on earth.—*Zion's Herald.*

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

June 3.—Acts 13: 13-16, 43-52.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. "The Gospel spreading through the world." "The Gospel of the kingdom," I am told in Matthew, "shall be preached unto all nations, and then shall the end come." I never read the words without remembering a spectacle I, in common with thousands, saw, and which none that saw it can ever forget. It was when Her Majesty the Queen visited the metropolis in 1842. Scarcely had the twilight darkened into night, when, from every hill surrounding that most magnificent of cities, there seemed to rise simultaneously a crest of fire. Each mountaineer lifted up in his hand a torch; and from Berwick to Fife, and Fife to Stirling, the great frith was at once illuminated. It was a witness, it was a token to the land that its sovereignty was near. Thus, when the Gospel beacons from California to Japan are fully lit, it will be a witness, a token to the earth, that the end is approaching. Our part, meanwhile, is surely to go forward, and light up from land to land the signals of this great and blessed advent.—*Jr. George Gillilan.*

II. "The different effects of the Gospel." To some it is the savor of life unto life, and to others theavor of death unto death, according as men receive it. Just as the same sun melts the wax and hardens the clay; or as the sun and rain which make the living plants grow and blossom and bear fruit, are the instruments of decay to those which are dead.—*P.*

PRACTICAL.

1. Ver. 13. No difficulties will keep the true worker from going forward with his work.

2. Those who turn back from duty once find it hard to recover the character and work they have lost.

3. And yet he who once in youth has been a coward, may so repent as to become the bravest and best of soldiers.

4. Ver. 43. Blessed are those who continue in the grace of God given them at conversion.

5. Ver. 45. Bad men are opposed to the best things which God gives to others.

6. When men have neither argument nor right on their side, they make up the deficiency by hard words and reproaches.

7. Ver. 46. Rejecters of Christ prove themselves unworthy of everlasting eternal life.

8. Only those who first leave God are left by him.

9. It is terribly dangerous to reject even once the offers of salvation.

10. Ver. 50. Men often drive away from themselves the greatest of blessings,—the Gospel, God's love, usefulness, brotherly kindness.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

We have, in this lesson, two contrasts,—different ways of working and receiving. (1) Two kinds of workers (ver 13, 14)—Paul and Mark when a young man. (2) Two kinds of hearers' (vers. 15, 16, 43, 52)—the believing Jews and Gentiles, rejoicing in the Gospel; and the unbelieving Jews, opposing and speaking evil of the Gospel.

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THE MAGIC DANCE.

BY C. A. ZIMMERMAN.

It is probable that some of you have had an opportunity of seeing experiments in what is known as frictional electricity, performed by means of costly apparatus and powerful batteries. But by observing the following directions, you can now enjoy a similar exhibition, produced in a very few minutes by the simplest materials.

We shall require two pretty thick books, so placed as to support a pane of glass, say twelve by ten inches in size, held between their pages, as shown in this picture—the glass being about one inch and one-quarter from the top of the table on which the experiment is to be tried. This done, you may exercise your skill with a pair of scissors, and cut out of tissue paper the figures that are to dance. They must not exceed one inch and one-eighth in length, and they may represent absurd little ladies and gentlemen, or any animal you may happen to think of.

You will find admirable little figures of children in Miss Greenaway's charming book, "Under the Window,"—if you are so fortunate to possess it. These can be traced on the tissue paper, and colored if desired, or you can cut small figures out of the pictures in illustrated newspapers, the more comical the better.

Now place the dancers upon the table underneath the glass (see illustration), and with a silk, cotton, or linen handkerchief, apply friction to the top of the pane, by rubbing briskly in a circular manner; the figures soon will start into activity, execute jigs, between table and glass, join hands, stand on their heads,—in short, it would be difficult to describe all their antics. Touch the glass with your finger, and they will fall, as if dead upon the table.—*St. Nicholas.*

A BIRTHDAY GIFT.

Baby Elsie was cooing in her crib. She was one year old today, and her mother and Aunt Marion were looking at her with delighted eyes, when there came a ring at the door. The postman handed in a letter, addressed in a quaint, cramped handwriting, to Elsie Allan.

"A letter to Baby!" exclaimed the surprised mamma. "And surely it is from Aunt Dorothy. Well, what has prompted this, I wonder?"

As the letter was opened, a piece of paper fluttered out. It proved on examination to be a cheque for \$25. The letter was as follows:

"Baby Elsie's Great-Aunt Dorothy sends her a birthday gift, which she hopes Baby's mother, niece Laura, will invest for Baby in the wisest way she can think of."

"Of course, Laura, you will put it in the savings' bank for her, and let it be a nest egg. Dear little girlie, it would be nice for her to have a bank-book of her very own."

"No," said Mrs. Allen, "I won't do that."

"Well, then, I'd advise you spending it on the little thing herself. She needs a new dress and cloak, and she ought to have a silver spoon and fork of her own, and that way of using it would, I am sure, be agreeable to Aunt Dorothy."

The young mother was looking at her child with a very sweet expression on her thoughtful face.

"Marion," she said, "I shall send this money to the Treasurer of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions, and let its payment make Elsie a Life-Member of that society. I want to bring her up to be an earnest and devoted child of God, and a servant of Christ; and what can I do better than to send this, her birthday



gift, in her name, to help tell the old, old story to the perishing in heathen lands?"

And that was the investment which Aunt Dorothy's money made for a wee maiden, who, if she lives, will never remember the time when she was not interested in Foreign Missions.—*Chris. Intelligencer.*

NELLIE'S VERSE.

It was Nellie's birthday, and mamma had suggested that she should choose a Bible verse to help her through the coming year; so now she sits with her own beautiful new Bible, a present from grandmamma, and looking over the familiar chapters of the gospels, her eyes rest on the words of Jesus found in St. John 8: 29: "I do always those things that please Him."

"Mamma, I have found such a good verse," said Nellie, as she read it aloud. "I would like to do always those things which

please my Heavenly Father, but I forget so often."

"Ask God to help you, my darling," said mamma. "When you feel tired or impatient, no matter where you are or what you are doing, raise your heart in prayer to him for strength to do as he would have you, and he will never fail you."

"I will, mamma," said Nellie earnestly, and together then they knelt, and the mother prayed that the dear Father of us all would indeed bless her child, and enable her to "do always those things which please him."—*Christine R. Marshall*

THE DEAD RAVEN.

A poor weaver once lived in the little German town of Wuppertal—a poor man in his outward circumstances, but rich toward God, and well known in his neighborhood as one who trusted in the Lord at all times. His constant faith expressed itself in what became his habitual

the little room on the ground floor in which they lived. The window was open, and, possibly, the words were heard outside, with which the weaver strove to keep up their courage: "The Lord helps." Presently a street boy looked saucily in, and threw a dead raven at the feet of the pious man. "There, saint, there is something for you to eat!" he cried, tauntingly.

The weaver picked up the dead raven, and stroking its feathers down, said compassionately.

"Poor creature! thou must have died of hunger."

When, however, he felt its crop to see whether it was empty he noticed something hard, and wished to know what had caused the bird's death, he began to examine it. What was his surprise when, on opening the gullet, a gold necklace fell into his hand! The wife looked at it confounded; the weaver exclaimed, "The Lord helps!" and in haste took the chain to the nearest goldsmith, told him how he had found it, and received with gladness two dollars, which the goldsmith offered to lend him for his present need. The goldsmith soon cleaned the trinket, and recognised it as one he had seen before.

"Shall I tell you the owner?" he asked, when the weaver called again.

"Yes," was the joyful answer, "for I would gladly give it back into the right hands."

But what cause had he to admire the wonderful ways of God when the goldsmith pronounced the name of his master at the factory! Quickly he took the necklace and went with it to his former employer. In his family, too, there was much joy at the discovery, for suspicion was removed from the servant. But the merchant was ashamed and touched; he had not forgotten the words uttered by the poor man when he was dismissed.

"Yes," he said thoughtfully and kindly, "the Lord helps; and now you shall not only go home richly rewarded, but I will no longer leave without work so faithful and pious a workman, whom the Lord so evidently stands by and helps; you shall henceforth be no more in need."

Thus He who fed Elijah by living ravens, proves Himself equally able to supply the needs of His tried servant by the same bird when dead.—*From "Tales of Trust." By H. L. Hastings.*

Poor sad humanity,
Through all the dust and heat,
Turns back with bleeding feet,
By the weary road it came,
Unto the simple thought
By the Great Master taught,
And that remaineth still:
Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will.

—H. W. Longfellow.

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, May 23rd, 1883.

The grain market has been very quiet all week sales in all grades being very small. The character of the market is decidedly weak though quotations are unchanged. We quote Canada Red Winter \$1.17 to \$1.18; Canada White \$1.12 to \$1.13; Canada Spring \$1.15 to \$1.16 as to quality. Peas at 96c to 97c. Rye 73c to 74c. Oats, 40c for May delivery. Barley nominal.

Flour.—The market is entirely without change, excepting that it is of a more decidedly lifeless character than last week. Prices unchanged. Quotations as follows: Superior Extra, \$5.02 1/2 to \$5.05; Extra Superfine, \$4.90; Fancy nominal; Spring Extra, \$4.85 to \$4.90; Superfine, \$4.60 to \$4.65; Strong Bakers' Canadian, \$6.15 to \$6.25; do, American, \$6.25 to \$6.75; Fine, \$4.10 to \$4.20; Middlings, \$3.70 to \$3.75; Pollards, 3.50 to \$3.60; Ontario bags, medium, \$2.40 to \$2.50; do, Spring Extra, \$2.35 to \$2.45; do, Superfine, \$2.20 to \$2.30; City Bags, delivered, \$3.10.

MEALS.—Slightly cheaper. Oatmeal, \$3.25 to \$3.55 for ordinary, and \$3.50 to \$6.00 for granulated. Cornmeal \$3.50 to \$3.70 per barrel.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Butter. This market very quiet still, wholesale lots about 25c. Cheese slightly lower. We quote: 11c to 11 1/2c outside prices finest.

HOG PRODUCE.—Steady, and at slightly higher prices. We quote: Canada, short cut, \$23.50 to \$24.00; Western, \$22.50 to \$23.00; Hams city cured, 14c to 15c; Bacon, 13c to 14c; Lard in pails, 14 1/2c to 15c.

ASHES.—Are quiet at \$5.10 to \$5.15.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

The supplies of butchers' cattle are pretty large this week and prices are somewhat lower. Choice butchers' cattle sell at 5 1/2c to 6 1/2c per lb, and fair to good steers 5 1/2c to 5 1/4c do rough steers, oxen and large fat cows bring from 4 1/2c to 5c. do., and leanish stock, 4 1/4c to 4 1/2c. Calves are not nearly so plentiful as on last week and prices are advancing. Common calves sell at from \$2.50 to \$4.50 each and good veal \$6 to \$12 each. Sheep are still scarce and pretty high priced, but lambs are plentiful and lower priced, selling from \$2 to \$4.50 each. Live hogs are sold in lots at about 7 1/2c per lb. The horse trade is nearly at a standstill owing to the scarcity of horses offering.

FARMERS' MARKET.

Very few farmers have brought their produce to the city markets this week owing to the continued cold and wet weather, but the market boats are bringing liberal supplies, which are generally sold at higher rates. Market gardeners are increasing their supplies of green vegetables, and although the quality is improving, prices are declining. Dairy produce is arriving in larger quantities and prices are declining. The hay market is poorly supplied and prices of good hay are higher. Oats are \$1.00 to \$1.10 per bag; potatoes 60c to 80c per bag; onions \$2.50 to \$4.50 per barrel; turnips, beets and carrots 50c per bushel; tub butter 12c to 23c per lb; prints 25c to 35c do.; eggs, 17c to 22c per dozen; Apples \$3 to \$6 per barrel; hay \$9.50 to \$12 per 100 bundles of 15 lbs; straw \$4 to \$5 per 100 bundles of 12 lbs.

THE HOURS.

Hours have wings, and fly to the Author of time, and carry news of our usage. All our prayers cannot treat one of them either to return or slacken his pace. The misspent of every minute are a new record against us in heaven. Surely, if we thought thus, we would dismiss them with better reports, and not suffer them to fly away empty, or laden with dangerous intelligence. How happy is it when they carry up not only the message, but the fruits of good, and stay with the Ancient of Days, to speak for us before His glorious throne!

Teacher.—"Can you tell me which is the oratory organ?" Pupil frankly answers—"No, sir." Teacher—"Correct." Pupil goes off in a brown study.

A Boston paper gives the following wise piece of advice to its bachelor readers:—"Never marry a girl unless you have known her three days and a picnic."

CASUALTY.

A bicyclist lately ran against the King of Belgium's horse at Bois, throwing His Majesty to the ground but not injuring him.

In a Portuguese village a few days ago, a dynamite bomb exploded at a fireworks display, killing four persons and injuring twenty.

An extraordinarily violent storm swept the great lakes on the twentieth, and reports of many disasters on the following day left no doubt that the sum total of calamity must have been very large, although at a later date, in the height of the shipping season, the storm must have been much more disastrous.

Mrs. Pawson was burned to death with her son aged ten, while trying to rescue him from a burning house at Braebridge, Ontario. The father and also the firemen made ineffectual attempts to save both. A daughter had been aroused in time to save her life by the devoted mother before she met her unhappy fate.

Long Island, New York, was visited by a fearful thunder storm on the fourteenth. Mrs. Frederick's residence at Springfield was almost demolished by lightning; that lady and her daughter were thrown out of bed and found in a senseless state, but they recovered. Other damage to buildings by lightning occurred, and whole fields of young vegetables were ruined by hail. A sheep was struck by lightning and sunk in Oyster Bay, and the captain and a boy were washed ashore after struggling in the water for three hours.

The steamer "Granite State," running between New York and Hartford, Connecticut, was burned at five o'clock on the morning of the eighteenth, while approaching Goodspeed's Landing, forty-one miles below Hartford. Four persons perished by burning and one by drowning. The latter was Mrs. C. L. Maine, of New Haven, who jumped overboard with her husband, the latter, however, after both had sunk three times, being saved by catching in the paddles. They were on their wedding trip. A panic was averted on board the boat by the admirable conduct of the crew. Although badly burned, the engineer stuck to his post until the boat reached the wharf.

A terrible cyclone visited parts of Illinois, Missouri and Wisconsin on Friday of last week, leaving death and devastation in its track. Racine, Wisconsin, appears to have received the severest visitation, about a hundred and fifty buildings being demolished, and from twenty-five to fifty persons killed and many injured. In the area of half by quarter of a mile hardly a building was left standing. Most wonderful escapes are recorded. Fourteen persons were completely buried in the collapse of a brick store, but all got out of the ruins not only alive but unhurt. Twelve came out of the wreck of a cigar factory, without injury. Harvard, Marquand, Grafton, Jacksonville, Woodlawn, Wabash, Sillsboro, and Springfield, all in Illinois, fell in the course of the storm, and great damage attended with fatalities occurred in nearly every one of them. Montgomery, Warren and Charles counties in Missouri were ploughed through by the cyclone, with like dire results to those elsewhere. In Wisconsin the loss of life could not be accurately computed, owing to telegraph wires being down. It was estimated in Chicago that over sixty had been killed in Illinois. Eye-witnesses of the storm describe it as a whirling, funnel-shaped cloud that looked like an immense column of mist, and emitted myriads of electric sparks.

ADVICE TO YOUNG PEOPLE ABOUT BORROWING.

Have your own things. Accustom yourselves to being careful to keep on hand your own stock of writing-paper, pens, pencils, and india-rubber. Do not depend on "mamma's" work-basket for a thimble or needles, nor on her drawers for ruffles and handkerchiefs. Do not consider that you have a right to borrow "papa's" knife, or to make a foray on brother Tom's room for strings and wrapping-paper. Everybody should be independent of the home world, so far as some personal belongings are concerned. If you allow yourselves to form the habit of going lither and thither with "Please lend me this," and "Do oblige me with that," you will often annoy people who are too polite to show their feelings, and you will sometimes incur mortifying refusals. It is usually much better to do without the use of an article than to borrow it. This is especially true of things to wear. There are girls who put on their sisters' hats and aprons quite indiscriminately. These are boys who never have a collar in their box, or a tie that is not a perfect string and not fit to be seen. Remember that a very wise man has told you, "The borrower is servant to the lender." This has many meanings, or rather the meaning of it makes itself plain in many ways as you go on in life. You will have a truer self-respect if you decide that you will, so far as you can, stand on your own feet and not borrow your neighbor's crutches.

GERON AND THE YOUTH.

Geron, an old man of eighty, was sitting, at the door of his rural dwelling when a youth from town came to him and entered into conversation. When he heard the number of his years he marvelled at his healthful and vigorous appearance, and asked Geron what he had done to enjoy such strength and serenity in the winter of his life. He answered, "My son, this is, like every good gift, from above. Yet we must do something here below to obtain it." Then the old man arose, took the stranger to the orchard, and showed him the splendid trees laden with delicious fruit. Then the old man said, "Dost thou marvel that I now enjoy the fruit of those trees? Behold, my son, I planted them in my youth. Here thou hast the mystery of my quiet, faithful old age." The youth bowed his head, for he understood the old man's words, and pondered them in his heart.—Krummacker.

ENGLISH OAKS.

The noted oaks of England, thanks to those who have preserved them, thanks to the universal veneration for timber, and to a stirring and lengthened history, are innumerable. Windsor Forest is particularly rich in historic oaks, and Sherwood Forest, though disforested, still contains some memorial timber. The great Winfarthing Oak, in Norfolk, was called the "Old Oak" in the time of the Conqueror, and has been supposed to have attained the age of one thousand five hundred years. The King Oak in Windsor Forest is upward of one thousand years old.

LAUGHING GAS.

It is at the quilling "bee" where you hear the stinging remark.

At this season of the year the submissive spouse is simply a tacks gatherer.

A carpenter calls his jack-plane "poor rule," because it won't work both ways.

Funny, isn't it, that you always see night-fall before any stars begin to shoot.

"There was one thing about Munchausen" (the famous prevaricator), says a Philadelphia paper; "The Baron never tried to be a weather prophet."

A country debating society should wrestle with the question, "Resolved, That a deaf man who walks on the railway track is a bigger fool than the man who points a gun at his friend."

"Is your mistress in?" said a caller to a domestic. "She is, sir." "Is she engaged?" asked the caller. "Faith she is more than that," was Bridget's prompt response; "she's married."

Ann Eliza writes to ask why a poor man invariably keeps dogs. We have not given the question much consideration, but we have concluded that a poor man supports a dog to keep "the wolf from the door."

ROBERT MILLER, of Windom, Minn., has succeeded in making a syrup from the sap of box elders, which is represented to be lighter than maple syrup and of a fine palatable flavor. It is said that it makes a very pure white sugar.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON X.

June 8, 1883. [Acts 13: 3-16, 43-42.]

AT ANTIOCH.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 47-49.

(Revised Version.)

Now Paul and his company set sail from 13 Paphos, and came to Perga in Pamphylia; and John departed from them and returned to Jerusalem. But they, passing through 14 Perga, came to Antioch in Pisidia; and they went into the synagogue on the sabbath day, and sat down. And after the reading of 15 the law and the prophets the rulers of the synagogue sent unto them, saying, Brethren, if ye have any word of exhortation for the people, say on. And Paul stood up, and beckoning with the hand said,

Men of Israel, and ye that fear God, hearken. Now when the synagogue broke up, many 43 of the Jews and of the devout proselytes followed Paul and Barnabas: who, speaking to them, urged them to continue in the grace of God. And the next sabbath almost the whole city 44 was gathered together to hear the word of God. But when the Jews saw the multitudes, they were filled with jealousy, and contradicted the things which were said by Paul, and blasphemed. And Paul and Barnabas spake 45 out boldly, and said, It was necessary that we should first tell you all these things, and judge yourselves unworthy of eternal life, lo, we turn to the Gentiles. For so hath the Lord com- 47 manded us, saying,

I have set thee for a light of the Gentiles, That thou shouldst be for salvation unto the uttermost part of the earth.

And as the Gentiles heard this, they were 48 glad, and glorified the word of God: and as many as were ordained to eternal life believed. And the word of the Lord was spread 49 abroad throughout all the region. But the 50 Jews urged on the devout women of honorable estate, and the chief men of the city, and stirred up a persecution against Paul and Barnabas, and cast them out of their borders. But they shook off the dust of their feet 51 against them, and came unto Iconium. And the disciples were filled with joy and with the Holy Ghost.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"And the word of the Lord was published throughout all the region."—Acts 13: 49.

TOPIC.—Preaching to Jews and Gentiles.

LESSON PLAN.—1. PREACHING IN THE SYNAGOGUE, VS. 12-16. 2. THE ENVY OF THE JEWS, VS. 43-45. 3. TURNING TO THE GENTILES, VS. 46-48. 4. THE PREACHERS DRIVEN AWAY, VS. 50-52.

Time.—A. D. 45. Place.—Antioch in Pisidia.

LESSON NOTES.

V. 13. PERGA—about one hundred miles northwest from Paphos, on the river Cestus, seven miles inland from Attalia. PAMPHYLIA—a province of Asia Minor, north of the western end of Cyprus. JOHN DEPARTING—why, we are not told, but we know that his reason did not satisfy Paul, ch. 15: 38. V. 14. ANTIOCH—the capital of Pisidia, a province of Asia Minor, between Pamphylia on the south and Pterygia on the north. V. 15. AFTER THE READING—compare Luke 4: 16, 17. V. 16. THE GREAT GROUND—preaching to the Gentiles. Read carefully all this address before passing to the remaining part of the lesson. V. 43. BROKE UP—dismissed. RELIGIOUS PROSELYTES—Gentiles worshipping as the Jews. V. 44. THE WHOLE CITY—a very great multitude; not the Jews only, but the Gentiles from the Gentiles. V. 45. CONTRADICTED AND BLASPHEMING—denying and reviling them as false teachers. V. 46. IT WAS NECESSARY—this phrase, which required it, Luke 24: 17. PUT IT FROM YOU—willfully despise and reject it. JUDGE YOURSELVES UNWORTHY—by their words and deeds they passed judgment on themselves and decided that they were unworthy of the grace of the gospel. WE TURN TO THE GENTILES—the Messiah and Saviour whom you reject we offer to the heathen about you. V. 47. SO HATH THE LORD COMMANDED—see Acts 9: 15, 22; 21: 26; 22: 17. WE ARE SIMPLY OBTAINING OUR GODS PLAN. The quotation is from Isa. 42: 6. V. 48. GLORIFIED THE WORD OF THE LORD—honored the new doctrine and praised God for it. OBTAINED TO ETERNAL LIFE—appointed or determined to eternally live. BELIEVED—loved Christ as the Saviour of V. 49. ALL THE REGION—about Antioch. V. 50. DEVOUT AND HONORABLE—Gentiles who had embraced the Jewish religion, and quick to be excited and stirred up by those who rejected the gospel lest you lose it. ICONIUM—nearly 100 miles south-east of Antioch; now called Konia. V. 52. THOU HAST—thou hast, left at Antioch. JOY.... THE HOLY GHOST—see Rom. 14: 17.

TEACHINGS:

- 1. Those most familiar with the truth are sometimes least affected by it.
2. Those seemingly furthest from God are often the first to obey the gospel.
3. God seeks men before they seek him.
4. He never turns away from any until they first turn away from him.
5. Wicked men by their own conduct write their own condemnation.

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