

Weekly Messenger

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VOL. 11.

MONTREAL AND NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1883.

No. 1.

NOV 30 1973

CASUALTY.

There was a large gathering of Sunday-school children at a Christmas dinner in Montgomery, Kentucky, and a Christmas tree was erected on the stage. A man disguised as Santa Claus came forward when the curtain rose, and in passing the tree his clothing caught fire and the flames quickly covered him. He jumped down among the audience, when he was wrapped with an overcoat by somebody and held down. Another overcoat was thrown at him, but knocked a lamp down, spilling the oil over him. Then desperate efforts were made to save the man's life, pans full of dish water being among the means employed. The flames were at length subdued, but the victim, George Smedes, was badly burned. A portion of the audience, fleeing in a panic when the man in flames jumped among them, trampled upon each other in the scramble to get down stairs. Annie Sullivan is the name of a woman who lived one hundred and two years to be killed by being run over by the cars at Winchester, Massachusetts, on the twenty-sixth of December last. While playing with a pistol that another boy gave him, in New York city lately, Samuel Blackwood, aged twelve, not knowing the weapon was loaded, shot Louise Stanwood, of Stapleton, Long Island, the same age as himself, in the forehead, causing what was thought a fatal wound. A number of young men in Corvallis, Oregon, went to bed in their lodging-place while drunk, and a large fire they left communicated to the building, which was burned down, two of the men perishing in the flames and a third being seriously burned. Patrick O'Neil was lighting gasoline in the street lamps of Lexington, Kentucky, on the twenty-sixth of December, when he overturned a lamp and the burning fluid poured over himself and the horse he was riding. The terrified animal ran off and in turning a corner threw the rider, who rushed all ablaze into the nearest house, but was fatally burned before the fire was smothered, his body to the waist being burned to a crisp. In New York a few days ago Marcus Pike playfully snapped a rusty toy pistol at his sister aged twenty, and the bullet entered her face near the nose and produced a dangerous wound. A huge chimney in Bradford, England, on December twenty-eighth fell upon a building full of operatives. One hundred and twenty were taken out alive, but about forty are known to be killed. The damage done is estimated at over three hundred thousand dollars, and three thousand persons are thrown out of employment, as eight mills that had flue connections with the chimney are stopped. Two sons of James McRae, Upper Canada, Nova Scotia, were playing with a pistol on Christmas day, and it went off while the elder, aged seventeen, was loading it, and the bullet entered the body of the younger, aged eleven, placing him in a critical though not hopeless condition. Captain Michael Wilson was shot in the neck in Halifax, Nova Scotia, lately, by a young friend, a clerk in a hardware store, who in fun pointed a gun supposed to be unloaded, at him and snapped it, and by last accounts the wound had taken a dangerous turn. Floods have been doing vast damage in Germany, Austria, Switzerland

and France; cities being damaged, villages destroyed, bridge and railway embankments washed away, and many lives lost by drowning at various places. Charles Banks was killed at Laona, New York, the other day by a large icicle falling upon his head from a roof. A lad of sixteen, son of Charles Keith, was killed in his father's mill at Montague River, Prince Edward Island, recently, by being caught in one of the belts.

CRIME.

Some indignation is felt in Minnesota over the pardoning of W. Keen, a bank cashier, sentenced in 1879 to seven years' imprisonment for embezzling a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. A band of counterfeiters have been caught near Parkersburg, West Virginia, who had been flooding that and adjoining States with base silver for some time. At Ladonia, Texas, the day before Christmas, a ruffian named William Vaughan ended a trivial dispute by shooting with mortal effect two brothers named Boone, great grandsons of Daniel Boone, the famous pioneer explorer of Kentucky. A hundred men set out in pursuit of the murderer. Selah C. Caril was sentenced in New York on December 26th to fifteen years for passing four hundred and seventy thousand dollars of counterfeit bonds. Merriman Montgomery, about twenty-eight years old, on December 26th at Packardville, Massachusetts, shot his two children—George, aged six, and Eva, aged four—and would have murdered his wife and father-in-law had the latter not been able to hold him until help arrived. The murderer was arrested, but denied knowledge of the crime when taken before the authorities at Northampton. The family came from the West last spring, and little is known of them. Montgomery had not lived with his wife for eight months, and it was upon her refusal to live with him that he set about his fearful work. Thomas Kerr murdered William Hartley in cold blood in a saloon at Globe, Arizona, and, after being informally tried by a jury of twelve men, was given an hour to settle his affairs. He coolly wrote a letter to his mother in Lexington, Ill., and requested that his effects should be given to her, and after he had several drinks the citizens took him out to a sycamore tree, where he made a speech, confessing to the murder of several men. Upon being let down after hanging a moment, he asked leave to take off his boots, saying he did not want to die with them on. The request was granted and the murderer was then swung up until dead. The celebration of Christmas in many cities of the Southern States was marked by drunkenness and crime to an appalling extent. There were two or three murders in Atlanta, Georgia, besides numerous acts of violence, and New Orleans, Louisiana, also devoted the day to debauchery and disorder. Charles Russell and Charles Carey, book-keepers for two large establishments at Syracuse, New York, disappeared lately, and an examination of their books showed that they had stolen large amounts. Burglary showing a skilled hand has lately been committed at St. Catharines, Ontario, the marauder getting two hundred and fifty dollars from a safe. A reign of terror is said to exist in Chicago, highway robbery

being of almost hourly occurrence after nightfall. An affray with pistols took place at Abilene, Kansas, arising from an affront taken by friends of a young lady at a jumping-jack being placed on a Christmas tree for her. Shadinger, the man who gave the odd present, and Foreman, a brother of the young lady, were mortally wounded by each other, and several of their respective sides were wounded, some seriously. Timothy Toomey has been arrested at Calais, Maine, in consequence of Mrs. Carr having been found dead in his house on New Year's morning, supposed to have been killed in a drunken row. Watch night services in a church in Reading, Pennsylvania, were rudely disturbed by the discharge of a large cannon, loaded with stones and powder, which stove in the front wall and shattered nearly all the windows of the building. No one was hurt in the audience, although, of course, the greatest excitement was produced. Eighty arrests were made in connection with the outrage. Mrs. Jay Stillwell confessed to three murders, recently, while upon her deathbed at Mount Vernon, Ohio. Benjamin Swigert, her first husband, she had killed in Maryville, Missouri, in 1877, with the aid of her mother and brother. The same assistants had part with her in the murder of a stranger for his money while stopping at her boarding-house. Her third victim was her daughter of fourteen, whom she strangled in the presence of her mother at Rulo, Nebraska, in 1880. The wretch, who was dying of consumption, also confessed to three attempts upon the life of her present husband, with the object of getting his life insurance. One of the most horrible crimes on record was committed in the usually quiet village of Little Bideau, Prescott county, Ontario, on the morning of January second. A farmer named Mr. Raggles W. Cooke, his wife, daughter Emma and son George were killed outright, his son William supposed mortally wounded, daughters Fannie severely and Maggie slightly wounded. The murderer is a young Englishman named Frederick Mann, lately from London, a baker by trade but employed by Mr. Cooke the past three months as a farm servant. Emma Cook and her mother were first attacked, the monster strangling them with a rope. The father was killed in the barnyard with an axe, and George was slain with the same weapon, while sleeping in his bed. The murderer then rushed into Willie's room and struck the occupant on the thigh with the axe, inflicting a terrible wound, but the disabled boy grappled with him, and Maggie and Fannie hearing the noise came to their brother's assistance. In a struggle that ensued Maggie secured the axe, when Mann seized a lamp and gave Fannie a severe wound on the head with it. He then fled down the back stairs, and the two girls going down the front way met him in the dining-room armed with a poker, with which he attacked them. They managed to shut a door against him and one of them hailed a passer-by, who called for more assistance, and then the murderer fled and at last accounts had not been caught.

THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT has been summoned to meet on February fifteenth.

FIRES.

The main building of the Somerset Fibre Company, Fairfield, Maine, was burned on December 27th, causing a loss of fifty-five thousand dollars, and by the explosion of a digester John Pooler was killed. The New Brunswick Cordage Works, St. John, N.E., owned by Thomas Connor & Son, were burned on December 26th; loss eight thousand dollars, fully insured. A sugar refinery in Greenock, Scotland, has been burned, the loss being a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars; and extensive flour mills in Belfast, Ireland, lost two hundred thousand dollars. Addison's panning mill in Hamilton, Ontario, was burned December 29th, loss two thousand dollars. Byrne & Smith's bleachery at Lodi, New Jersey, was burned December 29th, loss two hundred thousand dollars. The wood of Bostwick Hall, Norfolk, England, has been swept off by fire; loss two hundred thousand dollars. The Pennsylvania Coal Company suffered a loss of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars by a fire at their works in Pittston, Pennsylvania, on January first. A fire in a building in Boston on the night of December 31st caused a loss of one hundred and twenty-three thousand dollars, as follows: Thirty thousand to the Mystic Rubber Company; fifteen thousand to the Copeland Lasting Company; eight thousand to Jones, McDuffie & Stratton, crockery and glassware dealers; ten thousand to Lawrence & Co., dry goods; fifty thousand to C. W. Clement, and three thousand to Frank Breed, boot and shoe manufacturers; five thousand to the building.

M. LEON GAMBETTA, the foremost Republican statesman of France, died about midnight of the closing day of the old year. He had been wounded in the hand with a pistol shot—some say fired by a woman who had lived for some years with him improperly as his wife, but his friends deny this. Being in too much of a hurry to be about his business again, he induced his physician to heal the wound too quickly, and the result was the suppressed pus found its way all through the patient's system and poisoned the sources of life, making death inevitable. The deceased statesman is distinguished principally from his desperate but courageous effort to retrieve the fortunes of France after the surrender of the Emperor Napoleon III. to the Germans at Sedan in 1870, and, that failing, from his bringing order out of confusion and establishing the Republic upon the ruins of the Empire. Some opinion tends to the belief that the death of M. Gambetta is favorable to European peace, as his fondest dream was revenge upon Germany and the recovery of the territory taken from France by that Power. Others regard the loss of its leading man as fatal to the Republic, and look for the restoration of monarchical government. The deceased statesman was forty-four years of age.

SMALL-POX is rife in Baltimore, Maryland, seventy-one deaths occurring from it last week. A case was discovered in the city jail on Monday, and forthwith three hundred prisoners in for minor offences were discharged.

"A BAND OF THREE."

BY L. T. MEADE,

Author of "Mollie Herring's Chickens," "Water Gipsies," Etc.

CHAPTER XIV.—A NEGLECTED WARNING.

When the little girls went into their own room and locked the door behind them, Robin, too, retired into his attic. It was the back attic, and theirs was the front. It was much smaller than theirs; so small, so cold, so comfortable, that old Harper, try as he would, could never let it to anybody. Consequently Robin was welcome to an old mattress thrown on the floor in one corner, and to what little shelter the anything but rain-proof roof could afford him. It pleased old Harper to show this hospitality to his orphan nephew. It cost him absolutely nothing, but it sounded well in the ears of the neighbors. He often reflected with pleasure that however hard the outside world might consider him, they must at least applaud his conduct to Robin; for did he not from one end of the year to the other afford to Robin good shelter at least? and what more could possibly be expected from a man who appeared so very poor as himself?

When Robin parted from Skeggs he ran home as hard as he could. He had the large sum of half-a-crown in his pocket, but though he was hungry enough, yet he never passed even to buy a bun. He ran back to Adam and Eve court and into the house. Here he looked stealthily and eagerly around him. There was no one in the passage leading into old Harper's room. He crept softly along it until he came to a hiding place known only to himself. Just at the end of the passage was the deep recess formed by a window which had been built up. Robin curled himself up in a corner of this recess. Here he could see all that was going on without himself being seen by any one. His heart beat hard as he crept into his hiding-place. He waited and watched with an aching stillness, but much internal impatience.

He had been curled up in his hiding-place for about ten minutes when a shuffling step was heard coming along the passage, and old Harper went into his own room. Immediately after Skeggs came and knocked at the door. He was admitted, and the door shut and locked on the two. Now was Robin's opportunity. He slipped off his old boots, and stole softly as any cat to the other side of the locked door. He went down on his knees beside the door, and put his ear against the keyhole. He ran great danger in so doing. Any one passing by would notice him, and the very least expression of surprise from those without would reach the alert ear of old Harper from within. Robin shook all over as he reflected on his probable fate, should either of the men discover him. In the forlorn hope that no one might pass by old Harper's room for two or three minutes, he knelt and listened now. He had very sharp hearing, and he did not miss a word. As he guessed, Skeggs and Harper were talking about him. "The boy ain't no use worth'ever," said Skeggs. "I offered to bribe him to do the little job, but he wouldn't see it. He's one of them silly, winking creaturs who thinks 'cause the little child gave him sixpence as he oughtn't to make her fortune. There's no manner of use in wasting words 'b'over him. I had to confide more'n I wished in him, but I don't think as he'll dare peach."

"He'd better," said Harper, with a scowl, which Robin, listening outside the door, felt without seeing.

"But," continued Skeggs, "with the boy's help or without it, I must have the little gal. Why, she's a perfect little duck of a beauty; the whole theatre's made up one like her, I must have her, Harper, and you must get her for me."

"But not for nothink," said Harper; "wot 'all you give me?"

Skeggs scratched his head, and there was a moment's pause while he was considering. "It must be unknown to her sisters," he said. "I can't have them young 'uns a-comeing and a-crying over her; she'll fret then and lose her looks, and then—why the whole game's 'up! No, of you can get me the little 'un unknown to the sisters, why, I'll give yer a five-pound note—there!"

"It shall be done," said Harper. And just then footsteps were heard coming along the passage, and Robin had barely time to fly. He ran out for a bun, and then spent the rest of the day in his attic, waiting for

the little girls to return. He had not an idea what he would do if they did come back. As to telling them the whole wicked plot, and so effectually guarding them, that he had not courage for. He was a timid boy; a boy rendered almost cowardly from hard blows, and kicks, and cruel usage. Miserable as his shelter at old Harper's was, he felt that he might die without it; and if he told the sisters what Skeggs had confided to him to-day, he must never show his face to Robin again. Nay, he almost felt that Skeggs might kill him, so very terrible had his eyes looked when he warned him to keep his secret.

No, he certainly could not venture to tell what he knew to Dulcie, Peachy, and little Angel. But though he could not tell, would it not be possible for him to give them one little hint, to drop some word which would put them on their guard against the hidden danger. He thought he might manage this; and with the hope that they might invite him into their room, he waited for them at the top of the attic stairs, his old fiddle in his hand. Dulcie had promised to show him how to play the fiddle properly, and if she saw it in his hand it might incline her to ask him to come in with them. But, alas! no such thought did occur to Dulcie. She saw the fiddle, she saw the waiting boy; but in her sorrowful and perplexed eyes there was no special thought for him. Even Peachy, who was so eager and friendly yesterday, only nodded. Little Angel was the only one thoughtful enough to give him even one word of greeting.

He considered the children unkind to lock their door upon him; and when he went into his own dreary attic he threw himself upon his old mattress in a very desponding frame of mind indeed. After all, why should he trouble himself about these children? They evidently did not want him. They had been a little kind to him yesterday, and Angel had given him sixpence on Saturday—that was all. Now they evidently meant to do nothing more for him. Why, then, should he interfere? He had already for their sakes given up the valuable possession of a whole, bright golden sovereign. He would not take the sovereign, because, valuable as it would be, it would be the price of little Angel; but now it seemed to him that he had been rather foolish to throw away so rich a chance out of his poor life. In any case little Angel would go, and Harper would get the money, and five times as large a sum, for doing that which he refused to do. Suppose he changed his mind and sought out Skeggs the next morning, and promised to bring him Angel, and so earned his sovereign and cheated his uncle. For a moment this temptation seemed very strong to poor Robin, but only for a moment. How very, very sweet Angel had looked when she ran away from her sisters and raised her dear baby face to his, and held out the little dimpled hand which contained the sixpence for him to take! and how, tired and sleepy as she was, she did find time and thought to call him by his name to-night! What a pretty name—"Wobbin" sounded from those little lips! No! no! no! he could earn no golden sovereigns by betraying little Angel. He was a very ignorant, and not at all a good boy; but to this depth of lowness he could not sink. But though he would not betray her, could he save her? He knew nothing about the lives of the little children who had to dance on the tight ropes. Skeggs said the life before little Angel would make her fortune; but Robin guessed very shrewdly that the only fortune which would be made would be Skeggs' own; he knew only too well that her present life of hard work and street exposure was a life of luxury compared to the life which lay before her. Would any woman be kind enough now and then to take the first little child into her arms and tenderly hold her as Dulcie did to-night! No, no. Robin felt that Angel too, as well as he, must learn to do without pity and tenderness. He was accustomed to it for himself. But he did not like to think of it for little Angel. Something soft began to stir round his hard little heart; and salt tears came up and filled his eyes, and caused his eyelids to smart. He did long very much to save little Angel. But how could he accomplish it?

His mattress was placed by the wall which divided his room from the Rose's. Lying perfectly still he heard the low voices of Dulcie and Peachy as they made their plans together. Suddenly it occurred to him that if he could get an inkling of their plans he might be better able to help them. How could he manage to hear what they were saying; should he again have recourse to the keyhole? No. He thought of a better and less dangerous plan. The partition was very thin between the two rooms. Could he make a tiny hole in the wall, and so both hear and see? He thought he could. He drew out of his pocket a sharp, long nail which he had picked up in the street; then feeling softly along the wall, he found a spot very thin already; he inserted his nail and worked slowly and cautiously. If the children heard the least noise it would be all up with him; but they did not, and soon Robin saw the light in the other room, and in a little more time had made a hole against which he could put his eye or ear at will. He was in time to hear most of the French play; and he saw the little girls go to the secret board, and take out the canvas bag and reckon its contents. He was amazed at the goodly sum which the bag contained, but he did not feel covetous about it. He felt himself to be the little girls' champion now, and would not allow himself to touch their money. He thought the French idea an excellent one. He had no knowledge whatever of what it all meant; but France, where the children spoke of going, could scarcely be in London, and out of London little Angel would be safe. But why did not Dulcie act on Peachy's suggestion; why did they not all go away to-morrow? What mad danger there was in delay.

He resolved to drop some strong hint in the morning before they went out; to say something, he did not know what, to hurry their departure. Accordingly, when the three went away a little earlier than usual the next morning, Robin waited for them on the stairs again.

"Why, Robin, yer seem ter live yer," said Peachy with a little laugh. She had lost her interest in Robin; he had been, she considered, a mistake. She had been wonderfully anxious to entertain him, hoping thereby to obtain her own desires. But now she considered Robin as the beginning of their troubles, and prepared after her one quick little speech to dash after Dulcie and Angel. Robin, however, stepped forward and took a very firm hold of her dress.

"Don't run away for half a minute, please, Peachy; I ha' somethink as I must say ter yer."

"Well, say it quick then, wot'ever it is," said Peachy, "for I'm in no end of a hurry."

"It's nothink, nothink at 'all about myself," said Robin; "it's just this, Peachy, as you ha' made a real enemy of 'old Harper, he'll revenge himself, but I can't possibly say how. Don't stay yer, please, dear Peachy, go away to-day, go away to-day, you and Dulcie, and little Angel."

"We are going away," said Peachy, the confidence almost forced from her by Robin's solemn, agitated words.

"Yes, yes; but let it be to-day. Don't put it off. I know wot I'm saying. It's near as much as my life it's worth to say this much. Do go this werry day, and do it private. Don't come back no more. Oh! please, Peachy, jest go back and take the money away, and don't come back no more."

"Wot money?" asked Peachy, in a tone of consternation; for she could not guess how Robin had possessed himself of so very dangerous a knowledge.

"Little Angel said somethink about money," stammered Robin. "There ain't no fear of my touchin' of it; it's jest for your sake and little Angel's as I'm telling yer 'all this. For the sake of little Angel, do take the money, and don't never come back no more."

"You're werry, werry puzzling," said Peachy; "I can't for the life on me make 'out wot yer mean. I don't see no danger. Wot danger can there be? Old Harper may be the next, but we won't stay for that. He can't keep us against 'our will. He may be our enemy, but he can't do us no more harm than that. You're werry, werry queer, Robin. But of yer won't speak 'bout, I can't waste no more words on yer."

"I can't speak out, I can't!" said Robin; and he suddenly rushed into his attic; and Peachy heard him sobbing on his bed.

She felt a little alarmed, and for half a moment half hesitated whether to go into his room and force a confession from him, or to go back and remove the canvas bag from its hiding-place. But how foolish either course would be! They had lived

safely in this attic for three years now. They were going away on Friday, perhap Thursday. No; Robin was going to have fever, or something strange. There could not possibly be any truth in his wild words. And in the meantime the sun was shining brightly, and Dulcie's voice was calling her herself by going back to feel again that their room door was securely locked; then, singing gaily, she dashed down stairs.

CHAPTER XV.—THE LITTLE HOLE IN THE WALL.

In the street, however, Peachy felt uncomfortable, and often and often through the day her thoughts recurred to Robin's strange words and manner. Many times she was on the point of confiding her perplexities to Dulcie, but Dulcie was very busy, and so preoccupied herself that she never noticed how very silent Peach-blossom was. So Peach-blossom at last decided not to trouble her. They really could not go away to-day. They must, for so long and important a journey, make a few preparations. Thursday would come round very soon, and it was quite impossible that there could be any fear of their remaining where they had already spent three years, until Thursday. Peachy consulted herself with these thoughts, and as the day wore on her fears grew less; and she became once more thoroughly interested in making her dancing, her singing, and her performance on the tambourine as perfect as possible. The children seemed to have quite a run of luck, and Angel was always tripping forward to receive the pennies and small silver coins held out for her acceptance.

They all went home in high spirits in the evening, and Peachy had almost forgotten Robin's warning. They found their room just as they had left it; and having, as usual, locked their door, they sat down to count their gains.

"We can go on Thursday, I think," said Dulcie, with a sigh of satisfaction. "We have done werry well indeed to-day. Why, see, there's 'all this money 'b'over, after payin' 'our food. We can get our boots well mended with this. I'll take 'em round first thing in the morning to Mr. Benson, the cobbler at the corner of the court."

"Give them to me at once," said Peachy, "and I'll run 'em to 'em. He had far better have 'em in time, else maybe they won't be ready when we want 'em."

This was too sensible a suggestion to be set aside, and Peachy, with the half-worn boots tucked up under her arm, ran off. As she mounted the stairs rather slowly on her return, it occurred to her that, danger or no danger, she should greatly like to know what Robin meant by his very queer and startling remarks this morning. He was always in his attic at this time, and though her charity toward him had ceased, and she was no longer anxious to give him any hospitality, yet she thought if she herself visited him in his attic she might get him to speak out plainly. Accordingly when she reached their landing she turned and tapped softly at Robin's door. There was no answer. Perhaps Robin was asleep. She waited an instant, then turned the handle and went in. It was late, and there was neither light nor fire in Robin's poor attic. It had a musty, desolate smell and feel, which rather smote on Peachy's little heart.

She stepped across to the bed, expecting to find Robin asleep there. But no, the bed had no occupant, it was still in the tumble, untruly state Robin had left it in after last night. "Poor Robin!" sighed Peachy, "I guess as he don't often get his bed made. It takes us women-folks to understand them 'ere things. I'll put it tidy for once." She tossed off the bed-clothes, and turned and shook out the mattress with her vigorous young arms. Then she smoothed out the dirty blanket and turned the pillow, and then, with a glow of satisfaction at her own great kindness, went back to her home, which looked and felt to her doubly cheerful in comparison.

"Where have you been, Peach-blossom?" asked Dulcie.

"I went in to find Robin," said Peachy.

"That 'ere boy's bin neglected shameful. I ha' jest been making his bed a bit tidy."

"Angel loves poor Wobbin," said the little child, looking up appealingly at Peachy.

"Wor he in, Peachy?" asked Dulcie.

"No, that he won't. I wish as I had found him."

"Well, when he do come 'in, we'll give him a little bit of supper. There'll be one red herring 'b'over. We'll cook it, and make it werry hot for him."

"An Peachy you 'bout 'Be Dulcie maybe 'lover sleep i and l when wor f keep mothe god shan't can." "W "and the h' all I gue "Du and P to the room. light: cour- and astion and s none suppe "T old h possiti "Pe dash, room utter diph stairs at of al nati- in- "Oh Robi poin' not s thou there and take noth light in th fresh hole him, whic "Of who little The he h inde covr child dom bly Wh din Har child' hoo it t so; sec ver, bel ach Ha his an rry all hit "y Ha of off sof an no the cot ext be for ho

"And shall he heat it in yere?" asked Peachy.

"Yes; why not? He'll like the cosy bit o' fire."

Peachy opened her eyes very wide and gazed hard at her sister.

"I'm werry glad," she said slowly. "I'm h'on'y a little bit surpris'd. I thought as you would never let Robin h'in no more, fur it wouldn't be wot you're allers a-saying 'bout keepin' h'ourselves."

"But I'm thinking, Peachy," answered Dulcie in a low, humble voice, "as I'm maybe a little bit wrong 'bout that. It comes me last night when I c'dn't go to sleep nohow, as mother, wot w.'s so tender and loving, could never, never ha' meant when she said them words so often, as it woz from the poor orphans as we woz to keep h'ourselves. I'm quite sure wot mother alive now as she'd be werry werry good to Robin, and I don't mean as we shan't do all as we can for Robin while we can."

"Well, I'm real glad," answered Peachy, "and I think I hear his step now, so jest put the herring to roast, Dulcie, and when 'tis h'all ready I'll call him h'in. Poor Robin, I guess he'll be real glad."

Dulcie got up at once to toast the herring, and Peachy listened with much satisfaction to the footsteps moving about in Robin's room. They were, it is true, not quite so light and springy as his usually were, but of course they could belong to no one else, and Peachy pleased herself by picturing his astonishment on finding his bed neatly made, and still further delight when he was summoned to partake of a delicious savory supper in their comfortable room.

"The herring's done to a turn. You may call him now, Peachy," said Dulcie from her position by the fire.

Peachy ran to the door, and was about to dash in her headlong style, into Robin's room, when she suddenly stopped short, uttered a little groan of disappointment and displeasure. For just stumbling down the stairs, under her very nose, was not Robin at all, but the decrepit and tottering form of old Harper himself. He heard her exclamation of disappointment, and chuckled inwardly.

Old Harper too had come up-stairs to find Robin, and he, too, like Peachy, was disappointed by his non-appearance, for he was not seeking the boy without a motive. But though Robin was not in the attic, though there was no trace of Robin in the empty and comfortable room, old Harper had not taken his difficult tramp up-stairs for nothing. He had come provided with a light, and saw in consequence what Peachy in the dark could not discover. He saw the freshly removed plaster, and the little, little hole in the wall. The discovery delighted him, for now he could find out something which long had puzzled him.

Old Harper had become intensely, unwholesomely curious about those three little lodgers of his up in that top attic. They were orphans. They followed what he had always considered a very poor trade indeed, and yet he had taken means to discover that they lived with comfort, which children of their class and circumstances seldom enjoyed. They always were respectably clothed, and they appeared to feed well. What a very delicious, what a sumptuous dinner they had partaken of on Sunday! Harper came to the conclusion that the children must be possessed of some secret hoard of money. The more he thought of it the more certain he was that it must be so; and the bare idea that there might be a secret sum of money hid away beneath his very roof—a sum of money which did not belong to him—made his old miserly heart ache and tremble with indescribable longing. He had never felt so proud of Robin in all his life as he did to-day. He had struck on an expedient for finding out all about these mysterious little sisters which even he, with all his vaunted smartness, would not have hit on. "Bravo, Robin!" he said half aloud, "yer a chip o' the old block arter h'all."

Harper determined to avail himself at once of this delightful discovery. He stripped off his shoes and stockings, and stole softly, softly back to Robin's attic. Poor Dulcie and Peachy might listen ever so hard, but not even a creaking board would warn them that their dreaded enemy, old Harper, had come back to spy upon their doings. He extinguished his light, and lay down on the bed which Peachy had prepared so comfortably for Robin. He put his eye to the hole which the boy had made the night be-

fore, and he saw what indeed gave him pangs of extraordinary rapture and pain. He saw the canvas bag, and the money laid on the floor, and the two elder sisters sitting by and eagerly counting and arranging. He did not hear them mention the sum total, and he imagined there was a much larger amount than there really was. But he saw the hiding place for all this treasure under the carefully loosened board, and he could scarcely keep himself from laughing aloud. Then applying his ear to Robin's hole, he heard the little plan for going away on Friday. He listened to Peachy's eager voice and to Dulcie's sweet, grave tones, and the secret of their lives, the grand hope for their future, was laid bare before him. He felt no pity for the brave children, no respect for their honest, upright lives. Having heard all he wanted to hear, he rose from Robin's bed and stole down-stairs as noiselessly as he had come up. Truly it seemed as if Satan had entered into him.

CHAPTER XLV.—THE LAMB IN DANGER.

The next morning for the first time in all her little life, Angel woke without her usual smile and merry laugh. The little child's face was flushed, her eyes heavy, her hands very hot. When Dulcie tried to make her sit up, and endeavored to rouse her, she pressed her little golden head on the pillow, and said that Angel woz werry, werry tired. Neither of the elder children knew much about illness. They decided that Angel must have taken cold, that she had been over-excited, and when she again begged them not to take her up, Dulcie said that as they had a long journey before them to-morrow, they had better let her lie in bed and get well rested.

"I'll jest go round," said Dulcie, "and get a thing or two as we really want werry much, and I think I'll take the fiddle and go to Bloomsbury Square. Maybe as I'll find the children in the winder, though it ain't Saturday; and if they ere there, why, they'll be sure to ax fur you and Angel, then I'll tell 'em as we wot maybe never play fur em no more, and I think as they'll give us a little money."

Peachy approved very much of this plan; and it was arranged that she should stay at home and take care of Angel, and employ herself busily mending and washing all their frocks and other little garments. Angel slept all the morning and Peachy washed and sang at her work and felt very busy and happy. Once she dashed into Robin's room, and seeing the impression of a head on the pillow that she had left so smooth, she concluded that he had come in after all, but had gone away very early in the morning. Well, how very little consequence his alarming words were after all; for had not another day come and nothing whatever happened to any of them? Not even what they really had expected, a notice from old Harper to say that the rent was to be raised.

In the afternoon Angel awoke and was much better, and Peachy took her in her arms and brought her close to the fire to warm her.

"Peachy," said the little child, looking up and speaking solemnly, "wot's a little lamb?"

"I couldn't tell you that exact, my pet," answered Peachy; for she had seen lambs hanging up dead in the butchers' shops, and having no idea that they ever presented any different appearance, she did not believe Angel would enjoy this description.

"I can't tell you," she said; "don't let's think on it."

Angel's eyes opened wide with a little alarm. "Dulcie called me her little, little lamb, the other night," she said. "Dulcie thought I woz asleep; but I wozn't. Dulcie kyed when she called me her little lamb. Is it a bad thing to be a little lamb, Peachy?"

"No, no, darling—'tis nothink the least bit bad." But nevertheless Peachy thought it a queer thing for Dulcie to say, and she was more resolved than ever to tell Angel nothing about the poor dead lambs in the butchers' shops. "Look yere, Angel," she said, "I ha' thought o' somethink; there's an old book o' colored pictures in mother's h'old book. I'll jest root 'em out and we can look at 'em."

Angel was charmed with this suggestion, for pictures were the great delight of her little life, and Dulcie and Peachy had often almost to drag her away from the print-shop. Mother's trunk was speedily ransacked, the book found, and the two children sat down to enjoy it together. The pictures were of a decidedly gaudy and coarse description, and Angel, with her tastes partly

educated by her intent study of the print-shop windows, turned away from them with disdain. But one—a representation of the Good Shepherd bearing a lost lamb back to the fold—attracted her attention. She gazed at it long and eagerly, and laid her little hand on the page to keep it from being turned.

"Wot is the name of dat little animal in the man's arms?" she asked of her sister.

"Maybe 'tis a lamb," answered Peachy, making a random shot, and having no idea that she had spoken the truth.

Angel made the thought her own with avidity.

"'Tis a lamb," she repeated; "a little, little lamb, like Dulcie called me. Don't the man look kind, Peachy? He don't ky'e! and the lamb has its head on his shoulder, like this."

She laid her own little fluffy head as she spoke against Peachy's breast.

"I guess as that lamb's as safe as h'any-think," replied Peachy. "I guess as that man 'ud sooner die nor let the lamb get hurt."

"And would Dulcie sooner die nor let me get hurt?" asked Angel.

"Why, my pet, I think as we both would. But no one ain't go'n to hurt h'our little Angel."

"But you ain't werry strong, Peachy; and Dulcie, when she carries me now and then when I'm werry, werry tired, she trembles, oh, ever so. You couldn't keep your little lamb as safe as that good, kind man has his little lamb, could you Peachy?"

"Maybe we couldn't," owned Peachy, who felt inclined to cry at the very solemn and anxious way Angel regarded her.

"Then I wish I knew that good, kind man."

After a time Angel dropped asleep again, and Peachy laid her back on the bed. She placed the open book, with the picture of the Shepherd and the Lamb, close to her to see, if by any chance she awoke; and then it occurred to Peachy that, as Angel was almost sure to sleep for at least an hour, she might run away, without ever being missed, to say good bye to a girl who lived at the opposite side of the court, and with whom she had struck up a very violent, though secret, friendship.

No sooner did the thought occur to the impulsive child than she resolved to act on it. Angel was sleeping soundly. There was not a stir in the house, for nearly all the lodgers were away. Dulcie could not be tracked for another couple of hours.

She locked the door carefully behind her, slipped the key into her dress pocket, and tripped down-stairs three steps at a time. She did not know as she ran down the passage, and out into the street that two men had seen her exit with eager delight. One of these men was Skeggs, who was just entering the court and who saw the little girl without her seeing him. The other was old Harper, who watched her from his window. Skeggs had come over early that morning to Harper, anxious to know how soon he might hope to get possession of little Angel. Harper had told him that nothing could be done while Peachy remained with the child. Now Skeggs quickened his steps joyfully, for, to use Angel's own metaphor, the poor little lamb was utterly unprotected.

But, wonderful to relate, just then Harper, a very wolf himself, proved the little lamb's unexpected deliverer. He had reasons which made him unwilling to give up Angel to Skeggs just then. Eventually she should be his, but not to-day. Skeggs must be made to pay more than five pounds for such a priceless resource as little Angel, and old Harper hop'd to raise the price by delay. Of course the children must not be allowed to undertake their journey to France; but old Harper knew means which would effectually prevent that.

He saw Peachy leave the house; he saw Skeggs approaching; he had not a moment to lose. Snatching up a piece of paper, he wrote on it hastily, "Wait fur me here. 'Tis allright. I'll be back in a minute."

This paper he deposited on the table where Skeggs must see it the moment he entered the room. Then, as fast as ever his tottering old feet and legs could carry him, he mounted the stairs to the children's attic, panting, his breath coming in gasps. He at last reached the door. It was locked. But Harper was not unprepared for such an emergency. He pulled a bunch of old, rusty keys out of his pocket. One after the other he tried in the lock. The last one turned it. He entered the room.

Little Angel lay sound asleep, her golden hair tossed out over the pillow. It would have been very easy for him to carry the little child off now. But no; more money might be made out of her. She might sleep on; he was seeking another prize to-day. He crept softly behind the bed, raised the loosened board, found the little bag, slipped it softly into his bosom, left the room in the same cat-like manner in which he entered it, relocked the door, and went down-stairs.

(To be Continued.)

THE SUNDAY MORNING BUGBEAR.

We hear a great deal, as indeed we ought, about the duty of making Sunday pleasant to children, and every parent realizes, with a pang of remorse, how very hard that is to do. But there is another duty which is much easier, and which would go far toward accomplishing the same result; that is, to avoid making it unpleasant.

I do not believe the grown folks understand what I mean, but some of the children will, especially the girls. The trouble is this is the Sunday clothes. As long as the day is of necessity the dress-parade day with ordinary people who work, the time of getting ready for morning Sunday-school is apt to be a very hard one for children. The hurried mother does not realize it at all, and feels that she alone is to be pitied in the harassing turmoil. She does not even know that the whole week's scolding, for that fruitful cause of scolding, "spoiling their clothes," often falls on the devoted heads within this half-hour. All the rents and grass-stains now come to light; all the forgotten mendings and lost handkerchiefs. No wonder the poor mother is angry, and no wonder the children dread Sunday.

I once saw some little girls, when I was a child, make, as they thought, an exhaustive study on Saturday of their entire outfit, hoping to escape the alarming discoveries of the weekly crisis, but in vain. For we all know that before the age when dress becomes an idol, it is a very occult science, impossible for the average child to grasp in its details.

I do not know what remedy to propose. It is the fashion of some reformers to decry evils without providing a cure. To defer the scolding would be worse than to defer for the conscious delinquent; to condone all offences found out on Sunday might be irrational.

But, perhaps, for this particular style of offence, which presses so heavily on purse and energy, the fault-finders are likely, at any rate, to be unduly severe, and a special curb on the sharp tongue at a trying moment in the week might be conducive to justice as well as to Sunday happiness.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

BOYS AND GIRLS' TEMPERANCE TEXT-BOOK.

BY H. L. READE.

(National Temperance Society, New York.)

LESSON V.—ALCOHOL—CONTINUED.

How is alcohol obtained?

Alcohol is a product of fermentation, and is obtained in usable quantities from fruits and vegetables and grains while they are in the process of decay.

Is alcohol a necessity in a healthy condition of animal life?

It is not a necessity.

Does alcohol add permanently to the body's power of endurance?

It does not.

Do persons who seek to possess their highest possible physical force, use alcohol to this end?

They do not. On the contrary, they do not use it at all.

Can persons do more work with the mind by using alcohol?

In the long run, they cannot do as much. It is even the moderate use of alcohol good to the healthy human system?

It is not.

What is the proper use of alcohol?

Alcohol is a preservative and solvent, and is necessary in the preparation of medicines and in the mechanical arts.

What effect does it have when taken into a healthy animal body?

Taken in small quantities, into a healthy animal body, it is a disturbing and evil agent. Taken in large quantities, it is a deadly poison.

BUSINESS NOTES.

The people of Aylmer, Ontario, by a vote of a hundred and thirty-four to ten, have resolved to lend Mr. William Yates ten thousand dollars to build a foundry that will give employment to fifty men. The past year's work at the anthracite coal mines of Pennsylvania was the largest on record, the shipments aggregating twenty-nine and a half million tons, nearly one million more than those of the previous year. All differences between shoe manufacturers and their employees, in Cincinnati, Ohio, have been amicably settled for the next six months by arbitration. There is great destitution in Camden, New Jersey, owing to the large number of persons out of work, and thousands of dollars already expended have not afforded all the relief required. The closing of the extensive nickel works of Joseph Wharton at the end of the year will add to the distress. Building operations in Chicago, Illinois, last year exceeded any previous one except that after the great fire. If the new buildings were placed in a line, their combined frontage would extend fourteen miles, and the entire cost of them is estimated at twenty million dollars, while the suburban towns show an equal growth. In New York nearly forty-five millions have been expended in new buildings during the year, an increase of one million dollars over the previous year. The taxable property of Toronto, Ontario, has increased during the past year by four million dollars, nine hundred buildings having been erected, of an aggregate value of two millions, to which half a million may be added for growth of the suburbs. Excitements are still common in oil speculations at Bradford, Pennsylvania, and the supply of victims is likely to last as long as that of the oil. James Smyth & Co., manufacturers of gingham and cotton goods-Philadelphia, have suspended, owing to an extension of their business beyond the range of their capital; but it is supposed the creditors will permit the firm to continue its business, amounting as it does to eight hundred thousand dollars a year and employing over nine hundred hands. Theo. Weston, architect, with liabilities of a hundred and seventy thousand dollars, and Adams & Son, hardware, liabilities fifteen thousand, both of New York, have assigned. Several large manufacturing establishments in Chester, Pennsylvania, have closed on account of depression in trade, and many men are thereby deprived of employment. The Women's Co-operative Dress Association, New York, which failed lately, had liabilities of one hundred and twenty-five thousand, covered about double by assets. The Second National Bank, Jefferson, Ohio, has been driven into liquidation by defalcations of about fifty thousand dollars made by the cashier and assistants. Depositors will be paid in full, and stockholders get about half the amount of their stock. The incorporation in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, is announced of the Clearfield Bituminous Coal Company, to mine and deal coal, iron and fire clay, and make and sell coke; the capital is five million dollars and the Vanderbilts, with other wealthy capitalists, are among the stockholders. The extensive oil mills of Messrs. Douglas, Stewart & Forrest, situated in several places in the North-West States and using an aggregate of twenty thousand bushels a day, have closed to await oats becoming cheaper than at present. Lenan, Hanaburger & Co., dealers in fancy goods at wholesale, Toronto, have failed with debts of about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. John R. Cummings, contractor and builder, New York, has assigned, his liabilities being two hundred and fifty

thousand with a good deal less than one thousand of assets. The Western Nails Association has unanimously decided to close up all factories with the object of showing buyers, who have lately been holding back, that the makers can control the supply when nails are most wanted. General trade throughout the continent is represented by reports as having been dull the last week of the old year, the reason given being that stock-taking is going on and many commercial travellers have been called in to assist in that work. The year's business in general has been very good, and a better feeling in the iron trade is a good symptom for the new year. The failures reported in the United States last week numbered two hundred and forty-two, six more than in the corresponding week last year. There were seventeen failures in Canada, nine less than during the previous week.

THE WEEK.

NEW YEAR'S DAY was happily marked in New York this year by a notable decrease in drinking.

MR. PAUL TULANE, of Princeton, New Jersey, who has already given half a million to found a college in New Orleans, offers another half million on condition that the State exempt the institution from taxation.

A PREDICTION of a Mr. Wiggins, a Government employee in Ottawa, a student of astronomy, of a fearful ocean and land storm to take place on the ninth of next March, is attracting attention all over the world.

THE HON. E. ALLAN, the Minister to the United States from the Hawaiian kingdom, after being presented to the President in Washington on New Year's Day and while on his way to an ante-room, was seized with an attack of vertigo, succeeded by spasms. He was promptly attended to by physicians, but shortly afterward died in one of the ante-rooms. At the Executive Mansion, upon the announcement of Mr. Allan's death, the receptions ended.

PERMISSION has been refused in New York to a theatrical manager to produce what is called the Passion Play—a representation of the trial and crucifixion of our Lord—in that city. The play is annually performed by the simple people of an obscure mountain village of Switzerland, but with every mark of devoutness and reverence, which, though few enlightened Christians might defend it even under such circumstances, is vastly different from travesty of the immortal tragedy for the amusement of unspiritual play-goers of New York or any other large city.

EARTHQUAKES AND METEORIC PHENOMENA are becoming aboundingly frequent. Several shocks of earthquakes have lately been felt in different parts of North-Eastern America, the latest being a pretty severe one that shook some towns in Nova Scotia. A strange experience is reported by the bark "Gamsbok" lately arrived in New York from Auckland, New Zealand. In a snow squall, a bad fire passed over the ship, injuring Olsen, the mate, in the wrists, Blumberg, at the wheel, in both legs, and Makella in the head, breaking both gunwales and ripping the planks, exploded twenty yards from the ship with a loud report and sparks flying. There was no lightning or thunder at the time. A fiery meteor accompanied by the report of an explosion lately appeared within view of the streets of Montreal at early morn.

TWO OF THE United States navy yards are to be closed—probably those at Portsmouth and Philadelphia.

HERE MOST, a notorious Socialist and insignificant but noxious character from Europe has been in America a few days, during which time he has addressed howling mobs in incendiary and murderous speeches, advising them to murder the wealthy classes, and help themselves to the contents of banks and stores, and set men of wealth to work on the streets.

IS SAID that of the eight million dollars paid for carrying the United States mails since 1870, five million eight hundred thousand have been earned by English steamship companies and only two million by American. The English commercial navy, growing naturally under freedom of trade, thus snatches the major part of the ocean mail subsidies of the United States from the latter's own navy protected by restrictive taxation.

THE INDIAN agent at Fort Peck, Montana, describes a state of affairs very creditable to the white people of that quarter. He says Milk River country is overrun with white hunters, who are slaughtering buffalo by the thousand. The Assiniboin and Yanktonais Sioux are becoming restless in consequence of the destruction of their game. The Indian police are without arms, and useless. The agent asks that the military be requested to expel the whites. The Indian Commissioner will request the Secretary of War to have them removed.

THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT has undertaken to settle a difficulty among the Creek Indians in Indian Territory—according to report none too soon. The alleged origin of the trouble is that the Creeks divided their support between the two sides during the Southern rebellion, and though uniting as a people after the war they retained their difference in sympathies to the extent of forming them into two distinct parties, that have formed the contesting sides in all elections among the people. The Southern sympathizers number some seven hundred, the Northern only four hundred. Though hostile, the two parties have lived together, their houses intermingling, which makes the situation more serious. The partisan strivings of those Indians had, when the Government decided to interfere, become developed to the point of open warfare, in the event of which the houses would be emptied and the two parties would organize into separate armies for a desperate and doubtless bloody and cruel war.

THE RAILWAY BUILDING done in the United States in the year 1881 was mentioned about this time last year in these columns as something astounding. The estimated figures for 1882, however, show still more remarkable extension of the iron highways. It is computed in Chicago that eleven thousand miles of railway track have been laid during 1882 on three hundred and sixteen lines, in forty-four states and territories. This is fifteen hundred more than the construction in 1881, the former year, up to that time. The highest number of miles constructed in one single State was nine hundred and fifty-three in Iowa; Texas is next, eight hundred and seventeen, and New York is the third in the list, seven hundred and fifty-two; one hundred and forty of the above lines are still uncompleted. The capital invested during the year is estimated at two hundred and seventy million dollars (\$270,000,000) exclusive of sums expended in the preparation of the road beds on which the track is not yet laid.

DO NOT FORGET to renew your subscriptions, and try and get others for the *Weekly Messenger*—fifty cents a year; forty cents when five or more are ordered at once—which begins its second year with five thousand seven hundred subscribers. Address all orders, JOHN DOUGGALL & SON, Montreal, Canada.

GOVERNOR STANFORD, of California, is said to have offered to make an experiment in colonization of a novel and in some respects commendable nature. He would buy all the real estate and improvements in the town of Vina, Tehama county in that State, for a nominal sum—say one dollar—and immediately sell and reconvey the same property to the owner, providing that he is allowed to insert a clause in his deeds that no intoxicating liquors shall ever be sold in the town of Vina. Next he would bind himself to build a fine two-story school-house large enough to accommodate all the children of the town. He would further agree to import one hundred German families to work his extensive vineyard and orchard, and will exclude from his premises all Chinese labor.

A NEW USE FOR ELECTRICITY.

Among the various uses to which electricity may be put there is one of a very practical nature, which promises to effect a great saving of property and life. It consists of an arrangement for the immediate stoppage of a steam engine by merely pressing a button similar to those by which electric bells or fire alarms are sounded. This button may be placed at any distance from the engine upon which it acts; and Mr. Tate, the inventor, proposes that a number of such buttons should be dispersed throughout the factory or elsewhere where the apparatus is in use. In factories accidents occur almost daily through the impossibility of stopping machinery on the instant. Such accidents will be readily avoided by this method of instantaneously stopping the engine from any part of the building in which it works. The principle of the contrivance depends on the action of an electro-magnet upon the stop valve of the engine.

CANNED POISON.

Canned fruits, vegetables, meats, fish, soup, even canned puddings, are now not uncommon articles of diet, and we believe the introduction of these alimentary substances has been, upon the whole, a great benefit to the people; for fruit, vegetables, and meat even, that at one season of the year would go to waste through the plenty that made them superfluous, are by the canning system economized for use in other seasons. But it is certain that several articles now put in tins should be put up in glass or earthenware to make them safe articles of diet. All substances that contain acids capable of attacking the solder of tin of the cans combine with these metals to make poisonous compounds, and may cause illness and even death. One case of death was reported in the *Herald* yesterday. We believe that the Board of Health should stop the sale of all tomatoes, rutabars or other acid fruits or vegetables put up in tin cans. —*New York Herald.*

MR. JACOB REES is credited with having expressed the belief that if it were possible to produce a flameless combustion the intensity and quantity of heat obtained from a given amount of fuel would be greatly increased thereby. Mr. Thomas Fletcher of Warrington, England, has succeeded in producing a composition without flame, and lately given at Owen's college a striking practical illustration of Mr. Rees's theory. He directed the flame of a simple gas blow-pipe upon a three-inch ball of iron for a few seconds and then blew out the flame. The heat rapidly increased and the wire quickly melted and ran into drops. He even succeeded in fusing refractory fire clay, the intensity of heat being much greater than ever before obtained with the fuel used. Even in the dark the burning of the gas was shown to be entirely invisible. It appears that flame really indicates an imperfect combustion.

TO KNOW AND TO DO.

In most of the efforts of the past ages after moral improvement, the chief aim has been to induce people to do something right that they had hitherto neglected, or to leave off doing something wrong that they had been in the habit of doing. To this end, exhortations and entreaties have been freely used, hopes and fears have been excited, laws have been made, penalties established, and human ingenuity has been taxed to the utmost to discover means of producing the desired result.

Of late, however, it has come to be taught by writers on morals that something deeper than all these appliances is needed to improve moral character and promote right doing. It is not enough to urge an entreat, to threaten and coax, to compel and to persuade men and women to do one thing and avoid another. We must rather open up to their minds the reasons why one thing is right and another wrong; we must teach them the laws of life and the principles that underlie human action, and thus lead them to a living conviction of duty, which will be vastly superior, as an authority in their lives, to any dictum of others.

Very much of the wrong-doing of the world arises from ignorance and thoughtlessness. Temptations are strong, desires are ardent, inclinations are impetuous, and the weak and undisciplined judgment is easily led to concede that there is no great harm in yielding. Gradually this yielding comes to be a habit, and the character is formed, or rather wrecked, by self-indulgence, where it might have been saved, elevated and strengthened by more knowledge and a wiser training. How many wrong acts are directly traceable to the common plea, "I didn't think," and while we may condemn the plea itself, and count it a part of the wrong, we must also condemn the defective education that has failed to develop right thinking as the mainspring of right action.

There is a large field that lies as yet scarcely cultivated in the region of moral training and philanthropic reforms—it is the whole subject of the suits of human actions upon character and happiness, and the laws which govern them. It is true they are sometimes pointed out in a desultory and fragmentary way, but they need a far more comprehensive and scientific treatment, in order to fortify the young against the various temptations that assail them. Take the physical laws which underlie health for example. How many young persons begin life's active work having any vital convictions concerning the duties these laws involve? If they had acquired in early life regular habits of wholesome living, (which is, alas, too rare) they are so far fortunate, but even then, if they know not the foundations on which they rest, or the effects which they produce, they are exposed to every antagonistic influence. The busy man is tempted to overwork and abuse his digestive organs, and, if the temptation is strong enough to overcome his habits of moderation, he falls. Yet were he fortified by a thorough knowledge of the future in store for him—the broken health, the sleepless nights, the weakened powers, the shortened and embittered life, the supposed gain which had seemed so tempting would be cast aside as worthless.

The same holds good in all other matters. There comes a time in the life of each young person when he ceases to receive as infallible the dictum of his parents and teachers. Hitherto their word may have been his conscience, but now he questions, "Why ought I to do this or so?" What ground is there for self-denial in this or that direction? What evil can ensue from simply gratifying my desires? If he cannot find answers that will satisfy his intelligence, he is indeed in a perilous condition. If he has to begin now, alone and unaided, to search for them, the chances are that in his eager and feverish condition, he will find none, or finding them, they will fall flat and lifeless. Happy the youth who has been so wisely and truthfully instructed that such questions bring their own answers instinctively to his mind, and who finds that, although he gradually leans less heavily on the authority of others, he can trust more implicitly in the great laws and principles on which they have based their teachings.

We all know how widely the results of an action may differ from the motive which prompted it. Kind-hearted people do cruel things occasionally, without the least idea of what they are about. Strong upholders

of liberty will invade the rights of a neighbor quite unconsciously. We make allowance, and justify, for the ignorance of the offender, and gauge his guilt accordingly. While these things should teach us modesty in criticism, and charity in judging, should they not also lead to stronger and more energetic efforts to dispel such ignorance, and to enable men and women to arrive at true conclusions concerning the effects of their actions?

It may be said that knowledge alone will never insure right action, and that is true; yet it is one important factor. If there are some intelligent and well-informed people who, with a clear idea of the evil results that are to follow, deliberately choose the evil and refuse the good, there is a far larger number who go astray and commit all sorts of faults from thoughtlessness or ignorance of the inevitable consequences. The desire to do right and the knowledge of what is right, must go hand in hand in the formation of every noble character, and such stimulates the other to new energy. Any attempt in education, in reforms, or in self-culture, to develop the one to the exclusion of the other, must end in failure.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES.

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

"Little Annie Wilder has joined the church," said Mrs. Fielding to her friend Mrs. Brewster.

"Joined the church! Well, I must say I don't believe in filling the church with children, and such material, too. I don't believe Annie Wilder knows how to read."

"And her mother is such a low lived termagant," added the first speaker.

"Yes, and that isn't the worst of it: she takes a drop too much, I am told."

"Say a great many drops and you will get nearer the truth," was the reply.

This bit of dialogue took place in Mrs. Fielding's pretty summer parlor, in a certain suburb.

It happened that not long thereafter Annie Wilder came to Mrs. Fielding and asked for work. She was set to washing dishes and cleaning vegetables, and a most efficient little housemaid she proved. She was gay as a bird, warbling snatches of hymn and song, as she hurried from one task to another.

One day Mrs. Fielding said: "Annie, I wonder you're not more serious since you joined the church. It is a great responsibility to be a church member, and religion is a serious thing."

Annie paused in her work, looked at the lady with her sweet truthful eyes, and said: "I don't know what you mean, ma'am."

"I feared as much," said Mrs. F. lugubriously. "Child do you know what it means to join the church?"

"It means being on Jesus' side," said Annie, her face radiant, "and oh, I love him so that I can't help singing."

"But," said Mrs. Fielding, "don't you have any fears, any struggles?"

"Why should I, ma'am?" asked the child, her clear eyes opening wide.

"The lady said no more, but she shook her head ominously as she walked away.

The hot weather came on; family trials were onerous; nobody had an appetite; the children were cross; papa was critical. One morning Mrs. Fielding felt particularly out of condition. The sun, but a little way on his journey, shone with noonday intensity; not a leaf stirred; the breakfast was tasteless; the flies were aggravating. "I don't know how it happened, but it only takes a little spark to make an explosion when the train is laid. Some unguarded word was spoken, a temper blazed; a child was slapped and sent away from the table; the husband remonstrated; sharp words followed; there was recrimination, tears, a downright quarrel.

"Oh, the trouble of living!" groaned Mrs. Fielding, when husband and children were out of the house and she was left alone. "I cannot bear it, I cannot bear it," and she gave herself up to hysterical sobbing.

By and by, when the storm was a little cleared away, came Annie, her face serene, her eyes soft and untroubled.

"Please excuse me, ma'am, for being so late," she said, "but mother was bad this morning and wouldn't let me come."

"What is the matter with her?"

"The child blushed.

"She has been drinking, I suppose," said Mrs. Fielding.

Annie raised her arm at that minute, and there on the soft, fair flesh was the livid mark of a blow.

"What is that?"

"Please don't ask me ma'am; it is nothing."

"Your mother has been beating you—and what a face! You look as if you hadn't a trouble in the world. How can you bear such things?"

"I keep saying 'em over, ma'am."

"Saying what over?"

"The charity verses. I said 'em so fast, I didn't hear mother very plain."

"What do you mean?"

"Love suffereth long, and is kind, isn't it beautiful, ma'am!" and the child's face glowed.

And then when I started to come here," she continued, "I couldn't help feeling bad and lonesome, and I thought of another verse: 'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.' Always, ma'am, think of that! It means Jesus, ma'am, and oh, I love him so!" Mrs. Fielding went to her own room, dumb before the wisdom of an ignorant child. Presently Annie's voice came floating out on the stifling air. She was singing "His loving kindness, oh, how great."—*Christian Union.*

KEEP SWEET-TEMPERED.

"Mary," exclaimed Aunt Sophia, "do you know what your husband will do when you are dead?"

"Why, what do you mean?" was the startled reply.

"He will marry the sweetest-tempered girl he can find."

"Oh, auntie," Mary began.

"Don't interrupt me until I've finished," said Aunt Sophia, leaning back and taking up her knitting. "She may not be as good a housekeeper as you are, but she will be good-natured."

"Why auntie—"

"That isn't all," composedly continued Aunt Sophia. "To-day your husband was half-way across the kitchen-floor, bringing you the first ripe peaches, and all you did was to look on and say: 'There, Will, just see your tracks on my dear floor! I won't have my floors all tracked up. Some men would have thrown in the peaches out of the window. When he empties anything, you tell him not to spill it. When he lifts anything, you tell him not to break it. And last winter when you were sick, you scolded him about his allowing the pumps to freeze, and took no notice when he said: 'I was so anxious about you that I did not think of anything else.'"

"But, auntie—"

"Hearken, child. The strongest and most intelligent of them all care more for a woman's tenderness than for anything else in the world, and without this the cleverest and most perfect housekeeper is sure to lose her husband's affection in time. There may be a few more men like Will—as gentle and as loving.

"But, auntie—"

"Yes, well, you are not dead yet, so that sweet-natured woman has not been found, and you have time to beco. so serene and sweet that your husband will never find out that there is a better tempered woman in existence."—*Christian at Work.*

THE EARLY EVENING.

The early evening, when the lamp has just been lighted, seems to be especially the mother's time for gaining her children's attention to things connected with their spiritual growth and development. It is a good plan to let them have a frolic after supper; and when the play is over, then let the mother gather the group around her, listen to the day's story—hear how this little man has resisted temptation, and that little woman been patient and gentle, and give advice and direct the hearts to the Saviour. Do we remember, as we ought, that the children of to-day will be the grown people of the next generation; and that, as they are trained, they will be well or ill when their turn comes? Do we pray, as we ought, for the early conversion of the children, and look as we should to see them entering the Lord's service in their youth? One of the early evening duties should be this, of having some talk of and with Jesus, to end the day for the little ones.

Later in the evening when the children are tucked safely in bed, the older members of the family should have their pleasant times. Young mothers are sometimes so

absorbed in the cares of the nursery as to forget their husbands have claims on their time and deserve to be entertained at home. Sometimes husbands suffer the cares of the day to invade the evening peace, or selfishly spend their hours of leisure half asleep on a lounge, or taken up with a newspaper or magazine. No selfishness of luxury or indulgence should deprive families, these winter evenings, of the opportunity they give for the growth of beautiful home graces.—*Intelligencer.*

SCALLOPED OYSTERS.—One quart of solid oysters carefully stripped of sand and shell, the liquor drained and strained, and enough hot water added to make a half pint; salt to sea flavor, and set where it will heat; as heaping half-pint cup of fine cracker crumbs, an even teaspoonful of pepper and a heaping teaspoonful of mace, mixed dry with the crumbs, and half a cupful, pretty compact, of broken butter melted; mix the melted butter with the seasoned cracker crumbs, till all are crisp and buttery; put a layer of crumbs in a buttered dish, moisten them with a few spoonfuls of the liquid, then put in an even, close layer of oysters; repeat these layers with the moistening, till everything is used. Bake three-quarters of an hour or an hour. If the top crumbs do not seem moist and rich enough when half baked, drop some bits of butter upon them, and add, if needed, a little hot water with a spoon. Brown nicely.

THE OPENING of the new law courts in London was remarkable for an incident which has few, if any, precedents in similar ceremonies. A large platform in the central hall, capable of holding four hundred and fifty persons, was erected for the workmen employed in the construction of the buildings. The first commissioner of the works stated, amid the cheers of the House of Commons, that the men had as much right to be present as the junior bar. After the welcome of the judges, the Queen received an address from the workmen. Such a departure from tradition is enough to make the Lord Chamberlains of former days turn in their graves.

THE GLASGOW (Scotland) Presbytery had under discussion a motion, which was agreed to, for the appointment of a committee to consider the subject of Fast-Days in connection with the celebration of the Sacrament. There was a pretty general consensus of opinion expressed that the Fast-day as an ecclesiastical observance was doomed, and that it was viewed by the majority of the people more in the light of a holiday than a day for attending church.

BLOTTING PAPER was first discovered in 1455. Previous to that, when a man dropped a splotch of ink on the lower left-hand corner of the paper, he would give it a flick with his tongue toward the upper right-hand corner, and make a better picture of the comet of 1880 than any that has yet appeared in the illustrated papers.

THERE IS A DEMAND in Kentucky for a colored normal school. The State Board of Education has determined that the qualifications of the colored teachers must be the same as those of the white teachers, and that length of term, course of study, and payments of teachers must be the same in the colored as in the white schools.

BISHOP IRELAND, of St. Paul, has forbidden members of the Roman Catholic church in his Diocese, from acting as saloon keepers. There has been a strong movement of late years in high Catholic circles in behalf of temperance, but the above measure is more radical than has been attempted elsewhere.

TO UTILIZE the feathers of ducks, chickens and turkeys generally thrown aside as refuse, trim the plume from the stump, inclose them in a tight bag, rub the whole as if washing clothes, and you will secure a perfectly uniform and light down, excellent for quilting coverlets and other purposes.

TWO NINETY-FOOT LATHES, said to be among the largest in the world, have been made by the South Boston Iron Works. Each lathe contains six hundred thousand pounds of iron. They are to be used to bore out cannon.

A SHORT WINTER is predicted in Montana by hunters and trappers, who base their predictions on the fact that the hair on the buffaloes is short this year.

MIKE DONOVAN'S LOOKIN'-GLASS.

Mike Donovan was what I have sometimes heard my Irish friends call "A broth of a boy," which I suppose means a kind-hearted, healthy, honest lad. When Mike began the world he had, as most people would say, everything against him, for he was a little orphan lad, indebted for the bite and the sup to the village people, who had known his father and mother.

But little merry bars-foted Mike was soon able to work a bit for himself. So it was a capital thing for him that Larry Owen's cows had a habit of straying, and needed some one to watch them and maybe camp after them. Singing a favorite song which he had learned from a Clonmel pedlar, that began with—

"On weary's on money, and weary's on wealth, And sure we don't want them while we have our health."

The bare-foted Mike tra-dged merrily over the broad heath and up the mountain-side after his cattle.

Everybody's heart warmed to the boy, and in particular that same old pedlar who taught Mike the song. Some of this man's sayings took firm hold of the boy's mind. One Mike was taking a drink of butter-milk at a cottage door, when the pedlar was selling to the mistress little slip of a lookin'-glass to show her how her Sunday cap set, and he said, as he put the price of it in his pocket, "Now, ma'am, let me tell you that it's in the power of you and your good man, both of ye, to see the finest sight in the world every day of your life." "How so?" says she. "Why, ma'am, if you can both say when you look in that glass I see an honest face!" Sure didn't a famous poet say—

"An honest man's the noblest work of God;" Mike drank up more than the butter-milk just then, for his mind drank in that saying.

Now there was a sweet cool spot that on blazing summer days Mike dearly loved. Rising among fangs in a nook in the mountain-side was a clear bright spring of the purest water. Often and often the boy went there, and dipping in his face, took a drink and a cooler at the same time, and he would shake off the sparkling drops from his shining cheeks and clustering hair as the skylark scatters the dew from its fluttering wings. Looking into this clear, deep well, Mike could see his face, and the pedlar's words came to his mind about an honest face; and the wish grew strong in his heart that whatever his lot in life might be, he might be honest and true, and never ashamed to see his own face in that beautiful pool—God's hill-side mirror.

It was a good wish, and it came to pass. Not by merely wishing though, as I have known some foolish maidens think when they have gone to what they call wishing wells,* and come back no wiser than they went.

Mike strove to be honest; to do his duty kindly by Larry Owen's cattle, and to be steady at all times, as well as ready, as every other "Band of Hope boy" should try to be.

By-and-by, when Mike was about fifteen, and had saved up four shillings, he began to think of bettering himself. So he left Larry Owen's service, giving and taking a blessing, and of a good character. Mike bought a little stock of haberdashery, worked harder than ever, and soon he managed to have a full pack, and to drive a smart trade.

One morning he came to pay £2, and to have a fresh stock. A young man in the wholesale shop had just been to the bank to fetch £300. Seeing Mike in haste to be served, the shopman laid down his money on the counter, and forgot it. When Mike's parcel was packed, the notes somehow got rolled up with his goods. Away went Mike at his smartest pace with his pack on his back, and never stopped till he had gone twenty miles. Then being at a populous village, he began to open and look over his stock. Lo and behold there was the three hundred pounds! Mike had never seen more than two or three one-pound notes in his lifetime. It was a strong temptation; but Mike's love for honesty, like a good angel, did battle with the evil one, and he thought of the little mountain spring, and said, "Shall I be ashamed to look myself in the face? God helping me, never!"

Up he got and away—twenty miles honest tramp. Footsore, yet light of heart, he entered the store. "Why, Mike, what brings

* Some lovely springs in different parts of Ireland are so called.

you here again so soon? I thought you had made all your market yesterday," said the owner, as he looked at him. "True, sir, but I'm come to ask, did you not lose some money yesterday?"

Yes, the young man was suffering bitterly for his carelessness. He was that day to have been examined about the matter. If he had been proved guilty, he would certainly have lost his place and his character. Mike opens his pack, and at once restored the money.

Was that all Mike's history? No. The owner of the shop was so pleased that he offered, if Mike knew any town in his walk where a shop in his trade was wanted, to put Mike into it, and stock it for him. There was a place Mike knew of where there was a good opening. With all speed a house was taken, a shop opened, and Mike was established. The blessing was on him, and he prospered. There came a time when Mike could buy a farm, not in America, but in his native land—the very spot on which he had worked as a herd-boy, and where the clear bright well was that had in former days served Mike for a looking-glass, and given him, as we have seen, more than one good reflection. Was it not a joy that when he called it his own, and looked into its clear crystal depths once more, instead of being ashamed to see his face therein, he could remember, without a blush, his friend the pedlar's words—"An honest man's the noblest work of God."—*Band of Hope Review.*

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)
January 14.—Acts 2: 1-16.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. Rev. Mr. Arthur, in his Tongue of Fire compares the Church, or the soul, without the gift of the spirit, to (1) iron wire laid for a telegraph. It is powerful only when attached to the battery. The later invention of the electric light would make the comparison still stronger. The points, or the fine wires of the lamp, are dark and cold till the connected battery makes them give forth a light which suggests the sun itself. (2) He compares them also to water, which, when cold, is solid, brittle ice; "gently warmed it flows; further heated, it mounts to the sky;" and he might have added that, with still greater heat, it becomes steam—the greatest working force known. (3) So, "an organ filled with the ordinary degree of air which exists everywhere is dumb. Throw in, not another air, but an unsteady current of the same air, and sweet, but imperfect and uncertain, notes immediately respond to the player's touch; increase the current to a full supply, and every pipe swells with music.—P.

II. Mrs. Pensall Smith, not long ago, said in an address, that she often saw in Philadelphia the sign, Rooms to let with power. Such God offers us. All the places in which we are to work, all our duties, God gives us with power to make them effective, but we must accept and use the power that is given us.

III. The Bible now is a gift of tongues. It is now printed in 226 different languages, and more than 140,000,000 copies of Bibles and Testaments have been printed in this country by the Bible Societies alone, and almost as many more by private publishers.

PRACTICAL.

- 1. Ver. 1. The condition of the descent of the Holy Ghost with converting power in the Church is ever the same as at his first coming. Oneness of heart, and united, believing, persevering prayer will assuredly bring the largest blessing.—*Batter.*
- 2. Ver. 2. Yet God's work of revival comes suddenly we know not whence or how, to show that the results are not merely natural, but the direct gift of God.
- 3. Ver. 3. The spirit comes in the form of tongues, that those who receive may testify to others the truths they have experienced.
- 4. The gift is to all, for all should have part in the work.
- 5. The gifts of the Gospel reverse the evils of sin. Sin divided, the Gospel unites. Sin made Babel, the Gospel brings unity.
- 6. Ver. 5. The gift is adapted to all. It speaks to each one's soul, each one's needs.
- 7. The blessing came upon the devout, to those who were prepared by living up to the light they had.

8. The objections to the Gospel are usually as silly as this, that drunkenness could enable men to speak in various languages.

9. Peter, an example to preacher and teacher. (1) He used Bible truth. (2) He argued from what they already believed. (3) His teaching was a testimony of experience. (4) He spoke with directness and courage. (5) He moved his feelings. (6) The result was conversions.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

To-day we teach about the baptism of the Holy Spirit, God's best and greatest gift to man. (1) The conditions on which we may receive this gift, ver. 1; earnest, persevering, united prayer. Where was the gift promised? What the disciples were doing? (2) The gift of the Holy Spirit, ver. 2-4; Under what forms and why? What this gift was? Is it given in modern times? (3) The effects, ver. 16; (a) speaking with tongues; (b) mockery; (c) filled with the Holy Ghost, and the spirit of prophecy; (d) many conversions. To-day we may have practically the same results on the same conditions.

HAVE YOU A SOUL.

Not infrequently a teacher of street gospels in the Sunday-school has been surprised at the unique and clear perceptions that manifest of spiritual truths, when he has supposed them to be without any discernment. After years of instruction, for instance, a Sunday-school teacher asked a poor, illiterate scholar: "Jack, have you a soul?" Imagine his horror and discouragement at the reply: "No; I've got no soul!" But the lad allowed his teacher to be disheartened only for a second, for he added: "I had a soul once, but I lost it; and Jesus Christ came along and found it; so I am just letting him keep it." He had got a good deal farther along than many who all their lives have been favored with instruction. The number of those who are "just letting Jesus keep their souls" is not so large as it ought to be.—*S. S. Times.*

IT IS A SHEER ABSURDITY for you to attempt to teach another, unless you and your scholar are acquainted with a common language. It is a literal "absurdity"—more literally than, perhaps, you have had occasion to consider. What is an "absurdity"? The root idea of that word is *ab* and *surdus*—from a deaf man; such responses as would come from a man who could not hear your remarks, but wanted it to appear that he did. All of us have had or have heard "absurd" conversations of this sort. You meet a man on a country road, and, saying "Good day" to him, you ask "How far is it to Wilton, please?" He nods back a good day with the "absurd" response—for he is a deaf man—"Well, no; I haven't got any Stilton cheese, but I've been making some good Young Americas." That man understood your question quite as well as many a scholar in the Sunday-school understands his teacher's ordinary language; and if there were more outspoken answering in our Sunday-school classes, there would be more of these absurdities apparent to all.—*S. S. Times.*

Question Corner.—No. 1.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

CHRISTMAS PUZZLE STORY.

A little girl and boy who always obeyed the command in Romans 12: 10, went out the day before Christmas, near the time spoken of in Jer. 6: 4. The little girl, whose name was the same as that mentioned in one of the Epistles in connection with Philologus had in her hand an article spoken of in Prov. 16: 11, which she knew she would find useful during her walk. She carried, also, very carefully, some of the articles a woman once lit a candle and swept the house to find—which had been given her a few days before to use in the way she was intending now to do, by one who bore to her the relationship that Maachab did to Asa, King of Judah. (See margin of reference Bible.) I neglected to say that she did not possess a great deal of what Solomon says is "vain"; but her character is well described in 1 Cor. 13: 5. Her brother's name was the same as that of one who interceded in behalf of his father of a brother, and who afterward rent his clothes on his account. He had in his

hands a prominent feature in the dream of Pharaoh's baker. He also had received a gift from the same relative, similar to that of his sister.

On their way, our young friends exemplified the meaning of the question in Amos 3: 3. Before proceeding very far, they went into a store and laid in quite a large supply of the article mentioned last in Num. 13: 23, those spoken of next to the last in 1 Sam. 25: 18, the last two mentioned in Gen. 43: 11, and the first in Prov. 25: 11—though not made of that precise material. In another store they laid in some other articles of which children are very fond, and also come toys. Being now pretty heavily laden, they started home.

On reaching their nursery, they found waiting for them a large specimen of a class of articles spoken of in 1 Kings 4: 33 (first part of the verse). This had been brought from a place mentioned in the latter part of Is. 7: 2 by their hired man, who bore the name of one who took away from a sleeping king a spear and a cruse of water. The children began gladly to make up their purchases into articles spoken of in Gen. 42: 35, covering them with different colored pieces of something we read of in 2 John, 12th verse. They also placed in their neighborhood a large number of the articles spoken of in Prov. 31: 18, putting them to their appropriate use. Just at this moment, there was heard a sound similar to that we read that Rhoda heard. The children, though feeling in some measure at least, as she did on that occasion, did not imitate her example. In a moment their parents entered, followed by some boys and girls, in number equal to those of Jacob's sons. They were all of the class of those who, it is said, will never cease out of the land. They were neatly dressed, however, in clothing some of which was made by our little girl and her mother who resembled the woman in Prov. 31: 13 (last clause). These little guests had been gathered in from the places spoken of in Luke 14: 21. Their faces now were filled with the last word of Nch. 8: 17. I have not time to write you of their pleasure during the distribution of their gifts, though it was no greater than that of our little friends, on this occasion. After remaining an hour, the children were dismissed to their homes, as our little boy and girl were anxious to go to bed early in order that the morning might come the sooner, when they expected to receive their own gifts. When that time came, they experienced the truth of the statement in Luke 6: 38.

BIBLE STUDY.

A word that reminds me of an event in the world's history that occurred many thousands of years ago, the truth of which is corroborated by the tradition of all nations, as well as by ancient coins and monuments of stone.

Later in the world's history altogether another object is suggested by this same word; something sacred and precious, and symbolical of a mingled solid and fluid; man and the lower creature; a valuable tree; purest gold; fine purple; an old, old man; dreadful anguish, innumerable little children and innocent mirth and happiness.

What is the word? With what two objects is it associated. Disentangle my thoughts concerning both objects. What do I mean by the sorrow? and what by the mirth?

Give some Bible references concerning my word with its different associations.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 2.

- 25. That on his return from his victory over the children of Ammon whatever he carried out of his house to meet him he would offer up as a sacrifice to the Lord. Judges x: 30, 31.
- 26. Omri, king of Israel. 1 Kings xvi. 24.
- 27. Troshea. 2 Kings xvii. 34. In my thought of both are mingled solid and fluid; man and the lower creature; a valuable tree; purest gold; fine purple; an old, old man; dreadful anguish, innumerable little children and innocent mirth and happiness.
- 28. Sinuhe. 2 Kings xviii. 9.
- 29. A priest of Midian, Moses' father-in-law. Exodus xviii. 1.
- 30. Hazael. 2 Kings xviii. 34, 35.
- 31. See 1 Sam. xiv. 24.
- 32. Four hundred and eighty years. 1 Kings vi. 38.
- 33. Nebuchadnezzar. 2 Chron. xxxvi.
- 34. Jerubabai. Judges vii. 1.
- 35. Ben-hadad and half the tribe of Manasseh. Num. xxxii.
- 36. Joppa. Jonah 1. 3.

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

I, Edo, 2. Nebustan, 3. Cheith, 4. Replidim, 5. Elah, 6. Aplek, 7. Shudim, 8. Ehad, 9. Oodiah, 10. Uppuz, 11. Robum, 12. Poliz, 13. Achab, 14. Isaac, 15. Troas, 16. Hiel. Increase our faith, Luke 17: 5.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 22—Alexander George Barr, 12 ao; Annie D. Barr, 12 ac; Jessie Kerr, 12. To No. 23.—David McGee, 12.

Octo and in bays North solemn trappings, sinnot high wit fmons forest; benea of t ocean water Medi in l lighte fares inlets ed et the h that l them quiet sea-w coun panic beau powe sist toucl Ve endo namler skel but are piec stubs emb body jelly and larg over crea sort thic But won app arm ther in two stuel One twe eadl can fire mai van if y teri any wh by hav too fea tha int he pov rat an mu

THE GYMNAST OF THE SEA.

BY F. P. CHAPLIN.

Octopus vulgaris is his name, and in and out among the sheltered bays of islands dotting the great Northern Pacific, he moves with solemn purpose, mercilessly entrapping "myriads of lesser voyagers," that in shoals glide with sinuous sweep on toward the highways of the mighty deep.

With the greatest diligence the monster travels over lovely sea forests wavering in calm beauty beneath the swell of the Indian ocean, or the blue waters of the Mediterranean. In these dim-lighted thoroughfares he delights; inlets and rounded curves afford the hiding-places that he loves; in them, resting quietly on beds of sea-weed, he finds countless companies of scaly beauties utterly powerless to resist his electric touch!

Very curiously endowed is our mammoth traveller; no shell, no skeleton has he, but in the back are two conical pieces of horn-like substance, well embedded. His body resembles a jelly-bag, round and sometimes as large as a barrel; over this, the creature has a sort of leather sac, thick and strong. But wonder of wonders, now appear eight huge arms! and upon them are ranged in order nearly two thousand sucking-cups! One hundred and twenty pairs to each arm. How can he ever get tired with so many busy servants! And think, if you can, how terribly he would hold on to any-thing he caught! Sometimes, when sailors have been attacked by this horrible sea-pirate, they have willingly cut off a hand or a foot to free themselves from the fearful embrace. If it so happens that Octopus himself has fallen into hands stronger than his own he will gladly lose some of his powerful pincers in the tussle rather than give up and be beaten; and really it does not matter much, since in a little time they

grow again, and the sea-giant girded with new strength sets forth more determined than ever to conquer his enemies.

Can you guess where the mouth is? within the space surrounded by these eight lively arms, there you find it, with a thick round lip, and just under the lip a sort of parrot-like beak, with the short mandible uppermost. There is no bone under these mandibles, but their interior is filled with a fibrous substance of marvellous strength and solid-

fashion of accomplishing the labor. While four are playing oarsmen, the resting four may be getting something ready for supper—and it's "supper-time" about all the time with them, so report saith.

Sometimes the wily Captain finds a foe not agreeable to his mind—what then—what happens when the grampus or the cachalot offer fight? Well it is droll enough, for in this dire emergency the old sea-pirate resorts to a dark and most confusing bit of strategy; he always carries about him, in a

surprise. This dark-hued substance is helpful in other ways; it is the *sepia* used by painters, and is much valued by artists for the delicate brown tints it affords.

When this mammoth dweller of the seas changes his mood, and decides to take a trip on land,—though on land beneath the waves,—he at once issues orders to his sturdy oarsmen, and, instantlier, they become the most nimble of legs! bearing about with swiftiness and ease the now plump body. In a trice the independent traveller strides up and down the sandy highway, tramping on like an enormous spider and passing over slippery ledges as easily as a fly dances over a window-pane. Now see extended the countless suckers, holding firmly to rocks or sea-wrack, and, as if tossed gently in a hammock, the portly body is presently lulled to softest slumbers.

On awakening, the alert trapezist exercises the long arms in other ways, twisting and twirling them here and there, furtively grasping at hidden tit-bits, or stretching forth in search of larger game, until marching orders are again issued.

Octopus we have introduced to you with his eight arms and big ink-bag. No wonder, if the out spread arms, with all those ugly sucking-cups, were in duty, that it was called "a hundred limbed creature!"

Octopus, ugly as he is in appearance and character, is, by sailors of East Indian seas, regarded as a most delicious morsel, and if a sudden stroke of good fortune should secure the huge body for a grand roast, great is the rejoicing! But the courageous mariner often loses his own life, and is hopelessly sucked in, piece-meal, within the horrid lips.—*Wide Awake.*

GOD LOVETH a cheerful giver. 2 COR. 9:7.



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UESTIONS IN NO. 22.

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1 Kings xvi. 24.

11. 9, 10.

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Moses' father-in-law.

1, 13, 15.

eighty years. 1 Kings

Chron. xxxvi.

vii. 1.

if the tribe of Manasseh.

CRUSTIC.

3, Cherith. 4, Reph-

7, Shalum. 8, Ehad.

11, Benum. 12, Felix.

15, Troas. 16, Hel. In-

7:5.

TERS RECEIVED.

or George Barr, 12 ac;

Jessie Kerr, 12

see, 12.

ity. The muscles of the jaws are very powerful, and the tongue is delicate and capable of performing various offices in the disposition of food.

When this big traveller sallies forth in quest of adventure by sea, the huge disc of a body becomes a boat; and for merry rowers, Captain Cephalopod calls for the lively exercise of the eight strong arms, and a right jolly time they have, never getting weary, since they follow the "ride and tie"

big inside pocket, a great supply of ink, and now, to baffle his antagonist, out comes this ink-bag to the rescue, and so much is thrown out that, all about, the water is so blackened that nobody can see straight, and Octopus is safe, for every other creature roaming round is utterly mystified and confounded. It is then that the owner of the ink-bag slips off with a stealthy movement to a covert he has aforetime made nete of against a season of sudden

