

# Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

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## The Weekly Messenger

### BESIDE THE PYRAMIDS.

A despatch from Assouan to the *Morning Post*, an aristocratic paper published in London, declared that the Canadian *expeditions* attached to the Egyptian relief expedition had become insubordinate, often flatly refusing to obey the officers in command, and threatening to become a serious hindrance to the progress of the expedition. This has been denied, semi-officially, by the Government. The Canadian boatmen and Indians are probably more free in their ways than disciplined English soldiers; and perhaps they object to taking orders from officers who know nothing about the work in which the men are engaged.

The news this week is that it is impossible for the boats to make more than an average of eight miles up the Nile daily, on account of head winds. There is much anxiety on this point and it is feared that unless a north wind springs up the expedition will be unable to proceed.

The one thing absolutely certain about this Egyptian expedition is that the amount which the British taxpayers will have to pay for it is sure to be enormous—perhaps as much as \$50,000,000.

It is most likely true that Col. Stewart was murdered, as at first reported. The *Standard's* Cairo despatch states that portions of Col. Stewart's clothing and some papers belonging to the Greek consul have been found near the place where those gentlemen are supposed to have been massacred. Information has just been received by the Government from a reliable source to the effect that the Mahdi, who with a large force was marching on Khartoum to aid the rebels in that vicinity to capture the place, had arrived within six days' march of Khartoum when he was compelled to return in the direction of El Obeid on account of several tribes with him revolting.

A Dongola despatch says that an Arab from the Mahdi's camp reports much sickness among the Mahdi's forces. The defection of the tribes at the rear continues. His followers are dying from drinking from polluted water pools. The cattle are dying from fly bites. Altogether, the Mahdi seems in a bad way.

### THE UN-CELESTIAL WAR.

The French Chambers opened last week, and the Minister of War at once introduced two bills: one to establish a "colonial army," and the other to provide \$2,160,000 for the fighting in Tonquin up to the end of this year.

A despatch sent home from Tonquin says that the Chinese have lost 3,000 men in a battle, the French loss being only 20 killed and 90 wounded. Possibly the number of Chinese dead is exaggerated, to put the money-voters at home in a better temper. But the independent papers of France denounce the practice of the French troops in Tonquin of taking no prisoners

and killing the wounded. The *Gaulois* says the official defence that the Chinese refuse quarter cannot justify the soldiers of a country pretending to be the advance guard of civilization in making war like savages.

Another despatch tells of two battles, in one of which the French were victorious and in the other the Chinese. Admiral Courbet is thinking of another attack on Tamsui, where he was defeated before. An opposition French paper asserts that of the ten thousand French soldiers in Tonquin only four thousand are effective. It declares that the Chinese invasion, if not arrested, threatens to overwhelm the French, and that it is necessary that not mere reinforcements, but a full army, be sent to their assistance. And the *Times* correspondent at Peking is informed that the French commander in China has telegraphed to Paris that if ordered to march to Peking he will require 40,000 men of all arms, two pontoon trains, 8,000 horse, 120 field guns and a corps of ambulances.

The Paris correspondent of the *Telegraph* states positively that the court of Peking has offered, through the Washington Government, to pay \$1,000,000 to compensate the French for losses, in order to smooth the way for a settlement. The correspondent says M. Ferry considered the offer too small. America is so satisfied with the Chinese attitude, which she regards worthy of defending, that Mr. Frelinghuysen even declared his inability to understand the reluctance of France to accept an amicable settlement.

It is believed China will soon be in straits for cash and that financial difficulty will lead to an early conclusion of the war. As France is herself hard up for ready money, she may think it best to take the one million dollars at once, instead of fighting for more.

THE INHABITANTS of Watertown, Wisconsin, are just at present greatly interested over the alleged faith cures of W. H. Bulkley, a harness maker, of No. 17 Quincy street, in this city. Mr. Bulkley has been mentioned frequently in the Chicago papers as having performed miraculous cures by the laying on of hands and prayer. On Friday evening he began holding meetings in the Baptist Church, at Watertown, and his first meeting created such surprise that it was made the subject of special dispatches to the Chicago papers. The most noticeable instance was the cure of Miss Ellen Buehle, of Waterloo, Wisconsin. Consumption had so reduced her strength that she had to be carried to the altar. The harness maker placed his hands on her head, prayed for and with her for a few minutes, and at the conclusion she rose and walked with a firm and steady step to her seat. Miss Buehle declares she is entirely cured.

THE PORTUGUESE GOVERNMENT has protested against Britain annexing certain territories which the Boers seized from the Portuguese. The difficulties between the Transvaal Boers and the British Government are now expected to be settled without violence.

### THE SCOTT ACT CAMPAIGN.

THE SIXTEENTH OF OCTOBER, 1884, will long be remembered as the day on which one of the most glorious battles of Right against Wrong was fought and won, the United Counties of Dundas, Stormont and Glengarry having adopted the Scott Act by the tremendous majority of 1,706. What is more, each of the counties gave a large majority on the same side. Dundas leads the van with a majority of 733. Stormont's majority was 572,—Osnabruck giving 423 and Roxborough 121 for the Act, and Finch and Cornwall townships respectively giving 15 and 6 against it. The most pleasant fact is that Cornwall town itself gave a majority of 46 for the Act, and the town of Iroquois and Morrisburg 28 and 63 on the same side. Glengarry's majority was 404: in this county, Charlottetown gave a solid majority of 244, Kenyon 100, and Lochiel 100, for the Act. Lancaster gave a majority of 40 against it. An Alexandria correspondent writes: "From the indefatigable Secretary of the Central Committee in Cornwall, Mr. Henry C. Patterson, down to the 'see-you-everywhere' little *War Notes*, all are deserving of the most unbounded thanks and praise, for their good and kindly efforts." Latest reports are that the vote stood 4629 to 2923.

THE ATTEMPT TO REPEAL THE ACT in Charlottetown, P. E. I., was defeated by a vote of 755 to 715, although the liquor men did their "level best," and many temperance people stayed at home. Speaking at an immense meeting in the City Hall, a few days before the election, Mr. Foster remarked that it was surely something gained when the liquor was banished from respectable places to hide itself in low run dens. But, he continued, "If twenty-five good citizens would only be determined and united to enforce the law, which is a strong one, rum could be driven out of these dens, and from your front streets, too,—banished altogether in six months," and the speaker was loudly applauded. "Judging from the tone of the meeting," says the *Daily Patriot*, "if the Scott Act is sustained on Thursday, those whose duty as paid public officials it is to enforce it, in conjunction with temperance men, will have to work better in the future than they have in the past."

THE BATTLE OF STANSTEAD.—The total vote for the Scott Act in Stanstead was 1,300; against, 975: majority for the act, 325. Four years ago the vote stood 941 to 760 against the Act. So the liquor vote has remained almost stationary, while the temperance vote has increased 75 per cent.

THE CHIEF-JUSTICE of Prince Edward Island, in his charge to the grand jury at the opening of Prince county court on the 7th of this month, referred at length to the absence of crime in this Province, which in his opinion was largely attributable to the repressive legislation in regard to the sale of intoxicating liquors.

WELLINGTON.—The petitions from this county will be filed in the Registrar's office at Guelph on the 1st of November.

BELLEVILLE, AND HASTINGS COUNTY.—A large and influential meeting has organized into a branch of the Dominion Alliance, and resolved to agitate with a view of carrying the Scott Act. Temperance literature and *War Notes* were recommended to be spread all over the city and county (Hastings).

BRANTFORD.—The Scott Act petitions for this city have now been filed with the registrar; they were signed by 628 electors. The temperance men ask a vote to be taken in the latter part of November. The petitions for Brant county have been filed in the Sheriff's office, Brantford.

LANTON.—Senator Vidal informs the Ottawa correspondent of the *Montreal Daily Witness* that the Scott Act will certainly be adopted in this county at the election next February. He also expressed his firm conviction that the Dominion will be fully prepared for prohibition by the next general election.

LANARK.—The petitions from Lanark, which have now gone to Ottawa, were signed by 2,226 voters,—400 more than the required one-fourth. The total number of votes polled at the Provincial elections last year was 4,640.

ST. JOHN, N.B.—The temperance organizations of this city are united for a Scott Act campaign, which will probably be opened as soon as the county and Portland Town also decide to enter the ranks and carry on a simultaneous contest.

YORK, NEW BRUNSWICK.—The proposal of the rum-sellers, that the rumous traffic shall be restored to a position of respectability among other trades, will be decided by the electors of this county on Thursday the 30th. York, which was the second place in Canada to adopt the Act, is not likely to disgrace itself by again entering into partnership—(for that is the meaning of giving licenses) with the liquor traders. But there should be not one vote lost for want of effective organization, or for want of some means of bringing the voter to the poll. Let every ballot paper in York county be marked with a cross in the lower space.

ELECTION FIXTURES.—The county of Peel, Ont., is voting on the petition for the Scott Act this week,—Thursday, the 23rd. The following polling days on this question have also been fixed by proclamation:

Bruce, Ont., . . . . .	30th October
Prince Edward, Ont., . . . . .	30th "
Huron, Ont., . . . . .	30th "
Dufferin, Ont., . . . . .	30th "
Renfrew, Ont., . . . . .	7th November
Norfolk, Ont., . . . . .	11th "
York, N.B., (on question of repeal).	30th October.

GEN. SAMUEL LAPPIN, formerly State Treasurer of Kansas, has been arrested at Albany, in Oregon. He was travelling as a book-agent under the name of Richardson. In 1874 he was charged with forging \$19,000 of school bonds, was arrested and confined in gaol at Topeka, but escaped and fled to South America, and had not been heard of since until his arrest.

## MOTHER'S BOYS.

Yes, I know there are stains on my carpet,  
The traces of small muddy boots;  
And I see your fair tapestries glowing,  
All spotless with blossoms and fruits.

And I know that my walls are disfigured  
With prints of small fingers and hands,  
And that your own household most truly  
In immaculate purity stands.

And I know that my parlor is littered  
With many old treasures and toys;  
While your own is in daintiest order,  
Unharm'd by the presence of boys.

And I know that my room is invaded  
Quite boldly all hours of the day;  
While you sit in yours unmolested  
And dream the soft quiet away!

Yes, I know there are four little bedsides  
Where I must stand watchful each night;  
While you can go out in your carriage,  
And flash in your dresses so bright.

Now, I think I'm a neat little woman;  
I like my house orderly too;  
And I'm fond of all dainty belongings,  
Yet would not change places with you.

No! keep your fair home with its order,  
Its freedom from bother and noise;  
And keep your own fanciful leisure—  
But leave me my four noble boys!  
—*Boston Commonwealth.*

## THE MAN OF THE HOUSE.

BY PANSY.

Author of "Mrs. Soteman Smith Looking On."

## CHAPTER XXII.

## REUBEN TAKES A NEW STEP.

There was not time to answer Beth; for there came a stream of light just then, from a new lamp, and behind it were mother and Miss Hunter; and Reuben poked the fire, and added a fresh lump of coal, and the room looked lovely and cheery. He was glad of the interruption, for in truth he had no answer ready. Beth's ideas of the Christian life were very startling. Was it to be supposed that he, Reuben Watson Stone, could read in the Bible and pray before people?

"What did Beth mean by saying 'they always did it?' Could she be right in thinking that because he was a Christian he must take up such duties as those?"

"Well," said Miss Hunter briskly, setting down the new lamp on a gay lamp-mat that she had fished from her box of treasures, "how did Sunday-school go? Did you like it, Beth?"

"Some," said Beth absently, and then rousing herself: "Why, yes, ma'am; I liked it very much." She was still thinking of Reuben's wonderful news.

"Miss Hunter," said Reuben, his thoughts suddenly turned in a new channel, "do folks that sign a temperance pledge have to stop drinking cider?"

"Well, now, my boy, that depends on the kind of pledge they sign; there are some wily-washy pledges I've seen, which left cider out, but why they should be more than I can understand. Why? Was that in your Sunday-school lesson?"

"No'm," said Reuben with a little laugh, "not exactly, but something came up about promises and pledges, and we got on to it, and somehow, one of the boys said that cider belonged in the pledge, and another boy said it didn't; he said he had been a member of a temperance society for two years, and that he drank as much cider as he wanted; and they had quite a talk about it."

"And what did the teacher say?"

"Well, she didn't say a great deal about it; I guess she thought it wasn't in the lesson, and she wanted to get the boys to tend to that; but I don't believe she thinks much of cider."

"I'll warrant she doesn't; not if she is a good teacher, and knows much about boys. Why, Reuben, one of the worst drunkards I ever knew, learned to drink by sucking cider out of his father's barrel, through a straw! The idea of leaving it out of a pledge, when those who know say that it will intoxicate quicker than beer!"

"One boy said that there was a great difference in cider; that he thought every pledge meant you mustn't touch hard cider,

but that new cider such as he drank, wouldn't hurt a cat."

"No more it wouldn't," said Miss Hunter dryly, "because a cat knows enough not to touch it. I'll tell you what I think about sweet cider; I think it is just a snare of Satan time and again he has got hold of a boy by making him so fond of sweet cider that he couldn't let it alone; and he knows it. Satan is real sharp, I tell you. Then there's another thing, Reuben; you must ask your boy who drinks as much sweet cider as he wants, if he has studied the thing up, as he knows just when it changes, so that there is a little bit of alcohol in it. The fact is, that change comes a great deal sooner than most folks think. I've heard them that know say that sweet cider was really the fattest tasting stuff in the world; and that nobody liked it until the change had begun in it that makes alcohol; I should think that was stepping pretty near the edge of a promise, even if my pledge didn't say anything about sweet cider."

"I should think so too," declared Reuben. "I hadn't thought about it before, and I couldn't tell which side I was on; but I guess I'll let cider alone."

"Why, Reuben, you don't belong to any temperance society?" This from Beth, in an inquiring tone.

"No, but I'm going to. There's a fellow in the shop going to get all the signers he can to the pledge, and I told him to-day, I'd sign the first thing to-morrow."

"That's right," was Miss Hunter's hearty commendation. "And is it a cider pledge! If it isn't, I'd have another line added and poke it in somehow; for I tell you it works more mischief to young folks than all the other drinks put together. I've watched it. Boys, and girls too, that have been brought up to do right, and be what they called temperance people, go on drinking their cider year after year, and every year they like it a little harder, though they don't say so; all they say is, 'seems to me this cider tastes kind of flat; it's a little too new; it wants to stand a while.' And the first thing they know, the harder it is the better they like it; and they like it so well they can't let it alone. Some of them do, you know; it doesn't affect everybody that way, of course; if it did, people would see the danger easier. But how are you going to know but you will be the very one to learn to like it too well?"

"And even if you don't, maybe the boy that stands next you will be the one to, and maybe he would let it alone if you would." This was Reuben's comment.

"Exactly so, my boy; do you see that cider is put into the pledge that you sign?"

"I will," said Reuben.

Then suddenly Mrs. Stone started a new train of thought:

"There is something about this room makes me think of my old home; I can't tell what it is, not where it is, but the minute I get into it I think of the house we used to live in when I was a little girl, and especially the sitting room where we used to sit on Sundays."

"Well, now," said Miss Hunter with hearty sympathy in her voice, "isn't that pleasant! I do think it is so nice to have something to remind us of our childhood. You must have had a real nice home if this reminds you of it, for I do think this is about as pleasant a room as I ever saw. And what did you use to do on Sunday nights when the twilight was coming on?"

Both Reuben and Beth turned interested faces on their mother, and waited for the answer; they knew very little about her old home; she had never seemed fond of talking about it.

"Oh, we used to sing," she said, speaking slowly, as if it were hard work to go back to that long-ago past. "There was quite a family of us once, and we were all singers: Reuben and Kate were first-rate singers—they were the two youngest—and father used to say they could earn their living with their voices; but they didn't need to earn a living; they both died before they found out what a hard thing it was to live. Father had enough and to spare in those days." And then Mrs. Stone gave the sort of weary sigh that Reuben and Beth were well acquainted with. Miss Hunter didn't want her to sigh.

"So they went to heaven to sing?" she said briskly, almost gaily. "Well, there's a pleasant side to that to look back on, I'm sure. Those things most always seem so sad when they first come. I've had them

when it seemed to me I never in the world could feel it was for the best. 'I'll believe it,' says I, 'because the Lord says so,' and I used to tell him that on my knees; 'but as for realizing it, I don't think I ever can, not till I get to heaven.' And if you believe it, I've gone to him on my knees and told him since, that I saw it as plain as day about those very things; they were best! Well, I suppose after the singing was done, somebody used to get out the old Bible and read, and then the father prayed; wasn't that the way of it?"

Mrs. Stone caught her breath hard for a moment, then in a lowered voice said: "Yes, it was; my old father never used to neglect that."

They were, right back to the subject that had put Reuben in such a whirl! This was great news to him: he had never heard so much about his grandfather before. Then his mother used to belong to a home where the Bible was read every Sunday evening, at least. He wondered if it was on other evenings; he wished he knew, but he did not like to ask his mother. At this point in his thoughts his eye caught Beth's; she nodded her head, and her face said almost as plainly as words could have done:

"I told you so; grandfather was a Christian, you see, and he read in the Bible and prayed."

"But then he was a man," said Reuben to himself.

"Well, what of that?" asked the other self who often in these days held conversations with him. "So will you be a man if you live long enough; and you are the only man there is to this house now. You have to help pay the rent, and buy the coal, and do ever so many things now that you wouldn't if you had a father. As likely as not you would be in school instead of working hard every day to support your family; why should you wait until you get to be a man before you read in the Bible and pray in your family, any more than you wanted until then to do other things?"

"Mother might not like it," said Reuben. "You will never know till you see her," said the other self; "and you know you don't believe but what she will like it, or at least, that she won't find any fault with it; she hardly ever finds fault with anything that you do."

"Maybe I'll do it next Sunday," said Reuben.

"I should think it would be a great deal more sensible to do it now," said his other self; "things don't grow easy by waiting; you know that, for you've tried it. In fact, this first Sunday in a new home, when everything is beginning over new in your family, is just the easiest time you will ever have. If I were you, I'd do it this very night. Your mother doesn't know, but she sure, that you have become a soldier, but Beth does, and you see what she expects of you; and your mother might as well hear it now as at any time. You wondered how you should ever have a chance to show your colors; are you going to shirk the very first chance?"

But at this point Reuben gave up the sort of thinking which consists in just holding an argument with one half of yourself against the other half, and set himself to right down earnest thinking. The talk went on in the room, but he did not hear it. He had an important question to settle. It seemed strange to him that Beth, who was not a soldier at all, had been the one to rouse him to duty, and even point the way; but the more he thought about it, the more sure he felt that she was right, and that there was a chance to stand by his colors. It seemed like very hard work to him; you boys who have been in the habit of reading a few verses in the Bible with your mother, and then kneeling with her in prayer every night and morning of your lives, will probably never be able to understand how hard it was. But there was this about Reuben that made every one who knew him believe in him, and believe that he would make a man to be trusted. When he saw a plain duty he never shirked it because it was hard. He did not mean to shirk this one.

"Mother," he said, breaking into the midst of something that Beth was saying, being so intent on what he was about to say, that he had not heard Beth at all, and the earnestness sounded so plainly in his voice, that his mother turned toward him an expectant face and waited: "Mother, I've had something to tell you for a week, but I haven't got it told. I've become a soldier,

and I've got to stand by the colors all the time."

"A soldier!" repeated Mrs. Stone, in a kind of dismayed voice. This boy of hers had so astonished her lately that she was prepared for almost anything. Had he told her there was war with the Indians and he must march away the next morning, I don't know that she would have been much more bewildered that that she was now. It was plain that she did not understand him any better than Beth had, and it was equally plain that Miss Hunter did. Her eyes flashed a bright light at him, that made his heart feel warm, and he answered her smile, and then turned to his mother.

"Yes, mother, a soldier of the Lord Jesus, I'm bound to serve him all my life; and since I'm all the man of the house there is, I was wondering if you would care if I read some verses in the Bible and prayed, as grandfather used to do. I never knew before that grandfather did so."

For the next minute or two it was so still in that little new room that you could have heard your own heart beat, I think. Then Mrs. Stone said, and her voice was so low that Reuben had to bend his head to hear it: "Of course I wouldn't care, Reuben, if you want to."

Without another word, Reuben reached for the Bible that he had been studying but a little while before, and read aloud the words over which he had been thinking that afternoon.

"Thou therefore, my son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus. And the things that thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men who shall be able to teach others also."

"Thou therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

"No man that warreth, entangleth himself with the affairs of this life, that he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier."

There was a great deal about these verses that Reuben did not understand; indeed they had caught his eye because the word soldier was repeated several times, and then that last sentence about pleasing him who had chosen him to be a soldier gave him joy; Reuben was sure of this, that he wanted nothing now so much as a chance to please Jesus. During this reading he was much troubled as to what he should say when he knelt to pray. Remember, he had never heard his own voice in prayer, and indeed I may say he had rarely heard anybody pray. But he was much astonished to discover that words seemed to come to him without any trouble. Only a few simple sentences, but they expressed as plainly as words could, his resolution to belong to the Lord Jesus, and to serve him in all things as well as he could from that time forth.

He felt very happy when he rose from his knees; somehow he could not help feeling more like a soldier than before; as though he had put on his uniform, you know; besides, there had been something in his mother's voice, low and husky though it was, which made him feel that she did not dislike the reading and praying. She had knelt very near to him and he felt sure he had heard her crying. Perhaps she was thinking of grandfather; perhaps she had missed his prayers very much. And Reuben resolved that she should never miss prayers again. It hardly needed Miss Hunter's happy sentence, "Well now, I thank the Lord that I belong to a family altar once more," to make him feel that he had done the right thing, and that God would bless him in it.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## THEIR FIRST PARTY.

There was a good deal of excitement one evening in the new house where the Stone family lived. Something very interesting had happened. Beth and Reuben were invited out to spend the evening, for the first time in their lives. You boys and girls who have been to a children's party, or to an entertainment of some sort, as often as once a month, ever since you can remember, will be astonished at this, but it is true. Hattie Turner, a young girl in Beth's Sabbath-school class, and her brother, who was in Reuben's class, were to have a candy pull, with plenty of apples, and nuts, and games, and a good time generally, and Beth was braiding her hair in lovely silky braids, and tying it with blue ribbon to match her dress.

"You are too much dressed up for a candy pull, and that's a fact," her mother said,

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eying the blue merino with doubtful, and yet with satisfied eye; Beth did look nice in it!

Miss Hunter came briskly to the rescue; there was an alarmed look in Beth's eyes; if she should have to take the blue merino off, and wear her brown calico, she felt almost as though it would break her heart. "Oh, she won't hurt her dress, that white apron covers the front nicely, and she can roll up her sleeves when she pulls candy, and she is kind of special company you know, being so much of a stranger, so it will do for her to be dressed up pretty well."

Reuben couldn't help laughing a little as he looked down at his new gray jacket and pants, cut just the right length and trimmed with as many buttons as the rest of the boys wore. The idea of Beth being too much dressed up to go to a place was something so new, and so funny.

"She must match my new jacket and pantaloons, you know, mother!" he said gayly, and the mother privately thought that she would have to look very well indeed in order to match her boy.

Reuben's thoughts, busy with contrasts, went back to the old home. "I wonder what Kate and Timmy Blake would say if they could see us, Beth?" He asked the question with a sort of glee, but not in the tone that you would call a proud one.

"I wonder how poor Mrs. Blake has got along all this cold winter?" Mrs. Stone said, with a sigh for her old neighbor and one friend in the city. "Poor thing! I've thought of her a dozen times this winter and wished she could have a little bit of the comfort that we are having so much of."

"Couldn't we have them down here for a few days, mother, and get them rested up? Maybe Timmy could get work here; Katie could, anyhow, and Mrs. Blake."

"Have company?" said Mrs. Stone, smiling at this new and not altogether unpleasant idea. "Maybe we can, Reuben, when the summer is fairly here. I doubt if they could get enough together to pay their fare though."

"Let's try for it," said Miss Hunter, nodding her head with the air of one who saw a way to accomplish it.

So Beth and Reuben started to their first party, their hearts warm with the thought of what they, in their happier lot, might do for their friends.

It was Miss Hunter who held the light at the side door and waited while Beth went back for a handkerchief; it was in this way that she got a chance to speak that last word to Reuben.

"I suppose you mean to look out for your colors to-night, my boy?"

Then Reuben looked down again at the neat gray suit, and the trim neck-tie with a dash of red in it, and smiled. He knew that Miss Hunter did not mean those colors, no danger but he would look out for them, but he didn't quite see what she could mean.

"I don't know of any chance to show them to-night; it is just a few girls and boys to pull candy, and eat apples and nuts. There won't be any way to show the colors that you mean."

"Humph!" said Miss Hunter looking wise. "Don't you believe it. I never heard of a parcel of boys and girls being together for half an hour, but what the Lord gave them a chance to show their colors. Why, Satan looks out for that, even if the Lord didn't. He is always putting in words and actions to help folks backwards, and them that won't go backwards and have a Captain strong enough to lead them forward, have a chance to follow him."

Reuben leaned against the side of the little table and looked thoughtful: "But Miss Hunter," he began, "these are not rough fellows like some of those in our shop; they are well-behaved boys, real gentlemanly fellows always, and the girls will be there too; I don't believe I'll have any chances to-night."

"Just you keep watch and see if you don't. I've seen gentlemanly boys and nice girls set a whole nest of snares for careless feet. You make me think of a nephew of mine to whom I once gave the verse: 'My son, if sinners entice thee consent thou not.' He was going off to the woods with a party of boys. 'Auntie,' says he, 'the verse doesn't fit; there isn't a sinner among them; those boys are ever so much better I am.'"

"You keep a look out, my boy," said I, "it's my opinion you'll find the sinners

enticing you as hard as they can, before you are an hour older. You will have need for the verse if Satan is as smart as I have reason to think he is." Well, in the evening he was pretty quiet and thoughtful, and when I got a chance I asked him about the verse. "Auntie," said he, "it just exactly fitted; I found a whole troop of sinners right in my own heart enticing me as hard as they could; I had to fight them with all my might; it would have been so easy to have consented to what they wanted."

"Whew!" said Reuben with a queer little whistle "I never thought of that."

Then came Beth: "I thought I should never find my hemstitched one," she said in apology for having kept him so long. "I put it away so carefully I could not think what I did with it."

"You are not used to having places for things," said Reuben, reaching for his cap, and feeling that Beth had been gone none too long for him to get his colors righted.

"No," she said with a happy little laugh. "For that matter, I'm not used to having things. But, Reuben, I'm getting used to it very fast. Now, you know it isn't quite three months that we have been living here, and yet it seems to me as though I could not go back to the city and live in the old way; I think I should die. And it seems as though we had always known what we would have for dinner, and could always have meat once a day, and had never thought of such a thing as shivering over the stove to save coal. What makes people get used to things so fast, do you suppose? I isn't that I've forgotten the hard places; I guess I haven't! I wish I could, though; I wouldn't like to have the girls know how hard we used to have it."

"Why not?" said Reuben wonderingly. "I should think you would like to have them know all about it, so they would understand better what hard times poor folks have, and what fun it is to help them. Why don't you?"

"Oh, because I don't," said Beth, and she tossed her pretty brown head, and looked and felt in a way that Reuben, not having a streak of that kind of pride about him, did not understand.

(To Be Continued.)

#### LEON'S TEMPERANCE SERMON.

BY JULIA D. PECK.

"I say, boys, let's go down to Delabar's and get some of his cider!" said Billy Graves to his school mates at the recess. "He has got some that is prime. I tested it this morning."

"All right! I go in for that," said Tony Brown, who, to tell the truth, "went in" for anything that anybody proposed.

The other boys nodded assent to Billy's proposal—all but one, who made a decided protest.

"Oh! come, boys. Let's pitch quoits. What do you want of Delabar's cider?"

It was Leon Noble, the new minister's son, who said that, and he was so frank and good-natured all the boys liked him.

"Of course, why not pitch quoits?" echoed Tony.

"Oh! you just keep still, will you?" cried Billy angrily. "The parson's son is afraid he'll get drunk on new cider, maybe. I'm not such a baby. All you fellows who are in favor of going to Delabar's raise your hands."

Tony's hand went up involuntarily, but he quickly dropped it when he saw his was the only one raised.

"Will you let me tell you a little story?" asked Leon, without heeding Billy's angry looks.

"The other night after school I went over to Pine Hollow to carry some jelly and things to a sick woman that mother had hunted up, and when I was coming home by Delabar's still I saw a man lying on the ground."

"I suppose you don't think that anything very unusual, but somehow I never can get used to such sights, and I was hurrying along when I heard a little piping voice, and, if you will believe it, there was a child not an inch taller than our Grace. She was pulling his coat-sleeve and saying over and over, 'Do come home, papa; do please come home with Mamie.'"

"And what do you suppose that drunken fellow did?"

"He just swore at the little creature—such terrible oaths I never heard before—

and then he staggered to his feet and knocked her down with his fist. I thought at first he had surely killed her."

"He ought to have been horse-whipped," interrupted Bob Grant, "and I'd have done it if I had been there."

"I'd have knocked him down," added Tony; at which they all laughed, for everybody knew Tony would not dare to fight his own shadow.

"What did you do, Leon?" asked Nat Tyler.

"Before I had time to collect my wits," said Leon. "Delabar came out and caught up the little girl in his arms, and you just ought to have heard the raving he gave the man. He told him to 'ake himself off his premises and not to show his beastly face there again."

"And, do you know, it just sobered the fellow completely! Queer, wasn't it?"

"What did he say for himself?" asked Billy Graves.

"I wish all you boys had heard him," said Leon. "He drew himself up and pointed his finger at Delabar, and said, 'How dare you talk to me, you whited sepulchre?' 'Twas you who made me a brute. 'Twas you who knocked down my baby, and robbed me of my money, and my manhood, and everything I cared for. You tempted me with your cider until I was mad for something stronger, and you urged me on till you have got all my money, and now you curse me. And it is the truth, as God hears me.'"

"I should not want to be in Delabar's shoes," said Bert Sweet. "What did he say to that?"

"Not a word. He dropped the child as if she burned him and went into the house in a hurry. And the child took hold of her father's hand and they went off together."

The boys were silent for at least a minute as Leon stopped talking, but Billy Graves was the first to speak.

"If cider does that, I don't want any more of that kind of drink, and I won't touch no more of it neither; see if I do," he said hotly.

"You're a first-class temperance lecturer, Leon," said Nat, "and if you only had some pledges we all would sign them; wouldn't we, boys?"

"Oh! would you?" asked Leon excitedly. "Why, that is what we've been talking about, mother and I, for ever so long. She wanted I should try to have you all sign the pledge and have a society, and she has the pledges all ready; but, you see, I thought you'd all laugh and make fun of it, so I've been putting it off; but mother will be glad enough if you only will."

"I don't see why she should care so much," said Bert Sweet; "but I'd like it first rate."

"Oh! you don't know my mother," said Leon. "She and father are planning all the time to help somebody. And they told me to ask you all to meet at the parsonage once a week, and mother will make popcorn balls and lemonade, and we'll have no end of fun. Will you all come to-morrow night?"

The boys were very ready to promise, and then the school-bell put an end to their talk; but that was the beginning of a temperance work which was felt throughout the town, and the end is not yet.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

#### FRUIT AFTER MANY DAYS.

BY S. F. SMITH, D. D.

There was once in a certain Sabbath school a boy who seemed perfectly deaf to all instruction. His memory was excellent and he learned his lessons so quickly that he found plenty of time to torment his fellow pupils, and to grieve the heart of his teacher. The right way was pointed out to him in vain. He was rebuked in vain, and finally he was expelled from the school. He was sent by his parents to another, but with no better success. He learned verses and hymns with surprising quickness, but his behavior was the same, and nothing remained but to cut him off from this school also. At last a teacher who had had great success with ungovernable boys, took pity on him and gave him an opportunity for the third time to become a respectable man; but all in vain. His regard for his other pupils compelled him most unwillingly to cut the boy off from his school. Thus left to himself, the boy plunged into all sorts of vice, and before he reached the years of manhood,

he enlisted in the army. His friends were greatly troubled, but they had not the means to buy him off from the service. He was sent with his regiment to a distant colony. In a short time he was present in a bloody engagement which filled the most hardened with terror. The young recruit, however, was very brave; he held his post so manfully that he did not fall till he had been pierced by several balls. In fact, it was wonderful that any one of them did not kill him. A council of physicians was held over him, who decided that it was almost impossible to extract the balls without the hazard of his life. So they allowed him to lie some time, until several surgeons had time to assist in the operation. The head surgeon, alarmed at the character of the wounds, bent over the soldier, and whispered gently into his ear, "My poor boy, your case is a very desperate one. Have you ever been to Sunday-school?"

"Yes sir, when I was a boy," answered the soldier, full of wonder.

"Good, then you must have learned many hymns and passages in the Bible. Try to recall them to memory. They will help you bear the pain, and, I hope, will prepare you for the great change which may be the result of the operation."

The young soldier's thoughts were immediately carried back to the various school-rooms where he had heard with such indifference so many appeals to his conscience, and where so many exhortations, to the grief of his teachers, had been received with indifference or spurned by him. Now they all came back so vividly to his remembrance, that he scarcely felt the pain attending the extraction of the balls. As the surgeon, day after day when he visited him, gave him a word of exhortation or advice, the seed sown in his boyhood began to bear fruit. A Bible was procured for him, and he took pleasure in filling up the long and tedious hours of his convalescence with meditation on its sacred truths. At last, the impracticable Sunday-school scholar became a humble disciple of Christ, and strove by a well ordered and holy life to make up for the follies of his youth. As his crippled body unfitted him for further military service, he was discharged and sent home. He found employment sufficient to support himself and his family as a coachman in a large city, and he was known in all the neighborhood as a man distinguished by a blameless life, true piety and strict observance of the Sabbath.

It is certain that the seed sown in the hearts of children is not lost, though it is long in springing up; also that to a young man, going forth into the wide world, there is no better treasure than a store of passages of Scripture and hymns, which perhaps in a time of need and of shipwreck may serve him as a life-preserver, by which he may save his soul from destruction.—*From the German.*

**TOMATO SALAD.**—For six persons take as many eggs; boil four of them hard; dissolve the yolks with sufficient vinegar and three teaspoonfuls of mustard. Mash as smooth as possible; then add the two remaining eggs (raw) both yolk and white; stir all well together, then add sufficient salad-oil to make, altogether, sauce enough to cover the tomatoes; add plenty of salt and cayenne pepper; beat all thoroughly until it froths. Skin and cut the tomatoes about a quarter of an inch thick, and pour sauce.

**PEACH CREAM.**—Peach cream makes a pleasant variety from ice cream. The stones and skins are removed from very ripe, mealy peaches, which are then passed through a hair sieve. To each cupful of pulp add a cupful of pulverized sugar, and beat together. Whip a cupful of sweet, thick cream for each cupful of pulp, mix gently together and put in a freezer to freeze. Rich flavored apples may be substituted for the peaches, or bananas or apricots may be used.

**BAKED TOMATOES.**—Drain off the liquor from a can of tomatoes and put it into your soup. Pare the crust from some slices of bread, cut them to fit the bottom of a greased pie-dish, and fry to a light brown in dripping. Dip each in boiling, salted milk, fit to their places in the dish, pour the tomatoes upon them, season with pepper, salt, butter and a little sugar. Stew thickly with crumbs and bake covered, twenty minutes; then, brown.

## The Temperance Worker

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25.

## "THE TRADE" IN ENGLAND.

The *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette*, published in England, contains a most dismal article in a recent number. On the whole it is amusing and rather satisfactory reading. But there is a good deal of instruction to be obtained from this incident. All these many years temperance societies have been at work on the lines of "moral suasion;" and if they had continued on those lines the liquor-sellers would have continued to sneer and do little else. So long as temperance people only aimed at the cure of drunkards when made, the drunkard-makers could afford to keep a quiet heart; but now that the prevention of drunkard making is aimed at, all the fury of the over-fed wild beast is aroused by the prospect of losing his prey. Make a total abstainer, and the bar-keeper has many ways of recovering his customer. But take away his license,—and you have discovered the weakest spot in King Drink's armour.

Heading the article "Position of the Trade," the drink organ begins:—

Many will be disposed to say that the title of the present article is a misnomer. Formerly it was appropriate enough, but in the present day and at this moment the trade of the licensed victualler has no position at all. We will modify matters, however, by stating that it has a somewhat tottering one. He who has pursued with care the proceedings at the recent brewster sessions—and numbers have done so with trembling anxiety—cannot fail to think that the sceptre of justice is departing from our land.

As it happens, most of these licensing sessions have given little satisfaction to those who desire a decrease in the number of licenses. But listen to the wail of the *L. V. G.* over the refusal of a license to a certain inn called the "Black Dog:"

The grounds of opposition being unique, we give them—five in number were they in all, namely:—That the house is not required for the convenience of the public; that the house is unfit to be licensed as an inn, alehouse, and victualling house under Section 9 of the Intoxicating Liquor Act, 1828; that the house is not kept as an inn, but as a mere "tippling house" within the meaning of the earlier Licensing Acts; that since the house was originally licensed as an inn the circumstances of the neighborhood have changed, and an inn is no longer required there; that the character of the neighborhood is now such that the licensing of a house for the sale of intoxicating liquors is the cause of drunkenness and disorder.

And the *L. V. G.* adds, with a considerable degree of truth,—

The above series of absurd complaints would be held applicable by any teetotaler to every inn and public-house in the land.

Now read this very instructive comparison between old times and the present, and rejoice that the people of Britain are throwing off their "boasted independence"—which means that they are becoming more and more independent of the drink traffic and of the thirty-millions of blood-money paid for liberty to carry on the ruin business. This is an "independence" worth boasting of:—

A trade employing a hundred and twenty millions of capital, and contributing annually more than a fourth thereof to the revenue, ought, on those grounds alone, to command the respect of any nation! Time was when kings would have fallen down and worshipped it, and time has been when the army and navy could not have been supported without it. Once it was a flourishing institution the praises of which occupied

for ages the pens of our poets, novelists, and dramatists—to-day it is stuck in the pillory, and the mud of every street is thrown at it. What a degrading sight it is to witness the representatives of a great, important, and indispensable trade, going up year by year, lashed and, and cringing for leave to pay the thirty millions, or whatever the sum may be, per annum, for the service of Her Majesty, her Crown and dignity. Would any other country but England submit to it? No!—not even if they were told that the salvation of their souls depended upon it. Where is our boasted independence? Gone to the bottom of the sea with the last shipwreck. The cankers of a calm word and a long peace are eating into the very life of the land. Breweries are being closed and wound up; the licenses of public-houses are being taken away for no valid reason whatever; the owners of inns and alehouses cannot find tenants for half of them. We have seen in our early years a panic in the banks; more recently we have also seen a panic in railways, and now we witness a panic running all through the public-houses, the last being the most extraordinary and unaccountable of all the three. The first two rose up suddenly, and as quickly fell, until time and years combined to regulate their proper place and condition, the vast importance of which all must acknowledge. The alehouses of the land had a natural and steady growth; but why are they now, after the lapse of so many centuries of public utility, to be pulled down and swept away?

For the simple reason, friend *Victualler*, that what you call public utility has been discovered, after these many centuries of trial, to be neither more nor less than public ruin.

## RIOTOUS RUM-SELLERS.

The professional law-breakers, the liquor-sellers and their dupes, have been at their work in Michipicoton, Algoma District. Under the Public Works Act it is forbidden to sell liquor within ten miles of any part of the Pacific Railway that may be under construction. There are a large gang of illicit liquor sellers and three or four stills located near Michipicoton, and the former sell their stuff to the navies at fancy prices. These illicit sellers, believing that Alex. Macdonald, the Canadian Pacific Railway agent, and others were attempting to put a stop to the traffic threatened them with death. On October 9th a body of between thirty and forty men attacked the buildings occupied by Capt. Burden, Ontario magistrate, and the officers of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Two constables were wounded. On the following day, a further outbreak being attempted, the local government was notified by Capt. Burden, who also came on to Toronto. The Government applied to the city police commissioners for twenty men; ten were granted.

The men are nearly all single, are volunteers, will get fifty cents a day of extra pay and have all their expenses paid by the Ontario Government. They left by the Toronto, Grey & Bruce Railway for Owen Sound, where they took the C. P. R. steamer for the Sault and then re-embarked for Michipicoton, which is 120 miles further north.

The Crown Attorney at the Sault was authorized to call out the infantry company if necessary. But a Toronto despatch says, it is not likely there will be further trouble, as the whisky sellers will take flight on the approach of the Toronto stalwarts, who go fully armed under an experienced leader, and will stand no nonsense from the contrabands. The constables are armed with rifle carbines, stump bayonets and revolvers. The Canadian Pacific agent has offered a reward of \$1,200 for any information leading to the arrest of the rioters.

## THE GIANT AT WORK.

When a man degrades himself to a level to which no brute will descend, he gives a specimen horrible enough in all conscience of the cursed nature of drink. But when a woman, and a young woman, too, is found in the slavery of alcohol—then we see the uttermost hideousness of its work, and realize what a villainous tyrant we have to oppose. Here is a telegram that comes from Fonda, New York State. Read, and shudder:

About three years ago Miss Vinnie Lansing came to this village from Amsterdam, and took up her abode with her uncle, Dr. J. D. Beakley. She was a tall brunette, finely educated, had excellent musical abilities, and it was not long before she gained a host of friends including the best society of the village. A well-do-do widower was first attracted to her, and it was said the two were engaged. Suddenly they ceased to speak with each other, and it was hinted that the lady was the cause of the estrangement because of her love for liquor. However she kept sober enough to win the heart and hand of one of the best young men in the village—Austin French, the lagage master at the New York Central station. The two lived together for several months, and established a pretty home. Finally an estrangement occurred, and Mr. French took steps to procure a divorce. The explanation was that the woman had an uncontrollable appetite for whiskey, and notwithstanding his efforts he could not break her of the habit. She was frequently found lying on the floor of her house in a state of intoxication. Since the separation she has frequently been seen staggering about the streets, until yesterday she was arrested for an offence against morality, and was sent down for 60 days in the Albany Penitentiary.

IN THE LONDON (ENGLAND) Police District last year there were 11,032 male persons and 8,455 females arrested for being drunk and disorderly; and 4077 males and 2981 females for being drunk. The total number of drunkards arrested in that city during twelve months was thus 26,545. There is an apparent decrease in proportion to population, but the Superintendent explains that "the police now do not arrest for simple drunkenness—that is, they only arrest those who are quite incapable of taking care of themselves. Among other noticeable facts, there were 1329 convictions among cabmen, (against 930 in 1889) and 35 among omnibus drivers causing no small danger to the public; moreover, in four divisions—Westminster, St. James, Marylebone and Lambeth there were more women arrested for drunkenness than men. In one of these divisions, containing less than one square mile, and with a decreasing population, there are 394 "public houses," 58 refreshment houses with wine licenses, and a number with off-licenses. In another division—a comparatively peaceable suburb, too—756 persons were arrested for excessive drunkenness, and this division contains 859 houses licensed for the sale of intoxicating liquors, all being well conducted. How long will it be before the Londoners wake up enough to put two and two together. A liquor shop may be ever so "well-conducted,"—but alcohol is alcohol, whether served in the most fashionable and "respectable" refreshment saloon or in the lowest rum-hole that ever went without a license.

THE IOWA LIQUOR SELLERS, finding out that prohibition does prohibit very effectually, are trying to rouse the mob against temperance workers, and several abominable outrages have occurred. One minister narrowly escaped hanging for the part he took in a liquor prosecution, while the "rum-mies" and their friends are crying out against the "tyranny of majorities," they are giving the world a capital specimen of the brutal "tyranny of minorities."

"A MODERN CRAZE," is what some people are fond of calling the temperance movement, regardless of the denunciations that wise men in all ages have uttered against the cursed drink. Here is an extract from the "Elder Edda," a collection of the wisdom of our Scandinavian ancestors about a thousand years ago. It shows pretty clearly that the same fallacy about the virtue of beer, which is raised at the present day, even then was repudiated by the thinking man:

"No worse companion can a man take on his journey  
Than drunkenness  
Not so good as many believe  
Is beer to the sons of men.  
The more one drinks, the less he knows  
And less power has he over himself."

THE EPISTLE TO TIMOTHY.—Some people who are evidently ignorant both of the letter and spirit of the rest of the Bible, are very fond of quoting a solitary sentence from Paul's epistle to Timothy as in some way opposed to the total abstinence cause. Even if it were not probably true that the wine—recommended by Paul to Timothy for his health,—was unfmented, it is still an insurmountable fact that Paul was simply giving medical advice. And it is not too much to suppose that Paul would now rejoice as heartily as anyone at the signs of alcohol's gradual banishment even from the medicine chest.

WISER THAN HIS DOCTORS.—The Earl of Lichfield, in a recent speech, said that five or six years ago he was very ill and consulted many doctors. He had been accustomed to his three or four glasses of wine at dinner, and the physicians all told him not to give it up. But he did give it up, and for three years he had never touched alcohol, and was all the better for his total abstinence. Another reason why he gave up drinking was that, as Chairman of Quarter Sessions, visiting the gaol and lunatic asylum, he saw the terrible effects of our drinking customs, and determined to throw all the weight of his example against them.

GENERAL SIR D. M. STEWART, Bart., commander-in-chief of the British army in India, in sending his annual subscription to the Soldier's Total Abstinence Society, says:—"There has been very little crime of a serious character in the army in India during the present year, and I am confident that the labors of your society have helped in producing this very satisfactory result. A very large portion of the offences committed by soldiers may be directly traced to drink, or to the effects of drink."

PROGRESS IN BRITAIN.—Mr. E. Whitworth, M.P., says that between fifty and sixty years ago not half a dozen abstaining medical men could be found; now there would be no difficulty in finding between 5,000 and 6,000 in Britain. When he entered the British House of Commons in 1865 there was only one teetotaler there beside himself—viz., Sir Edward Baines, while to-day there are thirty or thirty-seven teetotal M.P.'s.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE on the Congo question is expected to meet in Berlin next month. The documents recently published in an official volume on this subject give evidence that France has been inclined to submit rather too humbly to German views, and the antagonism between France and England is not likely to be decreased by them. Among other items of African news, the report comes that the commander of a German vessel, with the consent of the native Chief, has declared Zeguro—on the Slave Coast—under German protection.

## THE WEEK.

A PARTIAL ECLIPSE of the sun was visible at San Francisco on Monday.

WHILE REVOLUTIONARY ideas in free countries take hold of few except ignorant and unhealthy minds, in such a despotically ruled country as Russia the noblest minds have the most daring aspirations to freedom. We hear that eleven university professors at Kieff have been "requested" to resign, on account of their "Nihilistic" tendencies.

A GREAT CANAL SCHEME is proposed, to cut right across the centre of Europe through Austria and Germany; one end of the canal would be in the Danube, thus communicating with the Black Sea; the other would lead to the North Sea and Atlantic Ocean, by way of the river Elbe.

THE INDIVIDUAL who many years ago called himself Thomas Castro, keeping a butcher's shop in Australia, and then came to England claiming to be Sir Roger Charles Doughty Tichborne, has just been released from prison. His sentence was for fourteen years, but his good conduct in gaol has earned a remission of four years, during which he will be at liberty but compelled to report himself every month at a police station.

SIX ARMY OFFICERS and two women have just been executed at St. Petersburg for political offences.

THE SHIPBUILDING INDUSTRY in the north of England is extremely depressed, and many workmen are idle through the closing of the yards.

THE TRAFFIC'S RECORD.—The Right Hon. G. J. Shaw Lefevre, First Commissioner of Works in the present British Government, in an address before the Social Science Congress, last month, gave the appalling information that in 1882, of the 82,000 deaths in London, 9,000 died in workhouses, and 6,000 in hospitals, or about one in five of the whole. That appeared to him to be very startling, but when they considered that many of those who died in their own houses were receiving relief from the parish, the number became even more alarming.

A SMITHVILLE (GA.) farmer has orders from New York for 80,000 pounds of water-melon seed, to be grown next year.

THE CROP OF PEANUTS in the United States in 1883 amounted to 2,010,000 bushels, Virginia furnishing nearly half. They net the raiser about \$1.75 per bushel.

THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS in Belgium have just been held, and show very clearly that the majority of the people are against the Clerical Education system brought back by the new Conservative Catholic Government: of course, the municipal vote can only frighten the legislators and make them uncomfortable; it cannot prevent their making what laws they please as long as the Parliament can legally sit.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT, it is said, is going to do two things: ask money to build swift cruisers, and appoint a commission to enquire into the state of the navy. These seem rather inconsistent. If the Government knows exactly what the navy wants, why appoint a commission to enquire.

THE IRISH NATIONALISTS are in serious trouble about the spread of the laborers' agitation. They say it is promoted by a landlord, and not a particularly good one, either,—in order to counteract the farmers' movement.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT is so badly off for money that heavy customs duties are to be placed on wheat, flour, oxen, sheep and pigs. This is supposed to be a remedy for agricultural distress, but when the people find the result in dear bread and dear meat they may think the remedy worse than the disease.

THE AUSTRIAN GOVERNMENT has just taken away the Town Council of Capod'Istria, because it was proposed to hold a demonstration in honor of a man who was in favor of giving back that part of the country to Italy.

THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK is dead. His natural successor would be the Duke of Cumberland, cousin of Queen Victoria. But the Duke of Cumberland has never given up his claim to the Kingdom of Hanover, of which the German Empire has taken possession, and the Emperor is very unlikely to let him have Brunswick or any other piece of German soil.

JUDGE HARGIS and a lawyer, Col. Young, have had a regular fight in Louisville Court House.

THE FRENCH BUDGET COMMITTEE has decided to reduce the yearly grant for religious purposes by \$1,000,000.

THE DEPOSITORS of the Wall street Bank, New York, have now received 80 cents on the dollar.

SOME EMPLOYEES of the Canadian Pacific Railway are being prosecuted for Sunday work.

A WOMAN named Mrs. Boutet has been sentenced to death at Quebec for poisoning. Her guilt was clear, but the jury did not want her to be hanged and therefore refused to agree upon a verdict. After being locked up for forty-eight hours, they only gave a verdict of "guilty" when the judge said he would go home to Montreal and return when they were ready.

TEN THOUSAND persons have been thrown out of work at Fall River, Massachusetts, by the closing of mills.

A POLICE INSPECTOR at Toronto has been fined \$50 for not awaking in time to go with the expedition against the Michipicoten rum-sellers.

A FIRE at BROOKLYN, beginning in the Rice Box and Paper Company's building, has done about \$200,000 damage.

MONTREAL is much interested in the discovery that the Rev. J. G. Norton, who was brought from England as the successor of the present Bishop Baldwin, in Montreal Cathedral, is the author of pamphlets strongly in favor of ritualism. Mr. Norton seems, however, to be a man who cares little about points of ritual so long as good spiritual work is accomplished.

THE SULTAN of Turkey is said to be showing great favor to the German officers in his service.

THE CANADIAN HIGH COMMISSIONER in London has obtained a promise that the Imperial Government will confirm the treaty between Canada and Spain.

THE LOCKPORT (N.Y.) Banking Association has suspended payments.

ROLLE'S BANK, at Cairo, Egypt, has gone into liquidation. The Banque Generale lent it \$1,750,000 to prevent a crash, but the sum was too small.

LORD MARCUS BERESFORD, a brother of the Marquis of Waterford, has made himself famous by thrashing a London editor in the street, in return for an unpleasantly suggestive paragraph.

PROF. FOSTER, so well-known as a Prohibitionist in the Canadian House of Commons, proposes to have the prohibition question put to a vote all over Canada at the same time. As it is, the Scott Act is making great progress. Last Thursday the united counties of Dundas, Stormont and Glengarry adopted the Act by the overwhelming majority of 1706.

SOME POLICE BARRACKS in Paris have been damaged by a dynamite bomb, which exploded at a window. No one was hurt.

A NUMBER of YOUNG GIRLS in Philadelphia have been robbed of their hair,—having it cut suddenly off their head while walking in the streets.

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S throat is in a bad state, and he is not allowed to take outdoor exercise. He has had to give up his proposed journey to Strasburg, to open a new university.

JAMES CAMPBELL & SON, publishers, at Toronto, have failed, with liabilities of \$300,000. The Carbondale Coke & Iron Company, in Illinois, have also gone under with liabilities of \$851,000.

THE BRITISH CONSERVATIVES declare that they will not accept the Redistribution Bill that has been published; the Tory agents say that it would be very bad for "the party" in the country. On the other side, Sir Charles Dilke, a Radical member of the Government has made a very conciliatory speech, saying that if the Tories would propose a reasonable redistribution scheme the Government would be found anxious to meet them: Lord Randolph Churchill, and others of the wilder sort of Tories, still cry out "No Compromise."

MR. A. M. SULLINAN, the famous Irish Home Ruler, is dead.

F. A. BURTON, President of the Blaine-Logan Club at Lacross, Wisconsin, was shot dead in a procession on Thursday evening. The murderer, a desperate character named Nathaniel Mitchell, was arrested, but the mob broke open the gaol and hanged him to a tree.

TWENTY CLUBS and gambling halls in Paris have been closed by the police, including some that were frequented by the "highest society."

A PASSENGER TRAIN on the Cincinnati Eastern Narrow Gauge Railway plunged through an unsafe bridge into the East Fork River. The engineer and fireman were killed, and several injured.

A HUNGARIAN is under arrest at Liverpool for bringing dynamite from America in his baggage. He says he is a miner, and only wanted the stuff for legitimate purposes.

A DESPATCH FROM VICTORIA, British Columbia, says that a few days ago W. K. Lee discovered a bear swimming in the Columbia and determined on its capture. The men folks were all away, but she, the children, a boat, and the dog, and armed with a butcher's knife, attempted to prevent a landing, while one of the children went after a neighbor who had a gun. The bear landed and showed fight. Mrs. Lee was "tired" once on a big rock, but gave chase again as the bear tried to make off. The bear turned on her again, and in retreating she tripped on a stick and went down, when the bear made a ferocious attack. She stuck with the knife and slashed it so severely on the nose that it went howling away long enough for her to regain her feet, and the dog attacked it vigorously; she made good her escape. About this time the man with the gun came and settled the contest.

HANLAN is again going to Row Beach, to try and get back the championship of the world, on the first Saturday of next May.

THE BUFFALO COMMON COUNCIL has forbidden a Canadian ferry company running its steamers to the city wharves, for fear the people should be tempted to live on Canadian soil and only come over for their work.

THE COURT at DARMSTADT has granted the Grand Duke's application for a divorce, on the ground of "mutual disinclination." That, it seems, is sufficient reason for a German prince, when there have been no children of the marriage. Madame Kolamine will appeal to the highest court of the empire against this judgment.

LORD DUFFERIN, the new Viceroy of India, says he has no fear of a disagreement between Russia and Britain in Central Asia.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, — Prince Arthur,—is spoken of as likely to be the next Lieutenant-Governor of Ireland.

IT IS PROPOSED, in the Maine Legislature, to execute murderers by electricity.

HARTMANN, the famous Nihilist, now staying in New York, says that the three emperors really met to discuss their personal safety. He believes that Germany and Austria promised, in case of the Russian royal family being in danger, to send their troops close to the Russian border. The Russian soldiers, who cannot now be trusted, could then be sent home.

## ONE AGAINST THIRTY-TWO.

Major H. F. Grant, of the 4th Hussars, at present serving in Egypt, has obtained a brevet lieutenant-colonelcy for an act of daring and cool courage which has been seldom equalled. A few months ago he enlisted in Cyprus just 200 Turks, and brought them over to Cairo to serve in the Egyptian army. Some of them deserted, but the remainder were sent up the Nile. On arriving at Assiout thirty-two of them mutinied and crossed the river. Colonel Grant went in pursuit, but on arriving at the bank found the boat there too small to carry his party over, so he crossed alone, and discovered the mutineers had taken refuge in the house of the skeikh of the village. On approaching the house he saw a sentry guarding the door, who ran in and gave the alarm. Colonel Grant followed, and there the thirty-two men were, with fixed bayonets, confronting him. He ordered them to lay down their arms, but they refused, or a man rushing forward to attack him; the colonel shot him with his revolver in the temple. A second, who followed, received a bullet in the stomach; and a third a ball in the throat. It was only after thus disabling three men (one of whom was killed) that the others laid down their arms. The colonel carried the arms out of the room, locked the door on his prisoners, and quietly waited outside till his party came over the river and secured them. Colonel Grant is a son of a distinguished veteran, Field-Marshal Sir Patrick Grant, the present Governor of Chelsea Hospital, and the grandson of another distinguished soldier, the late Field-Marshal Lord Gough: he is, therefore, descended from a line of Field-Marshal. — *Army and Navy Gazette.*

SWISS WATCHMAKING.—About 40,000 individuals are employed in Switzerland in the watch and clock trade, turning out annually 1,600,000 watches of the value of \$17,600,000. Many watches in the rough are brought into the country to be finished. M. Paul Kramer, of Neuchatel, has brought out a new watch, which he has named "La Montre a Aiguilles Universelles," the principal feature of which is that it indicates the time in other countries and places, such as Paris, Suez, Bombay, New York, and San Francisco.

A VOLCANIC TREE is reported to exist in the Japanese village of Ono. It is sixty feet high, with a girth of ten feet, and said to be centuries old. Every day a white smoke-like mist issues from the top, lasting from early afternoon till evening.

## A SAINTED QUEEN.

"This chronicle, extended from the earliest history of Britain to the year 1154, is, ja-dy, the boast of England; for no other nation can produce any history, written in its own vernacular, at all approaching it, either in antiquity, truthfulness, or extent, the historical books of the Bible alone excepted." So writes the accomplished scholar Benjamin Thorpe. Out of the blurred and blotted parchments of "The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle" we gather: "That this summer (1016) Edgar Child, mid his mother—Agatha, his twam swoestran Margarita and Christina," fled from the vengeance of Gahelmus Conqueror and took refuge at the Court of King Malcolm, the third of the name, in Scotland. "Then," says the chronicle, "King Malcolm began to yearn after Edgar's sister Margaret to wife, but he and all his men long refused; and she herself also declined, and said:—'that she or him nor any one would have, if to her the heavenly Clemency would grant, that she in maidenhood the mighty Lord, with corporal heart, in this short life, in pure continence, might propitiate.' The king pressed his suit to Edgar, 'until he answered 'Yea.' Never had wedded life such a glorious outcome, and never did Chronicle record a lovelier story.—'It then' (the wedding) 'came to pass, as God had before provided, and it might not be otherwise, as He Himself in His Gospel saith, that not even a sparrow may fall into a snare without His 'geacenan' (providence.) The presient-Creator knows beforehand what He would have done by her; for she was to increase the praise of God in the land and direct the king from the erroneous path, and incline him, together with his people to a better way, and suppress the evil habits which the nation had previously cultivated: as she afterwards did. The king then received her, though it was against her will; and her manners pleased him, and he thanked God who had mightily given him such a mate and wisely betrothed him—as he was a very sagacious man—and turned himself to God, and contemned every iniquity; according to what the apostle Paul, the teacher of all the Gentiles, said: 'Fall off the unbelieving man is halowed and healed through the righteous, believing woman; and in like manner the woman through the believing man.'"

The wedding of Margaret and Malcolm proved an inestimable blessing, not only to her spouse, but to the whole nation. By her influence and the example of her exiled countrymen, the arts then known in England were introduced among the barbarous Scots; and along the coasts of the estuary of the Forth, where a number of traders were settled, the Saxon languages began to supersede the Gaelic. Burton, in his "History of Scotland," tells us that Margaret "found that the people of Scotland did not respect the Lord's Day, but followed their usual occupations upon it as on the ordinary week-days. On her remonstrance this was rectified, so that the day was sanctified from labor. It was at her desire that a church was founded at Dunfermline, and he also rebuilt the church of Iona which had been desolated and desecrated by the Norsemen under the command of Haco, the heathen viking.

Malcolm having been slain at the siege of Alnwick Castle in 1063, his body was deposited at Tynemouth, but was afterwards brought, "with royal pomp to the church of the Holy Trinity at Dunfermline," the church Queen Margaret had built; which, patched and restored, remains to this day. Queen Margaret died four years after her husband had been slain, and her body was brought from Edinburgh to Dunfermline.

A plain blue slab of stone marks the place of her rest, and on the grassy bank that overhangs the murmuring waters of Pittencrieffburn the spot is still pointed

out where the sainted queen and wife, turning the leaves of the Book of books, which lay upon her knees, taught to her semi-savage husband the lessons of hope, faith, and charity, which he was swift to apprehend, and out of his love to his Saxon wife hastened to expound to his people.

The memory of this pious queen is perpetuated by a chapel dedicated to her in the castle of Edinburgh, where she died of grief at the death of her husband, and son; also by the Queen's Ferry, between the north and south sides of the Firth of Forth in crossing which, in her flight from England her ship was driven a short distance westward into the shelter of a bay, now known as St. Margaret's Hope.—*Family Friend.*

EXAMPLE IS MORE forcible than precept. People look at me six days in the week to see what I mean on the seventh.—*Cecil.*



QUEEN MARGARET TEACHING MALCOLM FROM GOD'S WORD.  
(Drawn by Sir Noel Paton.)

## A SUBTLE POISON.

That tobacco is a poison cannot be doubted by any one who has experienced or witnessed the effects of the first cigar upon one endeavoring to acquire "the manly art." Careful observation and experiments by scientific men have established the fact that it may cause gastric derangement, heart disease, neuralgia, convulsions, and marked depression of both the nervous and the muscular systems.

As with arsenic and other poisons, the system can be so accustomed to its use that the immediate and noticeable effect will be but pleasant. Close observation, however, will generally reveal some chronic disturbance, and a sudden stoppage of the habit will often, although not always, develop marked symptoms of poisoning. The action of this drug is largely determined by the

size of the dose and the age and the temperament of the individual; phlegmatic adults, like the Dutch, are comparatively unaffected; but people of a nervous temperament are most surely and seriously poisoned.

The special object of this article is to call attention to the alarming extent to which cigarette smoking has spread among boys.

Tobacco in this form is less apt to cause primary symptoms, as nausea, prostration, etc., but because of its mildness the smoke is inhaled, and this, with the great number of cigarettes consumed, is sure to produce deep and lasting constitutional effects, so insidiously that they are seldom attributed to their real cause.

We are nervous people, living at a high pressure, and consequently should be the last to use tobacco. But it is during the period of growth, when the tissues of the body are in the formative state and active

The community must be aroused to the danger that is threatening us. As a nation we will surely degenerate if our men come on the stage with their nervous and physical systems impaired. The tendency already is to increased nervousness and shorter stature. Mothers, fathers, guardians, teachers, family physicians and ministers, each and all of you have a direct and personal responsibility in this matter which you cannot shirk. Example is of more force than precept, and the chances of your boy's heeding your admonitions are slight if he can point to the example of his father, doctor or minister smoking. The boy will not reason, he cannot realize the importance of this question, and it rests with the tact of his guardian to induce him by some means or other to faithfully promise (and perform) not to touch tobacco until he has acquired physical maturity, a period varying at from about nineteen to twenty-five years of age.

The imminent danger will thus be averted, and so much having been gained the rest will be comparatively easy.—*J. L. Moffat, M. D., in Christian at Work.*

## TWO WAYS.

Fred and Joe are boys of the same age. Both have their way to make in the world. This is the way Joe does: When work is before him he waits as long as he can, he hates so to touch it! Then he does not half so it. He is almost sure to stop before it is done. He does not care if fault is found. He says: "I can't help it," or "I don't care."

Fred's way is not the same. He goes straight to his work, and does it as soon as he can and as well as he can. He never slights work for play, though he loves play as well as Joe does. If he does not know how to do a piece of work well he asks some one who does know, and then he takes care to remember. He says: "I never want to be ashamed of my work."

Which boy, do you think, will make a man to be trusted?—*Early Dew.*

## MANAGING A STOVE.

What everybody can do, few will do. The greenest "Biddy" thinks she can manage a stove, and resents the instruction of the mistress, who may be as ignorant of the simple art as her servant. The following directions would, if heeded, save both stove and fuel, besides keeping the fire always in working order. Miss Parloa, in a recent lecture in New York, said one of the most frequent mistakes people make is in putting on too much coal.

Never have the coal come above the lining of the stove. It is a waste of fuel, and the fire will not be so bright and clear, because the draught will not be so good.

When not using the fire, keep the dampers closed; it will be ready when needed; then open the draughts.

For cooking, either on top of the stove or in the oven, no matter how hot the fire desired, having the coal come nearly to the top of the lining, the fire ought to last four hours without new coal or poking.

The top of the stove may be red-hot and the coal piled up to the lids, and yet the oven will not bake. It is because there is too much coal, and the draught is stopped by it. The practice of having the top of the stove or range red-hot will soon destroy it.

HAVE A LITTLE CORNER TALK with your scholars. Take them alone as Jesus did the woman at the well. Don't talk about religion in a general, but in a personal way. Impress upon them that it is their need and privilege. Let prayer precede, prayer accompany and prayer follow your words. On that little corner talk, as on a hinge, the great gate of glory may swing for some soul.—*S. S. Journal.*

changes are taking place in them, that they are most susceptible to modifying influences—it is during boyhood that the use of tobacco does the most harm. The growth is stunted, the powers of body and mind enfeebled, a craving for stimulants is apt to be developed, and there is great liability to cholera or some other nervous affection and to heart disease.

Investigation revealed, some years since, that in the University of France the scholarship of those addicted to tobacco was materially lower than that of those who did not use it. Note the diminutive size of the Spaniards, Portuguese and Cubans; for generations the cigarette has been almost constantly in the mouths of the women and children as well as of the men. These people are excessively nervous and lack brawn, their strength being principally nervous energy; a condition of things for which tobacco is largely responsible.

THE ART OF SOUP-MAKING.

With soup-making, as with all else, once mastered the theory and the practice is comparatively easy; while, on the other hand, years of practice without a perfect knowledge of the why and the wherefore will prove of no avail. Let me illustrate my meaning clearly: the would-be soup-maker, in scanning a recipe, discards it as impracticable because she lacks one or more of the ingredients mentioned, while she who grasps the *modus operandi*, owing to her theoretical knowledge, at once substitutes others, or perhaps dispenses with them altogether.

The advantages of commencing dinner with soup are manifest in the saving of the meat bills, and economy practised in utilising scraps of all kinds for the making of the soups, and the comfortable sensation experienced after a little has been taken; for let any person who feels, as the saying goes, "too hungry to eat," swallow a few spoonfuls of soup, and the feeling of exhaustion will quickly pass away. Indeed, a well-known authority has said that nothing tends more to restore the tone of the stomach, and make easier digestion than which is to follow, than a little soup.

There are three kinds which may be termed every-day soups, viz., clear soups, thick soups and purees: the first especially suitable for hot weather, and to commence a good dinner; the second and third for colder weather, or when soup constitutes the greater part of the meal.

Cleanliness in every detail is the first thing necessary, and, after that, the gradual bringing to the boil of the stock: many people know very well that it is absolutely necessary that meat for soups, stew, tea for invalids, and the like, should cook as slowly as possible after the liquid simmers; but they are unaware of the great importance of letting the process of ebullition be slow one. The reason is simple; the more slowly the meat cooks, the more it expands and yields its juices; indeed, it is well to add a spoonful of cold water from time to time, to check the heat and assist in throwing up the scum; for, in the case of clear soups especially, the liquid must be skimmed thoroughly before it boils; then, after the simmering has commenced, it must be continual until the end.

As to the stock itself, in spite of the usual recommendation to keep the stock-pot always simmering, and throw in from day to day whatever in the way of bones and trimmings will yield any nourishment, it is a very great mistake; for, in the first place, the contents will be unequally cooked, and long stewing will spoil the flavor; the stock, that is to say, will have a stale taste if cooked over and over again. It is far better to empty the pot every night, set the stock in a cool place until morning, and skim carefully. Wash out the pot, and if any of the previous day's bones do not seem as dry as they should be, stew them a few hours longer, with any other scraps or cooked bones that may be handy, fresh of meat, ham, bacon, game, or poultry, in fact anything, but fish; vegetables may be added, but the stock will not keep so long. It is best not to put in seasonings of any kind until it is determined for what sort of soups or gravies they may be required. Those who do not possess a stock-pot may substitute a stew-pan if the lid be a well-fitting one.

To commence, then, with purees and thick soups; and for the first it is essential that the whole of the ingredients be rubbed through a coarse wire sieve (those who do not possess one may use a colander), but they may be bought very cheaply, with a wire bottom inside the usual holes. Many people will not take the trouble to rub anything through a sieve, but only those who have proved the advantage will shrink the little extra labor, for the difference in the flavor of soups, curries, &c., thus treated can only be proved after experience. The first lesson I learned in this way was some years ago, on seeing a Frenchman make a delicious "vegetable soup," by throwing all kinds of vegetables and herbs into cold water, the only additions being salt, pepper, and a small piece of dripping. The whole—when the vegetables were quite tender—was rubbed through a sieve. A friend thought the last part of the business quite unnecessary, and served the same kind of soup with the vegetables just cut up, and floating in it, and, needless to say, the result was not satisfactory. Besides, it should be borne in mind that the thorough amalgamation of the ingredients tends to increase

the digestive properties of the dish, and this certainly is a point worthy of consideration.

In the case of vegetable soup, as above, stock is, of course, superior to water, and no dripping will be required. A mixture of carrots, turnips, and parsnips in small proportion, onions or shallots, a good supply of fresh parsley, with any other herbs that are liked, and the outer sticks of celery will furnish an excellent soup at a merely nominal cost. The water in which a piece of meat has been boiled will form a good groundwork. The changes may be rung *ad libitum* by adding at one time a kidney cut finely, at another a piece of milt, a cow-heel or calf's foot; and the thickening too, may be varied almost indefinitely. Pea flour, lentin flour, arrow-root, or wheaten flour, will all answer the purpose, and sago, rice, and tapioca are admissible, while if a few potatoes are used with the other vegetables, the soup will be found thick enough for most people. Carrots should never be peeled, only brushed or scraped; their best flavor and color are near the surface; indeed, in France the outer part only is used for the best dishes. Turnips, on the contrary, should be quickly pared, as they are pithy and indigestible unless so treated. A pinch of sugar is at all times an improvement to brown soups generally; and whenever Spanish onions are out of season, if English-grown ones are parboiled with some sugar, and the first water thrown away, their strong flavor will be considerably reduced. Leeks when obtainable are valuable for soup, so are shallots the flavor being so mild.

With regard to seasoning, be careful at first. Some people put in sufficient salt to season the whole, forgetting that although two quarts of liquid can be boiled down to half the quantity, the salt does not evaporate, therefore it is best to defer, at any rate, part of the seasoning until nearly the end. Nothing, perhaps, makes a more nutritious puree than haricot beans or lentils; through washing of the latter especially is the first thing, then several hours soaking and very slow boiling, followed by a vigorous rub through the sieve. Tomatoes, too—those sold in tins will be quite good enough—furnish a tasty dish at a small cost. When the soup is required to be brown, a little sauce of ketchup and some browning should be added, and the meat and vegetables first fried a little. A puree of green peas (than which there is no better) is rendered still more delicious if the shells are cooked in the stock, which must be strained off before the peas are added.—*L. Heritage, in Cassell's Magazine.*

NOT YET PERFECT.

There are some things in this world which have not yet reached perfection. We have frequently been impressed with this idea as we have observed the workings of Sunday-school interests. Of course the leaders are human, and where that is the case, it is not at all surprising to find occasional imperfections. Not long ago a superintendent remarked in our hearing: "I do not get into other schools, and no one has instructed me, but I am doing the best I can, and I am anxious to learn." That man has a good and willing mind and heart, which he cheerfully consecrates to his work. Just recently he awoke to the importance of having a primary class for all those who cannot read well. He at once organized it. The little ones were previously divided into smaller classes with several teachers. Some of those teachers were irregular in attendance, and the classes were neglected. He did a good thing when he put all those little folks into one class, and gave them into the hands of one regular teacher. Unfortunately, he has no separate room for the class, but he has placed them in one corner of the church, and is bringing them up in the "Amen Corner." We know at least of one instance in which a separate room is made of this "Amen Corner" by means of wire rods and calico walls. It answers the purpose very well until a separate room can be procured.

It may be a surprise to some of our more advanced workers to learn that, in some country schools, little innocents are still taught the art of spelling from the primer or spelling-book, without a word of instruction on any Scripture lesson. Some of our readers may at once declare such a course criminal. Well, perhaps we had better not judge so harshly, because some people have great reverence for old customs, and entertain a kind of superstitious dread of break-

ing off from them. But we hope for the day when spelling books will be kept in Sunday-school libraries merely as relics of the primitive Sunday-school idea, and a Bible will be found in the hands of every scholar eager to be taught out of the Word.—*Living Epistle.*

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

Nov. 2.—1 Kings 8: 22-36.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

1. Prayer, compared to letters by the mail. Certainly all the "pretence" prayers must go among the eternal strays. Like many letters which never reach their destination, many prayers have to be marked "missent," or with some other fatal brand, and consign to oblivion. Sometimes prayers remain unanswered because they are not directed right—not addressed to God but to the audience. Other prayers never "go through" because the address is illegible. They are too full of pomp and rhetorical flourish—mere "monologues of flowery prose." Other prayers get lost because they are "unavailable matter"—prayers whose answers might grieve us, but would fall like showers of daggers on our neighbors—and so are denied passage through the divine channels, as sharp-edged tools, corroding acids, explosives, and the like, are not allowed in the mails. No legally "stamped," sincerely directed, and well meaning prayer is ever lost. The answer may be delayed, but the prayer is "on file."—*Anon.*

PRACTICAL.

I. Lessons from the Dedication of the Temple.

1. Churches should be formally dedicated to God.
2. This dedication should be with public and worthy ceremonies, with solemnity, with gifts, with prayer, with rejoicing.
3. Churches should be consecrated by God. The Moslems say that wherever their great Caliph Omar prayed is consecrated ground. We hold that holy ground (Exod 3: 5) must derive its sanctity from the All-Holy. The God who has filled the temple must also hallow the church.
4. That churches sincerely dedicated to God will be consecrated by God. Was the Ineffable Presence granted to the Temple? The Presence will not be the less real, but all the more real, because it is spiritual.
5. Our bodies are temples of the Holy Ghost (1 Cor. 6: 19; 2: 16, 17; 2 Cor. 6: 16). "God has built" the "temple of the body" (John 2: 21) to be His shrine (Rom. 8: 9, 11; 2 Cor. 6: 16; Eph. 3: 17).
6. We should dedicate them to God (Rom. 6: 13, 19; 12: 1; 1 Cor. 6: 13-29; Matt. 23: 21.)
7. If we dedicate them, God will consecrate them. If we "open the door" (Rev. 4: 20; John 14: 23) He will enter in and dwell there. We have but to give the heart—the innermost recess of the house, the *adytum*—to Him, and He will possess and glorify the whole body (Luke 11: 34, 36.)—*Pulpit Commentary.*

11. Lessons from Solomon's Prayer.

1. Solomon's prayer is a testimony that a wisdom which can no longer pray is folly. *Bahr.*
2. The leaders in talent, in wealth, in position, and in influence should be also leaders in prayer. When boys see that their mothers pray, but that their fathers do not, they are taught by this that religion is for women and children, but not for men.
3. True prayer is asking God for what we need.
4. It should be humble, with confession of sin.
5. It should plead God's promises.
6. It should abound in praise.

BLANC MANGE.—It is better, if possible, to soak the gelatine for this cream all night, because it will then dissolve in warm liquid, whereas if it is only slightly soaked the milk must be boiling. Warm three gills of cream, and dissolve in it half an ounce of gelatine, previously soaked in half a gill of water. Sweeten to the taste, and flavor with extract of vanilla. When nearly cold stir into the blanc mange the whites of two or three eggs beaten to a strong froth. This blanc mange will be found light and nourishing in cases of great weakness.

PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

My first may be your household pet;  
My second is in my first;  
My third will make the children fret  
When snarls are at their worst;  
To my whole, if you choose, a visit pay;  
'Twill be found near Rome on the Appian Way.

ENIGMATIC BOUQUET.

1. The first part of the day, and splendor.
2. A domestic animal and to slide.
3. A hollow cylinder, and a flower.
4. Crystallized vapor, and a globe.
5. An English coin, and kingly.
6. A vehicle on wheels, and a body of people.
7. A color, and a sounding instrument.
8. A wild animal, and a flower.
9. Confectionery, and a knot or bunch.
10. A weapon, and the place where money is coined.

BURIED INSTRUMENTS.

1. What a wonderful thing it is to char pieces of wood, so as to make another useful article.
2. Bessie, you are a great humbug. Let me alone with your kisses. I know you want to ask a favor.
3. There are now a great many more useful utensils for cooking than our grandmothers had.
4. You must have a stronger net to fish with, or nothing will come from your efforts.
5. There is a sad rumor about that children know more than their parents.

ENIGMA.

First is in light; but not in dark.  
Second is in garden and also in park.  
Third is in May, but not in June.  
Fourth is in heat, but not in tune.  
Fifth is in tree, but not in vine.  
Sixth is in bottle and also in wine.  
Seventh is in quiet, but not in noise.  
Eighth is in drum, but not in toys.  
Ninth is in rain, but not in dry.  
Tenth is in gain, but not in try.  
Whole is an ornament which hangs very high.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

CHARADE.—Butterfly.  
CROSSWORD.—DUST.  
SYLLABIC PUZZLE.—1. CO-NATION. 2. SUPPOSE. 3. STEAM-BOAT. 4. BOG-RUSH. 5. PROB-ABLE. 6. BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.—1. B-EAR-D. 2. LEARD. 3. BROWN. 4. CROWN.  
Correct answers have been received from Annie L. Kennedy.

ROBBING THE HEART.

Dr. B. W. Richardson, of London, the well-known physician, heard a scholar singing the praises of the "ruddy bumper," and saying he could not get through the day without it. Dr. Richardson said to him: "Will you be good enough to feel my pulse as I stand here?" He did so. I said: "Count it carefully; what does it say?" "Your pulse says: twenty-four." I then sat down in a chair and asked him to count it again. He did so, and said: "Your pulse has gone down to seventy." I then lay down on the lounge, and said: "Will you take it again?" He replied: "Why, it is only sixty-four; what an extraordinary thing!" I then said: "When you lie down at night, that is the way nature gives your heart rest. You know nothing about it, but that beating organ is resting to that extent; and if you reckon it up it is a great deal of rest, because in lying down the heart is doing ten strokes less a minute. Multiply that by 60, and it is 600; multiply it by eight hours, and within a fraction it is 5,000 strokes different; and as the heart is throwing six ounces of blood at every stroke, it makes a difference of 30,000 ounces of lifting during the night. When I lie down at night without any alcohol, that is the rest my heart gets. But when you take your wine or grog you do not allow that rest, for the influence of alcohol is to increase the number of strokes, and instead of getting this rest you put on something like 15,000 extra strokes, and the result is you rise up very seedy and unfit for the next day's work till you have taken a little more of 'the ruddy bumper,' which you say is the soul of man below."

If YOU WOULD not fall into sin, do not sit by the door of temptation.

