

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

Vol. II.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1883.

No. 37.

The Temperance Worker

PUBLISHERS' NOTES.

Our readers will be much interested to learn the result of the August competition for the prizes offered to those who should send us the largest number of subscriptions to the *Weekly Messenger*. The prizes have been easily won, as will be seen from the following list:—

1st prize of \$10—H. Austin, Potsdam, N. Y. \$5.00
2nd prize of \$5—John H. Secord, Fredericton Junction, N. B. \$2.50
3rd prize of \$3—Norah Nickerson, Shag Harbor, N. S. \$2.30
4th prize of \$2 and \$1 each given to the four following, who each sent.....\$2.00
Namely: Charles Green, Litchfield, Conn.; Jennie Wyman, Onslow, N. S.; Mrs. W. S. Chittick, Hantsport, N. S.; John Thompson, Kippen, Ont.

This is far from satisfactory to us and almost discourages us from making another attempt. We thought that August would be a good time especially for boys and girls who are out of school at that time and might have made a good thing by giving their time to canvassing for a paper which, as one of the prize winners says, does not need to be pleaded for, only to be shown. We are not, however, going to give up so soon. There are thousands of readers who, when they see what an easy way it is of getting a prize, will probably think it worth while to make the effort. We therefore repeat the same offer, giving from now till the first of November to work up the lists. We should like if, independently of the prize competition, all readers who think the *Messenger* will do good would use every means, such as lending it, sending it and recommending it, to increase its circulation. There is no reason why it should not have the largest circulation in America.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Mr. A. E. Milligan, Lawrence Station, Charlotte county, N. B., writes some kindly words regarding this paper, and adds the following interesting intelligence:—"Petitions are now being circulated by the rum-sellers and their agents, asking for a vote to be taken on the Scott Act with a view to repealing it and adopting the License Law of last winter. These agents get ten cents for every name they are able to get on the petition. The general opinion among temperance men, however, is that the Scott Act will be sustained, although not by a very large majority."

At a recent meeting the Toronto Branch of the Dominion Alliance decided to bring out temperance candidates for aldermen at the next civic elections. Practical work of this nature, bearing directly upon the body politic, is a most powerful means of awakening the public to its responsibility in respect to the liquor traffic, besides being useful in compelling electors to show where they stand upon the temperance question. When some temperance issue is before the people and the candidates represent the

right and the wrong side of the question, all true temperance men will, of course, be on one side. Where other very important questions are at issue, however, upon which the temperance people may be divided, their only practicable course is to insist upon candidates in their respective interests who will pledge themselves to promote the repression of the liquor evil. It must be a pretty bad cause that has no reliable temperance men in its ranks and the way to secure the nomination of such is as a rule to refuse to vote for any other.

Mr. John Bright, the venerable statesman and orator, than whom none stands firmer upon what he deems to be right ground, has come out in defence of the vested interests of publicans. Mr. Bright's admirable and undying opposition to the evil of war, and his never-failing and powerful advocacy of human freedom and rights and political reform, have given him such a great moral influence that his position upon this question is to be deeply deplored. It is an untenable claim on behalf of liquor-sellers that they should be compensated for what they lose by temperance principles being given force and effect, through the advance of public opinion, upon the statute books of the nation. The steady progress made by the modern movement of total abstinence and prohibition, and the plainness with which the issue has been kept before the nation for about a half century past, ought in all conscience to be deemed sufficient warning to the liquor-dealers of all grades to get out of their bad business. To the extent that the people through their representatives feel bound for self-preservation to declare and treat the liquor traffic as a nuisance, that traffic should be conceded the possession of no rights worthy of respect. Public opinion does not change from a position of supporting an ancient wrong to one of seeking its overthrow so suddenly as to give those who live or get gain from that wrong a claim against the public for losses incurred by its legal destruction.

GOOD TEMPLARS.

The Grand Lodge of the Province of Quebec will meet in Sherbrooke on Wednesday and Thursday next, Sept. 19th and 20th. A public meeting will be held on the evening of the first day. Reduced fares on railway and steamboat routes have been secured for the benefit of members and delegates.

About one hundred and forty Juvenile Templars of Sackville, N. B., under their superintendent, Miss Skrimmings, recently had a picnic at Dorchester, where they were shown through the Maritime Provinces Penitentiary—perhaps with a view partly to show them a very marked stage in the downward career of the drinker—and were allowed the freedom of the grounds of Lady Smith, widow of the lamented statesman, Sir Albert Smith.

DOMINION ALLIANCE.

The King's County Branch, Prince Edward Island, met at Souris lately, the president, the Rev. C. McDonald, of George-

town, in the chair, and an influential representation of the membership being present. It was decided to appoint a prosecuting officer and to provide him with necessary financial support, for enforcing the Scott Act. Another meeting within a week was arranged for, and appearances indicate that there will be warm work for the law-breakers in King's forthwith.

LATER ACCOUNTS show that the estimates of seventy-five thousand lives lost in the volcanic eruptions, earthquakes and tidal waves in Java and surrounding islands of the Indian Archipelago were not beyond the truth. It is believed in Amsterdam, Holland, that one hundred thousand persons perished in North Bantam. Notice has been issued to mariners of the destruction of lighthouses in the Strait of Sunda, but the injury to navigation in that water is proved by steamers that have passed through to be less serious than at first feared. The neighboring island of Sumatra did not escape the calamity, whole towns being destroyed. At one place in that island the tide suddenly rose eight feet and then fell ten feet, causing widespread devastation. Several bays within the region of the disturbances are reported ruined by being filled with pumice stone. The temple of Boto Buddha in Java, the largest Buddhist temple in the East, was destroyed by falling rocks. Great anxiety is felt in Holland for the safety of the mail steamer "Prince Frederick," which is believed to have been in the Strait of Sunda during the eruptions. A terrible condition of affairs is reported in the district of Lampong, Sumatra, where everything for a distance of five leagues inland was destroyed. Thousands of dead are lying on the ground and it is impossible to approach to bury them on account of the fury of the natives against the Dutch, whom they hold responsible for the calamity as being the vengeance of the gods for the Acheen war.

THE ISSUE OF PEACE OR WAR is still undecided between France and China. France is sending fresh troops and supplies to Tonquin, and on the part of China it is said to be out of the question that she should cede her ancient sovereignty over Annam. It is now believed probable that the mediation of Great Britain will be invoked between the two nations. Serious riots broke out at Canton, China, a few days ago, brought on by a little row at a steamboat wharf, but believed to be due chiefly to the Chinese hatred of foreigners created by the French operations in Annam. Several shops and warehouses belonging to Europeans were burned by the mob, and British gunboats from Hong Kong had ultimately to take the foreign population under protection.

ALTHOUGH GOVERNOR SOLOMON, of Hayti, has been gaining strength, the rebel leader, Bayer Bazelaïs, has the qualities of a great general. Chances are said to be even, yet all the successes reported are by the rebels. They have just raised the blockade of Jeremie and Jacmel, and these ports are believed to be now completely in their hands.

CAPTAIN HAWLEY, a railway contractor at Swanton, Vermont, recently took heroic measures to put down a strike of Italian laborers. He went to their quarters and ordered the strikers off his property and upon their refusal he rushed into the midst of the gang and began pitching the men out of doors. After about a dozen had been tossed through the door the remainder, seized by terror, sprang through the windows and, rushing to the gravel bank, resumed their work.

MRS. FRANKLIN SMITH, of Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, seeing her child aged two and a neighbor's aged three having great fun in the yard, found the cause of their glee to be a big rattlesnake, that poked its tongue out at them when they struck it with a stick or stroked it with their hands. After a moment's helplessness from fright she killed the reptile with a club, and then fell fainting by the side of the children. The snake was between four and five feet long with seven rattles.

UNDER TREATY French fishermen have certain rights upon a portion of the coast of Newfoundland, but according to account they are abusing their privileges not for the first time. The British flag-ship "Northampton," of the North American naval division, has been on the grounds investigating alleged outrages committed by French fishermen, with a French war cruiser accessory, upon English fishing vessels.

IN ATLANTA, GEORGIA, Father Hennessy ordered all the boys of his charge to attend school in the basement of the church, on account of the public school board having refused to permit the use of the schools after hours for instruction in Roman Catholic doctrines. In consequence of the priest's order, which was emphasized by a threat of refusal of the sacraments to disobedient parents, fifty of two hundred pupils left the public schools.

IN VICTORIA, British Columbia, the three white men charged with the murder of the Chinese last spring have been acquitted for want of sufficient evidence. The Chief Justice tried the cases, and he remarked at the close that the satisfactory manner in which the Chinese witnesses gave their evidence and the reluctance of the white witnesses made him ashamed of being a white man.

HENRY ROBINSON, a convict dying from being shot by a guard in attempting to escape from the penitentiary in Atlanta, Georgia, said he had a brother in Congress, was of good family, married a lady in Florida, spent all his money, two thousand dollars, on his wedding trip, went to Georgia to steal and was arrested while robbing a safe.

AN EXAMINATION of the exploded boiler of the steamer "Rivendale," that sunk in Hudson River, New York, lately, showed the bottom to be corroded almost through. It is to be hoped there are not many more such steamboat boilers that escape proper inspection to the deadly peril of human life.

THE PLACE PREPARED.

St. John 14: 2.

Dear Lord, wilt thou indeed
A place for me prepare;
And fit it to my need
With tender care!

Within its ample space
There shall I find
All fair and lovely things
Just to my mind!

And will there be free scope
For every power
To perfectly develop
Shall my dower

Of birthright gifts
Which here I scarce have learned
To use aright,
To fullest use be turned!

As doth a loving bridegroom
For his bride,
Wilt thou recall each taste,
For each provide!

Ah, Lord! methinks
I do not greatly care
What thou preparest for me;
So thou be there.

If I may kiss thy feet,
May touch thee without sin,
I'll ask no more
Though word nor glance I win.

To see thy blessed face,
For me who lived, who died;
My master and my Lord:
I shall be satisfied.

—N. Y. Observer.

HOW IT ALL CAME ROUND.

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

CHAPTER XXII.—EMPTY PURSES.

It was not until Harold's life was really safe that his mother realized how very nearly he had been taken from her. But for Hinton's timely interposition, and the arrival of Doctor H— at the critical moment, the face she so loved might have been cold and still now, and the spirit have returned to God who gave it.

Looking at the little sleeper breathing in renewed health and life with each gentle inspiration, such a rush of gratitude and overpowering emotion came over Mrs. Home that she was obliged to follow Hinton into his sitting-room. There she suddenly went down on her knees.

"God bless you," she said. "God most abundantly bless you for what you have done for me and mine. You are, except my husband, the most truly Christian man I ever met."

"Don't," said Hinton moved and even shocked at her position. "I loved—I love the little lad. It is nothing, what we do for those we love."

"No; it is, as you express it, nothing to save a mother's heart from such breaking," answered Charlotte Home. "If ever you marry and have a son of your own, you will begin to understand what you have done for me. You will be thankful then to think of this day."

Then with a smile which an angel might have given him, the mother went away, and Hinton sat down to write to Charlotte. But he was much moved and excited by those earnest words of love and approval. He felt as though a laurel wreath had been placed on his head, and he wondered would his first brief, his first sense of legal triumph, be sweeter to him than the look in that mother's face this morning.

"And it was so easily won," he said to himself. "For who but a brute under the circumstances could have acted otherwise?"

In writing to Charlotte he told her all. It was a relief to him to pour out his heart to her, though of course he carefully kept back names.

By return of post he received her answer. "I must do something for that mother. You will not let me come to her. But if I cannot and must not come, I can at least help with money. How much money shall I send you?"

To this Hinton answered—

"None. She is a proud woman. She would not accept it."

As he put this second letter in the post, he felt that any money gift between these two Charlottes would be impossible. During little Harold's illness he had put away all thought of the possibility of Mrs. Home being entitled to any of his Charlotte's wealth. The near and likely approach of death had put far from his mind all ideas of money. But now, with the return of the usual routine of life in this small and humble house, came back to Hinton's mind the thoughts which had so sorely troubled him on the night on which Charlotte had told him Mrs. Home's story. For his own personal convenience and benefit he had put away those thoughts. He had decided that he could not move hand or foot in the matter. But in the very house with this woman, though he might so resolve not to act, he could not put the sense of the injustice done to her away from his heart. He pondered on it and grew uneasy as to the righteousness of his own conduct. As this uneasiness gathered strength, he even avoided Mrs. Home's presence. For the first time, too, in his life Hinton was beginning to realize what a very ugly thing poverty—particularly the poverty of the upper classes—really is. To make things easier for this family in their time of illness, he had insisted on having what meals he took in the house, in the room with Mr. and Mrs. Home. He would not, now that Harold was better, change this custom. But though he liked it, it brought him into direct contact with the small shifts necessary to make so slender a purse as theirs cover their necessary expenses. Mr. Home noticed nothing; but Mrs. Home's thin face grew more and more worn, and Hinton's heart ached as he watched it. He felt more and more compunctious as to his own conduct. These feelings were to be quickened into activity by a very natural consequence which occurred just then.

Little Harold's life was spared, and neither Daisy nor the baby had taken the fever. So far all was well. Doctor H—, too, had ceased his visits, and the little invalid was left to the care of the first doctor who had been called in. Yes, up to a certain point Harold's progress towards recovery was all that could be satisfactory. But beyond that point he did not go. For a fortnight after the fever left him his progress towards recovery was rapid. Then came the sudden stand-still. His appetite failed him, a cough came on, and a hectic flush in the pale little face. The child was pushing for a change of air, and the father's and mother's purse had been already drained almost to emptiness by the expenses of the first illness. One day when Doctor Watson came and felt the feeble, too-rapid pulse he looked grave. Mrs. Home followed him from the room.

"What ails my boy, doctor? He is making no progress, none whatever."

"Does he sleep enough?" asked Doctor Watson, suddenly.

"Not well; he coughs and is restless."

"Ah! I am sorry he has got that cough. How is his appetite?"

"He does not fancy much food. He has quite turned against his beef-tee."

Doctor Watson was silent.

"What is wrong?" asked Mrs. Home, coming nearer and looking up into his face.

"Madam, there is nothing to alarm yourself with. Your boy has gone through a most severe illness; the natural consequences must follow. He wants change. He will be fit to travel by easy stages in a week at latest. I should recommend Torquay. It is mild and shielded from the spring east winds. Take him to Torquay as soon as possible. Keep him there for a month, and he will return quite well."

"Suppose I cannot?"

"Ah! then——" with an expressive shrug of the shoulders and raising of the brows, "my advice is to take him if possible. I don't like that cough."

Doctor Watson turned away. He felt sorry enough, but he had more acute cases than little Harold Home's to trouble him, and he wisely resolved that to think about what could not be remedied, would but injure his own powers of working. Being a really kind-hearted man he said to himself, "I will make their bill as light as I can when I send it in." And he then forgot the poor curate's family until the time came round for his next visit. Meanwhile Mrs. Home stood still for a moment where he had left her, then went up slowly to her own room.

"Mother, mother, I want you," called the weak, querulous voice of the sick child. "Coming in a moment, darling," she said. But for that one moment she felt she must be alone.

Locking her door she went down on her knees. Not a tear came to her eyes, not a word to her lips. There was an inward groan, expressing itself in some voiceless manner after this fashion—

"My God, my God, must I go through the fiery furnace?" Then smoothing her hair, and forcing a smile back to her lips, she went back to her little son.

All that afternoon she sat with him, singing to him, telling him stories, playing with him. In the evening, however, she sought an opportunity to speak to her husband alone.

"Angus, you know how nearly we lost our boy a week ago?"

The curate paused, and looked at her earnestly, surprised at her look and manner. "Yes, my dearest," he said. "But God was merciful."

"Oh! Angus," she said; and now it died came to her, for as she spoke she began to weep. "You are good, you are brave, you could have let him go. But for me—for me—it would have killed me. I should have died or gone mad!"

"Lottie dear—my darling, you are overstrung. The trial, the fiery trial, was not sent. Why dwell on what our loving Father has averted?"

"Oh, Angus! but has He—has He," then choking with pent-up emotion, she told what the doctor had said to-day, how necessary the expensive change was for the little life. "And we have no money," she said in conclusion, "our purse is very nearly empty."

"Very nearly empty indeed," answered Angus Home.

He was absolutely silent after this news, no longer attempting to comfort his wife.

"Angus, God is cruel if for the sake of wanting a little money our boy must die."

"Don't," said the curate—God was so precious to him that these words smote on him even now with a sense of agony—"don't," he repeated, and he raised his hand as though to motion away an evil spirit.

"He is cruel if He lets our boy die for want of money to save him," repeated the mother in her desperation.

"He won't do that, Lottie—He will never do that, there is not the least fear."

"Then how are we to get the money?"

"I don't know, I cannot think to-night. I will go up to Harold now."

He turned and left the room with slow steps. As he mounted the stairs his back was so bent, his face so gray and careworn, that though scarcely forty he looked like an old man.

This was Harold's one precious hour with his father, and the little fellow was sitting up in bed and expecting him.

"Father," he said, noticing the anxious look on his face, which was generally as serene and peaceful as the summer sea—"what is the matter? You are ill; are you going to have scarlet fever too?"

"No, my dear, dear, boy. I am quite well, quite well, at least in body. I have a care on my mind that makes me look a little sad, but don't notice it Harold, it will pass."

"You have a care on your mind?" said Harold in a tone of surprise. "I know mother often, often has, but I did not think you had cares, father."

"How can I help it, boy, sometimes?"

"I thought you gave your cares to God. I don't understand a bit how you manage it, but I remember quite well your telling mother that you gave your cares away to God."

The father turning round suddenly, stooped down and kissed the boy.

"Thank you, my son, for reminding me. Yes, I will give this care too to God, it shall not trouble me."

Then the two began to talk, and the son's little wasted hand was held in the father's. The father's face had recovered its serenity, and the little son, though he coughed continually, looked happy.

"Father," he said suddenly, "there's just one thing I'm sorry for."

"What's that, my boy?"

"There were a whole lot of other things, father; about my never having gone to live in the country, and those gypsy teas that mother told me of. You light a fire outside, you know, father, and boil the kettle on it, and have your tea in the woods and

the fields. It must be just delicious. I was sorry about that, for I've never been to one, never even to one all my life!" and then there's the pretty lady—I do want to see my pretty lady once again. I was sorry about those things all day, but not now. 'Tisn't any of those things makes me so sorry now."

"What does make you sorry, Harold?"

"Father, I'm just a little bit jealous about Jesus. You see there's always such a lot of us little children dying and going to heaven, and He can't come for us all, so He has to send angels. Now I don't want an angel, I want Him to come for me Himself."

"Oh, father! when you are giving Him your new care to-night, will you just ask Him not to be so dreadfully busy, but to try and come Himself?"

"Yes Harold," said the father. "After this promise little Harold went to sleep very happily."

CHAPTER XXIII.—"THY WILL BE DONE."

"You always give your cares to God," little Harold had said to his father.

That father, on his knees, with his head bowed between his hands, and a tempest of agony, of entreaty in his heart, found suddenly that he could not give this care away to God. For a moment, when the boy had spoken, he had believed that this was possible, but when little Harold had himself spoken so quietly of dying and going to Jesus, the father's heart rose suddenly in the fiercest rebellion. No; if it meant the slaying of his first-born he could not so quietly lay it in the hands of God and say, "Thy will be done." This uncharitably man, who had always lived with a kind of heaven-sent radiance round his path, found himself suddenly human after all. His earthly arms clung tightly round the earthly form of his pretty little lad and would not unclasp themselves. It was to this man who had so serenely and for many years walked in the sunshine of God's presence, with nothing to hide his glory from his eyes, as though he had come up to a high, a blank, an utterly impenetrable wall, which shut away all the divine radiance. He could neither climb this wall, nor could he see one glimpse of God at the dark side where he found himself. In an agony this brave heart tried to pray, but his voice would not rise above his chamber, would not indeed even ascend to his lips. He found himself suddenly voiceless and dumb, dead amidst stealing over him. He did not, however, rise from his knees, and in this position his wife found him when, late that night, she came up to bed. She had been crying so hard and so long that by very force of those tears her face was lighter, and her husband, when he raised his eyes, hollow with the terrible struggle within, to her face, looked now the most miserable of the two. The mute appeal in his eyes smote on the wife's loving heart, instantly she came over and knelt by his side.

"You must come to bed, Angus dear. I will have arranged with Mr. Hinton, and he will sit up with our little lad for the next few hours."

"I could not sleep, Lottie," answered the husband: "God is coming to take away our child and I can't say, 'Thy will be done.'"

"You can't," repeated the wife, and now her lips fell apart and she gazed at her husband.

"No, Lottie; you called God cruel downstairs, and now He looks cruel to me. I can't give Him my first-born. I can't say 'Thy will be done'; but oh!" continued the wretched man, "this is horrible, this is blasphemous. Oh! has God indeed forsaken me?"

"No, no, no!" suddenly almost shrieked the wife; "no, no!" she repeated; and now she had flung her arms round her husband and was straining him to her heart.

"Oh, my darling! my beloved! you were never, never, never, so near to me, so dear to me, as now. Oh, Angus! let us both kneel here and say, 'Thy will be done,' for I believe the will of God will be to save the child."

A great faith had suddenly come to this woman. She lifted her voice, and a torrent of eloquent words, of passionate utterances, rent the air and went up to God from that little room, and the husband stole his hand into the wife's as she prayed. After this they both slept, and Lottie's heart was lighter than it had ever been in all her life before.

The next morning this lightness, almost gaiety of heart, was still there. For the time she had really changed places with her husband; for, believing that the end would be good, she felt strong to endure.

Mr. and Mrs. Home went down-stairs to find Hinton regarding them anxiously. He had not spent a long night with the sick child without gathering very clearly how imminent was the peril still hanging over the family. Harold's night had been a wretched one, and he was weaker this morning. Hinton felt that a great deal more must be done to restore Harold to health; but he had not heard what Dr. Watson had said, and was therefore as yet in the dark and much puzzled how best to act. Seeing the mother's face serene, almost calm, as she poured out the tea, and the father's clouded over, he judged both wrongly.

"She is deceived," he said of the one. "He knows," he said of the other. Had he, however, reversed the positions it would have been nearer the truth.

He went away with a thousand schemes in his head. He would visit the doctor. He would—could he—might he, risk a visit to Charlotte? He was resolved that in some way he must save the boy; but it was not reserved for his hand to do the good deed on this occasion. After breakfast he went out, and Mr. Home, feeling almost like a dead man, hurried off to the daily service.

For a brief moment Charlotte was alone. The instant she found herself so, she went straight down on her knees, and with eyes and heart raised to heaven, said aloud and fervently—

"Thy holy, loving, righteous Will be done."

Then she got up and went to her little son. In the course of the morning the boy said to his mother—

"How much I should like to see that pretty lady."

"It would not be safe for her to come to you, my darling," said Mrs. Home. "You are not yet quite free from infection, and if you saw her now she might get ill. You would not harm your pretty lady, Harold?"

"No, indeed, mother, not for worlds. But if I can't see her," he added, "may I have her toys to play with?"

The mother fetched them and laid them on the bed.

"And now give me what was in the brown paper parcels, mother. The dear, dear, dainty clothes! Oh! didn't our baby look just lovely in his velvet frock? Please, mother, may I see those pretty, pretty things once again?"

Mrs. Home could not refuse. The baby's pelisse, Daisy's frock, and Harold's own hat were placed by his side. He took up the hat with a great sigh of admiration. It was of dark purple plush, with a plume of ostrich feathers.

"May I put it on, mother?" asked the little lad.

He did so, then asked for a glass to look at himself.

"Ah!" he said, half crying, half frightened at his wasted pale little face under this load of finery. "I don't like it now. My pretty, pretty, lady's hat is much too big for me now. I can't wear it. Oh! mother, wouldn't she be disappointed?"

"She shan't be," said the mother, "for I will draw in the lining, and then it will fit you as well as possible."

"But oh! mother, do be careful. I saw her put in a nice little bit of soft paper; I saw her put it under the lining my own self. You will crush that bit of paper if you aren't careful, mother."

The mother did not much heed the little eager voice, she drew in a cord which ran round the lining, then again placed the hat on Harold's head.

"Now it fits, darling," she said.

"But I think the bit of paper is injured," persisted the boy. "How funny I should never have thought of it until now. I'll take it out, mother, and you can put it by with the other things."

The little fingers poked under the lining and drew out something thin and neatly folded.

"Look, look, mother!" he said excitedly; "there's writing. Read it, mother; read what she said."

Mrs. Home read—
"For Harold, with his lady's love."

She turned the paper. There, staring her in the face, lay a fresh, crisp Bank of England note for fifty pounds.

(To be continued.)

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CUR-
RENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes)

September 23.—1 Samuel 3: 1-19.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. "Early piety." There are many examples of early piety in the Bible. Samuel, Josiah, John, Timothy, Jesus. Those who become Christians young have a longer life in God's service, are more likely to live long on the earth, and are less likely to fall away into sin. Spurgeon testifies that of the many hundreds of children who have joined his church, he has not had to excommunicate one for bad conduct. The nature of the soul is such that the best time to become a Christian is in youth. Early impressions are the most enduring. As the tracks of birds in the soft mud of ages ago are now hardened on the rock, and are ineffaceable as the rock itself, those impressions can be made in the clay while it is soft, but not after it has hardened into stone. Then an elephant's weight would make no impression, while for the lightest touch of the smallest bird left its mark.—P.

II. "Bad children of good parents." What if some prove naught that are well brought up? It is not the generality of them. Will you say that Noah's family were no better than the drowned world because there was one Ham in it? nor David's because there was one Absalom? nor Christ's, because there was one Judas? What a fool were he that should reason thus! Peter reasons the clean contrary way.—"If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?"—L. Baxter.

PRACTICAL.

1. Ver. 1. Young children can enter upon the service of God, by worship, by prayer, by obedience to parents, by helpfulness at home, by kindness to others, by studying the Bible.

2. Be glad to do the smallest sacrifice for God, as the true preparation for larger service.

3. Ver. 4. God calls children now as he did Samuel. How? By the still small voice of his spirit; by the Bible, by teachers and parents; by meetings; by sickness and trouble; by his daily goodness; by the examples of others who turn to Christ.

4. Ver. 9. The answer of Samuel, when he knew it was Jehovah who called him, should be our example. (1) Speak. We should desire more of the divine communications, and should delight to know what God says. (2) Thy servant. We should place ourselves in the attitude of servants, neglecting to obey that which we hear, and not neglecting it, or studying excuses for its rejection. (3) Hears. We should attentively listen to the voice of God in the Scriptures and in our hearts, reverently cherishing its lightest accent, and ardently endeavoring to perform its behests.

5. We should receive God's truth as little children (Luke 18-17). But to what characteristics of children do we refer when we say this? (1) Their freedom from prejudice. (2) Their eagerness to learn. (3) Their humility. (4) Their disposition to believe and to obey. Let us receive the kingdom of God in the exercise of these dispositions.

6. If the kingdom of God belongs to such little children as receive it thus, it belongs to them not in part, but as a whole; and its ordinances should not be withheld. The Christian ordinances are means of grace to the regenerate child not less than to the regenerate adult; and it should be brought up in the church, the child of the church. Many regenerate children kept out of the church, and denied the ordinances become cold and disheartened, doubting that Christ had accepted them, and bringing forth, in after life, but meagre fruits.—Rev. F. Johnson, Pastor of Baptist Church, Cambridge, Mass.

7. Ver. 13. Indulgent parents are cruel to themselves and to their prosperity. Eli could not have devised so sure a way to have plagued himself and his house as by his kindness to his children's sins.—Hall.

8. Ver. 15. We should be very careful of saying anything which will injure the feelings of others.

9. Ver. 16. But we should do our duty faithfully, and speak boldly what God gives us to say, at whatever cost to ourselves or others.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

In this lesson we can enforce the duty

and privilege of Early Piety. (1) An example of early piety in Samuel (vers. 1-10.) We can impress the fact that children can become God's in their youth, can be at God's house, can serve God, and in what ways. God calls them. Show them the various ways in which that call is made, by the spirit, by the Bible, by conscience, by providence. Point out the example of others who became Christians young. Set before them such events around them or in their past lives as would lead them to Christ. Compare Samuel's boyhood with that of John and Jesus. Show the blessings of early piety. (2) A warning against neglect of early piety. The sins of Eli's sons and their punishment. How they came to be so bad. The effect that bad persons ought to have upon us.

A SUCCESSFUL TEACHERS' MEETING.

BY S. W. BOARDMAN, D. D.

We have enjoyed, for several weeks past, the best teachers' meeting we ever attended. The mode of conducting it has been very simple—so simple as to be worthy, perhaps, of public notice. The leader has given, a week beforehand, one verse to each teacher for special study and comment. We meet on Wednesday evening; there is a full attendance, and all are ready. We begin promptly. After a brief invocation, the leader calls up a teacher to whom the first verse was assigned to read it, and make his remarks upon it. A dozen teachers or more are seated easily around a long table. Each one's exposition, modestly given, shows unmistakable preparation. After each teacher has presented his views, the leader calls for questions or further remarks, and with little delay passes to the next question. Attention is closely held, and the hour quickly passes. We have heard the best thoughts of many minds. The practical lessons come out by the way.

Our hearts burn within us. I have heard a theological professor, an almost perfect scholar and teacher, instruct a teacher's class with the most thorough preparation after work which would be cheaply purchased at ten dollars a week; and yet it did not instruct or benefit the teachers so much as this simple exercise. There he made nearly all the preparation, and did nearly all the talking; here, it was done by the teachers themselves. There the instruction bore the color of one mind; here were blended the hues of many.

The object of a teachers' meeting is to stimulate thought. This is best done by laying the responsibility of vigorous thinking, at least for a single verse, upon each teacher. The spur of latent ambition does no harm.

Some one read the choicest selections from the "Sunday School Times" or other periodicals bearing upon their particular verse. There is a variety of talents, and culture and manner, but not one teacher's contribution could be spared.

The leader makes preparation, and comments, without delay, on any verses which had been assigned to teachers who may be absent, so that there is no break and no hesitation. He has noted many things, but most of his thunder has been discharged by others, and he has need to add very little at the close. Nor is there time, the hour has been crowded with condensed thoughts.

Where shall we meet next Wednesday? A few minutes of cheerful social intercourse. What a good teachers'-meeting we have enjoyed!—S. S. Times.

"OUR FORMER PASTOR used to protect us from such calls," was the chilling remark of a penurious church officer, as he met his rainier after the close of a sermon in which he had made an earnest plea for Foreign Missions. Such "protection" is fatal, and only proves how narrow and selfish may be the views and feelings of a heart that has never opened to a full understanding of giving for Christ's sake.

POACHED EGGS.—Break the eggs (one at a time) in a saucer or small plate; slide them gently into a pan of boiling water; slightly salt them and let them remain in five minutes. Have as many pieces of crisp, buttered toast as you have eggs. Lift the eggs out gently with a large spoon; place an egg on each slice of toast; pour over them a little melted butter. Garnish with parsley or celery leaves.

PUZZLES.

WORD PUZZLE.

Complete, I make a labor of sport;
Behaved, I follow the beauty to court.
Behaved again, I come from heaven,
To good and to evil alike I am given.
Behaved me again, I'm the sweetest word
That ever in Scottish refrain was heard.
Behaved me again, I'm a preposition,
Or else an adverb denoting position.
Behaved me again, before you I set
What a Cockney would call his Brahma pet.

ANAGRAM BLANKS.

Who ever heard of a — made of — ?
Why will you — in choosing — for
your dresses?
Both men were very —, also both were
great —
Do you — so high in order to win —

DROP-VOWEL PUZZLE.

S-wh-l-l-v-l-sh-l-l,
Sh-u-l-l and p-r-s-p-r-l,
L-n-g cl-s-t-m-f-t,
Fr-l-b-t-w-rk-d-t-n,
M-d-s-f-r-l-w-l
W-th d-l-c-t-s-p-r-and wh-r-l,
H-w-x-q-s-t-l-m-n-t,
-m-r-cl-f-d-s-gn.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In talon, but not in beak,
In vapor, but not in reek.
In minute, but not in time.
In guinea, but not in dime.
In mother, but not in ma.
In father, but not in pa.
In naughty (now why do you cry!)
My whole word is plain if you only look sharp.

BEHEADINGS.

Behad a very useful article and leave an apartment.
Behad an article used in building dwellings and leave a girl.
Behad and leave an animal.
Behad an article of furniture and leave a part of the human body.
Behad and leave one of the elements.
Behad an article of concealment and leave an animal.
Behad an article of apparel and leave a grain.
Behad another article of apparel and leave to possess.
Behad a boy's name and leave to change.
LILIAN A. GREENE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Broad, Echo, Lemon, Lined, Agra, Bella Donna, Belladonna.
OLD FRIENDS WITH NEW NAMES.—1, Hector; 2, Lancelot; 3, Perseus; 4, Achilles; 5, Hercules; 6, Ulysses; 7, Mercury; 8, Tantalus; 9, Orpheus; 10, Caesar; 11, Charon; 12, Agamemnon; 13, Apollo; 14, Ganymede; 15, Socrates.

CHARADE.—Marrow.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

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CHARADE.—Hoodwink.

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?

The minister of a fashionable church once preached a beautiful sermon on this subject. He drew the picture of a very beautiful heaven. We would walk in sunlit groves, by the music of waterfalls and gaze out upon Amaranthine fields.

And then, too, "we shall know each other there," said the minister, and then added there'll be no strangers in the new Jerusalem; we'll all be friends."

"Beautiful!" said Deacon Sham, as he trotted down the aisle.

"A lovely sermon!" said Miss Simpkins, as she put her holy hand into the minister's. She was stopped by a poor mechanic, who came up and addressed the preacher:

"Mr. —, I am glad we shall recognize each other up there."

"Yes," said the minister, "it is one of the greatest consolations of our religion."

"Well, I'm right glad we shall know each other. It will be a great change though; for I have attended your church for over four years, and none of the members of this society have recognized me yet. But—we shall all know each other there."

The Weekly Messenger.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15.

THE WEEK.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION has been adopted in New Hampshire, as it must in time be in every progressive country.

MR. JAMES L. CLEMENTS, a candidate on the Democratic side for the Mississippi Legislature, has been blind for twenty-five years.

NEW HAMPSHIRE has at present its longest legislative session since 1775, railway complication, being blamed for its protraction.

WASNEY ALBERSON, aged ten, Philadelphia, died from hydrophobia the other day, caused by a bite from a Spitz dog nearly a year ago.

PURE WATER was found at Carthage, Dakota, at a depth of thirty-four feet, flowing four miles an hour in a volume twice as great as the Red Stone River at that place.

THE CORNER STONE was laid at Parkdale, a suburb of Toronto, the other day, of a Masonic temple, to be built in Ionic style of plain solid stone, at a cost of about fifteen thousand dollars.

DIRECT BRIBERY AND WHOLESALE CORRUPTION, according to a despatch from Washington, secured the acquittal of Dorsey in the Star Route trial, and the matter will shortly be laid before the Grand Jury.

WINDSOR, ONTARIO, has a color line question exciting its people in relation to the public schools. A respectable colored girl was ordered to leave the Central School by the Principal, and her father will take legal action for redress.

MONKS IN THE PASSIONISTS' MONASTERY, Baltimore, claim to have received miraculous warning of their building being on fire, on the occasion of its burning down last week, by an alarm clock set for two in the morning going off at ten in the evening.

A STEAMBOAT modelled after the famous "Maid of the Mist," that once successfully ran the Niagara Falls rapids, was lately sent down the same turbulent current, and though violently tossed about went through in safety in presence of fifty thousand people.

TWO APACHE CHIEFS in Chihuahua, Mexico, with two hundred followers, offer to surrender if Mexico will furnish them land and seeds and withdraw her troops. It will be to the lasting disgrace of Mexico if she does not accept this very creditable offer by the Indians.

A SHAM FIGHT at the encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, at Princeton, New Jersey, warmed up to a reality that compelled a large number of the veterans to place themselves in the hands of the surgeon, for treatment of severe wound received at too close quarters for a peaceful military display.

OVER SEVENTEEN THOUSAND PERSONS entered Canada in August, and over a hundred and thirty-eight thousand during the first eight months of this year, being about eight thousand five hundred more than the corresponding period last year. This year over eighty-two thousand of those entering remained in the country, being fourteen thousand more than last year.

LIGHTNING STRUCK in a church at Lagos, Mexico, killing the priest, four women and a girl.

NEVER PUT YOUR HEAD out of a car window when travelling, as many accidents have resulted from the practice.

HENRY CHADWICK, a Pittsburg policeman, has been left a large fortune in England by Sir Andrew Chadwick, a distant relative.

THE CATTLE PLAGUE destroyed a million cattle in European Russia alone within the past four years and it continues unabated.

NOAH BLOUGH, Mount Carroll, Indiana, after falling for thirty thousand dollars, was discovered to be a forger to the extent of ten thousand dollars.

A LUNATIC broke into a school-house at Williamston, North Carolina, saying he must kill twenty-eight children, and he felled a man with a club before he was arrested.

BRITISH MANUFACTURERS OF LINEN THREADS are accused by the American Consul in Leeds of evading the American tariff law by their methods of doing business with American merchants.

HEAVY RAINS have caused a rise of eighteen feet in the Rio Grande River, Texas, and the sheep farmers are in consternation for their flocks, that in the event of an expected increase of the floods must perish in large numbers from drowning.

THE FOUR METHODIST CHURCHES hitherto in Canada united into one body at Belleville, Ontario, last week. At the first session of the united Conference there were two hundred and ninety-three representatives present from the old bodies.

RELIGIOUS FANATICS in Santiago, Argentine Republic, South America, are in a panic over the new law authorizing burials in cemeteries regardless of creed. Bodies have been disinterred and reburied in churches, and the clergy promise to curse the public cemeteries as soon as the law is promulgated.

HORRID CRUELTY is not confined to dark heathen lands. Patrick McGuire, a dyer in Paterson, New Jersey, has proved himself a monster equal to anything in the annals of fiction or of barbarism. Quarrelling with Moses Stanton, aged thirteen, recently, McGuire threw him into a vat of heated solution of caustic soda, causing his death in agony.

LATELY THE STEAMER "Lampport," from Baltimore for London with cattle and general cargo, put into Halifax in distress, having been disabled in a terrific storm when out three days. Of one hundred and seventy cattle on board at the beginning of the passage, but thirty-six survived the storm, most of the remainder having been swept off by the waves.

SPARKS FROM A BURNING BARN fired the roof of the First Presbyterian church, worth seventy-five thousand dollars, at Jacksonville, Illinois, and the firemen being unable to reach the flames the edifice was burned down. An immense amount of property would be saved from destruction if owners of buildings furnished them with self-contained means of protection against fire, such as ladders, buckets, tanks, fire extinguishers, etc. Every loss by fire is an injury to the whole country, whether it comes immediately out of the funds of an insurance company or not. Insurance companies do not have their funds come down to them from the clouds, but out of the people's pockets.

AN EXHIBITION OF FOREIGN PRODUCTS was opened in Boston, Massachusetts, on Monday of last week.

OVER TWENTY-ONE THOUSAND BOOKS, to cost twenty-nine thousand dollars, are about to be bought for the Toronto public library.

A PRIVATE DETECTIVE has been fined ten dollars in Chicago, for following a railway conductor about. It was admitted by the managers of the road that they employed detectives to watch their conductors.

A COMPANY IN BUTTE, MONTANA territory, has bought a large tract of land surrounding the great Shoshone Falls of Snake River, comprising among the grandest scenery of the world, and will build a mammoth hotel, put a steamer on the river and make the district the Niagara of the West.

LITTLE CHIEF, of the Cheyenne Indians, has apparently had the first promptings of civilization strike upon the aesthetic side of his nature, to judge by the following striking appeal he has made to the United States Government, in asking for a new suit of clothes:—"I don't care much for grub but I do like to dress in proper style. I want the best white hat you can purchase."

IMPORTS OF THE UNITED STATES exceeded exports during July last by four million four hundred and sixty-six thousand, while for the year ending July exports were in excess over one hundred and seven millions. Imports of Great Britain increased about fifteen million dollars in August compared with the same month last year, while the exports decreased some eight hundred thousand dollars.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR, of New York, has, it is reported, deeded all his property, valued at sixty to seventy millions, to his only son, William Waldorf Astor, who is to pay his father an annuity of one hundred thousand dollars. This course is designed to keep the estate from being divided, as well as to prevent the unseemly disputes and costly lawsuits over the father's will, which follow the death of many wealthy men.

COLLISIONS OF TRAINS occurred last week at Colchester, Vermont; near Baltimore, and at Springfield, Long Island. Two men lost their lives both at Baltimore and Springfield, the accidents in each case being the result of carelessness. At Steglitz, Germany, owing to bad station facilities, a train ran into a crowd of people on the track, killing sixteen men, seventeen women and four children, and seriously injuring several others.

WHEN A PRISONER, called John Stuart, in Montreal was about being committed for vagrancy, on the charge of stealing two thousand dollars breaking down for want of evidence, a clearer case of theft of a smaller sum came up against him, showing him to be a professional thief, and he was held for trial. In the first case Mr. Alexander Rousseau, of St. Cesaire, was the man robbed, and in the second Mr. Joseph Martin, of Quebec.

TWO FATALITIES—one from the excessive and the other from the careless use of tobacco—were reported within two days last week. A boy named Morris, aged fifteen, of Brooklyn, New York, died, according to the medical certificate, from excessive smoking of cigarettes and chewing of tobacco. Strange to tell—if it were not for the country where it happened—the other victim was a girl of seventeen named Maggie Ballentine, of Portsmouth, Virginia, who accidentally set her clothes on fire from a pipe she was smoking, and was burned to death.

IT IS PROPOSED to form a new State from counties in Dakota south of the 46th parallel of latitude.

SHARP SHOCKS OF EARTHQUAKE were felt, vibrating from north-east to south-west, in Santa Barbara, Wilmington and Los Angeles, California, on Wednesday of last week. *

MRS. SAMUEL LOGAN complained to the New York police that two men took her husband away upon the pretence of arresting him for stealing twelve thousand dollars in Winnipeg, Manitoba. It is believed to be a case of kidnapping and the police are investigating the case.

THE PROBATE COURT in Chicago has declared John B. Valliquette, aged seventy, to be sane. He is a wealthy French-Canadian who settled in the city in 1843, and is thus one of its oldest citizens. Two of his children petitioned the Court to appoint a conservator for him, alleging that nuns were trying to induce him to bequeath his large estate to the Roman Catholic Church.

AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN named W. Duville, from Canton county, New York, was robbed of three hundred dollars at the railway station in Toronto a few days ago, by sharpers who induced him to "lend" them that sum upon the security of a worthless thousand-dollar bill. Persons who hand over their money in that easy style to total strangers are much too neighborly for this selfish age.

THE PLYMOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH in San Francisco is likely to lose money in an arrangement for four lectures at six hundred dollars each by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Owing to his speeches and writings upon the Chinese question, the gentleman is so unpopular in that city that only small audiences have attended his lectures. Declining to hear him is perhaps their best reply to Mr. Beecher's manly and humane utterances in behalf of fair play and human rights for the Chinese.

THE REV. J. W. WHITE, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Melrose, Philadelphia, was lately deposed from the ministry of the Presbyterian Church for heresy in denying the doctrine of the Trinity, in holding that men may be saved by obedience to the ten commandments, and other tenets opposed to that Church's belief. The Rev. E. L. Wilhelm, pastor at Petersburg, caused a sensation by declaring his agreement with Mr. White and asking that his connection with the Ministry be also dissolved, which was promptly and unanimously done.

INDIANS AT THE PARKRIDGE AGENCY, Dakota, have complained to the Senate Committee there investigating Indian affairs that their assent to the Edmunds agreement was obtained fraudulently by inducing boys five to twelve years old to sign it. They have also accused the Rev. S. D. Hindman, interpreter for the Edmunds Commission, of making false promises. For the sake of civilization, not to mention Christianity, it is to be hoped these Indians are laboring under a wrong impression regarding their treatment. Still, the history of our race's dealings with the Indians in America hitherto makes it too easy to believe bad stories of grievances suffered by the savages even in this day of boasted philanthropy. Reduced to narrow bounds and scanty means of subsistence according to their rude methods, as well as to insignificant numbers, largely by unjust wars against them, surely it is time the Indians were attempted to be won to civilization and Christianity, by a humane, rational and honest mode of treating them.

THE SALMON FISHERY on the Fraser River, British Columbia, is reported a failure this season.

FROM JEALOUSY, at a dance in Pierce county, Georgia, Miss Pory Wilson stabbed her aunt, Miss Mabel Smith, killing her.

TWO COWBOYS shot a Mexican fatally, and before dying he killed both of them, in a dispute over a cow at Los Vegas, New Mexico.

A CATTLE DISEASE, rare in America, recently appeared on a farm near Newburg, New York, baffling the veterinary surgeons and causing the death of fourteen cattle.

WHILE A BRIDGE was being formally opened at Westhal, Germany, it gave way and the Mayor and many workmen upon it were killed.

MRS. JULIA P. SMITH, a well known novel writer, was killed at her summer residence, New Hartford, Connecticut, the other day, by her horse running away.

CAPTAIN WEBB'S SISTER became insane when she heard of her brother's death at Niagara Falls, and she was afterward found drowned in the river at Lady Smith, Natal.

FRANK JAMES, brother of the late Jesse James and a leading member of his gang of robbers, has been acquitted of murder in his trial at Gallatin, Missouri, in the face of the clearest evidence of his guilt.

BY A RE-ARRANGEMENT of hours of work and extra time the Western Union Telegraph Company has improved the salaries of its operators. This, coming right after its victory over the strike, is very creditable to so large a corporation.

SEVERAL PEOPLE, including a number of working girls, lost their lives recently in the burning of a rag and paper warehouse in Cincinnati. The flames communicated to the *Times-Star* building, and it was also destroyed.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY of a daring stamp was committed recently upon six ladies and gentlemen travelling in a coach from Nantasket Beach to East Weymouth, Massachusetts. Twenty or thirty ruffians attacked them at a lonesome place in the road and robbed them of their valuables.

CHARLES SIMPSON tried to save his life by hanging on by his hands to the ties of a high trestle bridge near Baltimore until a train that met him passed over, but he could not draw himself up again and falling seventy feet was fatally injured, and when he was brought home his sister-in-law fell dead from the shock.

MRS. S. C. COATES, of Bulwer Village, Eastern Townships, Quebec, has been committed for trial upon strong evidence of having caused her husband's death by poisoning him. It was proved that he was poisoned with strychnine, and that she had procured a quantity of that poison by mail, addressed to a name unknown in the place. Mr. Coates was aged twenty-eight and a prosperous merchant, his wife four years younger and rather handsome, and they had been thought to live happily together.

A DESPATCH from Nice, France, says that two hundred and eighty of the four hundred seamen on the United States steamer "Lancaster" have deserted since leaving New York two years ago. Ill-treatment is mentioned as the cause, but from the well-known proneness of sailors to seek change it is almost surprising to find any of the three hundred men remaining on the vessel in one locality after two years, particularly in so quiet a navy as that the United States without undue pride possesses.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC Total Abstinence Society has been formed at Yarmouth, N.S., and has hired and furnished a fine hall and reading room.

THE GRAND SECTION, Cadets of Temperance, of Nova Scotia, was in session in Halifax a few days ago, and the officers' reports showed the society, which is a youth's branch of the Sons of Temperance, to have made a slight gain in the Province during the year.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL of the United States is being sued for one hundred thousand dollars by the agent of the New Orleans Lottery Company, for injury done the latter by having delivery of its letters stopped. Defendant denies the plaintiff's charge of malice and claims he acted from a sense of duty to the public, an investigation having convinced his department that the Company was conducting a scheme for obtaining money under false pretences.

ENCOURAGEMENTS.

["M— entered "our class" just three years ago as a new girl, gentle, modest, and teachable. She appeared interested in the lesson, and expressed a wish to be enrolled as a member of the class. According to my custom with a new scholar, I took her aside after the lesson, and asked if she were a child of God; for I always seek to know as far as possible where they stand and what they need. The look of blank surprise soon settled the point. "No, teacher, I don't know what you mean." "Well," I replied, "come and have a talk with me at home some day, and I will tell you what I mean." The day was accordingly fixed and she came. I explained what we were by nature, and what God called us to be by grace, through faith in the sacrifice of His Son. "Oh, how beautiful," she exclaimed, "I never heard it put so before." Have you never been to Sunday-school before?" I asked. "Oh, yes." "And were you never told these things?" "I used to learn my lesson, and get it explained, but I never knew that I was not a child of God, or that I could become so." "Would you like to become one?" I asked. "That I would," she eagerly exclaimed. "Then let us ask the Lord to make you one." From that moment she never rested until she gave her heart to God, and received the forgiveness of her sins. One day she came to me with a face radiant with smiles and tears, and said, "Teacher, I want to tell you that my sins are all forgiven, and I know I am a child of God." Our prayer was turned to praise, and we rejoiced together in a sense of God's love.—*Intermediate Teacher's Quarterly.*"]

LAUGHING GAS.

"FORTUNE knocks at every man's door once in a life," but in a good many cases the man is in a neighboring saloon, and does not hear him.

AN INDIGENT woman came to a prominent Austin physician and asked for a remedy for her husband's rheumatism. The doctor gave her a prescription, and told her: "Get that prepared at the drug store, rub it well over your husband's back. If it does any good, come and let me know. I've got a touch of rheumatism myself."—*Siftings.*

"CONSIDERING that the mosquitoes are making their raids, and are particularly lively just now, my dear," said Jones to his wife, "don't you think it would be a good idea to bring the baby's crib into our room? We might divert the attention of the voracious insects a little from ourselves; I hate to be deprived of my rest, and baby can sleep all day, you know." Mrs. Jones went in search of the fire-tongs at once.

THE LATE Sir James Graham was a tall, handsome boy, and soon distanced in appearance, as in height, his father, who was known as the little Sir James. A friend once ventured to say to the little baronet, speaking of his son, "The lad is full of life, good looks and talent; and as for height, he might put you in his pocket." "You are quite mistaken, my dear sir," was the reply, "for I can assure you he is never out of mine."

THE WEEKLY MESSENGER.

AUTUMN PRIZE COMPETITION.

A FINE CHANCE

—TO—

MAKE MONEY

—AND—

Help a Good Paper Along!

Not dismayed by the comparative failure of our August competition we offer our friends another opportunity to earn a good commission and win handsome prizes by working for this paper. Newspaper publishers must have their harvest times as well as farmers, and as the publishers of this paper have been sowing copies of it broadcast over this continent for twenty months past they now look to having the seed spring up and add many thousands to the subscription list. To this end laborers are required and none can possibly suit better than those who have been kept well-informed of the passing events of the world through its news columns, and benefited and entertained in various ways by its other departments—all at less cost than the readers of any other weekly newspaper. It is with confidence, therefore, that we repeat, with slight modifications, the offers made for our "August Competition," the result of which is doubtless a surprise to the prize-winners, as in a country of hard-working people money is rarely made with such facility.

OUR NEW OFFER!

The price of the *Messenger* is fifty cents a year, and will be given for the remainder of this year for ten cents. Anyone sending us **FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS** for a year may send **TWO DOLLARS** and keep **FIFTY CENTS**, and anyone sending us **FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS** for the remainder of this year may send us **TWENTY-FIVE CENTS** and **KEEP TWENTY-FIVE.**

SEND AS MANY AS YOU PLEASE.

keeping fifty cents for every five yearly and twenty-five cents for every five for the remainder of this year. This advice would seem to be necessary in some cases, as in last competition most of the competitors stopped short at the point when they earned the smallest commission—that for five subscriptions.

In addition to these commissions we will give the person sending us the largest

AMOUNT OF MONEY.

TEN DOLLARS; to the second, **FIVE DOLLARS**; to the third, **THREE DOLLARS**; to the fourth, **TWO DOLLARS**, and to the fifth, **ONE DOLLAR.**

Still further, to every one who sends us **TWO DOLLARS** we shall send a pre-

sent of the pair of those much-prized pictures, which have always given so much satisfaction to their recipients, "The Roll Call" and "Quatre Bras," or, if preferred, the celebrated picture by Doré, "Christ Leaving the Praetorium," the original of which was declared by the Rev. Theodore Cuyler to be the greatest painting of modern times.

BEAR IN MIND:

Those sending the largest amounts secure the prizes even if what is sent in each case be less than the amount of the prize.

Everyone who secures five subscriptions earns a commission.

Everyone who sends two dollars is entitled to the pair of fine pictures mentioned above.

The competition will end on the last of October.

REASONS AND HINTS:

For a paper of the price of this one a very large circulation is necessary to insure the enterprise being a profitable one. There is no doubt it would obtain a paying patronage in the course of time, without any special efforts such as these prize competitions, as its subscription list has hitherto been built up altogether by people taking it upon sight for its many good qualities. A list of over seven thousand, obtained simply by sending copies of the paper at a venture to people, and by the kind aid of readers in asking their friends to subscribe, is an achievement that is not common in journalism and justifies us in the hope of great results from our friends all over the Continent entering a competition for prizes in working for the *Messenger*.

In addition to the material inducements offered them, those who enter the lists of our workers have the assurance that they are doing noble service in displacing ignorance with intelligence and bad reading with good.

DIRECTIONS.

Date your letters carefully, plainly writing names of post-office, county and State or Province.

Head each letter you write, "For Autumn Competition." Do not detain subscriptions, but send in all you have obtained, with the money, less your commission, at the end of each week's canvassing, and in every letter after the first one mention how many names and how much money you sent before.

The last letters sent in the competition must be mailed not later than the 31st of October.

Send money only by post-office order or registered letter, the former preferred, and address.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

"WITNESS" OFFICE,

MONTREAL, P.Q.

Montreal, Sept. 15th, 1883.

"THE KING'S BUSINESS."

LEISURE HOUR.

Slowly and aimlessly out of the village wandered poor, half-witted Nat that pleasant summer afternoon. He had no particular destination, "only goin' somewhere"—his reply always to any question in regard to his movements. During the morning he had been parading the village street, his hat trimmed luxuriantly with feathers, while he sounded forth his own praise through the medium of a tin horn. Of course he had attracted attention. A small army of urchins had surrounded him, front and rear, and he had taken their shouts and teasing remarks for applause and admiration. But now his grandeur was gone. One by one his followers had forsaken him, until at last he was "left alone in his glory," and with poor Nat, like the rest of us, what does glory amount to when there are none to witness it!

And so he moved onward in his drifting, uncertain way across the creek at the edge of the village, up the hill, until his stalwart form stood out against the sky—for Nat was strong in body though weak in mind; then he passed down on the other side to where the road entered a forest which stretched for miles away. It was here quiet and lonely, but Nat fancied this. He occasionally liked to escape from human voices and human habitations, to get away by himself and talk with the birds, the trees and the flowers. Here in the wood the wild vagaries of his brain found full play. Here no one disputed his claims to greatness, no one denied his being a noted general, a gifted orator or musician, when the fancy seized him to be such. In fact Nat always had "greatness thrust upon him," he was never an ordinary man in his own estimation, and he was not now.

But on this occasion a new fancy had taken possession of him—he was on business for the King. What King, or what was the particular business he did not precisely know, but he had derived his idea from various sermons he had heard at the village church and Sunday-school, which he attended with scrupulous punctuality through all weathers, and although he understood but little of the proceedings, yet chance sentences had fastened themselves on his sluggish brain.

"I'm on business for the King," he muttered, reaching up his great strong hand and wrenching a huge overhanging branch from its place and speedily converting it into a walking stick. "Yes, I'm on business for the King, the King of all around here, the birds, the trees, the flowers and the bumble-bees. He sent me, He did. Parson said so 't'her Sunday. He said the King sent out his messengers to do his work. He sent out twelve on 'em once, an' they wasn't to take no money in their purse nor nothin' to eat. Guess He sent me, 'cause I hadn't got no money an' hadn't had nothin' to eat all day."

He strode onward, murmuring his thoughts as he went until after a time he came upon a public road which ran through the wood. A placard fastened to a tree by the roadside attracted his attention, and he paused to consider it. He could not read, but as his eyes were fixed upon the printed characters the tinkle of a cow-bell was heard down the road, and presently a cow came into view, followed by the short, starchy figure and round freckled face of Tommy Brock. Tommy was flourishing a large stick and shouting at the cow in his efforts to keep her in a proper homeward direction. As he came up he exclaimed:

"Hello, Nat! What are you doin' here?"

"I'm on business for the King," replied Nat with dignity.

"On business for—who?" asked Tommy in surprise.

"For the King. He sent me," said Nat again. "That's his orders there, I take it," pointing to the placard. "What is it, Tommy?"

"That? Why that's only an advertisement," answered Tommy, his eyes opening wider in his astonishment. "It says, 'Go to Tracey's Half-way House for a square meal.'"

"Yes, I know'd it! I know'd it!" exclaimed Nat exultingly. "The King said take no money nor nothin' to eat, an' He'd take keer of me. He says 'Go, an' I'll obey orders,' and instantly his tall figure was moving swiftly down the road.

Tommy gazed after him a minute in bewildered silence, and then exclaimed emphatically as he turned away:

"My! but ain't he cracked!"

With rapid steps Nat hurried forward, swinging his huge stick and talking to himself. He had taken the placard as a veritable command to go to Tracey's and thitherward he directed his steps. It was not the first time he had been there. On previous occasions when he had passed that way he had been kindly treated by Mrs. Tracey, and perhaps that had something to do with the alacrity of his movements, and he hastened down the road till it brought him to a small stream on the bank of which stood a saw-mill. Mr. Tracey, the owner of the Half-Way-House, was engaged at work here, and he turned aside to speak to him.

"I'm on business for the King, and I'm goin' to your house," he announced with the dignified gravity that belonged to his royal commission.

"On business for the King, and goin' to my house, eh?" answered the person addressed, a good-natured smile crossing his kindly face. "Well, I reckon that's a high honor to me. You've got a tramp afore you, though, Nat—a good seven miles."

"I must obey orders," replied Nat simply.

"That's right—obey orders. Well, if you do go tell Mrs. Tracey I'll be home to-morrow night. Tell her, too, not to be uneasy about that money ben' in the house, 'cause I'll see to it when I come."

"What money's that?" asked a fellow-workman as Nat turned away.

"My pension. My claim was allowed last week, and I got my money—five hundred dollars—yesterday. I was foolish not to put it in the bank right off, but I didn't as I didn't have time to go in town yesterday I had to leave it at home. I reckon it's safe enough, though, till to-morrow night, and then"—

"Hist!" interrupted his companion suddenly. "What's that?"

Tracey paused to listen.

"I didn't hear anything," he said.

"I thought I heard some one over there," pursued the other, pointing to a large, high pile of boards a few feet distant—the boards being piled in form of a square, with a large cavity in the centre. "Most likely it was rats, though."

"More likely to be rats than anything else, there's so many about here," answered Tracey. Then he added jocularly: "Maybe, though, it's them burglars that's been playin' mischief 'round these parts for the last week or so—maybe they're stowed away in that pile of lumber. My! if I really believed that I'd be uneasy myself, for the chaps would have heard all I said about my pension."

"What burglars is that?" inquired the other.

"What burglars? Why, man, don't you read the papers? Why, only yesterday the Sheriff and his deputies rode by my house on the hunt for 'em. Last Saturday night they broke into Lawyer Burke's house in the village, and carried off about a hundred dollars, and then on Sunday night they got into the railway station, broke open the safe, and made off with about three hundred more. That's the biggest of their hauls, though they've entered several other places."

The conversation was continued on this topic for a few minutes, and then dropped. Neither of the men thought it worth while to investigate the cause of the noise, and they pursued their work for a short time and were then called over to the other side of the mill. Just as they disappeared a face peered over the top of the board-pile from the inside, another followed a moment later, and presently two rough, villainous-looking men came into view, and seeing they were unobserved, sprang quickly to the ground and hastened into the forest.

"Close shave that, as bein' as we hid there all last night and all day till now," said one as he pushed through the underbrush.

"Yes; I thought as once them mill chaps was a comin' to look," responded the other. "Good for 'em as they didn't, an' took us for rats; 'cause the p'lice be on the look out now and we don't want to use no shootin' irons an' make things too hot. We must move out lively from 'ere, Bill."

"Not till we get that 'ere pension," answered Bill significantly. "That lay-out were as good as pitched at us, an' it'd be a pity not to take it. 'Sides, the gov'ment owes me a pension for all the time I've lost in goals and prisons an' this 'ere's a good chance to get it. I knows where the crib is, 'cause we stopped there last week for

some-thin' to eat, don't you mind? This feller that owns it was there at the time. There is nobody but a woman an' two little uns, an' they're easy fixed, and there ain't no other house high."

"But there's that other 'ere er' p'p as said he was a goin' there?"

"Him? He's crazy, an' if he goes there at all he'll only stop a bit an' save on. A tap on the head 'll settle him, anyway, if he's there—but then he won't be there."

"During this time Nat was not idle. His tall form, with long and steady stride, was hastening forward "on business for the King."

It did not occur to him what he should do when he reached Tracey's and had been supplied with food. At present he was "obeying orders"—and beyond that his thought did not go. It was indeed a long walk he had undertaken, and it was just at dusk that he reached his destination. The Half Way House was a lonely hostelry, situated at the intersection of two roads, with no other house in sight, and was a common stopping-place for persons passing to and from the city. Nat stepped boldly upon the broad piazza in front, and with full consciousness of his right walked unhesitatingly into the pleasant sitting-room. Mrs. Tracey came forward to meet him.

"Why, Nat, is that you?"

"Yes'm," he answered gravely. "I was told to come an' get a square meal. The King sent me."

"The King sent you? Well, I guess I'll have to give you a supper, then, said she. "And by the way, Nat, did you see my husband on your way here?"

"Yes'm; and he said for me to tell you he'd be home to-morrow night, an' for you not to be uneasy 'bout that money."

"Oh dear! I did so hope he'd come this evening," she sighed.

She was indeed uneasy on account of the money in the house. She had slept but little the preceding night for thinking of it, and had worried about it all through the day, and now another lonely night was before her. As she was preparing supper for her guest another thought came to her. Could she not induce Nat to stop there for the night? His notion of wandering made it an uncertain request, and even if he remained, with his secluded intellect, he could not be depended on in case of trouble. Still he would be company, and perhaps he might aid her—she prayed for that—if she needed help.

"Nat," she said, as she poured out a glass of milk for him, "won't you stay here to-night?"

"I don't know whether it be orders," he answered uncertainly. "Parson said the King sent out his messengers, an' they wasn't to take no money nor nothin' to eat, an' I don't know if it be right to stay."

"O yes, it is," replied Mrs. Tracey, catching at once an idea of his thoughts. "I heard what the parson said too. When the King's messenger entered a house he was to abide there—that is to stop. Don't you remember?"

Nat considered the proposition.

"Yes'm, that's his orders. I'll stop," he said.

"And Nat," pursued the lady, rendered eager by her success, "there's another thing the King said—you heard it at Sunday-school. He said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me'—that is, such little children as mine there, pointing to them as they stood at her side. "And the King said, too, 'Whoever shall offend one of these little ones it is better for him that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea. The King doesn't wish any harm to come to his little ones, in any way—you remember that?"

"Yes'm," replied Nat absently.

"Well, then," continued Mrs. Tracey, driving the concluding nail into her argument, "if any bad wicked men should come here to-night, and try to hurt me or these little ones, that belong to the King, you would help us, wouldn't you?"

She waited anxiously for the reply. Nat looked at her vaguely for a moment, and then his eyes wandered aimlessly around the room, and then back to her. Finally he said quietly:

"The King sent me. I'll obey orders."

How far he understood she did not know, and all her efforts could draw out no more definite reply, and with that she was obliged to be content. As the evening grew late she provided her guest with a sleeping-place in an adjoining room, by throwing a few

quilts on the floor—for Nat would sleep nowhere else—and then she lay down, without undressing on a bed beside her children. But it was a long time before slumber visited her troubled spirit.

As for Nat, no thought of worry or anxiety for the future was on his mind, and he "slept the sleep of the just." But after a time dreams became disturbed and discordant—a voice seemed to be calling to him from his King, and presently he awakened with a start.

"Nat! help! Nat, the King wants you!" came in smothered tones from the other room.

In an instant he sprang lightly to his feet, and grasping his stick he strode forward and opened the door. A fearful struggle met his view as he entered. Two rough, evil-looking men were there—one holding Mrs. Tracey, the other the children—and the villains were evidently trying to bind and gag their victims. As Nat witnessed the scene his tall form seemed to tower yet higher, and a strange, fierce light gleamed from his eyes.

"I belong to the King!" he thundered.

"How dare you offend his little ones?"

At this unexpected intrusion one of the burglars released his hold of Mrs. Tracey, and sprang forward with an oath to meet him. But it was in vain. The great stick was whirled in the air, and then came down with fearful force on the head of the villain, and he sank senseless to the floor. The remaining burglar hastened to his comrade's assistance, but he was like a child in the hands of a giant, and in a moment he, too, was helpless and motionless. Nat stooped and drew the two insensible forms toward him.

"Now bring them ropes, and I'll hang 'em"—he paused, and left the sentence unfinished. "But their aunt no millstones 'bout here to hang 'round their necks!" he added, looking up bewildered. "Do you b'lieve a big rock would do? I must obey orders."

"No, I don't believe a rock would do," replied Mrs. Tracey, smiling in spite of her alarm. "But they will be coming to presently; I would just tie their hands and feet and leave them until morning."

"Yes'm, so I will. The King said tie 'em hand and foot—that's his orders. They won't offend his little ones any more," and in a few minutes Nat had them safely secured.

He need not tell of the night that followed, of how Nat kept sleepless guard over his captives, and of how, when morning came and help came with it, the burglars were safely lodged in the county gaol. All that is easily surmised. But at last Nat was a hero—not only in his own eyes but in the eyes of all others. He bore his honors meekly and with dignity, as a right belonging to a servant of the King. He accepted the numerous congratulations and hand-shakings, wondering, perhaps, what it all meant, and replying to the questions heaped upon him with the simple statement: "I just obeyed orders." Nothing, however, could induce him to accept any reward for his services. The royal command was to take no bread, no money in his purse, and he would not.

But Nat did not lack for friends after that. He still continued his wandering, and as the story spread, home and hearts were open to him everywhere. But it was at Tracey's that he was more especially welcomed, and as the years came and went it was noticed that his visits became more frequent and his stays more prolonged. Indeed, as Tracey expresses it:

"He'll get his orders to come here an' die yet, I reckon; an' he's welcome to all the care we can give him. An' I just believe that 'way up in that other world we read about, he'll be as clear-headed as anybody, and in genuine earnest will forever be 'on business for the King.'"

ERSKINE M. HAMILTON.

DID YOU EVER see a counterfeit ten-dollar bill? Yes. Why was it counterfeit? Because it was worth counterfeiting. Did you ever see a scrap of brown paper counterfeited? No. Why? Because it was not worth counterfeiting. Did you ever see a counterfeit Christian? Yes, lots of them. Why was he counterfeited? Because he was worth counterfeiting. Did you ever see a counterfeit infidel? No. Why? You answer; I am through.

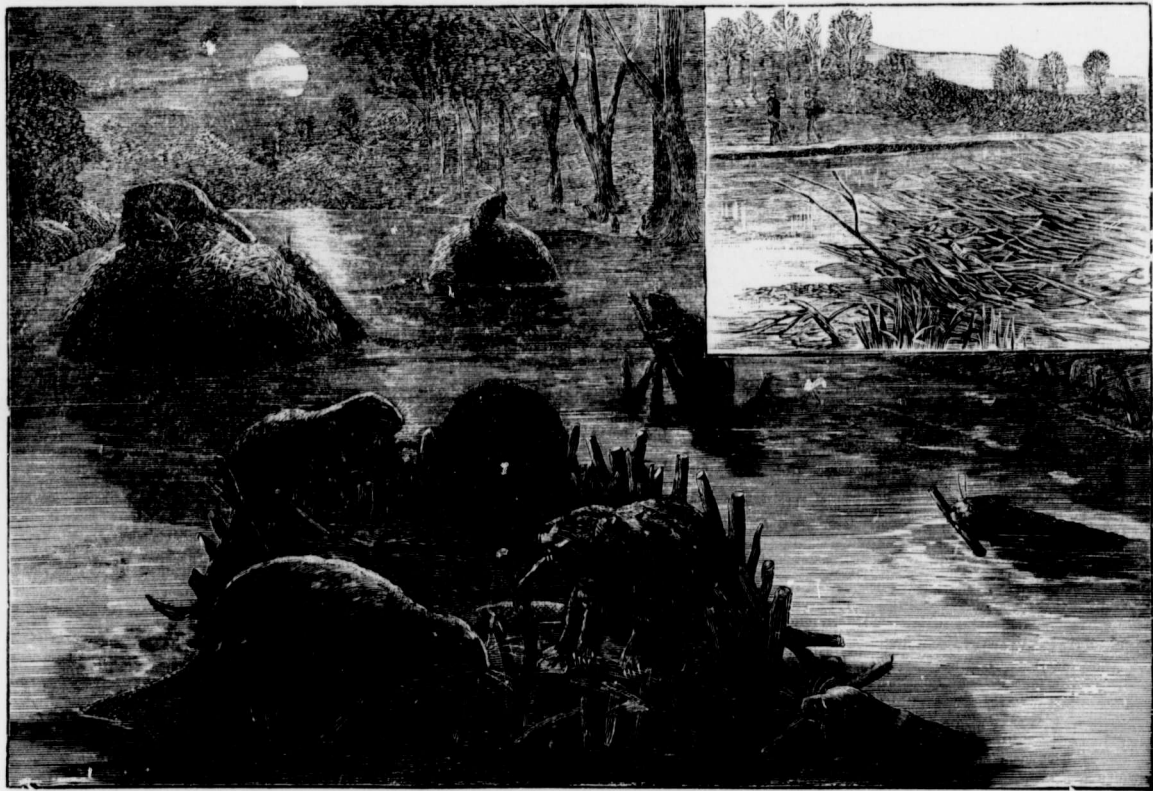
LOD BUTE'S BEAVERS.

A correspondent of the Field writes: "About a month ago, staying in Rothsay I went to visit what is there known as the beaver wood, and venture to send you a description of what I then saw; and after will describe a visit of two days ago when all was changed. In Bute the beaver wood is almost the most interesting show of the island. Driving past the woods of Mount Stewart, and seeing the magnificent mansion Lord Bute is now erecting, we come to a strip of fir plantation about one hundred and fifty yards wide, and are informed it is the beaver wood. An old, intelligent man, who has charge volunteers to show us all he can. His heart seemed allied to his charges and really found he is of describing what he has seen. A scramble over a wall, a walk of a quarter of a mile through a covert and we come to the beaver inclosure. The inclosure is simply made by a wall about three feet high, and wire paling another three feet. The belt of trees before mentioned runs through the whole, with a small burn entering at one end and running out at

prop, in another a tree felled half-way up would form the main support, and so on; but every tree felled showing the greatest ability for construction and security against floods and storms. Sticks and mud combined, appeared to construct a sound and sufficiently watertight embankment. In the inclosure and up the burn, five embankments of this character were constructed, and always kept in good and sound repair; apparently to secure facility for feeding and security from danger. From each dam a few entrances were made to burrows running perhaps fifteen or twenty yards from the water underground; but all entrances were under water; and, wherever beavers were at work; and, wherever beavers were at work, a flap of a tail on the surface of the water would send all to imagined security. Their house was constructed more like a Cairn but than anything else. It was in the big dam, and stood about five feet out of the water, being carefully covered with mud, and having a ventilating shaft in the centre, constructed of sticks placed crosswise. Two entrances into this huge beehive, opposite each other, and under water, gave access to the beavers, and it was supposed that

their burrows dug out, their house a mass of ruins. I asked, 'Where are the beavers?' 'Dead!' said the keeper; 'over a hundred people were there watching, and trampling and assisting, and frightening.' It was pitiful to see the house pulled down and scattered about; the burrows, with their new clean tree shavings, constructed by themselves, all to be dug up and knocked about for the sake of a capture. Had Lord Bute known the difficulty, I am sure he is too much of a naturalist and of too kindly a disposition to have allowed this to be done. But the beavers are exterminated their splendid work is demolished, and one of the most interesting zoological sights in the British Isles is a thing of the past. This is worth reflecting on when one sees those two poor beavers in the Fisheries Exhibition. In justice to the keeper, I should say he could do nothing, as he is comparatively a cripple, and his superiors were present. In the process of demolition, the construction of the 'house' interested the keeper very much. It was found to be divided into two compartments, and the two entrances met half-way round the house,

ourselves to speak with God in prayer, we have an ever-open avenue of communication with him; and our endeavor should be to retain always the child-like spirit in prayer, even while our minds are growing in a manlier understanding of his truths and ways. But if we allow our childhood to pass without a word spoken directly to God the larger sphere of our possibilities of thought and feeling and aspiration is left unentered; and the very capacity of communion with God is liable to be lost sight of, if not to be actually extirpated through disuse. It is not an easy thing for one in mature life to begin to pray. There is hardly anything in the world that it is not easier for a man to begin to do than that which is so simple and easy to a child and which would be so simple and easy to him if he had begun it as a child. To have a prayerless childhood is to be raising a new barrier between one's self and God, between one's self and hope, with each passing day of a dragging life. Faithful Christian parents will see to it that their children are taught to pray. But there are many neglectful parents, parents who are neither faithful nor



the other. This enclosed space gave the first beavers the necessary running water, growing trees, and also captivity. The enclosure was made and two pairs of beavers brought from Canada about eight years ago. Now commenced the most interesting engineering exploits (I speak as an engineer) ever executed by an animal in the British Isles. The four beavers found that the most advantageous position to build their first dam was at the outlet of their confined space; but their house must be started. A small dam was constructed in an advantageous position, and the house was commenced; also the dam No. 1 was proceeded with. A description of the house I will give presently. In constructing the dams, the greatest ingenuity must have been exercised, and I have only time to describe some of the most salient points governing the construction. The trees bordering the burn were invariably felled to be of advantage in forming props to sustain a dam. In one case of a tree felled the branches themselves would almost form a dam, in another a

either gave access to the centre of the house. But nothing of this was known. We walked by a portion of the big dam which the beavers had to form against a masonry wall; but not believing in the skilled labor of the Scotch artisan, they dug below to the solid ground, and put in their stick and mud embankment, regardless of stone and masonry. Of course, being in the day-time, we could not see the beavers themselves. The keeper told us that about twelve months ago, he counted twenty-two at once, but could not say what there were at present. He was then much surprised to learn that some had to be caught to send to the Fisheries Exhibition, and hoped it could be managed. Two days ago I went to see how the capture had been conducted, and if successful. This has made me write these few lines. Two beavers sent to the exhibition—destruction everywhere! I walked down the covert with the keeper; how pleasant! A roe darted from us, a brace of grouse off the moor near at hand, and then to the beaver inclosure; but what a wreck! Every dam broken through,

then an inclined passage took them into the centre of the house. The construction of the floor, roof, rafters, etc., was of a primitive but substantial character, all showing the constructive ability of the beaver. We are at a loss to understand how or why the capture of two beavers should necessitate the death of twenty others, and trust that there may be some mistake in the report. No doubt the survivors have had a great scare and are probably hiding. Let us hope they will live to reconstruct their house.

DO YOUR SCHOLARS PRAY!

Persons who have been accustomed to private prayer from their earliest childhood can hardly realize how sad a thing it is for one to come to years of maturity without ever having prayed. It is easy for a child to pray. We are all so formed of God by nature that, at the very beginning of life, we can take in as full a conception of God, by simple trust, as we can ever afterwards attain to by the highest reach of wisdom. If, from the very start in life, we accustom

Christian. Every Sunday-school teacher ought, therefore, to be watchful on this point, with every scholar of his charge. If the parents have failed of their duty, the teacher should so far supply the lack. Are the scholars in your Sunday-school class accustomed to pray by themselves, every night and every morning? Do they go to God familiarly with their troubles and wants, their weaknesses and their burdens? If they do not, they ought to do so; and the responsibility is on you to counsel and teach them accordingly. Even if their prayers should seem to be but formal now, it is easier for one to put new life into an old form of prayer, than to take on a form of prayer to which one has never accustomed himself in the shaping period of his life.—S. S. Times.

QUEEN'S CAKE.—One cup of butter, two of flour, two of sugar, one of cornstarch, one of sweet milk, two tea-spoonfuls of cream of tartar, one of soda, the whites of seven eggs, and a little vanilla; bake until it is a light brown.

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, Aug. 12, 1883.

The local grain market is entirely unchanged. We quote—Canada Red Winter Wheat, at \$1.20 to \$1.21; Canada White at \$1.15 to \$1.16; Canada Spring, \$1.11; Corn, 62c per bushel; Peas, 97c; Oats, 35c to 73c Rye, 68c to 70c.

FLOUR.—The market is in a fair condition. Superior Extra, Extra and Spring Extra are wanted not in large quantities however, and the demand could easily be filled. We quote: Superior Extra, \$5.40 to \$5.45; Extra Superfine, \$5.30 to \$5.35; Fancy, nominal; Spring Extra, \$5.05 to \$5.10; Superfine, \$4.65 to \$4.75; Strong Bakers, Canadian \$5.35 to \$5.50; do., American, \$6.25 to \$6.50; Fine, \$4.00 to \$4.20; Middlings, \$3.75 to \$3.80; Pollards, \$3.50 to \$3.60; Ontario bags, (medium), \$2.60 to \$2.65; do. Spring Extra, \$2.50 to \$2.65; do., Superfine, \$2.20 to 2.25; City Bags, delivered, \$3 to \$3.45.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.—Butter 1/4 c; very quiet, although prices are fully a cent better all round. We quote Creamery, 20c, Eastern Townships, 17c to 18c; Brockville, 16c to 17c; Morrisburg, 17c to 18c; Western, 15c to 16c. Cheese is just about the same, 9 1/2 to 10 1/2.

Eggs remain at 18c to 20c as to quality and freshness. In New York Canadian Eggs fetch 23c to 23 1/2.

HOOD PRODUCTS are quiet and unchanged. We quote:—Western \$16 to \$16.25; Hams, 14c to 16c; Bacon, 13c to 15c; Lard, in pails, 11 1/2 to 12c; Tallow, refined, 7 1/2 to 8 1/2.

ASHES are dull at \$4.60 to \$4.70 for Pots.

"MAKING" CHILDREN HAPPY.

"I try so hard to make my children happy!" I heard a mother sigh one day, in despair at her efforts.

"Stop trying," exclaimed a practical friend at her elbow, "and do as my neighbor does."

"And how is that?" she asked, dolefully.

"Why, she simply lets her children grow and develop naturally, only directing their growth properly. Her children never hear their mother talk of dress, only that it should be neat and tidy. They are taught to do right for righteousness' sake and not for any prize or bribe. Now if you will allow me to criticize your method, I would say that in some particulars you are all wrong. You have already begun to talk to your daughter of what you intend to make and 'fix' for her to wear another season. After you have arranged her toilet for the afternoon, you say, 'Ah, that looks sweet,' or 'that looks lovely,' or 'it looks like a fright,' until the child has come at nine years of age, to be far more concerned about her dress than any other earthly thing, and to hold all other small women in contempt who are not as finely attired as herself. Then when you were going shopping this morning, you promised to buy something for her if she would be a good girl, etc. That, I observe, happens every time you leave your children; some sort of a bribe is offered for their good behavior, as if good behavior did not pay for itself. When you came home you began to rattle off what you had bought for them. The loveliest and the sweetest that, and the little hints were excited over the purchases, so that you had an hour's trouble to get the children asleep. Before you came home they were wondering what you would bring them, and their chief desire seemed to be in regard to the goodies, instead of having their mother again. Now my neighbor's children are uncommonly happy ones, just as strong-willed as yours, and would be just as difficult and 'nervous' if their training had not been so different. She has always thrown them so far as practicable upon their own resources, taught them to wait upon themselves, no matter how many servants she had, and to construct their own playthings. Not five dollars have been spent in toys for the whole five children. When she returns home from an absence there is never any query as to what she will bring them; they wait but one thing, their mother's kiss. Whatever has been bought

for them is bestowed when the needed time comes. Nothing exciting is allowed to them at night, and they got to bed and to sleep in a wholesome mental state that insures restful slumber. They are taught to love nature, and to feel that there is nothing arrayed so finely as the lily of the field, the bees, and the butterflies, that there is nothing so mean as a lie, nor anything so miserable as disobedience, that it is a disgrace to be sick, and that good health, good teeth, and good temper, come from plain food, plenty of sleep, and 'being good.' Of course, this happy state of things has been brought about by line upon line, and precept upon precept, and firmness. The result is that her method develops the best impulses and traits of character in her children. With your course you develop traits that tend to selfishness, to self-consciousness, to artificial tastes and wants, to exactness and expectations which, in the long run, are 'belittling,' to use a homely expression."

Of course, my lady was not overpleasur with the practical preachment, but she was frank enough to confess that her own course had been a failure. And there are thousands of women like her, trying with equal sincerity to do something continually to make their children contented and happy, and who never seem to comprehend that children, like flowers, in order to thrive require a certain amount of "letting alone." Supreme faith in the mother, few toys, no finery plain food, no drugs, and early to bed are the best things for "making" the children happy.—*Christian Union.*

TOO CHEAP.

A preacher of the Gospel had gone down into a coal mine, during the noon hour, to tell the miners of that grace and truth which came by Jesus Christ. After telling them the simple story of God's love to lost sinners—man's state and God's remedy, a full and free salvation offered—the time came for the men to resume work, and the preacher came back to the shaft to ascend to the world again. Meeting the foreman, he asked him what he thought of God's way of salvation.

The man replied, "Oh, it is too cheap; I cannot believe in such a religion as that!"

Without an immediate answer to his remark, the preacher asked, "How do you get out of this place?"

"Simply by getting into the cage" was the reply.

"And does it take long to get to the top?"

"Oh no; only a few seconds."

"Well, that is very easy and simple. But do you not need to help to raise yourself?" said the preacher.

"Of course not," replied the miner.

"As I have said, you have nothing to do but get into the cage."

"But what about the people who sunk the shaft, and perfected all this arrangement? Was there much labor or expense about it?"

"Indeed, yes; that was a laborious and expensive work. The shaft is eighteen hundred feet deep, and it was sunk at great cost to the proprietors; but it is our only way out, and without it we should never be able to get to the surface."

"Just so. And when God's Word tells you that whosoever believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life, you at once say, 'too cheap, too cheap,' forgetting that God's work to bring you and others out of the pit of destruction and death was accomplished at a vast cost, the price being the death of His own Son."—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

THE HIGHER MOTIVE.

John B. Gough, in one of his temperance lectures, related a conversation he once had with a Christian gentleman in England on total abstinence. The gentleman remarked: "I have a conscientious objection to teetotalism, and it is this, Our Saviour made wine at the marriage of Cana in Galilee." "I know he did," "He made it because they wanted it." "So the Bible tells us," "He made it of water." "Yes." "Well, he performed a miracle to make that wine." "Yes." "Then he honored and sanctified wine by performing a miracle to make it." Therefore," said he, "I feel that, if I should give up the use of wine, I should be guilty

of ingratitude, and should be reproaching my Master." "Sir," said I, "I can understand how you should feel so; but is there anything else that you put by, which our Saviour has honored?" "No, I don't know that there is." "Do you eat barley bread?" "No," and then he began to laugh. "And why?" "Because I don't like it." "Very well, sir," said I, "our Saviour sanctified barley bread just as much as he ever did wine. He fed five thousand people on barley loaves by a miracle. You put away barley bread from the low motive of not liking it. I ask you to put away wine from the higher motive of bearing the infirmity of your weaker brother, and so fulfilling the law of Christ."

TEACHING AND CONDUCT.

Teachers may need to reiterate over and over again in the plainest form the commands against stealing and lying. Others may go on to apply the Christian ethics of Paul's epistles to the various relations of life as masters and servants, husbands and wives parents and children. The London *Sunday-School Chronicle* recalls the story of William Jay, who, when pressed to trade with inferior tradesmen or to engage inferior servants because they were pious people, used to reply, "There is many a good woman who is not a good washer-woman." The editor relates the story of a family who had engaged a pious servant out of the Sunday-school and the church, and found her far exceed removed from being a good servant. Before this they never had a professedly Christian girl, and now that they had secured one who was a member of the Christian church, coming on the recommendation of their pastor, they were full of hope that she would be free from the usual faults and deficiencies of her kind. But somewhat to their surprise and greatly to their annoyance, they found she never had been taught, or at least never had received the idea that doing her household work thoroughly and well was one expression of religion. Her work was done imperfectly; there were manifold biddings and schemings to conceal facts from the mistress, and the lady soon came to the conclusion that this was the worst servant she ever had in the house. She did not question the piety of the girl, who was not to be considered a hypocrite or charged with insincerity in attending the church meetings, but her religion was a matter of sentiment; she had never learned to apply it to her common life. Teachers instruct many young people of both sexes who may have a similar misconception of the practical duties of Christian living. A need in such cases is to re-state and illustrate the truth that a good servant of the Lord Jesus Christ can not be a bad servant to the human master or mistress. There was much evidence of real conversion in the answer of the little maid-servant who gave as her reason for believing the change to be real, "Now I sweep under the mats."—*N. S. World.*

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SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON XIII.

Sept. 25, 1883.

[1 Sam. 8: 1-19.]

THE CHILD SAMUEL.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 10-13.

1. And the child Samuel ministered unto the Lord before Eli. And the word of the Lord was precious in those days; there was no open vision.
2. And it came to pass at that time, when Eli was laid down in his room, and his eyes began to wax dim, that he could not see.
3. And ere the lamp of God went out in the temple of the Lord, where the ark of God was, and Samuel was lying down to sleep:—
4. That the Lord called Samuel: and he answered, Here am I.
5. And he ran unto Eli, and said, Here am I; for thou calledst me. And he said, I called not;

6. And the Lord called yet again, Samuel. And Samuel arose and went to Eli, and said, Here am I; for thou didst call me. And he answered, I called not, my son; lie down again.
7. Now Samuel did not know how the Lord, neither was the word of the Lord yet revealed unto him.
8. And the Lord called Samuel again the third time. And he arose and went to Eli, and said, Here am I; for thou didst call me. And Eli perceived that the Lord had called the child.
9. Therefore Eli said unto Samuel, Go, lie down; and shall he, if he call thee, if he call thee, say, Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth. So Samuel went and lay down in his place.
10. And the Lord came and stood, and called as at other times, Samuel, Samuel. Then Samuel answered, Speak; for thy servant heareth.
11. And the Lord said to Samuel, Behold, I will do a thing in Israel, at which both the ears of every one that heareth it shall tingle.
12. In that day I will perform against Eli all things which I have spoken concerning his house: when I begin, I will also make an end.
13. For I have told him that I will judge his house for ever for the iniquity which he hath committed; because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not.
14. And therefore I have sworn unto the house of Eli, that the iniquity of this house shall not be purged with sacrifice nor offering for ever.
15. And Samuel lay until the morning, and opened the doors of the house of the Lord. And Samuel feared to show Eli the vision which he saw.
16. Then Eli called Samuel, and said, Samuel, my son. And he answered, Here am I.
17. And he said, What is the thing that the Lord hath said unto thee? I pray thee, hide it not from me; God do so to thee, and more also, if thou hidest any thing from me, of all the things that he said unto thee.
18. And Samuel told him every whit, and hid nothing from him. And he said, Is the Lord: let him do what seemeth him good.
19. And Samuel grew, and the Lord was with him, and did let none of his words fail to the ground.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth" —1 SAM. 3: 9.

TOPIC.—A Picture of a Godly Child.

LESSON PLAN.—I. THE CHILD CALLED, VS. 1-19.

2. THE MESSAGE GIVEN, VS. 11-14. 3. THE MESSAGE DELIVERED, VS. 15-19.

Time.—n. c. 1100. Place.—Shiloh, at the tabernacle of the Lord.

INTRODUCTORY.

While Samuel was yet very young he was entrusted to the care of Eli and began to assist in the services of the sanctuary. He clothed in an official robe (2: 18) Josephus says he was twelve years old when he received the call to the prophetic office and the first message from the Lord, of which we are to study in this lesson. (Compare Luke 2: 42.)

LESSON NOTES.

V. 1. MINISTERED—performed such duties as were suited to his age. God accepts the services of children. THE WORD OF THE LORD WAS PRECIOUS—there were few revelations from God. NO OPEN VISION—no open appearances or audible voice; no publicly accredited prophet to whom the people might go to know the will of God. V. 2. ELI WAS LAIN DOWN IN HIS PLACE—in an apartment built for him near the tabernacle, in the N. E. CORNER of the temple. The portion of the gold lampstand which he lamps partly filled with oil, which were offered to burn out. WAS NOT YET PUT OUT—this indicates that it was not yet morning, and probably was before midnight. IN THE TEMPLE—the tabernacle. SAMUEL WAS LAID DOWN—near Eli. THE LORD CALLED SAMUEL—probably from the holy place, near which both Samuel and Eli were lying. HERE AM I—all should thus promptly answer when God calls. V. 5. HE RAN UNTO ELI—supposing that the voice was his. V. 7. DID NOT YET KNOW THE LORD—did not yet recognize Jehovah as the one speaking. NEITHER WAS THE WORD OF THE LORD YET REVEALED TO HIM—he was not yet accustomed to receive such communications from God. V. 8. ELI RECALLED—was convinced that the call came from God. Certain that it would be repeated the fourth time, he told Samuel what to answer when the voice came and stood before the voice appeared to come from a distance; how the sound was as if the speaker stood close beside him. There may have been some divine appearance. SPEAK; FOR THY SERVANT HEARETH—listening with purpose to heed and obey. V. 11. SMALL TENTACLE—with astonishment and fear, as when a loud noise suddenly strikes upon the ear. V. 12. WHICH I HAVE SPOKEN—by the prophet (ch. 2: 29). BEGIN.—END—where God gives whether in mercy or judgment, he finishes. V. 13. THE INIQUITY WHICH HE KNOWETH—he was not ignorant of the wicked course of his sons. MADE THEMSELVES VILE—prostrating the sanctuary of God by their vile conduct, even when they were ministering as priests. RESTRAINED THEM NOT—as he should have done, both as a father and as high priest. V. 14. SHALL NOT BE PURGED—leaving punishment shall come upon them, and his family shall be cut off from the priesthood. V. 15. FEARED—TO GIVE HIS ANSWER TO HIS NEIGHBOR—because V. 16. ELI CALLED SAMUEL—desires to know what God had revealed to the child and hidden from him. V. 18. IT IS THE LORD—Jehovah, thy God and King.—LET HIM DO WHAT SEEMETH HIM GOOD—the submission of sincere penitence and piety. If anything seems good to God, it must be good, however painful to us.

TEACHINGS:

1. Children should love and serve the Lord.
2. God gives special honor to early piety.
3. The Lord calls those whom we would employ in his service.
4. Children should heed and obey the admonition of parents.
5. Judgments will come on parents who do not restrain their children.

THE WEEKLY MESSENGER is printed and published at No. 33, 35 and 37 St. James street West, Montreal, by J. S. HOGAN & SONS, composers of John Dougal, of New York, and J. S. HOGAN & SONS, Dougal and J. D. Gough, of Montreal.