

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

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The Weekly Messenger

NEWS FROM EGYPT.

As our last number was being printed, telegrams came saying that news had been obtained from General Stewart, and that the news was good. It appears that after the battle of Abu Klea the British troops pushed on towards the river. The Arabs were but little discouraged by their defeat on the 17th of January, and did their utmost to destroy the little force as it advanced. On the 19th another fierce battle was fought. Thousands of brave Arabs swept down upon the British square, but the troops were so cool and determined, and kept up such a deadly fire, that every attack on them failed and the rebel army was cut to pieces. One body of them went back and fell upon the Zareeba, or camp in which Lord Charles Beresford had been left with a small garrison. After two hours hard fighting, the British remained masters of the situation. That night they reached the Nile and encamped on its banks. During the battle General Stewart himself was seriously wounded in the thigh, and the rejoicings in England over the victory were mingled with the greatest anxiety at the condition of the brave leader who had won these battles. Altogether, between the 17th and 19th of January, the British loss was 104 killed and 216 wounded. Mr. Cameron and Captain Herbert, special correspondents of the London *Standard* and *Morning Post*, were killed in the second battle, and Col. Burleigh, correspondent to the *Daily Telegraph*, was wounded. During that fight a gallant deed was performed by a small body of cavalry, who cut their way through the rebels to the river and obtained water enough to refresh their weary companions.

EXPLOSIVE NOTES.

The dynamite outrages have had such an effect upon the lower class of Englishmen that several attacks upon Irishmen have taken place in London itself. Some employers have decided to employ no more Irishmen in their establishments.

Mr. Barnum has introduced a bill in the New York State Legislature, to punish any one who deals in dynamite for murderous purposes. The penalties proposed run as high as \$5,000 fine and five years imprisonment.

In a letter in one of the English papers it was proposed to make a private raid on New York, to carry off and hang O'Donovan Rossa and Patrick Ford. An attempt to execute illegal justice on the arch-murderer was actually made last Monday. On that afternoon a well-dressed Englishwoman named Mrs. Dudley sent into Rossa's office for him; when he came out and walked along Chambers street with her, she discharged the five barrels of her revolver at him. Only one shot took effect, and the bullet lodged in the muscles of the back. Rossa was taken to the same hospital where Capt. Phelan lies—who was stabbed in Rossa's office a few weeks ago—and was

placed in the same ward. His wound is not considered dangerous. Mrs. Dudley is a nurse by profession, and was probably actuated simply by horror of the murderous wretch who claimed credit for the recent blowing of women and children in London. Rossa and his friends, of course, say that she was hired by the British Government to put an inconvenient fellow out of the way. This is extremely unlikely, if only for the reason that Rossa will be more popular than ever with his followers.

An American named Cunningham is now undergoing a police-court examination in London on the charge of being the author of the explosion in the Tower. The police claim to have a strong chain of evidence that he was seen in a suspicious position in the very spot where the explosion took place, and only a few minutes before. A detonator, composed of potassium and fulminate of mercury, resembling those found after the recent explosions on the Underground Railway, was found among the prisoner's effects.

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

The following narrative comes by telegraph from Charlottetown, P.E.I., dated 30th of January.

At 9.30 on Wednesday morning three boats with twenty-one men and six passengers left Cape Traverse for Cape Tormentine. They had compasses but no provisions. The wind was blowing briskly from the east, the ice running to the west at the rate of four miles an hour. A blinding snowstorm prevailed, and the thermometer during Wednesday averaged two below zero. Towards evening the storm moderated and the men sighted Cape Tormentine light, but they were so exhausted that they could not proceed further. They took shelter under the two boats, broke up the third for fuel and remained on the ice during the night. At midnight on Wednesday the thermometer rose to 16° above zero, but towards daylight on Thursday morning fell to 16° below zero. On Thursday morning the half-famished men could see Cape Traverse six miles off, but as there was a good deal of ice could not make the land. During Thursday they drifted past Crapaud, P.E.I., six miles east of Cape Traverse, but again could not make land. It was then sixteen below zero. On Thursday noon the men became exhausted; some lay down in the boat to die. In the afternoon the spire of Sable kirk was seen in the distance. This gave the men courage, and thus cheered they made a renewed attempt, and with the greatest difficulty reached the Argyle shore at sundown on Thursday and took refuge at the house of Mr. McPhail, a farmer. No news of their whereabouts was received until Friday evening at five o'clock, when the glad tidings reached Charlottetown. Church and fire bells were rung in manifestations of joy. When the men reached the shore all were prostrated with fatigue. Seventeen were more or less frozen and four escaped with slight frost bites. Mr. James A. Fraser, a passenger, son-in-law of Mr. W. H. Neal, of Halifax, had his

hands, feet, and face frozen; Mr. Jas. A. Morrison, representing Messrs. John S. McHeart & Co., was slightly frozen and will come here to-night; Doctor McIntyre, M.P. is slightly frozen and snow blind. The other passengers' names are Aaron Wilson, Summerside; A. Sturgeon, P.E.I., and A. Glendon. The names of the crew are—Captain Newton Muttart, Hector Campbell, Mont. Campbell, E. Bell, Jas. A. Howatt, Capt. M. Irving, Alex. Muttart, B. Robertson, Wm. Howatt, Wm. Campbell, Capt. Harford Allen, Geo. Allen, John Allen, Tremblin, and Daniel McFlashing. Muncey Irving, Hector Campbell, Mont. Campbell, and Wm. Campbell were the ones who escaped with the least harm. The walls are safe.

THE MANUFACTURE OF CRIPPLES.

Some horrible disclosures just made at Chalons, in France, says an English contemporary, ought to remind those who are in the habit of bestowing charity on child-beggars in the streets that too frequently they are, in point of fact, giving money to and encouraging infamous characters, who martyrize the helpless children in their power. The attention of the police at Chalons was lately attracted by a little boy with one arm, and another child, a cripple, wheeling himself about in a small wooden box. Both children appeared so utterly miserable and pain-stricken that they were taken to the station, where they told a sad story of suffering. About two years ago, it transpired, the boys, who are cousins, aged respectively eight and ten, were living with their parents at Barcelona. Whilst returning from school together they were accosted by a man and a woman, who enticed them to the railway station and brought them to Perpignan. There, and subsequently at Chalons, one of the boys was made one-eyed, the other a cripple, the limbs it was requisite to suppress being bent and strapped up in the most cruel manner. After a time the little lad, who wheeled himself about in the box, was cut about the loins with a knife, corrosive liquid being poured on to his wounds. His legs were further attenuated by ropes tightly wound around them; in short, for upwards of two months the little martyrs were operated upon daily, and success having attended the horrible process, they were sent out to beg in the streets of various French towns. Happily, the man and woman who tortured them have been arrested, and will be tried for their inhuman offence.

DOG-EATING IN NEW JERSEY.

The publication of the fact that a German filegrinder in Newark had eaten his dog and pronounced the flesh palatable appears to have induced others in that city to slay their dogs and serve them up on the family table.

The neighbors of Carl Goericke, a Swiss silk weaver, of No. 247 Bank street, have been exercised lately over a peculiar smell coming from his premises. On Monday night they saw a stranger enter the house, followed by a black and white Spitz dog. Later the stranger went away without the

dog, but carrying on his shoulder something that looked like a dressed lamb. Then the neighbors remembered that Goericke's white Spitz dog had not been seen about for a week and that an object which resembled the dog's skin and another object that might have been a lamb had been exposed to the frosty air from Goericke's bedroom window.

Goericke said to a reporter that the first dog killed was his own and that he hung it in the cold air for three days and then ate it. He liked it. The second dog killed belonged to the stranger, who was his friend. —*New York Herald*.

At a GREAT MEETING in Birmingham last week, Mr. John Bright ridiculed the idea of federating the colonies without free trade. Alluding to the American tariff, he said: "Farmers in the United States are not permitted to exchange produce with the artisans of Birmingham or weavers of Lancashire, but are compelled to exchange with protected manufacturers in their own country, who, in some cases, do not give half what the farmers could get from Lancashire or Birmingham manufacturers." He said he had no wish to reproach the Americans, who some day, he believed, would discover the right course. He felt sanguine that there would be a gradual movement in America in the right direction. The time would come when England and America, although two nations, would be one people and one in commerce. He strongly denounced resort to arms as a means of settling international controversies. He pointed out that during Queen Victoria's reign the wars in which England had been engaged cost the nation a hundred and fifty million pounds and the lives of 63,000 men. He opposed any more annexation of territory by great Britain.

SHAM CHEESE.—The following paragraph is from an English Journal, *Public Opinion*: In America, a cheap artificial cheese is now largely made from oleomargarine. Oleomargarine, which forms the basis of butterine, is a clarified oil, obtained from beef-suet; and, although its somewhat tallowy taste is objectionable, it is an animal product of considerable nutritive value. In the "creameries" of the United States the cream is so effectually withdrawn from the milk as to leave the latter too poor for conversion into a salable skimmed milk cheese. The skimmed milk is artificially charged with fat in the form of oleomargarine. An emulsion of skimmed milk and oleomargarine is made, and this artificial cream is added to the skimmed milk. This fluid, thus enriched with fat, can be made to yield cheese of fair quality. An oleomargarine cheese will "ripen" well, oleomargarine lacking, in great measure, those soluble fats, the decomposition of which marks the green and red mould of old cheese, and gives it its peculiar piquancy.

THE NATIVES AT Cameroons, on the West Coast of Africa, are greatly enraged by German interference with their country.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF CHRIST.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

In a lonely Irish cabin,
No friend or kindred nigh,
An outcast, and a wanderer,
Had laid her down to die,
So young, so fair to look on,
So worn, so old in sin;
Yet He who saved the Magdalene
Had stooped, and drawn her in.

I sat by the lonely bedside
And spoke of the wondrous love
Of the Saviour, who brings the sinner
To his home of light above.
While lit with a holiest presence,
Grew that chamber poor and dim,
And our voices sank to silence,
In our quiet talk of Him.

Then the dying face grew radiant,
And the dying eyes grew bright,
As though some vision tarried,
Hid from our earthly sight:
"Oh, sweet," she said, "is the story
Of the Cross of Calvary,
But dearer far, the knowledge,
That Jesus died for me."

"Oh, sweet is the free salvation
To every sin-sick soul,
But dearer far the knowledge
Jesus has made me whole.
Come nearer while I tell you
(Praise to His blessed name!)
What Christ Himself has taught me,
And how the lesson came."

"Last night, when all was silent,
And quiet here I lay,
The darkness seemed to vanish
Before the light of day:
A glory filled my chamber;
A strange and heavenly light,
Fairer than sun at noon-day,
Burst on my dazzled sight."

"And then a strange sweet music
Of voices glad and free,
Like those who sweetly sing the song
Upon the crystal sea:
I longed to catch the chorus,
To hear one word of love,
Brought by the blessed angel band
From their bright home above."

"And while I longed and listened,
Five words, most sweet, and clear:
'The Precious Blood of Jesus,'
Fell on my wondering ear.
The Precious Blood of Jesus!
Gone was the heavenly ray,
The sunshine and the singing,
The glory, passed away!"

"But, oh! those words, they lingered,
They could not, could not go,
And they will linger with me
On to the end I know,
And when I cross the river
And join the white-robed throng
The Precious Blood of Jesus
Shall be my only song."

"Dear Lord, I prayed, as slowly
I took my homeward way
From that still bed of suffering,
That quiet autumn day,
Dear Lord, in thy wisdom,
(For all my life is thine),
The sunshine and the singing,
The joys of life decline."

"If in thy love's appointment
Thine own sweet gifts must be
All yielded up, that in my heart
No guest may reign but Thee:
Yet here I rest, my anchor sure,
My confidence, my trust,
My peace, my home, my glory this,
The Precious Blood of Christ."

"Yes; here I rest, all fear dispelled,
My longings satisfied;
All service sweet, all burdens light,
Touched with that crystal tide;
And when I pass within the veil,
To know as I am known,
To see the lamb who once was slain
Upon his kingly throne,
The burden of my song shall be
That gift of gifts unprired;
While angels echo back the strain,
The precious Blood of Christ."

—The Christian.

A LITTLE LEAVEN.

It was an August afternoon. The sun poured mercilessly down upon the men mowing the large meadow which belonged to the Hanaford farm. Down there in the meadow, enclosed as it was by low hills, it seemed as if the very air stood still, so intense was the heat; but upon the hill near the old-fashioned farm-house the cool breeze and the shade of the apple-trees made it a very comfortable spot in which to spend an afternoon.

So thought Sarah Hanaford, the only daughter of the house, for almost every day she might be seen sitting in a low rocker in the shade of the trees, sewing or reading. Just now she was doing neither, though an open book lay in her lap; but she seemed to be in deep thought. As the blended and indescribable scent of the flowers, the earth and the new-mown hay came to her, filling every sense with enjoyment, she half-consciously repeated the words of the Psalmist: "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! In wisdom hast Thou made them all; the earth is full of Thy riches."

As she sat there thinking so intently, her attention was drawn to a piece of newspaper fluttering about in the breeze. It was a much-soiled bit of paper, and looked as if it had lain out in many a rain storm, but out of mere curiosity Sarah picked it up. These are the words she read, and they were engraved on her heart for years afterward: "O ye women of America, can you realize what it is to be without a Saviour in this world and without any hope for the next? Can you realize what it is to live in abject slavery because the customs of the country require it? No, you do not realize this; if you did, you would not be so uninterested in foreign missions, uninterested in your own suffering sisters. Oh, what if the Lord Jesus had been uninterested in you, when, burdened with sin and suffering from its effects, you cried to Him for help!"

She looked at the paper for a moment, then read it again; and there came such a revelation to the girl as shook her very being. She went into the house and upstairs to her own chamber, and falling on her knees, poured out her soul to God: "O God, I have been very selfish and very ignorant, but I thank Thee for opening my eyes and showing me these faults plainly! Dear Lord, I consecrate myself anew to Thy service, and will not ask for Thy forgiveness until I have done something for my sisters who do not know the preciousness of having a Saviour. Help me in anything I undertake, and to Thee I will give all the praise."

"Yes, it was a fact. Sarah, though she had led a good life in every other respect, saw all at once how careless and neglectful she had been in this line of Christian work. This was hardly to be wondered at, for her father and mother, who should have been living examples to the girl, were not Christians, did not subscribe for any religious paper, and had few interests in life beyond their farm and the village in which they lived. These things, and the fact that there was no Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in the one village church, made this neglect seem pardonable and even reasonable in Sarah.

She rose from her knees inflamed with this new desire—to do something for missions. But how? She must have money to help, and how was she to get it? "I can't leave home to earn it, because I'm needed here," she said, thinking of her mother who was almost an invalid, and who depended upon her so much. "There isn't a mill or factory around where I can obtain work to do at home, so what in the world can I do?"

"Sary, Sary, are you up stairs?" called her mother. "It's five o'clock, and time to start the fire."

"Sarah Hanaford, your duty just now is to make biscuits for supper; and if you're reaching out for something beyond your duty, and overlooking the things your hand findeth to do, you're all wrong," she said to herself as she hurried down stairs.

"Where have you kept yourself this afternoon, Sary?" was her mother's greeting. "Belindy Patnam has just gone home. She wanted to borrow the sacque pattern of your sprigged muslin dress, and I searched high and low for it, and couldn't find it."

"Belindy was tellin' me Mis' Carruth, the parson's wife, has had three new bunnits this summer. One was a black chip with lemon-colored trimmings on it, and after

that two light straws with long, droopy feathers. Belindy ran into Mis' Smith's a minute on the way up here, and she found her in a great trouble. It seems Hosea Smith, that harum-scarum youngster of her'n, was helpin his father unload the hay when he fell clear through on the barn floor and broke his arm in two places. Then her girl had word tellin' her to come right home, for her ma was sick, so off she went. And Miss Smith's left with all that work on her hands and that boy. But the wust of it is, they expect two gals from the city Saturday, that are comin' out here for country air and quiet. One's kinder sickly, and her sister's comin' along with her for company. Mis' Smith says she can't take them nohow the way things is goin', and they've got to get another place."

"Mother, why can't I take them?" said Sarah suddenly, as if a brilliant idea had just entered her mind. "We could put them in the east room, and if you will only say yes, I'll see they don't make you any trouble."

"Sarah Hanaford, what be you goin' to do with boarders?"

"Well, I'll tell you, mother. I want to help the foreign missions a little, and I don't see how I can do this without money. You know I can't go away to earn it, so why can't I take these two girls, who probably will be willing to pay me a fair price?"

"Furrin missions! furrin missions!" exclaimed Mrs. Hanaford, who seemed to be lost in amazement over Sarah's plan. "Ain't that a new wrinkle you've got, Sary? But here comes your father to his supper. I'll speak to him about it."

They sat down at the table, and the meal proceeded in silence, as was generally the case, unless Mr. Hanaford and his two men discussed the various matters on his own and the neighboring farms. To-night, however, Mrs. Hanaford was too full of Sarah's project to keep still long, so she said:—

"Father, our Sarah wants to take them two city boarders that was goin' to Mis' Smith's. She says she wants to earn some money to help the furrin missions along, and she can't think of no other way to get it."

"Yes, father, it is so," said Sarah, while the stare of four pairs of eyes, and the feeling that each individual mentally set her down as a fool, sent the blood mounting to her temples.

"Well, Sary," her father said, after a long pause, "your mother and me ain't got no objection, provided you take all the care and trouble on yourself. But I tell you what it is, you're a fool for givin' away your money to ministers and missionaries and such like. The heathen have ails gal along so far without hev'in' the Gospel preached to them, and I reckon it won't hurt them to git on the rest of the way. And as fur your ministers and missionaries, they just take that way of makin' a easy livin'. They don't know what work is—never done a stroke of it in their lives!"

Mr. Hanaford, like a great many other people in this world, had the idea that a man who did not labor with his hands did no work at all; therefore all professional men came under his condemnation. However, Sarah was made so happy by his consent, she did not call for his opinion on such matters just then.

That night she walked over to Mrs. Smith's and offered to take the two girls. Of course Mrs. Smith was only too glad to dispose of them with so little trouble. Sarah learned that they were young ladies whose parents were very wealthy and moved in the best society. Indeed, the elder sister had been quite a belle for the last three seasons at the fashionable summer resorts, but had given it up this year for the sake of her sister, whose health was very delicate.

So that it was Dora and Eunice Lyman came to spend the summer at the Hanaford farm. They arrived on Saturday, in the early afternoon. Sarah drove to the depot to meet them, and before they were half way home, knew, with her quick perception, which would be her favorite.

Dora was a tall, fine-looking girl with black eyes and hair; but if she had a kindly heart it was hidden beneath her proud and haughty manner. Eunice, almost like a child in her ways, was a delicate looking, fair-haired girl, who completely won Sarah during that homeward drive. She was so innocent and beautiful in disposition, seeming to have an interest and love for everything and everybody in the world.

When they arrived at the house, Sarah

at once ushered them through the wide cool hall, up the stairs, and into the east chamber. "Oh, what a beautiful room!" exclaimed Eunice, as Sarah left them. "It does me good just to look at it. It is so cool and restful."

It was a pretty room. Sarah had draped the windows with delicate muslin curtains. These, and the spotlessly white bed, gave the chamber a look of quiet and purity. The pretty toilet set made by her own hands, and the old-fashioned table with claw feet, on which stood a vase of flowers, also added an air of daintiness.

"It is quite possible for backwoods taste," assented Dora graciously. "But what a plain-looking girl that is, and how shockingly her dress fits! It actually makes me shudder to see any one so carelessly dressed."

"She isn't pretty, that I must admit, Dora. But there's something more than beauty, and she has a face with a soul in it, which is better than mere prettiness. Her dress looks as if she didn't spend much time on it, but probably she's too busy. I'm wondering, Dora, if there isn't something more to live for than just dressing to make oneself look as nicely as possible; it seems as if there must be."

"Well, you're a queer girl, Eunice. I told mamma I hoped you would stop some of your wonderings before you were much older; if you don't, you'll never be a success in society. Dear me! What sort of an existence would it be without any dressing, or dancing, or parties? I, for one, couldn't endure it."

This conversation was interrupted by Sarah's summoning them to supper. To both of them, but to Eunice especially, this supper was that introduction to an altogether new life. On that first evening she made the acquaintance of every living thing on the farm—the men, the horses, the cows and hens; while Dora sat on the front porch and wondered how her sister could be so unlearned.

The Sabbath was a glorious day—and both girls accepted Sarah's invitation to walk with her to church; Eunice innocently, as she did everything, and because that was one of the ways of her new life; Dora, because, as she remarked, "One must have a chance to show one's dresses somewhere, even if people don't appreciate them, and the church seems to be the only place."

As they reached the church, the minister, an earnest, plain-spoken man, was just beginning to read the story of the man who was born blind, and who was restored to sight by doing what the Lord commanded. As Eunice sat listening to that chapter, and saw how very plain it was made, she wondered how the Bible ever seemed hard to understand. To be sure, she had not made a business of studying or even reading it, very often. She remembered there was one in her home in the city on a small stand; but it was such a grand affair with its magnificent gold clasps and gilt-edged leaves, it always seemed to her more for ornament than for use. Then she thought of her mother's words before it was bought: "Really, Samuel, we must have a large Bible for our back parlor. They are quite the rage now. The Duleys and Whites both have one, and I understand Mr. Samson has ordered his. Of course we must keep up with our set, and it seems absolutely heathenish to be without one."

Then the minister's reading again caught her attention: "Jesus heard that they had cast him out; and when He had found him, He said unto him, Dost thou believe on the Son of God? He answered and said, Who is He, Lord, that I might believe on Him?" and so on to the end of the chapter. Eunice heard not a word of the prayer that followed for her heart was echoing to the verse, "Who is He, that I might believe on Him?" Strange to say, the preacher arose and announced for his text those verses. The sermon to her was wonderful, and the general ideas it contained impressed themselves on her mind: "Unbelief exists because of spiritual blindness. The person so blinded never knows how dark the state in which he has been living until the light comes. If at first the light is dim, there should be a seeking after a brighter; and never yet was there a persistent seeker who did not finally reach the full and glorious light. 'Who is He?' Jesus the Son of God, who came into the world not to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved. And then the old story of Christ's great love for us. Did I say old story? It was blessedly new to one person there, and that was

Eunice, who had heard it before, but never in such a way as this. She was utterly absorbed in the sermon, and on the way home, as unusually thoughtful and quiet.

That evening, as Sarah was sitting on the porch alone, Eunice came out and abruptly asked: "Is it all true, Sarah? Did He do so much for us?"

"Is what all true?" said Sarah, who was a little startled by the question.

"Why, what the minister said this morning, to be sure."

"Oh, yes, Eunice. He died that we might live," said Sarah softly.

"Then it seems to me we ought to do something for Him. But what shall it be and how shall we find out how to do it?"

"Do you ever read the Bible, Eunice? That is His book of directions, and it tells us how we are to love one another for one thing, and that commandment covers a great deal of ground, we are to confess Him, we are to preach Him, we are to live Him."

"But I haven't got a Bible," Eunice said—"I mean not here."

"Take this one Eunice, and study it daily," said Sarah, as they bade each other good-night.

"To think of that child not having a Bible," said Sarah to herself before she went to sleep. "And to think Mr. Carruth should set her thinking the first Sunday. But that sermon was powerful enough to set any one thinking. I must help her all I can."

As the summer days sped on, they were filled with herrying parties and picnics, with reading and idling in the hammock, and sometimes long moonlight rows on the pond in search of fragrant water-lilies. It was not all pleasure for Sarah, however, for it was seldom she could accompany them on their rambles. Much of her time was spent in the hot kitchen. There were days too, when the bread wouldn't rise, and the cake would fall—small things, but very trying to the soul of a housekeeper.

Sometimes, as she caught a glimpse of Dora and Eunice in their cool muslins, flitting about in the shade or lying in the hammock, her heart rebelled a little, and she had to run to her chamber, open her writing-desk, and take from it that scrap of paper—her "eye-opener," as she called it. She knew all the words thereon, but the touch and sight of that bit of soiled paper were to her an inspiration, almost as much so as her Bible. Then she would come downstairs with a serene face and with her purpose stronger than ever.

At last the time came for the girls to go home. Dora had received a letter from her mother, saying, as it was now September and Eunice so much improved in health, she would expect to see them on the following Monday.

And so on this their last Sabbath evening at the farm they were all assembled in the parlor. Sarah and Eunice were talking very earnestly about what had happened at the meeting that night. The minister, just before closing, had asked if there were any present who had been trying to live a Christian life secretly, and who would like to confess the Lord Jesus by rising. Eunice was the only person who had arisen.

"But, Sarah," Eunice was saying, "I don't feel sorry for my sins as some do. I wonder why it is?"

"Don't let that trouble you, Eunice. You remind me of a child, who after years of a parent's tender care suddenly wakes up to the appreciation of that care."

"Do you mean God is the Parent, and we His children?" Eunice asked.

"Yes," said Sarah. "By and-by their talk drifted upon missionaries and mission work, and Sarah related her experience in that direction. That was a pleasant evening, and she had not taken any part in their conversation, to be sure, but she made none of her usual sharp remarks.

After they were gone, Sarah found it very lonely, yet there was a satisfaction springing from the sense of having accomplished her purpose; for when she came to settle her accounts, she had a goodly sum for her beloved work.

About three months afterward she received two letters. One was from Eunice she knew, because she recognized her writing. She opened that first and read:—

"DEAR FRIEND,—Remembering my promise to you, I hasten to fulfill it; but there is so much to say, I hardly know where to begin. It's all about Dora, too. After we came home from Easton, I prayed earnestly for her, and tried to have her

attended church, but she seemed to be absorbed in society more than ever. However, one Sunday I persuaded her and mamma to go with me to the evening services. I was particularly anxious they should attend this meeting, as a returned missionary was to speak.

"It was a powerful address. After it was ended, the speaker asked any who wished the prayers of Christian friends to rise. Several persons rose in a distant part of the room. Suddenly there was a little stir in the seat near us, and Dora, with her voice all broken with feeling said: 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' And what prayers went up for her."

"No comfort came to her soul until at last some one started the hymn beginning 'I bring my sins to Thee,' and before they had reached the second verse, Dora had risen, with a happy face shining through her tears. You may be sure that was a joyful time for us all. Dora was very quiet—she was always so, you know—but one could see happiness in every line of her face.

"It was a terrible blow to mamma, for I believe she never expected this of Dora. She did not care for my conversion so much, because, as she says, I am the odd one of the family, and any strange freak in me is not surprising. Some few days after, when Dora announced her intention of going to India, mamma's wrath was something terrible. She has not spoken to Dora since. How long her anger will last I do not know—not long, I think, for she loves her children, and is naturally good-hearted. I suppose it was a disappointment to her, for she had many plans for Dora in society this winter.

"Sarah, I am so glad and thankful for this, I want to thank God every hour of the day. I see Dora is writing to you to-day, so perhaps she will give you a better account of what it happened. With love and kind wishes from your friend, "EUNICE LYMAN."

What good news this was to Sarah! She made haste to open the other letter, which was as follows:—

"DEAR SARAH: I know you will be interested to hear of the change that has come to me. I hear I have found the Lord Jesus. Where the first seeds were sown I am not certain, but I think on that Sunday at your church when Mr. Carruth preached that wonderful sermon. Then the last Sabbath evening, when you and Eunice were talking—you showed us the scrap of paper and told us how it affected you. Eunice herself, the dear child, has had a great deal to do with it. One night, as I was dressing for a masquerade, she gravely said to me, 'You speak of the other things before the kingdom of God, don't you, Dora? It says we must seek the kingdom of God first, and all these things will be added unto us. I remember making some sharp remarks at the time, and I suppose I thought her words did no good, but they just haunted me.

"I tried to drown all such thoughts by gayety, and was succeeding to a certain extent, when I consented to attend church with Eunice one evening. There God sent such a conviction to my soul, I asked for prayer. Many prayed with me, and still there was no light. God's clear eye piercing into my heart only made it seem more dark and sinful. At last some one with a beautiful voice began to sing, and my soul was immediately flooded with light. The atoning blood of Jesus was real to me.

"That night after Eunice had left me, happening to catch a glimpse of myself in the mirror, and seeing my diamond earrings glistening in the light, my silk dress with its costly lace trimmings, and my many-buttoned gloves, the thought of the thousands who were suffering for the necessities of life forced itself upon me; and I said, 'Dora Lyman, the first change that has come to you, is in your dress.' Now I think, Sarah, the Lord loves beauty in dress as well as in His flowers or His birds; but I've just found out to be beautifully dressed does not necessarily mean diamond earrings, and costly dresses, and many-buttoned gloves. Then there I determined to give up these things, and devote myself to God—body, soul and spirit.

"So now it is settled. I am to go to India as a missionary next year. If it had been possible, I should like to have gone immediately while there is such a call for workers, but I feel the need of at least a year of preparation. We have you to thank, Sarah, for this beautiful and wonderful change that has come into our lives; for it was by your influence we were persuaded to attend church that day. Your own Christian life was not lived in vain—that, too, made its impression on us.

"I must bring this to a close with the wish that I might hear from you soon. Your sincere friend, "DORA LYMAN."

"Well," mused Sarah, "our ways are not God's ways. Here I've been fretting because I could do nothing for Him in foreign lands but give money, and, after all, the Lord gave me a bit of missionary work to do in my own little corner.

Many years have passed since all this happened and years usually bring changes. Sarah's father and mother have passed away while Sarah herself has grown into a noble, earnest woman. She still lives on the old place, which is a silent, lonely spot when the winter snow is on the ground, but when the summer comes, the house and fields near it fairly ring with the music of children's shouts—children who are pallid and lifeless from living in close, crowded rooms in the city, and whose spirits and fine instincts are

completely crushed by their unnatural parents. Yet what wonders a month of good wholesome living, of rambles in grassy pastures and sweet, pine-scented woods will do for them! Under such influences these poor little beings blossom out, and become what they were intended to be—childlike children.

Eunice Lyman is Sarah's assistant in this grand work. As many of these children attend the mission school where she has a large class, she is enabled to look after them both winter and summer.

Dora is still in India. Though separated from these two girls by many miles of ocean yet the long, cheery letters which pass between them, and the fact that all are engaged in the same work, bridges the distance, and helps to bind them closer in spirit.

When the "Merry Christmas" comes, the children who are under the care of Eunice are made glad by many gifts, and by beholding the beautiful tree, on which there are strange preserved fruits, also wonderful palms and grasses, sent by Dora from India. These things Eunice makes use of, in an object lesson, as she tells her children of those others in that far-off land.

Although Mrs. Lyman is somewhat reconciled to Dora's position now, she is very worldly still, and thus it is strange her two daughters cannot enjoy themselves like other people.—*Zion's Herald.*

GIVING.

"Yes, I always give for missions and everything else," said Phil. "I give something every Sunday, don't you?"

"Why, no—I give five or ten cents when I think I can spare it, when I have a good deal of money and don't want it all for anything," said Tom.

"I give whatever papa or mamma give me for it," said James. "Sometimes it's more and sometimes it's less."

"Oh, I always give my own money," said Phil. "I don't think it's any giving at all unless you do that."

"Your's is the best way, I'm sure," said Tom, soberly. "They say it's the regular giving that counts."

"And then, of course, what you give is just so much out of what you'd like to spend on yourself."

"Yes," said Phil, feeling very self-denying and virtuous.

"I'm going to try your way," said Tom. "Am I going to keep an account and see what it will amount to."

The three boys were on their way home from Sunday-school where they had heard, from a missionary, some very interesting accounts of the great work which is going on in Africa. He had treated his subject with all the power which comes of a heart glowing with zeal in the grand work to which he had devoted his life, and love for the poor creatures whose eyes had learned to look to him in earnest seeking for the knowledge of the way of life.

And, as heart always awakens heart, he had succeeded in deeply stirring the sympathies of his young hearers as he told of lives wretched and degraded in this world and hopeless as regards any other, of down-trodden women and neglected children who are crying out to those in our favored land: "Come over and help us."

So that many of them went away with the solemn feeling that they should, in some sense, be held answerable if they did not strive to hold out a helping hand to those in such sore need. For the present it was plain that missionary interest was to be centered in the Dark Continent, and little societies were formed among Sunday-school children, they believing it would be "neatness" to put their gifts together to offer them separately.

Several boys came to Phil's house on the next afternoon to talk it over, and Phil brought his account book to put down their names as the first members of their society with a preamble in which occurred many high-sounding words setting forth their resolves and intentions.

"What's this, Phil?" asked his uncle, picking up the book on the same evening after tea.

"Oh, that's my account book, uncle. I brought it down to take names and draw up resolutions for our missionary society."

"May I read it, or is it a secret organization?"

"Certainly you can. I am simply, you know, trying to work up the idea of liberal giving among the boys."

"A most excellent idea," said his uncle, concealing his amusement at Phil's rather pompous tone. "Let me see—bananas, twenty-five cents; soda water, ten cents; peanuts, twenty-five cents; but, thirty-five cents; candy, fifteen cents; baseball cap, seventy-five cents; Sunday-school, six cents—"

"Oh, stop, uncle George, that isn't it. That's when I was visiting at cousin Tom's, and I promised mamma I'd put down every cent I spent."

But uncle George seemed not to hear and went on: "Peanuts, fifteen cents; bananas, twenty-five cents; getting shoe mended, forty cents; soda water, ten cents; missionaries, five cents; getting bat mended, fifteen cents; lemonade for the boys, fifty cents; bananas, twenty-five cents; collection in church, two cents."

"Please give me the book, uncle."

"I'm glad you don't forget your charitable duties, Phil," said his uncle, giving up the book with rather a mischievous smile.

Phil took it in some confusion. He had heretofore thought but little more of his spendings than to remember his mother's wish that he should keep an account of the money with which she kept him so liberally supplied. Now, in looking over his hasty entries, he was astonished.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed, as he added up one page, "two dollars and ninety cents for eating and play, and seventeen cents for giving. And I bragging to the boys what a good thing it is to give regularly!"

He was a conscientious boy and his heart smote him as he ran over the long list and thought with his newly-awakened feelings of the bread of life which that much money might have carried to starving souls. If his mother had aimed to teach him a lesson through his account book she had not failed. He got up at last and stood before the glass.

"Now, my young man," he said, shaking his head very threateningly at the boyish face he saw there, "you know very well that a quarter for peanuts doesn't look any larger to you than a pin's head, and that a quarter for giving looks as big as a cart wheel—but that's got to stop, sir! This book isn't going to hold any more accounts of dollars for trash and cents for Sunday-school."—*N. Y. Observer.*

FRICASSED CHICKEN.—Cut up the chicken and boil with a slice or two of pork, in sufficient water, until quite tender. Fry some pork and when cooked a little, drain the chicken and fry with the pork until quite brown. Then take out and pour the broth into the frying pan with the pork fat, and make gravy thickened with flour, season well with butter, and put the chicken into the gravy. Be sure to have the fat quite hot when the chicken is put in, so it will brown readily.

CABBAGE FOR SALAD.—When you cannot obtain celery for salad—and this is sometimes the case—cabbage may be used in place of it, with the extract of celery for flavoring, or celery salt may be used. Choose the firm, white part of the cabbage; chop fine.

PREPARE early in the week for the Bible-class duties of the following Sabbath. Set apart a regular portion of your time for this work. Do not permit the evening for teachers' meeting to come around and find you unprepared for an intelligent discussion of the lesson.

APPLE SAUCE.—After paring your apples slice them in your stew pan with a little water, let them cook until soft, covering well to keep in the steam. Remove them from the stove, add brown sugar and cinnamon, stir them just a little.

HONEY FRITTERS.—Two teaspoons of cold boiled honey, stir in one cupful of sweet milk and a little salt, four tablespoonfuls of sifted flour and a little butter, one egg to be added last. Fry a dark brown in hot lard.

AUNTIE'S GINGER SNAPS.—One cup of molasses, one-half cup of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of ginger, flour to form a stiff dough, roll as thin as possible, and bake in a quick oven.

CORN FRITTERS.—To a can of corn or a half dozen of ears add two eggs, well beaten, one pint of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper, mix well. Fry in hot lard.

The Temperance Worker

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7.

BAD FOR THE VOICE.

Dr. Lennox Browne, Surgeon to the Royal Society of Musicians, recently read a paper on "The influence of alcohol and tobacco in relation to voice use." In the following words he gives a summary of the statistics collected by him:

"The fact remains that of the 380 cathedral and all other classes of singers, 26 per cent are able to do without stimulants altogether in relation both to general health and to professional exercise, but it is still more important to note that 75 per cent of the same number deprecate their use either before or during use of the voice. I venture to say that no such testimony could have been obtained 25 years ago. It was received by me with equal feelings of pleasure and surprise."

The *Morning Advertiser*, the official organ of the liquor sellers, tries to demolish Dr. Browne; and triumphantly points to Mr. Sims Reeves as proof positive that the moderate use of alcohol is beneficial rather than detrimental. That great singer is a marvel both for his powers and for the way in which he has preserved them. Unfortunately for the *Advertiser*, Mr. Browne is able to produce a letter received by him in 1876 from the great singer himself, in which the following paragraph occurs:

"I was much interested in the remarks made by you at the meeting of the Musical Association with regard to the use of stimulants. By long experience I find it is much better to do without them entirely. A glycerine lozenge is preferable. On very rare occasions a small quantity of claret and water may be necessary, but all alcoholic stimulants are detrimental."

Dr. Browne, as the result of all his experience and investigation, gives the following advice:

"All voice users should at the commencement of their career be made to thoroughly understand that their vocation by no means necessitates or excuses indulgence in alcohol."

THEY SWORE OFF.—Three young men of Norwalk, Conn., ended the year 1883 by a prolonged drunk. They were sitting together in a saloon, very much intoxicated, watching the old year out, when just as the clock struck twelve, one of them said: "Boys, the New Year is here, now let's swear off and organize a temperance society." The proposal was agreed to in a spirit of fun and an association was formed, the following being one of the articles of the constitution: "Any one of us who shall drink any intoxicating liquor, for any purpose whatsoever, between now and midnight of Dec. 31st, 1884, shall be tarred and feathered." The young men kept their sportful resolution, and on the 31st of December, 1884, gave a ball, to which the best people of the neighborhood were invited. The society was then renewed, and more than twenty new members were added to the roll.

A CHICAGO court has decided that when a saloon-keeper displays a placard announcing that he dispenses "free lunch," the lunch is free to all, whether beer is bought or not. The saloon-keeper has no right to refuse any one, but may eject very greedy persons after having warned them not to eat too much. This decision may make the spiders more shy of laying out such costly bait for human flies.

JUDGE JOHNSON, in the Montreal Superior Court, delivered a powerful judgment on Saturday last. A woman sued a saloon-keeper for \$200 damages for having sold three bottles of liquor to her husband after being warned by her not to do so,—the man being a drunkard.—"The publican at first denied, but afterward admitted the sale of the liquor, and, probably with a view of appeasing the plaintiff, disgorged the unfortunate drunkard's watch, and told the wife she might keep the three empty bottles. The evidence showed that the wrong done to the immediate victim was no less serious as regards his wretched wife. I do not speak now," continued Judge Johnson, "of her home or her heart; these are ordinary sacrifices by drunkard's wives—but of the actual business of life—appreciable in money; the little trade stopped, if not ruined—the being thrown out of work and disabled from winning bread for his family; and not that I must look also to the mental suffering, the misery, anxiety and shame of which the defendant was the direct cause. Nor ought I to forget that this was a direct violation of a positive public statute, committed not only from the most sordid motives, but in defiance of duty and humanity. I must ask myself what is there in such a case as this to call on me to diminish the damages that are asked? I can only say that I see nothing that can justify me in doing so. The law says from \$10 to \$500, and the \$200 asked here are far short of half the extreme penalty; and what is there to mitigate the offence? I feel called upon to award the full damages asked, namely, \$200, with interest and costs."

THE REV. DR. TALMAGE, of Brooklyn, having recently visited many parts of the South on his way to New Orleans, has been interviewed by a reporter of the *Voice*, and in answer to the question "What about the temperance question in the South," the preacher said that many temperance men in every place were preparing to make Prohibition the controlling question in the election of 1888. He had never before seen so much drunkenness as on that trip, and from Montreal to New Orleans the rum traffic was destroying a greater proportion of people than can be judged from any reformatory statistics. His opinion was that the evil would go on until all respectable people would land together for its overthrow. All were coming to the conclusion that something radical had got to be done. Dr. Talmage did not notice so much intemperance among the negroes, but he has no doubt a temperance agitation would do good among them also. He declares most emphatically in favor of national prohibition, and he repeats that the national prohibition party will finally win. "If a man has a fearful disease, he cannot be cured by doctoring a finger, a toe, an eye or an ear." Dr. Talmage wound up with this prediction: "Temperance men have every reason to be encouraged by the outlook. Let them stand shoulder to shoulder in the interest of Christian sobriety, and they will certainly win."

THE FARMERS are always for sobriety. At the recent meeting of the Ohio State Grange it was recommended that the Legislature submit a Constitutional Prohibition Amendment to the vote of the people. *N. Y. Voice*.

THERE ARE 2,800 licensed liquor saloons in Boston, and the *Journal* counts 1,400 unlicensed. So much for the wonderful success of a license law.

"FROM all indications it would seem that Canada will have Prohibition before we do."—*Mrs. Baxter, in Union Signal, Chicago.*

THE WEEK.

A GREAT REVIVAL is in progress at Gallipolis, Ohio, and nearly a thousand people are said to have been converted.

A PASSENGER express train on the New Jersey Central Railway was wrecked at Greenville on Friday by the breaking of an axle. Twenty or thirty people were seriously injured.

THE GREAT onion tract at Chester, in Orange county, N. Y. which is now worth \$1000 an acre, was a worthless piece of ground. Last season 120,000 bushels of onions were grown on these meadows, and were sold for more than \$120,000. This season's crop will be even larger.

THE CANADIAN VOYAGERS now in Egypt will leave Alexandria for home this week, and will arrive at Halifax about the first of March. A reception will be tendered them at Ottawa. About seventy-five of the voyagers will remain on the Nile, having accepted a three months' engagement in the British service.

DETERMINED TO STARVE—A despatch from Dayton, Ohio, tells of a most persistent attempt at self-destruction by starvation which came to light there last week in taking Bartholomew Lidenbarger to the insane asylum. About a month ago he had a quarrel with the priest of a church to which he belongs. It was some serious trouble and the matter preyed so on Lidenbarger's mind that he considered his soul beyond redemption, and finally became insane. For three weeks he has not slept, and for fifteen days has tasted neither food nor drink, nor can he be induced or forced to taste either. At the sight of food he becomes desperate and dangerous. He is now in a precarious state, but still successfully rebels against any attempt to feed him, and there seems to be no way to prevent his final death by starvation.

EIGHT HOUSES have been destroyed by an earthquake in Sardinia. No lives were lost.

THE ANNUAL REPORT of the Canadian Department of the Interior shows that 533,280 acres were taken up as homesteads during 1884, against 970,719 acres in 1883. Preemption entries also show a decrease from 659,120 acres to 364,060 acres. Sales of land increased from 202,143 to 213,172 acres. During last year, 2,752,000 acres were granted to the Manitoba and North-Western Railway, and 972,800 to the Manitoba and South-Western Railway. There are now 41 companies and individuals using 2,782,690 acres for grazing cattle in the North West. The Department issued 3,896 patents during the year.

THE CANADIAN MINISTER OF JUSTICE, in his report for the year ending with last June, shows the gratifying fact that only one person in 4,687 of the population was undergoing penal sentence. It is questioned whether any civilized country in the world can show better results. The total is 70 less than in the previous year,—the decrease being mostly in Ontario and Quebec.

THE CROWN PRINCE and Princess of Germany, while in the park at Berlin, on Thursday, had a narrow escape from being run over by a carriage which suddenly turned the corner. Only the presence of mind and strength of the Crown Prince, who seized the reins, prevented a disaster.

THE PRESIDENT of the W.C.T.U. of British Columbia, writes to the *Woman's Journal* that the work is progressing, and that there are now seven unions organized in the province.

A DREADFUL SHIPWRECK took place in the Bay of Fundy on Wednesday of last week. The schooner "Arvana," of Kennebunk Port, Maine, was driven upon Quaco reef. The crew had been much exposed to the weather and were scarcely able to help themselves. One man got ashore and scarcely even wet his feet in doing so but the other nine lives on board were destroyed.

THE ST. PETERSBURG police are unusually active just now, as revolutionary agents are exciting the people to rebel.

THE UNITED STATES CONSUL at Malaga reports fifty villages destroyed by the recent earthquakes in Spain. 2,000 lives were lost, 30,000 persons have quitted Malaga, and the rest of the population are sleeping in the open air. The death rate from disease has increased to 300 percent.

MR. HENRY M. STANLEY, the explorer, is rapidly pushing to its completion the manuscript of a work on his African labors. This will bear the title, "Congo; or, the Founding of a State—A Story of Work and Exploration." It will consist of two good sized volumes, and it is expected that the manuscript will all be ready for the printer within a month.

AT AN INDUSTRIAL CONFERENCE in England, one Radical speaker was in favor of compelling all cultivable lands to be cultivated under penalty of forfeiture. There is no doubt that Britain would find it much easier to support her population if such land was utilized that now lies idle in the shape of parks or deer forests. But there is a great danger in going to utilitarian extremes. The people's lives are made bitter, and so bad, partly by the absence of beauty from their surroundings. And much of the beauty of an English country scene is due to the keeping up of parks and forests.

THERE is great excitement among the Chinese of San Francisco over the delay in arrival of the steamer "San Pablo" at Japan. She carries 900 of their fellow-countrymen, and \$520,000 in treasure.

THE silver men of Colorado, and of the west generally, have had a convention and resolved to call on the National Government to go on coining silver money to an unlimited extent.

NICHOLAS ARAGON, the outlaw and bandit, of Las Vegas, N.M., who killed a dozen men during his life, has been lynched.

A VERY SEVERE BLIZZARD visited Montreal, among other places, on Wednesday of last week, and gave the Carnival visitors a taste of what Canada can do in the way of storms. Otherwise, the weather was just what was required,—fine and cold. The storming of the Ice Castle on Wednesday night was a very fine sight, and was witnessed by an immense gathering on Dominion square. Thursday afternoon was proclaimed by the mayor as a civic half-holiday, and again the residents and visitors turned out in great force to witness the sleigh drive. Many of the sleighs and teams were very fine, and the snow-shoers made a great show of their special cars, each drawn by six horses. The week of amusements ended by a second grand display of fireworks at the Ice Castle.

CIVIC GOVERNMENT is so corrupt that not one town in Massachusetts is just now aspiring to be made a city, while no less than five are asking to be divided.

THE WORD "SHOP," as used in England, is now being adopted on this continent, and the name "store" will have to confine itself to places used simply for "storing" goods.

THE French Chamber of Deputies, by a vote of 339 to 115, has rejected a proposal to sell the Government railways.

THE municipal authorities of Paris are going to borrow \$8,000,000 for city improvements, to give work to the unemployed.

A BOY was killed on a toboggan slide at Ottawa on Sunday. The slide had been "closed,"—a plank being placed across the foot of the "chute,"—and several boys started down without knowing this. The first boy saw the plank in time, lay down, and went under in safety. The second boy's head struck the plank and was terribly smashed; his death was instantaneous.

AN EXPRESS TRAIN between Sydney and Wagga Wagga, Australia, has been wrecked by collision. Forty persons were killed and a great many injured.

SING SING PRISON made \$6,000 profits last month.

THE San Francisco newspapers say that the horrible practice prevails of mothers selling their illegitimate children to Chinamen for immoral purposes. There is great agitation on the subject.

THE NEW PROPOSAL of Prince Bismarck, to put a high customs duty on grain, has aroused great opposition among the people, whose food would be made so much dearer by the change. The agitation is spreading all over Germany, and anti-corn-law leagues are being extensively organized.

THE SCHOOL BOARD of Anerley, England, has appointed a dentist to attend the district schools once a week and look after the teeth of the poor children. The Board provides instruments and material and pays \$300 yearly as salary.

THE NATIONAL BOARD OF TRADE, at Washington, has unanimously passed a resolution in favor of a reciprocity treaty between the United States and Canada. One speaker at the same meeting said that the reason why the United States had heretofore found reciprocity treaties unprofitable was that their diplomatists were not so capable as those of other nations.

THOMSON, in Georgia, has a visitation from the small-pox.

THE DOMINION PARLIAMENT and the Ontario Legislature have both begun their sessions, but no business of any importance has been transacted. The Quebec Legislature is expected to open on the 26th of February, or thereabout.

THE HEAT has been terrible in parts of South America, and over a score of sudden deaths took place in a few days at Buenos Ayres. There was a rainfall on Thursday, and the temperature fell to 116 in the shade, but rose again to 129.

A BRIEF TELEGRAM says that a negro has been burned at the stake in Santa Cruz, Mexico.

IOWA has taken most of the prizes for dairy produce in the New Orleans Exposition. Wisconsin was ahead in cheese, and Minnesota and Vermont both did well.

A NUMBER of rebellious crofters have been arrested in Skye by a small army of policemen and marines.

THE COURT OF APPEALS in England has finally decided against Mr. Bradlaugh's claim to a seat in the House of Commons. The judgment really settles that no professed atheist can be a member of Parliament because he cannot take the necessary oath,—his oath, if he formally takes it, being no legal oath at all. Mr. Bradlaugh's seat will probably be again declared vacant.

THE SOCIALISTS have introduced in the German Reichstag a bill prohibiting the employment of convicts by corporations or individuals, restricting work-hours to the day time, and forbidding the employment of children under the age of fourteen.

THE BURMESE GOVERNMENT is about as weak as the Turkish. Its authority in reality does not exist outside of the city of Mandalay. The Burmese troops have not yet succeeded in getting back the town of Bhamo, which is just now in the hands of the Chinese.

THE striking hat-makers of Norwalk have started two co-operative hat factories on their own account, and a very superior class of work is being turned out.

MONDAY was Candlemas, the "Feast of the Purification of the Virgin Mary," when all the candles to be used in the coming year in the Roman Catholic Church are consecrated. There is a superstition that a fine Candlemas foretells a severe winter and late spring. There seems no scientific ground for the belief, but weather prophets are inclined to think spring will really be late this year.

THE REV. D. J. MACDONNELL, of Toronto, in common with many of the clergy in all parts of the world, took occasion on Sunday to denounce the dynamite outrages. The National Anthem was sung in the middle of the service.

THE SULTAN "protests" against the occupation of ports on the Red Sea by other powers without the consent of the Turkish government. The Sultan's protest is about as effectual as the Jackdaw's terrible curse, from which nobody was one penny the worse.

MANY PERSONS were terribly injured by an explosion of gas in Pittsburgh on Saturday. The cause was a big leak in the main, and there is great indignation against the gas company.

THE AUSTRIAN REICHSRATH is at loggerheads with the newspapers. One member asked the president to expel all newspaper people, saying that they lounged about the corridors writing lies about the proceedings. It was a bold thing for the journalists to do,—to boycott the parliament in such a country as Austria,—but they did it, refusing to publish a line about the proceedings. The president apologized, but the apology was not considered ample enough, and the boycotting continues. The Government now wants the Reichsrath to withdraw advertising from the newspapers, and to retaliate in other ways.

TWO FREIGHT TRAINS of the Lake Erie and Western Railway came in collision on Sunday, destroying much property and killing many cattle. The engineers jumped and saved themselves.

A FIRE that started in the First National Bank, Marquette, Michigan, on Sunday night, destroyed about \$250,000 worth of property.

SEVERAL CUSTOMS OFFICERS in Panama have been dismissed for having their fingers in a big smuggling scheme.

THE RABBIS of NEW YORK complain that, while there are at least 60,000 Hebrews in that city, the synagogues are deserted and they preach to empty benches. It is proposed to have services on the Christian Sabbath for those who neglect the synagogues on the Jewish Sabbath.

THE city of Toronto has been condemned to pay \$750 damages to Dr. Oliphant, because the corporation's workmen failed to make a proper drain connection with his house, causing sickness to him and his wife.

THE idea of "free trade in criminals" between this country and Canada is not a bad one. In this particular direction at least, we have too much protection. A stiffening and extension of our extradition relations would be an excellent thing.—*Boston Journal*.

THE REV. CHARLES HAMILTON of Quebec, has been elected Bishop of Niagara.

THOUSANDS OF HEAD of live stock in Oregon and Washington Territory have perished during the past six weeks on account of the severe weather. A large number of persons have been frozen to death in isolated places.

THE CHINESE diplomatic agent has visited the northern province of Peru with the object of ascertaining the condition of his country-men employed on estates. He reports he was present at the exhumation of the bodies of laborers with their legs manacled and bearing marks of fearful flagellation. He examined the samples of rice provided for their food and found in many cases more than half sand.

A RUSSIAN JEW named Ribonowitsch, who has been preaching what he calls the Religion of New Israel, has been murdered at Kichenoff. It is believed that the crime was committed by orthodox Jews.

METEMNEH, the town near which General Stewart is now encamped, is still occupied by the Mahdi's followers, and they are reported to be under the command of Olivier Pain, a Frenchman.

THE NASHVILLE "Banner," which is being sued for libel because of its criticisms on the Tennessee penitentiary system, publishes an interview with Dr. Reed, representative from Campbell County. He said the convicts at the coal mines had been cruelly treated; he and Drs. Smith and Britton had dissected the body of a convict four hours after death; it was customary to furnish physicians with dead convicts, and he never knew the body of a convict to be buried. Convicts, sick or well, are whipped unmercifully if they fail to complete their tasks. Dr. Reed enumerated numerous other abuses, and the affair creates a great sensation.

ITALY, the country of Europe which gives the most hopeful signs of progress, has long been known to be much in sympathy with Britain in her European situation. The Italian Government has now come out openly with its opinions. Senor Mancini, Minister of Foreign Affairs, has assured the Chamber of Deputies that an agreement exists between Italy and England on the Egyptian question, although it is an unwritten one. In explanation of the nature of the agreement, he said: "Our action will be parallel with England's and intended to facilitate her work in Egypt. This policy aims at a guarantee of important interests, and also a guarantee, and indeed almost a part of our alliance with the central powers of Europe."

THE BRITISH and Transvaal Commissioners have both agreed to the British proposal that no white men shall be allowed to settle in the disputed territory of Bechuanaland without special permits. It is believed that peace will now be restored to that unhappy country—but the British troops are not going home till everything is quite settled.

JAMES DONOHUE has put in a claim to 300 acres of land in the centre of Detroit, saying that it was bought by his father fifty years ago. Detroit was then only a village, the 300 acres are now worth \$50,000,000.

MANY of the coal mines in Ohio have been set on fire, it is supposed by the strikers.

A FARMER at Martinsburg, West Virginia, was annoyed by chicken thieves, so he defended his roosts with dynamite torpedoes. An explosion occurred one night, and when the farmer went out he found his hen-house blown to pieces and a negro killed.

THE NEGROES are emigrating from Anson County, North Carolina, and are settling in Arkansas.

PROHIBITION has won another victory in Canada. The county of Carleton, in which the city of Ottawa stands, and which has generally been considered rather a "hard" locality, has adopted the Scott Act by the noble majority of over 700. The next election is in the United Counties of Northumberland and Durham, on the 27th of February.

THE REBELLION against French authority in Camrodia is considered to have been now quite extinguished.

A RUMOR has got abroad that the French Government is at last going to formally declare war upon China; but the declaration itself has not yet seen the light. The French Admiral has received strict orders to search every vessel attempting to run the blockade of Formosa. This is aimed chiefly at Britain, and is by way of retaliation. A French war-ship had been refused permission to refit and re-victual at Hong Kong,—the Chinese having protested against having one of their own ports (though now in British hands) used as a storehouse against themselves.

THE STORY TELLER.

FAMILY GRIEF.

He was a busy man, and she was a society woman. One evening he suddenly looked up from his paper and said, "By the way, didn't we have a baby in this house about the time Midland Broad-Gauge went up to ninety-eight?" "Yes," she said, "Oscar was born the night of the Everingham reception." "Boy, was it?" he said, with a show of interest. "I had forgotten!" he said about seven months old by this time. Where is he?" She touched a bell, a servant appeared, and she ordered Oscar to be brought into the presence of his sire. Instead of whom the weeping nurse appeared alone, and with many tears confessed that the infant Oscar had been kidnapped in the park six weeks before, and that the most careful search, aided by advertisements in the daily papers, had thus far failed to reveal his whereabouts. Thus we see that wealth is no barrier to sorrow, and even into the homes of the rich and the great trouble creeps with its stealthy tread, and sometimes breaks up a whole evening of enjoyment.—*Burdette, in Burlington Hawke*.

GRAMMATICAL.

Master—"What is a substantive?" Boy—"Something you can handle." Master—"Right. Give an example." Boy—"Peter has a tail-coat." Master—"Which is the substantive?" Boy—"Tail-coat." Master—"Right. Take another instance." The poker is red-hot." Which is the substantive?" Boy—"There is none." Master—"Why?" Boy—"Because you can't handle a red-hot poker." The grammar class was dismissed.

COMPUTATION.

The Curate (nervously)—"I'm sorry not to see you oftener at church, Sir Gorgius!" Sir Gorgius—"Oh—ah—yes! My old nemesis, the gout, yer know. But if the funds are dicker, shall be very 'appy to send you a cheque!" The Curate—"Oh, thank you, Sir Gorgius! That'll do just as well!"—*Punch*.

BROKEN OFF.

"Are you fond of music?" "O yes, beyond measure!" "Do you sing often?" "Very often!" "Do you play the piano?" "From morning 'till night!" "O we'll, then I shall reconsider my resolution of asking your father for your hand!"

A FRENCHMAN cannot pronounce "ship." The word is "sheep" in his mouth. Seeing an iron-lad, he said to a boy, "It zeens a war-sheep." "No," answered the boy, "It's a ram."

A SMALL BELLOW covered with plush is said to have been a popular Christmas gift for young ladies to send to young gentlemen. We suppose it means: "After we're married you furnish the coal; I'll do the blowing."

"THE NEW YORK MARKET" is extensively supplied with foreign eggs. We thought our fathers cast off the foreign yolk for good more than a hundred years ago.—*Boston Transcript*.

LIVING ON FOOLS.

REV. E. W. HICKS.

John Plummer passed in society as a Christian man. Personally, also, he was a temperance man, but not a temperance voter. He held that prohibition was an enemy to temperance, and a friend to drunkenness, since men would buy most liquor when the dealer had the least right to sell. And yet he had never known a liquor dealer in all his life, who was friendly to prohibition as a means of increasing his sales.

One day while Mr. Plummer was resting on the lounge, a bell boy passed along the street, crying:

"Auction! Auction! Fine lot of household goods't be sold almost for nothing!"

"Guess that's Jim Emmons," said Mr. Plummer. "I heard yesterday that Graff was going to sell him out to-day. He has not much to sell, that's one thing."

"Well, it's too bad," replied Mrs. Plummer. "When they moved in, last fall, they seemed so comfortable, him and her."

"And so they might be still if he'd let liquor alone," was Mr. Plummer's indignant comment. "I have no sympathy with such people!"

"But his wife is not to blame," returned Mrs. Plummer. "She has worked hard, and has made as good a home as she could."

"Yes, and has worked hard to keep him out of Graff's saloon, too," added Mr. Plummer, in a mollified way. "But—"

"What right has Graff to sell them out of house and home, anyway?" he exclaimed, after a while, starting up. A minute more and he reached for his hat, and went out.

"That's the trouble with these liquor dealers," he meditated, as he walked. "If they'd behave, a man might say something for them. The business is good enough, if they'd be human, or if such sharpers as Graff didn't get into it."

"Sixty cents for a good straw mattress!" shouted the auctioneer, by the sidewalk, in front of the little home. "Last call; and sold to Graff, for sixty cents."

"Here, take it over to the barn," said the liquor dealer to his man.

"How's this, Graff?" asked Mr. Plummer. "I didn't know before that you would sell a man's bed from under him."

"On yes," answered Graff, politely. "You see I had a chattel mortgage on this stuff, and I foreclosed and advertised two weeks ago. I shan't get half what he owes me."

"What does he owe you for?"

"Seems to me, Plummer, that's my business, isn't it? Sim, have you got that paper with you?" he asked, to a man near by. "Here's my documents," he continued to Mr. Plummer.

"Oh, I don't want to see it," said the latter.

"Look at it," persisted Graff. "Somebody may say I wasn't honest." And he put in Mr. Plummer's hands this document:

THIS INDENTURE, ... Witnesseth that the said party of the first part, for and in consideration of the sum of one hundred dollars value received from the said party of the second part, do grant bargain and sell unto the said party of the second part, his heirs and assigns, the following goods and chattels, to wit: ... In witness whereof, ... J. K. EMMONS.

He handed the paper back with thanks. "That was security for a liquor debt," whispered a young man at his side, "and Emmons's wife goes out washing and knew nothing of it until to-day."

"Three pictures; how much for the lot?" shouted the auctioneer. "One's a marriage certificate with the bloom of the honey-moon still upon it. Let's see:

This is to certify that James K. Emmons, and Miss Susie Baldwin, were by me, united in marriage, in Xenia, O., on the 14th day of Feb., 1872. W. S. LEWIS, J. P.

"This family relic is for sale, gentlemen, together with these daintily framed pictures which show so plainly a woman's taste, and which speak so eloquently, gentlemen, of what has or might have been, but now will be never more!"

Mr. Plummer turned away, and walked fiercely up the street, to ease his feelings. "You're in a hurry, Plummer," cried a voice. It was Mr. Lutz, another dram-seller.

"I've been to Emmons's sale," rejoined Mr. Plummer, "and it provokes me to see what a fool he has made of himself."

"Ah, Plummer," returned the other in a facetious stage whisper, and he nudged him playfully as he spoke, "it's just such fools that business thrives on!"

"What business?" fiercely demanded Mr. Plummer but Lutz had passed on. It was enough! As a flash of lightning illuminates a landscape, so those words seemed to illuminate his mind. He saw that absolutely and necessarily—by virtue, that is, not of its accidents, but of its nature—the dram-shop business thrives on fools. Occasional drinkers could not keep the dram-shops running. Come to think of it nothing could be plainer! They must depend for their profits on large amounts, from men not able to take care of their own earnings. Following this thought came up fragments of Bible teaching on the subject.

"Mother," said he when he reached home, "where is that verse about doing as we ought toward fools?"

"I'm sure I don't know," she replied; "I would look in the Concordance." So when the lamp was lit, in the evening, he made the search, and stayed a long time over Rom. 15:1.

"We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves."

Then he leaned back and meditated. "Mother," he exclaimed at last, "you'll be surprised at what I shall say."

"Well," she quietly answered. "This whole business is robbery," he continued. "There's no saloon in this town that can live on its share of the moderate drinkers. The necessity of the business is to thrive by eating up the fools—the foolish, I mean, who can't hold their own. I have always said that a man who gave way to drink was a weak man, and I have assumed that for that reason I was justified in despising him. But he is of the very kind whose case we are charged with. We are commanded to take his part, and not his property. He belongs to us!"

Mrs. Plummer assented, adding: "I'm sorry for Mrs. Emmons."

"So am I," her husband replied, "but it's conviction, not sorrow, that moves me just now. Why, Maria," he continued, rising to his feet, and taking a turn around the room, "how is it I never saw this before? They must make their profits by robbing the weak, and they are doing it, and expect to do it, and we've always known that they do it. And it's contrary to all Bible and all humanity—that's plain!"

"What will they say, John,—" "I don't care what they say, only I hope that they will say enough to stir me up and keep me moving. One thing is certain, any man who is honest must either disprove my position, or come on my side. That's so, is it not, Maria?"

"Yes," she answered.—Union Signal.

NO HUMAN CREATURE BUT HAS INFLUENCE.

There are women's hearts bleeding to-night—there are dear little children who are in misery because their fathers and mothers are given up to drink; and shall we, whose lines are fallen in pleasant places, stand by and not care for the men and women who are selling their souls for drink? Shall we women not put forth our hands and give the whole interest of our hearts to this question? It is not much that one individual can do. But, oh! let us do that little. We have each a little circle around us, and no one can tell what a man or a woman can do by their efforts, their influence, and, above all, their prayers. There is no human creature but has an influence. And God gives every human being the message of His Holy Spirit to instruct us what to do and what to leave undone. Don't let us turn a heedless ear to the cries that come from the miserable homes in the Cowgate and Canongate. Let us listen, and ask for strength and wisdom to do something in this cause. It may be very little, but I believe that every young person, even the very youngest, has

something to do. Young women have a very great influence, and young men also among their associates. Oh! if the young men and young women would take up this cause they would make a mighty phalanx that could not be resisted. Let no young woman go with any one who will not give up the drink—and let no young man be led into danger for the sake of good social companionship. I hope every young man and young woman here will take up this matter of total abstinence, and take it up in union with their associates—Miss Wigham's address.

WHAT CAUSES MUCH SUFFERING?

Working late one summer's evening in a garden which fronted the high road, I became aware of a little figure standing by the railings, and presently that a pair of very bright eyes were watching me.

"Well! do you like gardening?" I asked gaily. But there was no laughter in the voice which answered.

"I can't do no gardening, I am lame."

"What is the matter then, it will soon get cured, will it not? Suppose we find a few strawberries, they are so cool and nice this hot evening." As I offered the child the fruit he held out a wasted little hand and I saw that one leg was useless—he walked upon crutches.

"I am afraid it is the poor hip which ails, is it not?"

"Yes, it's the hip—the bone comes out, they can't cure it, can't the doctors." No, poor little fellow, only to be cured in that land where the inhabitants shall not say, "I am sick."

I learned afterwards that a drunken father had by a kick, intended for his wife, shattered this baby's hip when he was only three years old—three years more of suffering and the child was released from his woe.

In talking with a lady friend recently, she exclaimed angrily, "I do not believe that strong drink causes all these terrible sufferings—it is so absurd of intelligent persons to have but one idea," and yet I have never known an individual who has sought to assist the sorrowful or those who are maimed, amongst the poor, who has not had this "one idea" so firmly implanted in the mind that nothing could eradicate it, namely that although philanthropy can and does cure its thousands, strong drink is slaying all the while its tens of thousands.—British Woman's Temperance Journal.

GO HOME AND MAKE THE BEST OF YOUR SORROW.

BY HELEN M. GOUGAR.

Last evening, after tea, a gray-haired mother accompanied by her beautiful daughter, called at my house to ask me if there was any way to save herself and her family of children from the curse of the rum traffic. For two weeks her eldest son and her husband have been on a drunken delirium. Night after night these men have returned from the saloon near by, drunk and abusive; night after night these women have been obliged to endure all this with no redress whatever at their command. They have begged, they have pleaded, they have threatened these diseased men, but to no avail. Heart-broken they came to see if there was no protection for them under the law. The following interview took place:

"Do you know where they get their drink?"

"Yes," replied the mother, "at John R.'s saloon."

"Have you warned him not to sell to your husband and son?" was asked.

"Yes," the mother replied. "I have gone to him and pleaded with him, telling him how he was ruining my family, and that seemed to do no good; then I took witnesses and warned him according to law, and he told me insultingly that I had better give a pair of antaloons to wear, and blow a policeman's whistle to frighten me. He gives drink at all times; his place is open on Sunday, and poor, ragged, destitute children can be seen going in and out of his place on that day carrying beer to their homes, and we have no rest from this curse even on the Sabbath."

"What could I say to this woman? I could reply, 'Madam, Mr. John R. does

business under the seal of State. Back of his bar he has an official document, duly signed and paid for, that licenses him to destroy your son and your husband and your home. He has a right, under the protection of the State, to break your heart, to silver your hair with sorrow, to make paupers of your children. You must grin and bear it as best you can." "But my son is in gaol to-day—beaten up by a drunken man, poor boy—and it seems as if my heart would break," said the poor mother.

"O, yes," we replied, "Mr. John R. is protected by law in making men drink, and, of course, this brings their brutal passions to the surface, and our goals and prisons must take these dangerous men out of the streets. An Act of Parliament makes all this strictly legal, and there is no redress for you. Mr. R. is all right—you are all wrong. You are a woman; go home and make the best of your sorrow; there are hundreds and thousands of wives and sisters who have the same trouble to bear; all over this land whose lawfare built upon this foundation principle that all law derives its just power from the consent of the governed."—Home Protection Monthly.

LIFE INSURANCE.

We see it stated that a British life insurance company gives teetotalers a rebate of twenty percent on its rates for moderate drinkers. Of course, like other companies, it will not insure drunkards at all. This allowance is, we are convinced, quite within the mark. If two hundred persons, all healthy and respectable, but one-half of them teetotalers and the other moderate drinkers, insured their lives at the age of twenty-one, they would, according to the old system, be averaged together at the same rate. This would be most unfair, however, as the teetotalers would on the average be likely to live at least twenty years longer than the drinkers. That is to say, if the average of the whole was forty years, the actual average of the drinkers would probably be thirty years, whilst the average probability of the teetotal class would probably be fifty years. Thus, to get the same amount at death the drinkers would only have to pay thirty years premiums, and the teetotalers would have to pay fifty years' premiums. To deduct 20 percent from the latter class would not, therefore, equal the difference. The spread of total abstinence principles within the last half century has been the cause of great profits to insurance companies, who have perfect bonanzas in the teetotalers, who engaged, it may be forty or fifty years ago, to pay the same premiums with drinkers, and who may have to pay for twenty or thirty years more than the drinkers who were averaged with them. The teetotaler has less need to insure other point of view than the drinker to insure his life, as he can himself save and use to advantage the money he would pay to a life insurance company to save and use for him.—N. Y. Witness.

To ARREST the hereditary craving for alcohol, is one phase of the temperance movement so peculiarly within the province and power of women, that to call attention to it in the Journal seems desirable. Medical authorities assure us that this craving is often produced by nursing mothers imbibing stimulants when nursing infantile life. As an abstinence of forty-three years' experience I have painfully observed this hereditary taint, and have watched it descend for two generations, and at this moment can point to young people struggling with this hereditary craving, through the drinking habits of their ancestors. Surely, as women, our path is plain to abstain from alcohol in every form, and in so doing we shall not only benefit ourselves but generations yet unborn.—British Woman's Temperance Journal.

OTATEMEL MUSH ROLLS.—Take cold oatmeal mush, and work lightly into it enough Graham flour to mould it into rolls. Do not overwork it, as too much kneading spoils the effect. Roll out the dough with the hands on the moulding board into a long roll, about an inch and a half in diameter, cut off pieces three inches long, and bake on the grate of a quick oven half an hour. Serve warm or cold.

"WE'LL GET IT IF WE BE EARN-EST ENOUGH."

"Oh, yes," said the old woman, "we're sure to get it if we be earnest enough."

We had been speaking of forgiveness of sin, and a place in the family of God; and these, she thought, were to be got only by her earnest praying.

"And have you got it yet?" I asked. She shook her head mournfully and replied, "No, I'm fear'd I haven't got it just yet."

"What! have you not been asking it?" "Surely, surely, but I doubt I haven't been so earnest as I would need to be."

"And when do you think you will be as earnest as you need to be?"

The old woman looked very miserable after a pause, she answered, "Ah, well, I don't know; but I'm sure we'll get it if we be earnest enough."

"Are you needing any money?" I inquired.

Looking both pleased to have done with the worry of such troublesome questioning, and surprised at the sudden change of subject, the old woman faintly smiled and said, "Oh, ay; I'm ne'er above the need o' that."

"Would twenty pounds do you any good?"

"Hoos! the half o't would make me a lady."

"Well, you had better go down to the bank and ask twenty pounds from the banker."

"Oh, ye're jokin' me now," said the old woman, with a puzzled air. "The banker would think I was gone wrong in the mind if I did the like o' that."

"But ask earnestly; be earnest enough, and tell him that he must give it, for you cannot do without it."

"What would he care for my earnestness? He would send for the police."

"And why would he not care for your earnestness—why would he not give you the money?"

"Nay! 't would he give me the money for when I have none in his bank?"

"Oh, then, he gives money only to those that have it in his hands."

"I'm sure ye know that well," said the old woman quite knowingly.

"Yes, I know it. The banker is there to do what is right, and he will give money to no one except those who have a right to receive it. Is not this the case?"

"Yes," she said, "I believe it is."

"Then you cannot get any money from the banker for your own sake. Now, suppose that you try another way. Suppose that you know a kind and wealthy gentleman who has plenty of money in this bank, and who, besides, is interested in you. Well, suppose you go to him and tell him your need, and, after he has heard you out, he smiles and says, 'Now you have done me the greatest favor you could have done me, for I feel it such a pleasure to help you.' And so saying, he fills up an order out of his bank book instructing the banker to pay you twenty pounds on demand, and charge the sum to his account. Now, what would you do with that little bit of paper he gives you?"

"I would tak' it to the bank and get the silver with it," she said.

"But would you not need to ask the money very earnestly?"

"Nay, nay! the bit o' paper would be plenty of itself, I'm thinkin'."

"Yes, certainly, everything depends on that bit of paper and the name that is written on it. If you take the paper with you, you will at once get the money for the sake of him whose name is written at the bottom of it; but if you go without the paper, all your earnest asking will be quite useless, and why? Because it would not be right in the banker to give it to you. The banker, you see, will give you nothing for your own sake, but he will give you any amount your friend pleases, for your friend's sake."

"And now I wish you to attend very carefully to the application of this little parable to the subject we were speaking about. Do you know that you have nothing at all in God's bank, and that it is quite out of the question for you to expect such great blessings as forgiveness of sins, and such like, when you ask them in your own name, however earnestly you may ask? Ah, my friend, your name has as little weight in God's bank as it has in man's. Now, it is a blessed fact that God is willing to give to the sinner,—nay, that He delights in giving; but then He will give us only

in a way that is just and righteous. In order that there might be such a way for God to forgive our sins and bless us, He sent His beloved Son to bear our sins Himself, and thus become the Author of eternal salvation to all who believe in His name. And now, since the Lord Jesus has done all this, God is quite ready to pardon and to bless any sinner at once; but it must be clearly understood that what He gives us He gives only for Jesus' sake and not for our own. Now, you have been all along completely setting aside the name of the Lord Jesus; and when you did go to ask anything from God, you have been expecting to get it, not for Christ's sake, but for the sake of your own earnest praying. You have been going to God's bank, you see, without the little bit of paper that was needed to get what you wanted. Is not this true?"

"I'm fear'd it's over true," said the old woman, as the light of a new and seasonable truth lighted up her countenance.

"Will you please to read Psalm xxv. 11?"

She got the verse and read, "For Thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity; for it is great."

"You see from this, that though David's sin was as great as yours or mine, he both asked and expected God's forgiveness; but notice that he expected to be forgiven, not for his own sake, or for his earnest asking, but for Thy name's sake, pardon mine iniquity." You see that he did not like you, for he took care to have a little bit of paper with him when he went to the bank. And it is quite the same all through the Old and New Testaments. Please to read a verse in the New—Acts iv. 12."

She read, "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."

"Now, you see from this," said I, "that we are saved on account of a name; and that there is no name whatever that is of any use to us, save only the one name of the Lord Jesus. Now, don't you see that you have been using your name instead of Christ's, and you have expected to get what you asked if you only asked it earnestly enough? Ah, you must do as Jesus bids you; you must use His name, and then you will get it for His dear sake, for the Word of God says that 'whosoever calleth on the name of the Lord shall be saved.' You close your prayers with the words 'for Christ's sake,' don't you?"

"Oh, yes," she said, "I never miss that; but I see now that I never have been thinkin' on what it means."

"No, you have used it as a mere form, whereas, in truth, it is by far the most important part of any prayer. Do you think that you understand what I have been saying to you?"

"I understand it well. I never saw it so plain before."

"Well, be sure, then, to make immediate use of your knowledge. Oh, how solemn it is to be so near to death as you are and yet not be pardoned! On no account allow yourself to put it off to another day. Jesus is ready, God is ready. All are invited to come and receive. God is freely pardoning not those who ask earnestly enough, but those who think they have fewest sins, but He is pardoning all who come to Him trusting only in the blood of Jesus."—The Word of Life.

A LOVE TEST.

The bright eyes closed as the anxious mother leaned over the little sufferer. She was a Christian mother. She had joined the Church in her girlhood, but had been, like many other Christians, satisfied with regular attendance on Sunday services—morning and evening—and an occasional presence at Wednesday night prayer meeting. She had not forsaken her faith; but as she bent over the form of her darling—her only daughter—a sense of helplessness rushed over her—a helplessness that forces the spirit from all earthly support to the heavenly—and opened her eyes to the half-hearted service she had been rendering the Object of her faith. God had been good to her. He had blessed her in home, in friends, and in the gift of this lovely daughter. How had she shown her gratitude? Had she neglected the little one? O no! She may have neglected her prayer-meetings, her missionary meetings, her Church work—but the child, no, never! never the dear little one! She had busted herself con-

stantly in its behalf. She had sacrificed convenience, ease, personal comfort to minister to its wants and promote its happiness. Yes, she had left nothing undone. But now the Almighty Father was calling for the child—for her dear little daughter. How can she give her up? Never again look into those soft blue eyes? Never again hear the patter of those little feet? "Father! Father! spare my darling!" burst from her lips. The child opens her eyes, looks into the mother's face with rare intelligence, and speaks: "Mamma, I dreamed of the poor little girl I heard the preacher tell about last Sunday. He said she had no one to love her, and did not know Jesus. I dreamed she held out her hands for me to help her. I am sorry for her. I cannot go to her now, but I will tell her of Jesus when I get well. Will you let me go?"

"Yes; O yes, my daughter," the mother replied; "but you will have to go far away to help the little girl. You will not leave your mother, will you?"

"Will you not go with me mamma? Do you not wish to help her too?"

As the little one again dozed off, the mother's heart smote her that the calls of heathen children had received so little thought. Their cries had fallen upon ears filled with sounds of happy voices; upon a heart absorbed in home interests.

Again the feeble voice of the child was heard: "Mamma, I cannot go to help that poor girl now; I am too tired. Will you not go? Tell her mamma, I wanted to come and tell her that Jesus loves little girls; that he will give her a home in heaven some time. Mamma don't forget."

"Don't forget!" were the last words that fell from the sweet lips. The gentle spirit passed up with the first rays of the morning. No need to ask if that mother "forgets." She never forgets. She neglects no duty, no necessary home work, but the voice of her little daughter floats about her, ever whispering, "Tell her of Jesus!" No unanswered call for missionary work comes to that home now; no trivial excuse ever keeps that mother from the missionary meeting. Very strange indeed should that mother ever lose interest in heathen children. Her love of her departed child constrains. What of the love of Jesus? Did he not say, "Do this in remembrance of me?" "Go into all the world, and disciple the nations." Do we, his followers, forget?—Stanford, Ky. Southern Leaflet.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes)

March 8.—Acts 24: 10-27.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

Review the last lesson so as to bring out clearly the circumstances of to-day's lesson. Picture out the scene as given in the intervening verses. The pretorium, or judgment hall of Herod; Felix on the judge's seat; Paul, the prisoner at the bar; Ananias and leading members of the Sanhedrim from Jerusalem as accusers of Paul, with a bright, unscrupulous Roman lawyer to plead their cause. Note the flattery with which he begins.

The charges brought against Paul by him were three, as given in the notes. The first part of the lesson to-day is Paul's answer to these charges against him.

The contrast. We have in this lesson two contrasted characters, both brought before a judgment-seat, both charged with guilt,—Paul before Felix's judgment seat, Felix before the bar of his own conscience,—and we are to study the lessons taught by each.

1. An approving conscience.

(1) Paul's answer to the first charge,—of sedition. Illustration. Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, describing Faithful and Christian in Vanity Fair, with the charges brought against them. (2) Felix's answer to the second charge,—of heresy, innovation in religion, bringing in a new religion. Study the five answers given to this in the notes.

Note the hopefulness and comfort of the Christian in view of the future, as contrasted with Felix's terror in view of the same.

Note, too, the care and pains Paul takes to live a right life.

Illustration from any work your scholars may be interested in, as learning music, as speaking a language, or learning a trade. There is no perfection without careful practice.

(3) Paul's answer to the third charge,—of

profaning the temple. In all cases, a simple statement of the facts was enough. And yet Paul was not released. But Felix, afraid to do right, and not willing to do a gross wrong without sufficient motive, regarded Paul as innocent, but yet deferred giving judgment in his favor.

II. A condemning conscience. Picture the interview of Paul with Felix and Drusilla in private. Note the bad character of both.

Paul's discourse convinced them of sin by holding up a picture of what was right.

Illustration. We see the faults in a picture by comparing it with a perfect picture. We see how small we are by standing beside those much larger. So Christ convicts men of sin by his perfect life. So all good men convict bad men of sin, and hence are hated by them.

Dwell on righteousness and temperance. The application was by means of the judgment to come.

Felix trembled, for he saw himself a sinner without hope. He ought to tremble. All sinners should tremble. Paul found joy in the same judgment to come, because his sins were forgiven by Jesus Christ; he had repented, and was striving after perfect holiness.

Putting off duty to a more convenient season.

Illustration from the oft observed fact that if we neglect to obey the alarm clock that awakes us in the morning, it soon ceases to wake us. So conscience disobeys. See also Southey's poem of the *Inchcape Bell*.

Illustration. Paul's long imprisonment, and the good that may have resulted from it, may be illustrated by Bunyan's long imprisonment, that seemed so evil, and yet was the means of giving the *Pilgrim's Progress* to the world, which has done more good than the twelve years of preaching could have done.

Question Corner.—No. 3.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1. Who was the first foreign missionary?
2. Tell from what place he started and mention in order the places he visited on his first missionary tour.
3. How many journeys did he make, and to what place was his last voyage?
4. Who was the first Christian martyr.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Initials and finals give the names of two towns in Palestine. One of the spies who heeded God's command.

A heathen race who dwelt in Israel's land! When did the Holy Ghost in fire descend? Who left his mantle for his dearest friend? A gentle wife, whose son was sold a slave! Name of contempt that foes to Jesus gave! A guilty queen who perished by the sword! Helper in Christ, saluted in the Lord! Her people safe, she led a mighty throng! Praising the Lord with timbrel, dance and song!

No trace of town or temple can you see My site to tell, For Jesus once declared that I should be Cast down to hell. Initial letters soon will show my sad Dishonored name, I perished, though I kindly warning had Of coming shame. Turn to the finals, for they sweetly ring With angel-song: And memories too of Israel's shepherd-king To them belong: Amid green hills the little village stands A silent spot, Yet Christian hearts in many distant lands Forget her not.

- ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 1.
1. Obadiah. 1 Kings 18: 4.
2. Ruth; she was David's great-grandmother. Ruth 4: 17.
3. To the tribe of Judah and the family of David. Matt. 1: 1, 16.
4. The parable of the unjust judge. Luke 17: 2.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

GENESIS—MATTHEW.

- 1. G-erizim Deut. 31: 20
2. E-lisha 2 Kings xlii. 21.
3. N-ight Rev. xxi. 25.
4. E-gypt Exod. xxii. 2.
5. S-trenght Isa. xiv. 4.
6. I-nsobriance 1 Peter 1: 4.
7. S-hado-w Job viii. 9.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from H. E. Greene, and Albert Jesse French.

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From International Question Book)

LESSON VII.—FEBRUARY 15.

PAUL'S DEFENCE.—ACTS 22: 1-21.

COMMIT VERSES 12-16.

GOLDEN TEXT

And I said, What shall I do, Lord?—Acts 22: 10.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Conversion to Christ is the great need of all men.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Acts 22: 1-21. T. Acts 9: 1-18. W. Gal. 1: 1-24. Th. John 1: 1-18. F. Rom. 9: 1-18. Sa. Rom. 9: 1-21. Su. 1 Tim. 1: 1-17.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. BROTHERS, FATHERS—these, and many others expressions, would tend to conciliate the Jews. 2. HEAN ALREADY—most famous and strict Jewish teacher. 3. THIS WAY—the trooper—the way of life. 4. THE HIGH PRIEST—Theophilus, still living when Paul spoke. 5. KNOW OF THE ELDERS—the Sanhedrin, of which Paul was once a member. 6. A GREAT LIGHT—In which he saw Jesus himself (ch. 9: 7, 22-18). 7. HEARD NOT THE VOICE—he did not understand it as language though they heard a sound (9: 7). 8. I COULD NOT SEE—he was blind three days (ch. 9: 18). 9. JUST ONE—Jesus. 10. WENT AWAY THY STUB—baptism was a sign of it. 11. CLEANSING—HE. AND I SAID—Paul here gives the reason why he wanted to remain here and preach to the Jews.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where did we leave Paul in our last lesson? Give a brief account of the mob and its crosses? What led him to make the address in this lesson? In what language did he speak? Why? What was its effect on the mob?

SUBJECT: PAUL'S CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

I. HIS LIFE PREVIOUS TO CONVERSION (vs. 1-5).—Where was Paul born? What do we know of his parents? (Acts 22: 28; Phil. 3: 5.) Where was Paul educated? What trade did he learn? What was Paul's character before conversion? Did it seem changing? What was his great lack? (1 Cor. 13: 1-3.) How did he show his zeal? Who could bear witness to what he said?

II. HIS CONVERSION (vs. 6-10).—Where was Paul converted? How long was he at his time? How was he converted? Who did he see? How did he see? How long was he blind? What did he see? How long was he blind? (9: 18.) What miracle probably took place at that time? What did Ananias do for him? Who brought him with him? (9: 17.) What miracle was presented to Paul? (9: 17.) How did he come to Christ? What did his baptism signify? What more did Paul do? Note the various steps in Paul's conversion. What stage did his conversion work in his life and character?

III. HIS LIFE WORK (vs. 17-21).—How long after his conversion did Paul go up to Jerusalem? How long did he stay there? Who appeared to him there? In what place? What was to Paul's work? Was it a worthy and needed work? What is your life? How did Paul plan to remain and preach to his brethren?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. A Christian experience is the best argument against opposers. II. If Paul needed conversion, we all need this thing. III. The greatest power for convicting men of sin is seeing Jesus as he is. IV. God has some special work for each converted person to do.

AN ANGRY INCIDENT occurred recently at a church in the west of London. One of the churchwardens was observed to cast uneasy glances toward an individual wearing a sailor jacket and cap of a seafaring and jaunty appearance, which latter surmounted a clean, shaven face and closely cut hair. After a little while the churchwarden approached the sailor lad and whispered softly, "Can you take off your hat? Is there any reason why you can't take off your hat?" by the discomfited look of the questioner as he returned to his seat, and the appearance of the rest of the audience as the seaman of the hat walked out of church at the conclusion of the service, it was evident that the sharp reply was, "I am a girl!"—Eng. Ek.

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COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, Feb. 3, 1885.

Wheat has been steady this week, never going over \$3 May, however, and the flour market has been weaker so it is extremely quiet. English reports are favorable, the winter wheat looking well and farmers' delivery increasing in quantity steadily. Very little grain has been moved in Canada for a month past and unless the price goes up it will not move freely this winter as those who now hold are able to do so.

Chicago has been steady but very quiet and lower in price. We quote:—Wheat at 77c Feb, 77c March, 83c May. Corn is quoted at 36c Feb and 37c May. The local wheat market is steady and stagnant. We quote Canada Red Winter, 86c to 88c; White, 84c to 86c; Spring 84c to 86c; Peas, 70c to 71c; Oats, 31c. Barley, 50c to 60c. Corn 56c.

FLOUR.—There is very little doing on change. The quotations are:—Superior Extra, \$4.15 to \$4.25; Extra Superior, \$4.00 to \$4.10; Fancy \$3.90; Spring 84c to \$3.80; Superior, \$3.50 to \$3.60; Strong Bakers' (Canadian), \$4.00 to \$4.25; Strong Bakers' (American), \$4.50 to \$5.00; Fine, \$3.25 to \$3.30; Middlings, \$3.10; Pollards, \$2.80 to \$2.90; Ontario bags, (bags included) Medium, \$1.90 to \$2.00; Spring Extra, \$1.90 to \$2.00; Superior, \$1.60 to \$1.70; City Bags, (delivered), \$2.25.

MEALS unchanged.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Both butter and cheese are quiet and unchanged. We quote as follows:—Creamery, 21c to 23c; Eastern Townships, 19c to 20c; Western, 13c to 16c. Cheese is unchanged at 12c to 12c for September and October, and 8c to 11c for other makes.

Eggs, fresh are selling at 20c to 21c, as to quality.

HOG PRODUCTS are very quiet. We quote:—Western Mess Pork \$15 to \$15.25; Hams, city cured, 12c to 13c; Bacon, 12c to 13c; Lard, western, in pails, 10c to 10c 1/2; Canadian, 10c; Tallow, common refined, 7c to 8c.

ASHES are very weak. Pots selling at \$3 45 to \$3 50 as to tars.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

The supply of butchers' cattle continues in excess of the demand and prices continue unusually low for this season of the year. Cattle reports of a considerable decline in the prices of cattle in Britain have put a damper on the operations of shippers for the present and this helps to depress prices of good butchers' cattle, which now sell at from 4c to 4 1/2c per lb.; rough steers, good bulls and large fat cows bringing from 3c to 3 1/2c do. Common dry cows, milkmen's strippers and leanish steers sell at from 2c to 2 1/2c per lb. The number of sheep offered continues much larger than usual and prices are very low. Very few live hogs are being offered, yet prices are drooping or from 4c to 4 1/2c per lb. Good milch cows are scarce and bring higher prices, or from \$50 to \$60 each, but common and inferior cows are plentiful and difficult of sale. The horse market was very brisk during the past week and many of the Americans who visited the Carnival took a team with them upon returning to their homes.

FARMERS' MARKET.

There was a very large attendance of farmers at the markets during Carnival week and liberal supplies of produce were offered, oats, beef quarters and hay being much more plentiful than usual, and lower prices prevailed. This week the cold and blustering weather has had a depressing influence on the attendance at the markets and prices have about recovered their former level. The demand for fruit has been active of late and prices are higher all round; the same remarks apply to dead poultry. Oats are 75c to 80c per bag; peas, 80c to 90c per bushel; beans \$1.50 to \$1.80 do; potatoes 35c to 50c per bag; turnips, carrots, beets and onions 30c to 50c per bushel; cabbages 40c to 60c per barrel; butter 14c to 50c per lb; eggs 22c to 50c per dozen; apples \$2.50 to \$3.25 per barrel; dressed hogs 6c to 7c per lb; mutton carcasses 5c to 6c do; young turkeys 9c to 14c per lb; geese 7c to 9c do; fowls 6c to 12c do; ducks 12c to 10c do; hay \$6.00 to \$9.00 per 100 bundles.

NEW YORK, Feb. 2, 1885.

GRAIN.—Wheat, 89c Feb.; 91c Mar.; 91c April; 94c May; 94c June. Corn, 49c Feb.; 49c March; 49c April; 48c May. Rye, quiet, 63c. Oats, dull; 36c Feb. 36c March, 35c May. Peas nominal.

FLOUR.—We quote:—Spring Wheat—Superfine, \$2.75 to \$2.90; Low Extra, \$3.05 to \$3.25; Clears, \$3.85 to \$4.75; Straight \$4.00 to \$5.00; Patent, \$4.75 to \$6.00. Winter Wheat—Superfine, \$2.75 to \$3.00; Low Extra, \$3.05 to \$3.25; Clears (R. and A.), \$4.25 to \$4.50; Straight (R. and A.), \$4.25 to \$5.30; Patent, \$4.70 to \$5.70; Straight (White Wheat), \$4.35 to \$5.25; Low Extra (City Mills), \$3.25 to \$3.35; West India, sacks, \$3.60 to \$3.85; barrels, West India, \$4.75; Patent, \$4.70 to \$5.70; South America, \$4.85 to \$5.00; Patent \$4.75 to \$5.85. Southern Flour—Extra \$3.50 to \$4.75; Family, \$4.90 to \$5.50; Patent, \$4.85 to \$5.60. Rye Flour—Fine to superfine, \$2.40 to \$3.50.

MEALS.—Cornmeal, \$3.10 to \$3.30 in bins; oatmeal, \$5.00 to \$5.90 per bl.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Butter unchanged. Creamery, ordinary to select 15c to 25c; Half firkins, ordinary to best 16c to 37c; Welsh tubs 19c to 25c; Western ordinary factory, to choice imitation creamery, 9c to 25c. Cheese, state factory, ordinary to full cream, 3c to 13c. Ohio flats, fair to choice 6c to 11c; Skims 1c to 3c.

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