

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

Vol. III.

MONTREAL AND NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1884.

No. 6.

TO OUR READERS.

We are happy to tell you that the *Weekly Messenger* begins the year with great promise, judging by returns so far. Please help the "boom" by telling everybody that this is one of the very best as well as cheapest weekly papers going. Only fifty cents a year, or forty cents to clubs of five. Address all communications to JOHN DUGGALL & SON, Montreal, Canada.

MAKING WINTER MERRY.

All America and most of the rest of the world have heard of Montreal's new institution—the Winter Carnival. Montreal undisputedly claims to be the metropolis of winter sports upon this hemisphere if not the globe. There the rough plays of the Indians when lords of the continent, and the equipments and implements necessary to enable both them and the pioneers of civilization to move about in the pursuit of the necessities of life, are refined down somewhat and applied to the wholesome recreation of the busy and industrious people of a modern city. Besides the snow-shoe and the toboggan—those early methods for travelling and freighting through the trackless wilds—all the outdoor sports of countries of an older civilization—skating, curling, etc.—find a natural home and headquarters in Montreal. Probably the snow-shoers are the merriest and most enthusiastic sportsmen of the city. At all events, we believe it was at one of their social assemblies that the idea started to have a grand snow-shoers' meet, and as the project was discussed it rapidly developed into a scheme for a grand carnival of winter sports to be advertised far and wide and people everywhere invited to visit the goodly city under the shade of Mount Royal and share in the festivities. No sooner was this proposed than it was put into speedy effect, and last year found Montreal thronged with visitors from many parts of Canada and the neighboring States, who for a week shared with the residents the crisp, pure, exhilarating air of this region, and in their outdoor merry-making and indoor hospitality. Although a first attempt, the winter carnival of 1883 was unanimously voted a success and the determination was formed of making the event an annual one. Readers of the *Messenger* last year were given a picture of the centre piece of all the seasonable gaieties—the ice palace. This, like the carnival itself, is this year repeated upon a grander scale, and our readers are again presented with a view on paper of this beautiful piece of architecture—this mammoth bauble that delights and fascinates old perhaps more deeply even than young people. Our readers who are not privileged to see the reality must, to thoroughly enjoy the picture given elsewhere, imagine it glowing with a dozen electric lights in its chambers and towers, each with an effulgence like that of the sun in a cloudless sky, now and then flashing up with colored glares from chemical lights,

and without an army of snow-shoers in their brilliant attire marching about the too short-lived thing of beauty, every one bearing a flaming torch. A very important aid to the imagination will be found in the leading details of the structure. It consists of 10,000 blocks of ice, each about 40 inches long by 20 inches wide, and varying from a foot upward in thickness. The end in view from view is semi-circular in form. The central tower is 80 feet high and the walls of its lower story are six feet nine inches thick. The front is 160 feet long, and the building contains four doors or rather openings. Messrs. Hutchison & Steele, one of the leading architectural firms in the city, designed the castle and the most skilled masons were employed in building it. Its cost was about \$3,200. Another striking feature of the carnival was the "living arch," but we have not space to describe it this week. Many thousands of people have been attracted to the city by the carnival.

BAD NEWS FROM THE SOUDAN.

Again have the rebels against Egyptian authority in the Soudan been victorious, driving the Egyptian soldiers before them and cutting them down by thousands. Baker Pasha, a former British officer, with a staff largely composed of European officers, led the Egyptian troops. The latter consisted of 3,500 men, a large proportion being raw recruits, undrilled and undisciplined and without proper arms or even any arms at all in some cases when they went to the front. He was endeavoring to advance from Trinkitat to Tokar by degrees, throwing up entrenchments as he proceeded, but when only a few miles out his forces were completely surrounded by the rebels. Spies had falsely reported that the proposed route was clear of the enemy. Baker Pasha tried to form a solid square to resist the imminent onslaught, but a regiment of his command was too demoralized by fear to take its allotted place. The result was a charge upon the uncompleted side of the square quickly followed by a complete rout. Baker and the European officers did their utmost to rally the cowardly troops, but in vain and then they accomplished the remarkable feat of fighting their way out of the trap with 1,500 men, leaving 2,000 behind them killed and wounded. With the remnant of his troops Baker escaped to Trinkitat, and he embarked there at once on the gunboat "Ranger" for Suakim. Of course the British Government comes in for a large share of criticism for the defeat, that is attributed by its opponents to slackness of its administration of Egyptian affairs.

A TEMPERANCE CAMPAIGN.

The Dominion Alliance, at its annual meeting in Ottawa a few days ago, decided to start a prohibition campaign from end to end of Canada. Advantage is to be taken, for the first grand movement, of the legislation already existing in the Canada Temperance Act, whereby local prohibition in counties or cities can be obtained by the vote of a majority of the people. When that

measure shall have been generally adopted by the country, legislators can no longer say that the people are not ready for prohibition. Agitation in this campaign will do a great deal in itself in the way of educating the people in the principles that should govern the whole question. There can be no doubt that after the first struggle is over there will be a great many less believers in the possibility of regulating the liquor traffic by means of license laws than there are now. It has also been decided by the Alliance to make a stroke for general prohibition at once by having Parliament divided upon the question at the present session. That is a thing that should be done at every session of every legislative body in America until victory is achieved over the whole continent. "Divide the house" is the word, and let the people see just where their representatives stand upon this all-important question.

AN ENGLISH NOBLEMAN visiting New York had a cock-fight got up for his own amusement at Hunter's Point, Long Island, he paying all expenses. About fifty persons were present, and eight battles were fought. If he is an average sample of British nobility, it is no wonder democratic ideas are gaining ground in Great Britain.

M. DE BRAZZA, the French explorer in Africa, is believed to be dead, having been surrounded by hostile natives at last accounts. He will be remembered as the crafty rival of Mr. Stanley, the American, in the conquest of the Congo territory.

A LEAGUE OF MOUNTAIN TRIBES in Albania lately revolted and secured the government. It then attacked Montenegro to prevent a cession of Albanian territory to that principality. The Albanians were repulsed, and the Montenegro frontier is being reinforced. Rebellion is being fomented in Bosnia and Herzegovina, and large quantities of arms are being sent into these countries. That part of the world seems to have little, if any, more peace than when it was under Turkish dominion, but surely something better must be in store for the brave and hardy races inhabiting its mountains and vales.

FRANCE IS PILING UP DEBT at a rapid rate. A new loan is being negotiated for 350,000,000 francs and the budget for next year will exceed this year's by 30,000,000 francs. Mr. Clemenceau attacked the Government in the Legislature the other day, saying crushing taxes and high rent caused the suffering of the workmen.

AN IMPORTANT TRANSACTION in telegraph business has taken place in the United States. The Baltimore & Ohio Telegraph Company, which is the principal owner in a new Atlantic cable about being laid, has bought railway telegraph lines extending from New York to Chicago, taking in all the leading points between. This adds largely to a system that was already pretty extensive, and now the Baltimore & Ohio stands a not despicable competitor with the Western Union Company.

MARY GILCHRIST, from Bruce, Ontario, has lost her reason through excitement produced by attendance upon the services of the Salvation Army in Toronto.

A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT happened an accommodation train on the Indianapolis & Chicago Air Line on January 31st, about seven miles from Indianapolis. A bridge of two spans crossing the White River gave way beneath the train, and five of the hands and one passenger were either killed outright or burned to death in the flames that immediately enveloped the cars. Several others were injured, one or two fatally. When the train had entered upon the bridge the engineer was in the baggage car after a drink of water. The fireman felt the bridge giving way and put on all steam, which jerked the couplings asunder, and the engine dashed forward out of danger while the train went crashing through the bridge. The cause of the accident is said to have been defective threads on the ends of supporting rods in the bridge.

OWING TO THE DEPRECIATION of landed property in Ireland, a movement is on foot to establish a land bank to lend money to landlords to pay off encumbrances created before the Land Act of 1881, and also to lend money to tenants for the purpose of purchasing holdings.

MR. GREEN, president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, has been arguing against Government telegraphs, before the United States Senate committee on post-offices. He endeavored to show that press telegrams were very cheap now and that under Government competition the private companies would be ruined. There are about 30,000 operators and five or six thousand other telegraph employees in America. Mr. Green believed that within four years under Government these numbers would be doubled and every member of Congress would want a telegraph office in every post-office in his district.

A MAN WAS FILLING A BLAST at Sykesville, Pennsylvania, and carelessly threw a grain of powder into the flame of a lamp. The result was the explosion of a can of giant powder, which tore his hands off and badly injured several other workmen, crippling one for life.

ONE WAY OF SLAUGHTERING INNOCENTS is to wrap them up so closely that they cannot draw breath. A case of this kind is reported from Charlotte county, New Brunswick, and a like fate has often happened to infants in the Province of Quebec when taken out at this season for christening.

LATELY AT LONDON, ONTARIO, the sad spectacle was seen of a father bringing his son to justice. Thomas Fitzsimmons was suspected of having committed a certain highway robbery, and when he could not be found his father procured a warrant for him, saying he would see the law of the country enforced even if he had to bring his own son to the bar. He found the young man and took him before the magistrate, who committed him for trial upon the evidence presented, and then the father led his son to gaol.

QUINCE, AND HOW THE LORD LED HIM.

(By Miss L. Bates.)

CHAPTER XII.

THE TAVERN-KEEPER'S OFFER REFUSED.

Quince packed his bundle, taking care to slip in as many books as he could conveniently carry. He had taken leave of Esther the night before; so that there was nothing left for him to do or say. He had not thought of breakfast, but there was a bowl of bread and milk standing on the table just by the door through which he must pass. It was like Esther, and tears came into his eyes. He did not feel as if he could swallow a mouthful, but he would not have her come down to find that he had disregarded her wish or failed to appreciate her desire to have him eat something before he set out.

The bowl was returned to the table empty, and the latch was raised. Settling his cap over his forehead, Quince stepped forth firmly. This time it was not his own choice; neither was it the effect of forethought. He was starting out simply because there was no longer any need for him to remain. The person who most desired his services was gone, and his other friend was going. There was no alternative. Possibly he might not find anything better, but he must try.

The sun had not yet risen. For some minutes the boy could not bring his thoughts from Scarborough and his mother's grave. Still, his feet had taken another direction. Hugh Mercer had promised to keep the grave free from weeds, and Rachel would freshen it with violets; and when Grandmamma Evans went to her last sleep she would lie there by the side of his mother. Thus far his mother's Bible had been his guide, and it should continue to be such in the future. If he must suffer in order to satisfy the demands of an offended God, it must be; but it should never be said of him that he wantonly transgressed.

The village was behind him; not once had he suffered himself to look back, for fear his courage would forsake him. Now the fresh green of the hills was flooded with gold, birds were singing in the leafy temples by the wayside, and the tinkle of sheep-bells came from the distant meadows. Small herds of red and dun cows were being driven by boys to the pasture. He could see the brown bars, and could hear the lads calling one to another, as slipping them into place one by one, they started homeward. Farmers were coming into the village with their produce; he had not before thought of them as starting out so early.

The sun was fairly overhead before Quince stopped to take his bearings, so many things had been running through his brain, so many pages had memory opened. Thus the hours passed, and the noonday sun found him near a wood and a babbling stream of water, thoroughly tired and not a little hungry.

Flinging himself down on the fresh young grass, he watched the sparkle of the running brook, breaking away into laughing cascades and miniature falls, leaping, dancing, whirling, then soft and low, whispering to the silvery willows and sending messages to the cowslips and the clover in the fields beyond.

Opening his bundle, Quince took out the bread and cheese that Esther had placed there the night previous, and ate it with relish. Then he scooped up the water with his hands and drank eagerly. The hum of insect life was in the air, and the rippling flow of the brook was soothing. He was drowsy, but it was no time to slumber; and, carefully replacing the remainder of his lunch, he drew out his Latin Reader. He did not allow himself to read more than a page, but this rested him; besides, it would give him something to think about; and lighter-hearted from his rest, he started forward.

It was now the reverse of what it had been in the morning. Then all the farmers' waggons were going in to town; now they were driving home. One of them, coming up with the lad, halted, and his occupant asked him to get in. Very willingly was the invitation accepted.

"Looking for work?" asked the farmer.

"Yes sir," was the brief answer.

"Know much about farming?"

"I know a little about it."

"Enough to drive the cows home, I suppose?" with a chuckle.

"I planted corn and potatoes last spring;

and I cut and hauled wood in the fall after the crops were gathered in. It was on a small scale, however. That is the reason I said I knew a little," returned Quince.

"Oh, I didn't mean to undervalue your knowledge," exclaimed the farmer, feeling that the lad was really hurt. "I thought perhaps you'd been to school. You look like it."

"I have been to school this last winter," was the reply.

"Just so; I kin 'most always tell. Ten to one you've got a book in your kit," laughing good-naturedly.

"I have several books," returned Quince.

"Just so. Now what do you intend to do with 'em?"

"If I find work, I expect to do it in working hours, and then I shall have a few minutes for my book before I sleep."

"I calculate, if you turn to farm-work, you'll be too tired to study. Why, if you read the paper, you'll do well—more than I do."

There was no reply; Quince was thinking of the possibilities before him. What if he did not find work of any kind? What if it should be farm-work, with not a minute for himself?

The farmer touched up his horses, more from habit than from any desire to go faster.

"Now, if you were a good, stout hand, I could direct you to a place right off. There's a farmer over yonder pointing with his whip. He's a well-to-do man, and he's wanting men bad. I judge you're not strong enough, though."

"Perhaps not," in a low voice.

"He's a man to lay a good deal of stone wall between-times. He keeps his men first rate—gives 'em plenty to eat, and all that—and then he expects a good day's work."

"No; I don't suppose I could lay much of a stone wall," said Quince, in an undertone.

"It's 'most too early for plantin', or I might have a job for you. I wish I had; I'd like right well to give you a turn. But that it is, and you can't wait."

Quince explained that he must get something at once.

"Mostly farmers just here, but there's a village ahead. I wish I was to go further, but I turn here. You see, the horses know they're going home," laughed the farmer as the brutes turned from the main road.

"I am obliged for your kindness. It is not far to the village, you say?"

"Not more than five miles, I reckon. Quite a smart place; some heavy men there. Shouldn't be a bit wonder if you'd suit yourself to a turn."

As the horses trotted away Quince grasped his bundle and started in the direction of the village. True, the ride had rested him, as the farmer said; but five miles was not so easy to get over, especially as he had pushed himself in the morning. The farmhouses were not inviting; doubtless he would do well to keep on to the village. The idea of a "stone wall between-times" dampened his hopes with regard to farm-life.

It was hard work; more than once he was obliged to sit down on a stone by the roadside, so that it was dark and the lamps were burning when he reached the outskirts of the village, which looked at that distance to be something larger than Barnston. The streets were full of people coming and going; it was evidently a wide-awake town.

Quince was so thoroughly exhausted that it was impossible for him to feel other than despondent. The village tavern was well lighted. Dragging his weary feet up the steps, he asked for lodging; and was at once shown into a room that answered for an office and had likewise all the appointments of a regular drinking establishment.

"Do you want supper?" was asked, civilly.

"I am too tired to be hungry; I will go to bed at once, if you please," was the reply.

A small lamp with scarcely any oil in it forlode the idea of looking at a book. After all, it was rest he needed, and sleep that would make him strong for another day.

When Quince went down in the morning, the proprietor of the house gave him a searching glance. At length he said,

"Are you travelling far, lad?"

"I left Barnston yesterday, but I shall not be able to walk so far to-day."

"What takes you on such a journey, if I may be so bold?"

"I started in search of work, and I have not as yet found it."

"Good!" exclaimed the man, rubbing his hands and coming over to where Quince was standing. "I have been looking for about such a lad as you to tend bar. What do you say to stopping with me? You see, I'm for business at once. I'll give fifteen dollars a month and board you, and that'll be more'n you ever got o'ing chores," smiling blandly.

"What led you to think I had been doing chores?" Quince asked.

"Oh, you don't look as if you'd had very much hard work," was the answer. "You have not told me: will you stay for fifteen? Yes, perhaps I'll say sixteen, though I can get some one for less. But somehow I think I'd like you."

"To tend bar?" asked Quince.

"Yes; it's not hard work."

"To stand behind the counter and deal out liquor by the glass to whoever calls for it?" continued Quince.

"That is it, exactly. I see you know all about it."

"I do know how others do it, but I have never attempted it."

"That won't make a particle of difference; you can do it."

"No, I cannot do it," answered Quince, with emphasis.

"And why not, I would like to know?"

"Simply because I do not think it would be right."

"Oh, well, if you can afford to choose your employment! I thought you wanted work, and I wanted a clerk. I offered you good wages, for I fancied I'd like you; but if you can do better, of course it's right for you to do it," with a sinister expression where before there had been a laugh.

"It is not the pay, but the work, that I object to. I could not accept the position for a hundred dollars a month. No, not for the universe would I hand a glass of whiskey over the counter."

"Oh you are one of the good ones, I perceive. Well, you'd best advise right along. The day may come when you won't feel so independent. Most likely, your father took a drop too much and you're afraid of your own shadow," sarcastically.

"You are correct. My father was a hard drinker; he died in a drunken brawl. It broke my mother's heart. She died, and I am here. Do you wonder that I cannot accept of your offer?"

The man had evidently not expected anything like this. He was quite subdued.

"You may be right, boy; I cannot say but I should feel so in your place. I may say, perhaps, there are no hard drinkers in Selma; if there are, they are not my patrons. Drinking is very respectable in our village. The ladies, even, have their wine-parties."

Quince set about making his breakfast of dry bread, when the man suddenly softened into tenderness, said,

"Put up your bread, lad, and have a warm breakfast with us. You will not refuse, if we do sell liquor?" as the lad hesitated.

Quince was too kind-hearted to refuse an honest favor, and at once followed the man to the breakfast-table.

Before the meal was finished the proposition was again made to him to remain at the hotel as "bar-keeper."

"Business in almost every branch is favorable," was said, persuasively.

Still, Quince hesitated. Turn it as he would, he could not reconcile himself to the idea of living in a community where drinking was looked upon as respectable, and where ladies, even, gave wine-parties.

CHAPTER XIII.

QUINCE MEETS MR. SEAGO.

Quince walked forth with a firm step; but when the sun became high and his limbs grew weary his courage failed. Still, he kept on, asking for work whenever he passed a house or a farmer in the field. "Too early for extra hands, lad, and you don't look like a regular," was said by one; while another was sure there was something wrong when a boy like that was asking for work: "Must have run away from home, or something." At the last place a woman called him a "tramp" and shut the door in his face. Yet what was he but a tramp?

Moreover, his money was nearly gone, and only one offer had been made him. Possibly he had done wrong to refuse, and, dropping his bundle, he took a seat by the roadside

and questioned the propriety of going back; he could not; he had promised never to look at liquor, much less to handle it. How, then, was he to sell it? And to such men as Hardon, perhaps! No, no! It had not been for that vile stuff, he would now have had a home like other boys, with opportunities for study and the hope of making a man to be regarded and looked upon as others. And now! His head sunk lower; the courageous boy was actually weeping. Now what was there to hope for? "The iniquity of the fathers—" He could not go on. Darkness swept over him; the glad green earth could no longer be seen; the heavens were blotted out. Was it sleep, or had he fainted? He never knew. There was a faint tremor through his limbs and a trembling of the eyelids, and the light was once more around him; but he had fallen from the stump upon which he had been seated, and the sun was sinking toward the west.

With difficulty the lad straightened his limbs and once more grasped his bundle. He felt weak, and, glancing at the sun, he saw that he had lost valuable time. Urging himself, he reeled along the road like one who had drunk more than he could bear. Once a woman taunted him with this, and then stood in the door to see him go down the road.

At length the sun was hidden behind the tall spur of a mountain which he was passing, and still there was no promise in the outlook. Abrupt hills shot up everywhere; the farms were poor and barren, and the farmhouses were not close enough together to be neighbors. To the young traveller it seemed a solitude. A bird flitted along occasionally, but gave forth no song. A woman who had refused him shelter called out to him from the door that Chelmsford had built, a few miles beyond. Surely he had come a few miles! but there were no signs of a village.

Lifting his cap and pushing back his matted curls, the touch of the south wind comforted him. He had come round to a point from which he could see the sun again; a portion of its disk sent a shower of golden rays across the brown road and spread a glittering mat over the green bank. Blue violets nestled in the fence-corners; they reminded him of Scarborough. Gathering a handful, he bound them with a bit of blue ribbon which Esther had given him for a book-mark.

While thus engaged a sweet, fresh voice reached his ear, and presently a young girl her white apron filled with flowers, emerged from the green thicket, and was instantly followed by a gentleman of commanding appearance and genial manner.

"We have been gathering wild-flowers. And you have blue violets," the child said to Quince, without seeming to notice that he was a stranger.

"I just plucked them from the roadside. Will you please add them to your collection?" at the same time offering his bouquet to the child.

"You are very kind," interrupted the gentleman. "Gertrude will be sorry to take all that you have gathered."

"It will afford me pleasure; I have no one else to give them to," returned the lad as he picked up the book from which he had taken the blue ribbon.

Meantime Gertrude seated herself on the bank and began to arrange her flowers.

"Will you permit me to see your book?" the gentleman asked.

Quince blushed to the roots of his hair as he complied with the request.

"Latin!" exclaimed the gentleman.

"I was tired, and the reading of a few lines rested me; besides, I wanted the ribbon," answered Quince.

"How long have you studied Latin?"

"I had a teacher last winter; I have studied irregularly, just as I could."

"You are on your way to the academy, I presume?" continued the gentleman.

"No sir, I have been three days hunting work. At Selma I was offered a position in the hotel, but I did not feel that I could accept it," he answered.

The gentleman seemed determined to follow up his questioning; and when he found that the lad had declined the offer to deal out liquor, he took him by the hand:

"A boy that can bravely turn his back upon such an offer must not despair. He will find something better; I am sure of it."

"Your good opinion of me will change when I tell you I would have turned back

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had not the last sun-rays showed me the violets nestled in the fence-corners. They brought distinctly before me my mother and the promise I made to her that I would never do anything I did not feel quite sure to be right."

"That is well, my lad, and you will never lose anything by following the advice of such a mother as yours appears to have been," was the reply.

Gertrude had her flowers all arranged. "Look, papa!" holding them up admiringly.

"We must go now, Gerty," said her father.

"But, papa—" looking over to Quince. "Would you like to ask this young lad to go with us, Gerty?" he asked, as the girl hesitated.

"Yes, papa." "Will you go?" to Quince. "We live in the village, just around the hill. I presume you did not think you were already in the suburbs of a thriving little town?"

"Certainly I did not. I was informed that Chelmsford was not far distant, but I had walked on and on, and there was no appearance of a town; so I thought I had mistaken the road."

Mr. Seago proved to be a teacher in Chelmsford, and Gerty was his only child. At once becoming interested in Quince, he secured him a place as janitor in the school-building, with the privilege of using all his spare time in study.

Accustomed to make use of every precious moment, Quince entered upon his task with great energy. The students played their pranks, and many times they made him feel that his undertaking was hopeless. Then, in class, they could not endure to see go above them one who performed menial offices. Still, the lad bore it patiently; he was making progress in his books, and this encouraged him.

On Saturdays, after his work was done, he spent an hour or two with Mr. Seago in his study. At the close of the lesson Gerty was sure to come in, and sometimes she persuaded him to go with her and "see mamma." Mrs. Seago was an invalid, and in look and manner she reminded him of his mother.

When the summer vacation was at hand Quince engaged to work for a farmer until the fall term opened. The first week passed auspiciously; the farmer seemed well pleased, and he had no cause to find fault. Weary as he was at night, he found time to read a little; in the fields he declaimed and repeated aloud the lessons he had learned.

The farmer was not, in his own estimation, a hard man, but he did not believe that one day in the week was to be set aside for religious privileges. He paid his hands by the month, not by the day; consequently, he had an exclusive right to their time. Sunday was to him a work-day as well as Monday.

"What is the difference?" he said to Quince.

"The Bible says, 'Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work. But the seventh—'"

"Tut, tut, lad! You don't pretend to follow the teachings of that old book!" exclaimed the farmer.

"My mother taught me to believe the Bible," answered Quince.

"Well, I reckon your mother believed it, for that matter; but that is no reason that I should. Any way, I don't; I did 't know that anybody did at this day."

"I have seen but very few people who were willing to admit that they did not believe it."

"Well, you've met one now, and before you get much older you'll meet more, most likely. The world grows wiser as it grows older; maybe you will do the same."

Quince made no reply. Let the consequences be what they would, he had made up his mind not to work on the Lord's Day.

Some of the men had gone to the field, and others were waiting. The farmer went into the house for a few minutes, and when he came out he said loud enough to be heard by every one.

"If you've decided, youngster, we'll go right on."

"I am sorry you require this, Mr. Jethro, but I cannot go into the field to work on Sunday."

"Then you cannot work any day for me. Come, boys! let's be moving," turning to his men.

Quince had worked only a week. What

could he do? There were other farmers' and the crops were growing rapidly. Should he make another attempt, or should he go back to Mr. Seago? The latter would, doubtless, feel disappointed, and Gerty would not comprehend his coming back after taking leave of her for two months.

Mrs. Jethro was not so pushing as her husband.

"We used to have Sunday," she said, "and we attended church like other people. Mr. Jethro always went with us, and he would as soon have thought of cutting off his right hand as of hitching up and going into the field to work. There was a right smart man came into the neighborhood a year or two ago—maybe more—and he lectured against the Bible, and father he fell right in with it. One day was as good as another, and, as for church, he wouldn't go, and preachers he's down upon. Not one of 'em ever darkens the door. It nearly crazed me at first, but I've got kind of reconciled. Father's good otherwise, and he'd been real good to you, if you'd worked on. I don't blame you, though; maybe it'll make him think. So few have the courage to refuse after they are once hired."

For Mrs. Jethro there was no rest on the Lord's Day; it was work, work, and no respite. As yet, Quince did not know that he had other reasons for believing the Bible save that his mother believed it and his mother had taught him to honor God and reverence his name. It was for her sake; for himself there was no hope. The best he could do would not annul that law, "Unto the third and fourth generation." Still, he was determined to adhere to the teachings of his mother. He would believe in the Bible, and would not fail to ask God for such things as he needed; he would ask him just as though he were privileged to receive them. It was all that he could do, and he was resolved to do all that he could. The issue was in God's hand; it should not be said of him that he had not asked.

(To be Continued.)

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

February 17.—Acts 16, 25-40.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. Songs in the night. Dr. Franklin says that the New England Thanksgiving Day had its origin in a time of great depression and despondency among the early settlers. They had had days of fasting and prayer, and were proposing to hold another, when an old farmer arose, and said that after all they were enjoying a great many mercies, and therefore he moved that they appoint a day of thanksgiving instead. The Thanksgiving Day was appointed, and there has never been a year since when they have not had abundant causes for thanksgiving.—*Foster, Cyclopedia.*

II. Saved by Faith. Salvation by faith is well illustrated by an incident which took place near Paris. While Napoleon I. was reviewing his troops, his horse escaped, but was recovered by a common soldier, who brought him back to the emperor. "Much obliged to you, captain," said Napoleon. "Of what regiment, sire?" replied the soldier. Napoleon, delighted with his quick perception and trust in his word, returned, "Of my guards," and rode away. The soldier threw away his gun, and went straight to the officers' quarters, just as he was. He was ridiculed for his apparent madness; he had yet all the appearance of a common soldier, but he declared that he was a captain, because the emperor had said so. So by faith we accept God's promises that we are forgiven, that we are children of God, and acting upon that faith as children of God, we live out the truth, and God honors our faith.

PRACTICAL.

1. Ver. 25. The narrative teaches us these lessons: if God's servants cannot preach, they may be permitted to sing; if not in the synagogue, in the prison; if not to willing hearers, to listening overhearers. *G. R. Leavitt, in Monday Club Sermons.*

2. Inward joy and peace from God may triumph over the greatest trouble and the hardest lot. Even a prison may become the house of God, and the gate of heaven."

3. God sometimes lets his people suffer, that they may show forth the triumph of His grace and love.

4. We never want something to praise God for, if we have the praising heart.

5. Songs in the night are a proof of faith.

6. Songs in the night are a sign of the morning.

7. Ver. 26. God is mightier than kings, or prisons, or all earthly powers, and can deliver his children when he will.

8. Ver. 27. Infidelity has no songs for its disciples in trouble, but only a sword.

9. See the contrast which exists in periods of distress and alarm between Christians and sinners. The guilty gaoler was all agitation, fear, distress, and terror; the apostles all peace, calmness, joy. The one was filled with thoughts of self-murder; the others, intent on saving life and doing good.—*Barnes.*

10. Ver. 29. God's manifestations of power convict sinners of their sin.

11. Ver. 30. The great question of life is, What must we do to be saved?

12. Ver. 31. There is but one answer: Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.

13. Our faith blesses not only ourselves, but all connected with us.

14. Ver. 33. True faith always changes the nature and the actions.

15. Ver. 34. There is no joy like that which flows from the belief of the Gospel. It purifies while it refreshes the soul; it gives a more elevated tone to the feelings than worldly pleasures can give; it sheds a lustre upon every object, and cheers even the dark hours of adversity.—*Dick.*

16. Ver. 37. A Christian has a right to the protection of the law and to justice none the less because he is a Christian.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

The truths of this lesson may be brought before our scholars in various ways. I. Subject—The Conversion of the Gaoler.

(1) The gaoler before conversion. (2) The gaoler converted. (3) The gaoler after conversion.—*Stock.* II. Subject—The Triumphs of Faith. (1) Faith saves in trouble. (2) Faith saves from sin and death. (3) Faith changes the character. III. Subject—What must I do to be saved? (1) The question asked, Why, what led to it, the need of conviction of sin. (2) The question answered, How faith saves. (3) The fruits of faith in changed character and actions.

MISSING THE BOAT.

A short time since, on a Saturday morning, a young man left his home in Belchertown, Mass., and made his way to New London, Conn., for the purpose of an excursion on one of the steamers there, to the famous watering-place, Block Island. Having spent most of the day there, he saw the steamer on which he had arrived, leave the wharf, and supposed she would return again before starting for New London. On learning that she had left on her homeward trip, he was greatly disturbed as to how he should that day, reach his own home.

On the wharf at his side, stood another young man. They were strangers to each other. The latter being there from Providence, on a pleasure trip, spoke kindly to the other, on seeing his perplexity, and told him, that by going to Providence in the steamer *Canonius*, he might, perhaps, reach New London by rail, and he invited him to accompany him. The invitation was accepted. On the trip to Providence, the subject of religion was introduced by the young man of Providence, and he soon learned that the stranger had never been converted, and was destitute of a hope in Christ. On reaching Providence, it was ascertained that there were no means left the young man for reaching his home that night. His Christian friend, well aware of the snares and dangers of the city, invited him to his own home. During the evening the subject of a personal interest in Christ was urged upon the stranger with some effect. Sunday morning, his host, who is a member of the Mount Pleasant Baptist Church and Sunday-school, Providence, invited him to the Sunday-school. He was introduced to the class of which his friend is a member, and by the conversation of the previous day and evening his young mind and heart were prepared for what he was yet to see and hear and feel. The golden text of the lesson for that day was, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." At the close of the school, the superintendent

gave a blackboard exercise, and prominent on that board were the words, "Choose you this day whom you will serve." The superintendent had, at the opening of the school, placed in the hand of each teacher a slip of paper headed, "As for me, I will serve the Lord," with the request that each member of his or her class would put their names to it. The young stranger's heart was greatly affected. His convictions were deepened. He felt that the time had come when he must make his choice, and he resolved to give his heart to Christ. After the school closed, the friend who had taken him under his wing, the teacher, and the superintendent of the school, repaired with him to an adjoining room, and closing the door, they all knelt in prayer. Then and there, the young man made a full surrender, and became a new creature in Christ Jesus. In the evening prayer-meeting he rose in his seat, told the audience what the Saviour had done for him, and asked them to pray for him. The next morning he started for home, the home which he left to seek pleasure in worldly recreation, and to which he returned with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

From this interesting incident may we not learn that while God takes His own way, and makes use of means as to Him seems best for the accomplishment of His own sublime purposes, it is the duty of every Christian to seize upon every opportunity that presents itself to speak a word for Christ, to shield the exposed from danger, and by all means secure for them salvation? That Christian young man might have said not a word to the perplexed stranger, he might not have opened his mouth on the subject of religion, he might not have taken him to his own home, he might not have invited him to the Sunday-school. All this he did, and God rewarded his efforts. May the number of such young men be greatly increased.—*Watchman.*

Question Corner.—No. 3.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. What gift did King Solomon ask of the Lord?
2. How many proverbs did he speak, and how many were his songs?
3. Who was put to death during his reign in consequence of having gone to seek his own servants? Why?
4. How long after the Jews left Egypt did Solomon begin to build the temple?
5. How long was he in building it?
6. Who made the brazen work for the temple?

BIBLE RIDDLE.

A goodly child, comely and fair,
Concealed awhile with mother's care.
A royal maiden passing by
Heard the lone infant's wail and cry,
Sent and brought the child unknown,
Reared and loved him as her own.
When he grew to man's estate
Proved himself both wise and great:
A chosen leader for his race,
Talked with Jehovah face to face,
Meekly obeyed his God's command,
Went up the mount and viewed the land.
When he died with loving care,
God buried him we know not where.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS NO. 1.

1. Caesar Augustus, Luke 2: 1.
2. Herod the Great, who held the sceptre of Judea merely by the courtesy of the Roman emperor.
3. Under Tiberius Caesar, Luke 3: 1.
4. Judea was then reduced to a Roman Province of which Herod Antipas was tetrarch. But was called king. The "Sceptre had departed from Judah"—"Sithon," the Messiah had come (Gen 49: 10) The Jews acknowledged that they had no king but Caesar, John 19: 15.
5. Pontius Pilate, Luke 3: 1.
6. Under Titus, who was afterwards emperor in Rome.
7. History says that the Christians in the city—seeing the "sign" given them by the Saviour, Luke 21: 20—fled to Pella beyond Jordan, and not one Christian perished in the overthrow of the doomed city.

BIBLE STUDY.—Heber. He was 34 years old when his son Peleg was born, and he lived to be 461. Heber, a descendant of Noah; his wife was Jael, Genesis 2: 25; xl, 14 St. Luke 11, 32. Judges IV, 11 17 v. 24.
Bishop Heber, Missionary to India. The life of Jeremy Taylor. Bishop Heber died of apoplexy at Trichinopoly.
"From Greenland's icy mountains,"

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.
Correct answers have been received from Mrs. D. P. Lockerbie.

The Weekly Messenger.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9.

THE WEEK

THE STRIKE OF WINDOW GLASS WORKERS in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, is over, after lasting for seven months. 2,500 men return to work at a slight advantage over their former position.

ANTON LINSSENMEIRK, a bar-tender in St. Louis, Missouri, has been arrested charged with forging post-office orders to a large amount while a postmaster in Germany.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE in Toronto netted over nine thousand dollars in the prosecution of the managers of the masonic lottery in London, Ontario.

THE MILLE LAC INDIANS in Minnesota are in severe distress for lack of food and clothing and an appeal has been made to the Government in their behalf.

A STRIKE OF DRESS AND CLOAK MAKERS in New York ended disastrously for the strikers.

ANOTHER SUICIDE is reported as a result of the gambling at Monte Carlo, Italy. The Pope is assisting a powerful movement to have gaming suppressed at that notorious resort.

SIX MEN OF MULL, one of the Hebrides group of islands off the coast of Scotland, have been arrested on a charge of conspiracy to destroy public buildings with dynamite.

MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, President of the Board of Trade in the British Government, promised in a recent speech to do something at next session of Parliament to stop the scandalous waste of life at sea owing to ill-found vessels.

MRS. PEGGY McLAREN, an old resident of Huntley, Ontario, was lately found dead in her house, where she lived alone. Appearances were that she was dead some days before being discovered. Upon her person were found \$2,500 in cash and a bank cheque for \$4,000. She would not allow her children to live with her, for fear they would spend her money.

THE INHABITANTS of Alsace and Lorraine, the Provinces taken from France by Germany in the late war, cling tenaciously to their language and customs in spite of all efforts to Germanize them. Baron Von Manteuffel, Governor of the district, has been rigidly enforcing the use of the German language in the municipal bodies, and lately the Mayor and Council of the town of Thionville resigned because they were not allowed to do the business in their mother tongue. This harsh ruler will, however, soon have to retire if it is true, as reported, that he has fallen into disfavor with Prince Bismarck, the German Chancellor.

THE GOVERNOR OF RHODE ISLAND in his message to the Legislature says the increase in the proportion of divorces to marriage in that State is absolutely startling.

TIN HAS BEEN DISCOVERED at King's Mountain, Cleveland county, North Carolina—the first discovery of that mineral in the United States.

THE PROPOSAL to make German the State language of Austria has been defeated in the lower house of the legislature.

ONE JOHN BOTHWELL lately died at Capelton, Quebec, and suspicion being aroused an examination of his body was made and traces of arsenic were found in the stomach.

FOUR HUNDRED SOCIALISTS met in Paris and resolved that revolution was the only means of ending the labor crisis. It would doubtless be the end of many of the laborers attempting to bring it about.

FIVE THOUSAND PERSONS attended the funeral in Berlin, Germany, of Herr Lasker, the German statesman who died in the United States. Dignity was lent the occasion by the presence of parliamentary officials with the insignia of their offices.

FIFTEEN HUNDRED LOYALISTS in Ireland presented an address of sympathy and confidence in Lord Rossmore, whose magisterial commission was suspended on account of his leading the Orangemen in a demonstration against a Nationalist meeting at Rosslea in October. In replying, Lord Rossmore said he was convinced he acted wisely upon the occasion in question. Baron Emly, Lieutenant of the County and City of Limerick, rejected a request of twenty-five magistrates to convene a meeting to sympathize with Lord Rossmore, and denounced that gentleman's conduct. A convention of farmers at Carlow has also denounced the action of Lord Rossmore and the Orangemen. The same body resolved to prohibit hunting on their lands, and declared they would poison their grounds to prevent it.

IN THE PROSECUTION OF Dr. Peacock, of Jersey City, New Jersey, for fraudulent practices in insurance business, Eva Williams, his niece, in her testimony denied that she had signed the certificate and draft on which the money was obtained. She concluded with these brave words, "I am willing to take my uncle's punishment for my aunt's sake; I will go to prison for two years."

THE UNION MARKET National Bank at Watertown, Massachusetts, had to pass its dividend a few weeks ago on account of hazy transactions of its President, George N. March. This officer resigned and the matter was compromised. Since then the cashier, Tilden G. Abbott, has absconded with all the money in the vaults, \$31,000, and there is further a shortage in his accounts of \$18,000 and the end not then reached. Meantime the Bank has to suspend until an investigation is made of its affairs. This kind of thing, especially when the secondaries are seldom caught and punished as they deserve, is calculated to make people hoard their money and defend it as best they may against thieves, rust and fire.

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY is claimed to have been made by Mr. E. W. Fellows, a photographer in Cleveland, Ohio. It is a system by which instantaneous and permanent photographs can be taken upon any substance having a smooth surface, by the action of electricity. The expense is less than a cent for each picture.

THE WESTERN ASSOCIATION of distillers is preparing for a strong fight against the proposition of glucose manufacturers to make spirits out of glucose. Probably what both lose in the struggle they will endeavor to make up by adulteration. That means more poison in every drink swallowed by the miserable consumers of their deadly beverages.

THE COTTON MILL at St. Stephen, New Brunswick, has gone from three-quarters on to full time, but has materially reduced the wages of operatives.

IT IS SAID the Nicaragua Canal Scheme has failed. The Panama scheme in that case has no rival.

THE GOVERNMENT OF SPAIN has begun a crusade against republicanism. As a beginning the newspaper of Senor Castelar, the Republican leader, was seized. It has been resolved by the Ministry to prohibit the holding of banquets on February 11th to commemorate the proclamation of the republic in 1873. A large proportion of the people of Spain—perhaps a majority—are in favor of republican institutions, but the republican party is split up into factions so that it cannot show a united front to the monarchical party. If, however, anything is calculated to make a united republican party it is the extreme measures being taken by the Government. It has been resolved by the Government to carry out the treaties of commerce between Spain and England and the United States. The Prime Minister declared in the Legislature that he was guided by the general interests of Spanish commerce and not by the interests of particular classes or districts. If the question for Spain is really, as it seems at least to some extent to be, between monarchy and monopoly the people will find their interest lies in loyalty to the former.

A VIGOROUS CAMPAIGN for the reduction of the number of liquor licenses to be granted is being conducted in Quebec city by the Vigilance Association. Temperance workers in Montreal are actively supporting a sub-committee of the City Council in its recommendation to reduce the number of licenses materially below the maximum allowed by the Dominion License Act.

IT IS PROPOSED IN RUSSIA to create a ministry of imperial police, to deal especially with internal politics. A ministry of popular freedom and rights would do the country more good and do away with most of the necessity for police government.

A LETTER from the Rajah of Achin, Sumatra, says the captive crew of the wrecked steamer "Nisero" is being taken good care of.

THE COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN RELATIONS has reported to the United States Senate against abrogating the treaty with the Hawaiian kingdom, on account of its great political and commercial importance.

ROGER AMIRALTY, the Nova Scotian under indictment in Massachusetts since March, 1883, charged with the murder of Mrs. Carlton at Watertown, has been released, the authorities of the commonwealth having not sufficient evidence to justify them in submitting the case to a jury. The prisoner, who was not of a very strong mind, was rendered almost insane by his long confinement and had come to believe that the authorities were bound to hang him anyway. One of his sisters in Nova Scotia lost her reason through the cruel suspense in which she with the rest of the family was kept.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S SCHEME for the insurance of the working people is very comprehensive and it has been approved by the Economical Council of the German Bundesrath. With certain exceptions insurance is compulsory, and employers who neglect to furnish lists of their employees are held responsible for making provision for the latter in case of injury. The expense of the institution is to be divided between the state, the employer and the laborer.

PERMISSION TO ERECT A MONUMENT to Luther at Riga, Russia, has been refused by the national authorities.

MR. JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, an eminent English lawyer, has found it necessary to deny a report that he wrote a letter in 1860 to the British Consul in New York, proposing that the people of the South should renew their allegiance to Great Britain.

AMONG THE DAMAGES of the recent gale in the United Kingdom was the foundering in the Mersey of the ship "Juno" for Calcutta with the loss of all, 25, hands. A breakwater costing \$350,000 at Port Erin, Isle of Man, was destroyed. A railway train was overturned near Londonderry, Ireland.

FENCE-CUTTING IN TEXAS is hereafter, by act of the Legislature, punishable by one to five years in the penitentiary. An altercation between two representatives, Hazelwood and Foster, during the discussion of the bill, resulted in the latter challenging Hazelwood to fight a duel. Like people, like rulers.

EXTRAORDINARY PRECAUTIONS have been taken recently to protect the Prince of Wales when he went abroad, on account of many threatening letters sent him.

CHARLIE EVANS had a terrible hunting adventure recently in Bibb county, Georgia. A rabbit got away from him in a hollow stump ten feet high. He climbed to the top of the stump, and in doing so got his arm caught in a split and was there by suspended. Being some distance from any house he could not make himself heard, and in despair of relief the awful alternative of suicide to avoid slow perishing suggested itself to him. His courage was, however, not equal to the rash attempt after he had opened his knife with his teeth, and he tried to release himself by cutting his arm off at the elbow joint. In this object, however, he only managed to gash himself badly in several places. At length he fainted under the strain upon nerves and brain, and his muscles becoming relaxed he fell to the ground. He shortly recovered and was able to walk home.

M. Ferry, Prime Minister of France, has been led to take compassion upon the suffering Roman Catholic Church. Since the secular rule succeeding the religious sway of the Empire that Church has fared rather roughly in France. The salaries of the clergy formerly provided by the state were docked and religious orders were turned out of the monasteries and convents and dispersed. It is said that the motive power of the Prime Minister in this change of disposition toward the Church is jealousy of possible German influence at the Vatican since the German Crown Prince's visit to the Pope. If such is the true reason for the French Premier's altered countenance toward the Church, he will be liable to relapse into coolness again, for Prussia has grievously offended the Vatican just as the world was looking on at what looked like a grand reconciliation. Herr von Gossler, Minister of Public Instruction and Ecclesiastical Affairs, in the lower house of the Prussian Diet declared that the restoration of Cardinal Ledowchowski to the archbishopric of Posen jeopardized the peace of church and state. He said the Government must keep its eyes open, as the Poles still regarded Cardinal Ledowchowski as their primate. These utterances have given grave offence to the Vatican, where it is charged even that the Prussian Minister contradicts his own words spoken in Rome.

E. G. RIDGEMAN Household M their establis gift enterpris

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MR. EDWAJ of Newport, RI ing from old t down a flight hear as well as

E. G. RIDEOUT & Co., publishers of the *Household Magazine*, New York, have had their establishment seized for conducting a gift enterprise.

AN ENVOY HAS ARRIVED in Honolulu, Hawaiian kingdom, with Russian decorations in diamonds for King Kalakaua.

IT IS THE OPINION of Mr. Frelinghuysen, United States Secretary of State, that the best policy to be pursued, regarding foreign countries' restrictions upon American preserved meats, is to show such countries that the meats are not injurious to public health.

A DISEASE AMONG CATTLE which does not yield to treatment has broken out in Dallas county, Texas, and many animals have been lost.

AN ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE of New York State has been issued by the Chamber of Commerce, urging the passage of the bill forming a forest reservation in the Adirondack mountains.

A BOY WAS MURDERED a few days ago at South Hero, Vermont. Afterward the murderer applied at his victim's home, saying the boy had sent him for the latter's property. The villain is at large.

A FRIGHTFUL GASOLINE EXPLOSION occurred in a store at Alliance, Ohio, on the first of this month. Six persons, including a woman and two children, were killed and many injured in the collapse of the building. Since the accident people of the town are giving up the use of the dangerous illuminant.

PRINCE JEROME NAPOLEON has informed a Bonapartist deputation that the time had arrived to commence legal, open and untiring agitation for the promotion of the Bonapartist cause. It was decided to hold a large meeting on the 17th of February. Lively times may now be expected in France.

MR. GIBSON, of Hamilton, has given notice, in the Ontario Legislature, of a motion to give ladies the right to attend lectures in University College, persistently refused them by the Council of that institution.

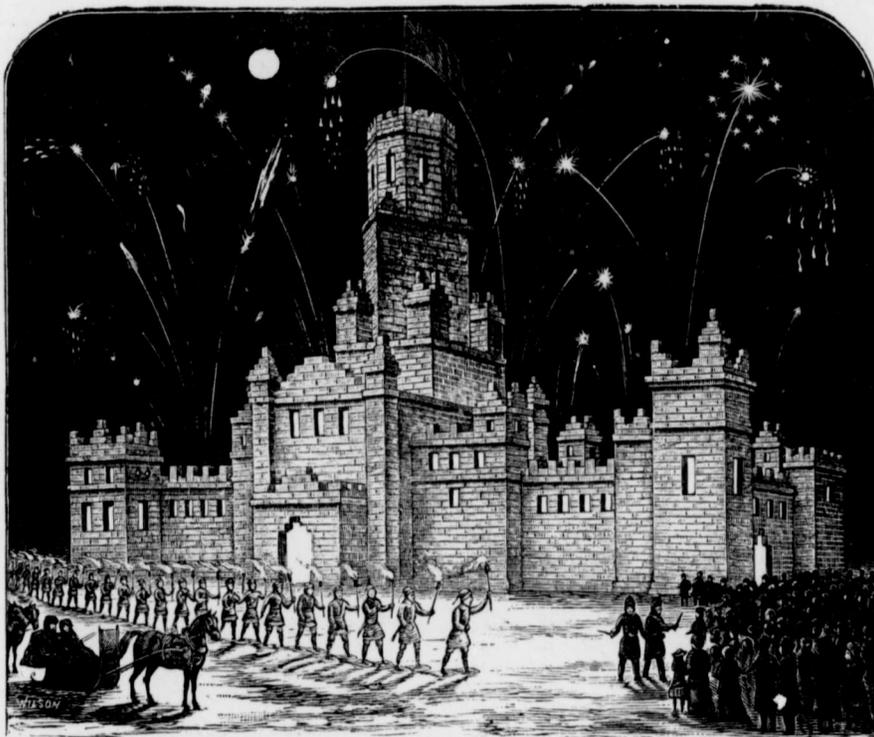
A CANAL IS TO BE CONSTRUCTED to connect the Baltic and the North Seas. It will accommodate the largest ships, enabling them to avoid the long detour of the Kattegat.

town." "Oh yes," and set up a howl.—*Arkansas Traveller.*

MISS LILLIE BURTON, a Louisville belle, has eloped with a Chinese laundryman. This is where Lillie showed her sense. Instead of aspiring to be the wife of a foreign nobleman, with the prospect of becoming a mere drudge, she has caught a man who will be capable of doing the family washing himself.—*Lowell Citizen.*

THE STORY comes from Paris that a lady who visited four churches in one day missed her umbrella on returning home. She immediately revisited all four churches, and found her umbrella in the last one. When the umbrella was handed to her she thankfully said to the sexton, "The people at this church are much more honest than those at the others."

A RATHER FRIVOLOUS LADY told her husband not to go hunting, as, in her opinion, it was a cruel pleasure. "How can it



THE ICE CASTLE ON DOMINION SQUARE.

ELECTIONS FOR THE DOMINION PARLIAMENT have been held in Kent, Ontario, and York, New Brunswick, each resulting in a victory and a gain for the Government.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR is said on good authority to be in as favorable a state of health as at any time within ten years.

THE AMERICAN MINISTER to Turkey has demanded \$10,000 indemnity from that country, for the illegal arrest of Dr. Pfium, a United States citizen, in Ascos; also an indemnity for American travellers recently attacked in Anatolia.

MR. EDWARD SMITH, an octogenarian, of Newport, Rhode Island, who lost his hearing from old age some time ago, lately fell down a flight of stairs and ever since can hear as well as ever.

A VERDICT of nearly \$30,000 has been obtained by James David, of Boston, against the Boston & Albany Railway, for personal injuries.

SOCIALISTIC CRIMES AND DISTURBANCES have become so rampant in Austria that martial law has been proclaimed and trial by jury suspended in several districts. These extraordinary measures have caused painful surprise in the capital, Vienna. Persons may be imprisoned for a week without trial, juries are replaced by six judges and private houses may be searched at any time without warrants.

THIRTY THOUSAND PERSONS will be thrown out of employment by the strike of cotton operatives threatened at Fall River, Massachusetts.

LAUGHING GAS.

BRASS BAND music goes by the pound, but church music by the choir.—*Texas Siftings.*

"I SAY No," is the title of Wilkie Collins' new story. It sounds like a husband answering his wife's request for a seal-skin cloak.

A RENO MAN waited until he was 83 years old before he got married. That's like running three miles to get a good start for a fourteen-inch jump.

"I AM GOING to plant my foot down," said the lady of the house in wrathful tones. "What 'yer going to raise, corns?" interrogated the man of the house from behind his paper.—*Rockland Courier-Gazette.*

A LITTLE GIRL on the floor crying. After a while she stopped and seemed buried in thought. Looking up suddenly she said: "Mamma, what was I crying about?" "Because I wouldn't let you go down

be a cruel pleasure?" returned her spouse. "I enjoy it and my dogs enjoy it. I know you enjoy yourself when I am absent; and even the quail enjoy it, for I can't hit; one on the wing to save my life."—*Texas Siftings.*

THE HISTORIAN of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* expedition to the Everglades of Florida writes:—"We are not afraid of snakes; we deny with scorn such a charge. On the contrary, it is really a pleasant sensation to feel on a hot night a cool, smooth, slick body gliding noiselessly over your bare feet, or hear a musical and gentle hiss as we put out a hand from under our mosquito bar to feel around for our pipe and touch something that is not our pipe. Such little incidents enliven us as well as everybody else, and considerably assist us in making life bearable. Still, we prefer sleeping in our canoes. We are disturbed a little during the night by the bellowing of alligators, and occasionally by one swimming back and forth under our boat."

A DAY ON SKEES (NORWEGIAN SNOWSHOES.)

"Ola, my lad!" cried a Norse father to his young son, one crisp, cold winter morning, "fetch the axe from the wood-shed and bring me my gun from the corner behind the clock, and we will see what luck we had with the fox traps and the snares up in the birch-glen."

And Ola has no need of being asked twice to attend to such duties. His mother, in the meanwhile, has put up a luncheon, consisting of cold smoked ham and bread and butter, in a gaily painted wooden box which Ola slings across his shoulder, while Nils, his father, sticks the axe into his girdle, and with his gun in one hand and his skee-staff in the other, emerges into the bright winter morning. They then climb up the steep snowbanks, place their skees upon the level surface and put their feet into the lands Nils gave a tremendous push with his staff and away he flies down the steep hill-side, while his little son, following close behind him, gives an Indian war whoop, and swings his staff about his head to show how little he needs it.

Whew, how fast he goes!

In a few seconds father and son have reached the bottom of the valley, and before them is a steep incline, overgrown with leafless birch and elder forests. It is there where they have their snares made of braided horse-hair; and as bait they use the red berries of the mountain ash, of which ptarmigan and thrushes are very fond. Now comes the test of their strength; but the snow is too deep and loose to wade through, and to climb a declivity on skees is by no means as easy as it is to slide down a smooth hill-side. Half an hour's climb brings them to the trapping-grounds. But there, indeed, their efforts are well rewarded.

"Oh, look, look, father!" cries the boy, ecstatically. "Oh, what a lot we have caught! Why, there are three dozen birds, as sure as there is one."

"There is enough to buy you a new coat for Christmas lad," he says, chuckling; "and if we make many more such hauls we may get enough to buy mother a silver brooch, too, to wear at church on Sundays."

"No, buy mother's brooch first, father," protests the lad, a little hesitatingly (for it costs many boys an effort to be generous); "my coat will come along soon enough. Although, to be sure, my old one is pretty shabby," he adds, with a glance at his patched sleeves.

"Now, quick, laddie," his father called out. "Stir your stumps and bring me your bag of bait. Get the snares to rights and fix the berries as you have seen me doing."

Ola was very fond of this kind of work, and he pushed himself with his staff from tree to tree and hung the tempting red berries in the little hoops and arches which were attached to the lark of the trees. He was in the midst of this labor when suddenly he heard the report of his father's gun, and looking up, saw a fox making a great leap, then plunging headlong into the snow.

"Hello, Mr. Reynard," remarked Nils, as he slid over toward the dead animal. "You overslept yourself this morning. You have stolen my game so long, now, that it was time I should get even with you. Now, sir, we are quits."

When the task of setting the snares in order had been completed, father and son had glided lightly away under the huge snow-laden trees to visit their traps, which were set further up the mountain.

And when they turned their faces homeward they had beside the ptarmigan and the fox a big capercaillie (or grouse) cock and two hares. The twilight was already falling, for in the Norway winter it grows dark early in the afternoon.

"Now, let us see, lad," said Ola's father regarding his son with a strange, dubious glance, "if you have got Norse blood in your veins. We don't want to go home the way we came, or we should scarcely reach the house before midnight. But if you dare risk your neck with your father

we will take the western track down the bare mountain side. It takes brisk and stout legs to stand in that track, my lad, and I won't urge you, if you are afraid."

"I guess I can go where you can, father," retorted the boy proudly. "Anyway, my neck, isn't half so valuable as yours."

"Spoken like a man!" said the father in a voice of deep satisfaction. "Now for it, lad! Make yourself ready. Strap the hunting bag close under your girdle or you will lose it. Test your staff to make sure that it will hold, for if it breaks you are gone. Be sure you don't take my track. You are a fine chap and a brave one."

Ola followed his father's directions closely and stood with loudly palpitating heart ready for the start. Before him lay the long, smooth slope of the mountain. If it had not been his father who had challenged him he would have much preferred to take the circuitous route down into the valley.

"Ready!" shouted Nils, advancing toward the edge of the slope: "One, two, three!"

whistled about him and stung his face like little sharp needles. Now he darted away over a snowed-up fence or wood-pile, shooting out into the air, but always coming down firmly on his feet and keeping his mind on his skees so as to prevent them from diverging or crossing. He had a feeling of grandeur and triumphant achievement which he had never experienced before. The world lay at his feet and he seemed to be striding over it in a march of conquest. It was glorious! But all such sensations are un happily brief. Olason knew by his slackening speed that he had reached the level ground; yet so great was the impetus he had received that he flew up the opposite slope toward his father's farm and only stopped some fifty feet below the taru. His limbs ached and the arm which had held the staff was so stiff and cramped that the slightest movement gave him pain. Nevertheless he could not make up his mind to rest; he saw the light put in the north window to guide him and he caught



NORWEGIAN SKEE RUNNERS.

And like an arrow he shot down over the steep track, guiding his course steadily with his staff; but it was scarcely five seconds before he was lost to sight, looking more like a whirling snow-drift than a man. With strained eyes and bated breath Ola stood looking after him. Then, nerving himself for the feat, he glanced at his skees to see that they were parallel and glided out over the terrible declivity. His first feeling was that he had slid right into the air—that he was rushing with seven-league boots over forests and mountain tops. For all that, he did not lose hold of his staff which he pressed with all his might into the snow behind him, thus slightly retarding his furious speed. Now the pine trees seemed to be running past him in a mad race up the mountain-side and the snowy slope seemed to be rising to meet him or moving in billowy lines under his feet. Gradually he gathered confidence in himself, a sort of fierce courage awoke within him and a wild exultation surged through his veins and swept him on. The wind

glimpse of a pale, anxious face behind the window-pane, and knew that it was his mother who was waiting for him. And yet those last fifteen feet seemed miles to his tired and aching legs. When he reached the front door his dog Yutul jumped up on him in his joy and knocked him flat down in the snow; and oh, what an effort it took to rise! But no sooner had he regained his feet than he felt a pair of arms flung about his neck and he sank, ah! laughing half crying, into his mother's embrace.

"Cheer up, laddie," he heard some one saying.

"Ye are a fine chap and a brave one!" He knew his father's voice; but he did not look up; he was yet child enough to feel happiest in his mother's arms.—H. H. Boyesen in *St. Nicholas*.

DR. GODELL says that when he can get a religious paper into a family he is then sure that one efficient missionary will make fifty-two visits to that household in the year.

A STRANGE, STRONG LETTER.

The following letter, taken from the *Covington Commonwealth*, was evidently written by a father to a son of dissipated habits:

"MY DEAR SON: What would you think of yourself if you should come to our bedside every night, and, awakening us, tell us that you would not allow us to sleep any more? This is just what you are doing; and that is just why I am up here after midnight writing to you. Your mother is nearly worn out with turning from side to side, and with sighing because you won't let her sleep. That mother, who nursed you in your infancy, toiled for you in your childhood, and looked with pride and joy upon you as you were growing up to manhood, as she counted on the comfort and support you would give her in her declining years.

"We read of a most barbarous manner in which one of the Oriental nations punishes some of its criminals. It is by cutting the flesh from the body in small pieces—

slowly cutting off the limbs, beginning with the fingers and toes, one joint at a time, till the wretched victim dies. That is just what you are doing, you are killing your mother by inches. You have planted many of the white hairs that are appearing so thickly in her head before the time. Your cruel hand is drawing the lines of sorrow on her dear face, making her look prematurely old. You might as well stick your knife into her body every time you come near her, for your conduct is stabbing her to the heart. You might as well bring her coffin and force her into it, for you are pressing her toward it with very rapid steps.

"Would you tread on her body if prostrated on the floor? And yet with ungrateful foot you are treading on her heart and crushing out its life and joy—no, I needn't say 'joy,' for that is a word we have long ago ceased to use, because you have taken it away from us. Of course we have to meet our friends with smiles, but they little know of the bitterness within. You have taken all the roses out of your sister's pathway and scattered thorns instead, and from the pain they inflict, scalding tears are often seen coursing down her cheeks. Thus you are blighting her life as well as ours.

"And what can you promise yourself for the future? Look at the miserable, bloated, ragged wretches, whom you meet every day on the streets, and see in them an exact picture of what you are fast coming to, and will be in a few years. Then in the end a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's doom! For the Bible says, 'No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God.' Where, then, will you be? If not in the kingdom of God you must be somewhere else.

"Will not these considerations induce you to quit at once, and for all time? And may God help you, for he can and he will, if you earnestly ask him.

"Your affectionate, but sorrow-stricken father."

SUBSTITUTE TEACHERS.—"After experiencing many difficulties in obtaining good substitute teachers, we have secured the best results by the following plan: The whole matter is placed in charge of the assistant superintendent, who during the opening exercises notes what classes are without teachers, and arranges as to the persons who shall fill the vacant places. He has a list of persons who have agreed to act as substitutes on certain definite Sabbaths. One class agrees to furnish one teacher every Sabbath, and appoints the person a week beforehand. Thus we have substitute teachers who have studied the lesson with a view to teaching."

GINGER SNAPS.—One pint of molasses, one cup of sugar, two cups of butter, one tablespoonful of ginger, and one teaspoonful of soda. Put all together and boil five minutes, let it cool, mix stiff with flour and roll very thin. Bake quickly.

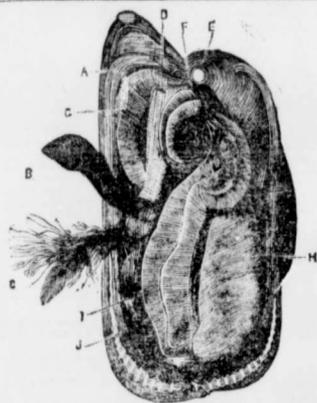


FIG. 1.—EDIBLE MUSSEL.

THE EDIBLE MUSSEL.

The common edible mussel, attracts our special attention on account of its value as an article of diet and commerce.

In the accompanying engraving, Fig. 1 shows the animal laid open to view, the left half of the triangular shell having been removed, while the brim of the mantle has been thrown back a little to allow a better inspection of the inner organs. Both parts of the shell are alike in shape and size. The hinge or lock uniting them is located in the smallest angle of the triangle formed by the shell, and both of the latter end at this point in short conical elevations. At the opposite end there is a small opening in the shell and in close proximity runs a short fringed tube connecting with the inner organs of respiration.

The peculiar digital form of the foot and the presence of a spinning gland or byssus are characteristic, and both are undoubtedly related to the stationary mode of life of the animal. The long side of the shell being the face side of the mussel. A is the brim of the mantle of the latter. On both sides of the mouth, F, will be noticed the long, narrow, folded tentacles, G; J is the exterior, I the interior respiratory muscle; E and D are muscles controlling the foot, B, under and behind the base of which is situated the byssus or spinning gland. From its cavity a groove extends along the lower side of the foot, and ends at its tip in a transverse cavity containing a small plate, perforated by seven small apertures, used for sucking.

By means of the foot and the byssus gland the animal is enabled to spin a net or barb, C, consisting of numerous thin threads, attached firmly to the surface of the rock or other object forming its abode. These threads are produced from a viscid liquid substance secreted in the byssus gland, which is sucked up into the apertures of the end of the foot and drawn out into threads, which become quite

firm in a short time. Once attached to a rock or log they resist the action of the strongest current or heaviest gale. Fig. 2 is a correct representation of the mussel as attached to a fixed object.

If the mussel desires to change its residence it draws itself forward as far as possible, and attaches a few threads as far ahead as the foot reaches. At the same time a few of the old threads are severed. This manipulation is repeated until a suitable site is reached. Although this mode of locomotion is extremely slow, the animal nevertheless manages to travel considerable distances in this manner.

The edible mussel inhabits, by preference, those portions of the shore which are laid dry at low tide; and in the neighborhood of the mouths of rivers, where the percentage of salt in the water is low, broad thick bands may be observed covering that particular section and marking it distinctly. Sometimes as many as 2,000 individuals have been counted on an area of one square foot.

As above mentioned, the animal prefers water containing only a little salt. It abounds, therefore, especially in those European waters cut off partly from free communications with the Atlantic, as in the German North Sea, the Baltic, and the Adriatic. They have also been acclimated in the Caspian Sea, the water of which is not extremely salt.

In the northern waters the edible mussel attains its full size in four to five years, and in the Mediterranean in one to two years. Each individual produces millions of offspring.

Besides being almost indispensable as bait for certain fish, they are extensively used as an article of food. They are largely cultivated in all European waters, in so-called "parks." In the North Sea these consist of large numbers of trees, from which the smaller branches only have been cut, and which are planted in the bottom of the sea at such a distance from the shore that their upper portion is partially laid bare at low water. After four or five years they are raised, stripped, and replaced by others. In the bay of Kiel, Germany, alone about 1,000 of these trees are annually planted and about 1,000 tons of mussels are brought on the market. Bad seasons occur, however, both with respect to quality and quantity, owing to various causes. In the Adriatic the mussels are raised on ropes extended between poles rammed into the ground. The ropes are raised and stripped once in eighteen months.—*Scientific American*.

THE SINNER'S PLEA.

In the days when Napoleon was First Consul of France, a well-dressed girl, fourteen years of age, presented herself alone at the gate of the palace. By tears and entreaties she moved the kind-hearted porter to allow her to enter. Passing from one room to another, she found her way to the hall through which Napoleon, with his officers, was to pass. When he appeared, she cast herself at his feet, and in the most earnest and moving manner, cried, "Pardon, sire, pardon for my father!"

"And who is your father?" asked Napoleon; "and who are you?"

"My name is Lajolia," she said, and with flowing tears added, "but sire, my father is doomed to die."

"Ah, young lady," replied Napoleon; "I can do nothing for you. It is the second time that your father has been found guilty of treason against the State."

"Alas," exclaimed the girl, "I know it sire; but I do not ask for justice—I implore pardon. I beseech you, forgive, O forgive my father?"

Napoleon's lips trembled, and his eyes filled with tears. After a momentary struggle of feeling, he gently took the hand of the young maiden and said:

"Well, my child, for your sake I will pardon your father. That is enough. Now leave me."

Reader, know, that, as a sinner against God, the cry from your lips must always be, "Not justice, but pardon."

"I KNOW A THING OR TWO."

"My dear boy," said a father to his only son, "you are in bad company. The lads with whom you associate indulge in bad habits. They drink, smoke, swear, play cards, and visit theatres. They are not safe company for you. I beg you to quit their society."

"You needn't be afraid of me, father," replied the boy laughing. "I guess I know a thing or two. I know how far to go and when to stop."

The lad left his father's house, twirling his cane in his fingers and laughing at the old man's notions.

A few years later and that lad, grown to manhood, stood at the bar of a court, before a jury which had just brought in a verdict of guilty against him for some crime in which he had been concerned. Before he was sentenced he addressed the court, and said among other things: "My downward course began with disobedience to my parents. I thought I knew as much of the world as my father did, and I spurned his advice; but as soon as I turned my back on my home, temptation came upon me like a drove of hyenas, and hurried me to ruin."

Mark that confession, ye boys who are beginning to be wiser than your parents! Mark it, and learn that disobedience is the first step on the road to ruin. Don't take it!—*Christian Intelligencer*.

AN OLD CLOCK'S ADVICE.

An Englishman says that in his great-grandfather's house, as he has heard his mother tell, there was a clock on which was the following inscription:

"Here I stand both day and night,
To tell the time with all my might:
Do thou example take by me,
And serve thy God as I serve thee."

The old clock remained in the family for many years, but the time of which it told so faithfully at last conquers all things on earth.—*Golden Days*.

MANY a strong character was only pulp to begin with; and but for a providential pressure upon it it would have remained pulp to this day.—*Sunday-School Times*.

As a malarial air may endanger a good constitution, so bad companions endanger a good character.

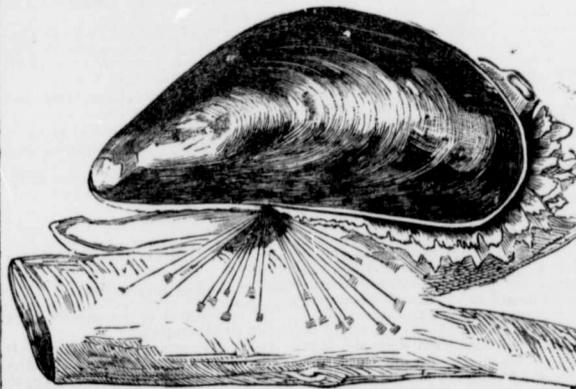


FIG. 2.—EDIBLE MUSSEL.

