

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

VOL. III.

MONTREAL & NEW YORK, FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 13, 1884.

No. 50

THE ICE CASTLE.

We present to our readers to-day a picture of the Ice Castle to be erected on Dominion Square, Montreal, for the winter carnival beginning on the 26th of January. The main wall is to be almost circular in form. The building will be 160 feet long, and 120 feet broad, and will consist of 12,000 large blocks of ice. The round towers seen in front will be 44 feet high, and the main tower in the middle will be 100 feet. Other towers will be from 40 to 70 feet high. Mr. A. C. Hutchison, who

COL. TORRES and Jose Manuel Solo have been hanged in Colorado for murdering a Chinaman. Cook Teets, a blind man, has been hanged at Owen Sound, Ontario, for poisoning his wife.

A BRITISH PLEASURE VESSEL arrived at Madeira last Wednesday, and the Portuguese authorities threatened to seize her for some infringement of the customs rules. The captain set sail and went right out to sea, the ladies on board answering the firing of the guns in the fort by contemptuous cheering.

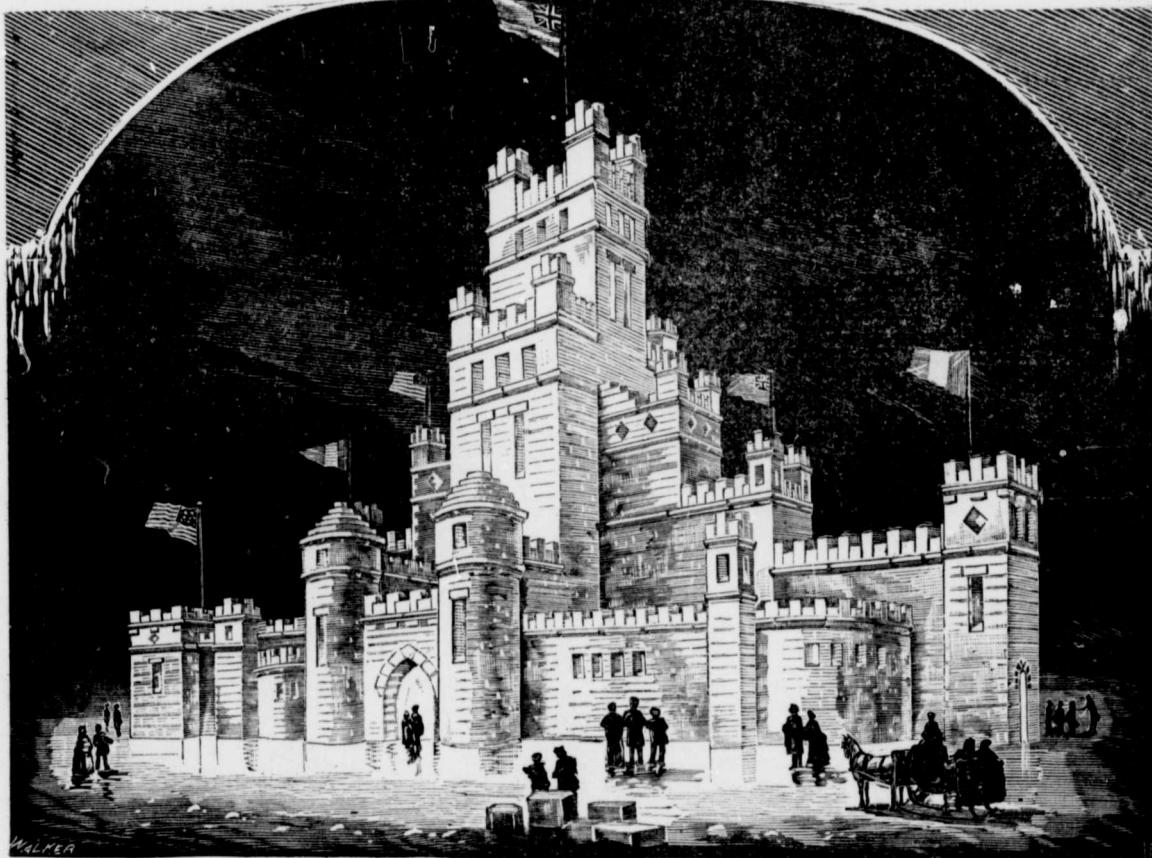
THERE ARE REPORTS of fresh defeats suffered by the Chinese in Tonquin, but no certain news. The Chinese seem to have given up hope of making peace now, and are preparing for a sharp war. The French government has been defeated on a vote on another question at home, but has not resigned, and no doubt France will not draw back from the war.

THE PIG IRON manufacturers of Philadelphia are trying to establish a great association of all sorts of manufacturers to oppose a reduction of the tariff.

A TERRIBLE explosion in the Henry Clay coal mine, near Shamokin, Pennsylvania, occurred on Monday night while 200 men and boys were at work there. It is not yet known how many lives have been lost.

SO MANY SCANDALS connected with priests have come to light in Italy lately that the Pope has ordered a searching inquiry into the whole question of priestly purity.

THE PANAMA Government has mortgaged its mint to raise \$50,000.



THE CARNIVAL ICE CASTLE FOR 1885.

built last year's ice castle, is the architect again this year.

MISS MARY WILLARD, daughter of one of the wealthiest men in Washington, was to have been married on the 11th to Mr. Frank Simpson, son of a rich New York banker. Two thousand invitations had been sent, and many costly presents had been received. Miss Willard told Mr. Simpson she could never love him, and went off quietly and married the man she really loved—Mr. Paxton, a patent office attorney.

SENATOR MITCHELL is going to ask Congress to vote \$5000 a year to General Grant for life, beginning with the year he left the Presidency.

THE FRIENDS OF FURNIVALL, accused of murdering three persons in Nebraska, write to the English papers that the evidence is purely circumstantial, and he is a remarkably industrious and harmless man.

A WOMAN named Mandelbaum, notorious in New York as a receiver of stolen goods, has arrived in Toronto.

LORD ROSEBERRY, in a public speech, has come out squarely with his opinion that the hereditary principle of legislation is wrong.

THE BRITISH steamship "Cranbrook" has been seized in Baltimore by the Customs officers, charged with throwing overboard in Chesapeake Bay 400 tons of coal she brought as ballast to avoid paying the duty.

A FIRE at Port Dalhousie, Ontario, on Sunday night destroyed more than a whole business block. An old hostler at an hotel was fatally injured.

DIPHTHERIA is raging in Omro, Wisconsin, and the public schools are closed.

THE CAPTAIN and mate of the yacht "Mignonette" have been sentenced to death in England for killing a boy to save themselves from starvation; they will most likely be pardoned.

THE PLINARY Council at Baltimore having decided to raise \$3,000,000 for a great Catholic university in America, Mrs. Mary Caldwell of St. Louis heads the subscription list with \$300,000.

"RED DAVE";

Or, "What wilt Thou have me to do?"

(From the Family Friend.)

CHAPTER V.

The two doctors stood beside little Willie's bed, as the setting sun sent its last rays of glory into his room.

The child seemed fast asleep; his open Bible lay beside him—the one that had been his mother's; for he had been reading in it ere he broke the blood-vessel which was the fatal sign.

No sound was in the room; Miss Joyce was utterly worn out, and was lying down on the sofa at the foot of the bed, for Dr. Meadows said Willie might continue unconscious for hours. Dr. Joyce had given no opinion, but the little hands were clasped tightly within his own.

At last there was a movement, and the father pressed a morsel of refreshing ice between Willie's lips.

He opened his eyes. "Father!" said he, "I can't see—is it night?"

A sob burst from the strong man's lips.

"Don't cry, papa," and the little hands felt for his face, "I'm so safe—Davie told me about Jesus—I'm so glad Jesus has got me tight."

"Don't talk, darling," said Dr. Meadows; "it will make you cough."

"I won't talk much; I want papa. Kiss me, papa—kiss me good-night."

"Try to sleep again, Willie," said his aunt.

"Yes, auntie, when I've said my hymn." And then the little fellow turned his face towards the window, though he could see the sunset sky no longer, and said his evening hymn—

Jesus, tender Shepherd hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light.

* * *

When Dr. Meadows left the house, his partner had locked himself into that room alone, and Miss Joyce was in the deep sleep of sorrow.

Davie was standing at the gate, watching eagerly for news of Willie.

"I didn't let him hear my voice, sir, I've been waiting outside all the time; is Master Willie any better sir?"

And the doctor said gently, "Yes, Davie; Jesus has taken away all his pain."

CHAPTER VI.

"FATHER!"

Sterner and harder than ever seemed Dr. Joyce during the few days that a little flower-strewn coffin lay at Sunnyside; he scarcely spoke to any one; but his partner was most anxious about him, for he scarcely ate or slept, and Dr. Meadows knew that un-

less he gave way to his grief his life was in danger.

He did not attend the funeral service—a critical case at some distance demanded his attendance. The good clergyman, however, sought him that evening, where he knew he would surely find him, and pressed his hand in silent sympathy.

Dr. Joyce pointed to the new-made grave.

"For ten years, sir," said he "I have planned and schemed and saved for the future of my only child; and this is the end."

"Nay," said the clergyman, earnestly, "but rather the beginning. The strongest man living has powers less wonderful, the happiest heart on earth is less happy than little Willie now. For when we see our Lord, we shall be like Him, as He is."

Dr. Joyce made no reply; he turned slowly away and went up to his room where one little bed stood empty beside his own.

The next day he lay helpless with brain fever, and for a time hung between life and death; his kind sister nursed him ceaselessly, and even when he regained his senses, he was weak as a little child, and needed constant attendance. They were discussing one day the plan of getting an attendant to help Miss Joyce, when the doctor beckoned his partner to him, saying, "Let Davie look after me."

So Davie came to the sick-room; and trod softly and carefully, and ministered to the doctor's comfort as tenderly as his kind little heart prompted him; though when he saw Willie's bed his chest heaved and he could not speak, which Dr. Joyce noticed though he said nothing.

By this time Davie could spell out a text here and there, and often, when the doctor seemed asleep, he conned over his Sunday lesson, word by word, till it sank into his memory, and into the heart, too, of the listening man.

And one day, when the patient had been left alone, and Davie was bringing in some chicken broth as quietly as a mouse, the boy's heart gave a bound of joy—for he and Willie had prayed for this—the Bible, hers and his, was open in the doctor's hands, and Davie heard him murmur in a broken, faltering voice—

"Black, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die."

Meanwhile, Jarvis was steadily making progress towards recovery. Dr. Meadows promised, if he tried to live honestly, to set him up in a good station as shoebblack, for his leg would never be quite well, so he could do no active work.

Jarvis was so full of jokes that nobody could find out whether he really meant to do better or not; but every one could see that he was really fond of Davie, and

when the boy could no longer visit him, because of living at Sunnyside, he became very despondent, and declared he was going to die, and should be lost for ever.

In this state of mind he continued a long time; nothing seemed to give him hope, till one day the good Christian lady, who revenged his burglary by visiting his sick-bed, knelt down in the ward, and besought the Lord to have mercy upon that poor dark soul, and, when she arose, Jarvis said, "He loves me, me—ain't it wonderful?"

His kind friends did not lose sight of him again; the doctor got him to attend a night-school, and at last succeeded in getting him to sign the pledge; and now, in all the shoebblack regiment, it would be difficult to find one more civil, honest, and obliging than Ben Jarvis; for he is "on the Lord's side," and the Lord has strengthened him to resist temptation in whatever form it may come to him.

One day when Dr. Joyce was getting better he called Davie to his side, and said, "Davie, I hear you want to become a doctor."

"Yes, sir, please, sir! and I'm a-learning how to make some sort of pills."

"But it will want plenty of money to make you a clever doctor."

"Will it, sir?" and Davie's face grew clouded; "then I can't get to be one, sir; I'd have liked to make folks' pains better, but it don't matter. Perhaps I'll drive a tram."

"But, Davie, do you know I owe you something? I don't mean for attending to me now, or for your work for my child—God bless you for all you did for him—but I hear you were put in prison unjustly, and I must try to make that up to you."

"You do know I'm not a thief now, sir?" said Davie, flushing red.

"Yes, my boy; poor little fellow! I suppose Dr. Meadows has not told you what I want to do for you?"

"Yes, sir," said Davie simply; "he told me you was a-going to get me my next pair of boots."

"Not your next only, but many more pairs, I hope. Since he did not tell you, listen to me. I am very lonely, Davie, and there is none to succeed me in my name or in my profession. Will you come to me as Davie Joyce, and be my son? I will do all for you that I hoped to have done for my angel boy."

Davie opened his eyes, frowning redder still.

"I—I can't leave Doctor Meadows," said he; "I likes my room over the stable, and that's where baby will be wanting me back again now."

"You are frightened I shall keep you by force, I see," said the doctor, with a sad smile; "but,

hard as I seem, I will not adopt you against your own will. Remember, though, that instead of service you would get a first-class education, and instead of bread and cheese, plenty of good food, and your room over the stable would be changed for Sunnyside. I have learnt to love you, lad, and I know this is what my Willie would have liked.

"I'd like to please him," said Davie, hesitating; "but I does love Dr. Meadows; please mayn't I talk to him about it?"

Dr. Joyce nodded. "You may go now," said he; "and you may take a week to decide."

But Davie did not need a week to make up his mind. Dr. Meadows saw that money and comfort could not tempt Davie away from his service; but he appealed, and not in vain, to the boy's sense of self-sacrifice.

"I have a wife and children," said he; "Miss Joyce is going to live with her sister, and Dr. Joyce has nobody to love him, and take care of him. It makes me very sad sometimes to see that lonely, broken-hearted look in his eyes; I think this may be the call of Jesus to you, to bless and brighten that desolate life."

Davie had not thought of it in this manner before, and his eyes grew very radiant with a light caught from above.

"For Jesus' sake." This thought entirely altered the case; for a few minutes the little fellow knelt down in his garret above the stable, and asked that the Lord would lead him aright, and then he went to say "good-bye" to the b. by.

"But I shall see you many a time," said he; "so don't fret after Davie;" which did not seem at all likely to be the case, since Miss Daisy was quietly intent on the contemplation of her wee pink toes, which had just been bared for Slumberland.

In the calm of the evening, Davie again left Mereham for Sunnyside; the moon glided quietly out from between the clouds, and as he looked up to the silver light, he thought of little Willie safe at home in the painless land.

The gas was not burning in Dr. Joyce's room; he lay in the dark, wondering whether Davie would return to him at the end of the week or no, and thinking, too, of his dear ones whom God had called above.

Just then, when the tears rose to his eyes, and his heart grew sad and heavy, a boy's step sounded up the stairs, a boy's hand touched his own, and a loving voice said earnestly, "I've come to stay with you, father!"

THE END.

"The daily use of beer shortens life from ten to fifteen years."—Dr. Davis.

A USEFUL LESSON.

BY DR. B. W. RICHARDSON.

I am now going to suggest an extremely curious question. Perhaps when you read it you may think I am making fun of you. I assure you I am not doing so, but am intending to draw from the question a most useful lesson. We will suppose, then, that a child is living on milk. The child is quite well in health; it can run as fast as any other child, and for as long a distance, it can jump as high; it can laugh as merrily; it can sleep as readily and quietly, and wake up as much refreshed as any other child in the world. It can sing; it can learn its lesson easily; it can carry its little body erect, and move its limbs gracefully; it can exercise in the gymnasium, and it can vie with any of its fellows in looking the pink of health and beauty.

Suppose this child, then suppose some one came and said: "Yes, the child has good limbs, good muscles, and he gets these good parts, no doubt, from the milk he takes, the caseine or cheese of the milk builds up those parts well. But here I have got something to put into the milk that is like caseine very much, which the child will hate at first, but will soon learn to like to such an extent that he will not do without it if he can help it." And suppose that after this the muscles of this child became, in consequence, very unruly, so that he could not keep them still, nor make them obey his will and pleasure. Should you not think that the man had done a very foolish and mischievous act? I am sure you would think so.

Or suppose the man, feeling the hand of the little child, said: "This is a nice healthy little hand, it is not too cool, it is not too warm, and such proper warmth and power that it has from the butter and sugar which is present in the milk on which it feeds. But, see you, I have something here like the butter and the sugar, which the child will hate at first, and will then so learn to love that he will take this new thing, whenever he can get it, in preference to the natural milk." And suppose the man's words proved true, and the child, learning to like the new thing exceedingly, took it and was thrown by it into a fever, and afterwards became extremely cold and chilly and was also made unsettled in his mind, excitable, and cross, and silly. Should you not think that the man had done a very cruel and mischievous and wicked act? I am sure you would think so.

Or, again, suppose the man feeling the bones of the child and moving the limbs, said: "Oh, yes, the child has a splendid skeleton without any doubt, and he gets that skeleton in part from the caseine and albumen of the milk, and in part from the mineral matter that is in the milk. But I have something here like the bone-forming materials, which the child will hate at first, but will soon learn to like so much that when he can get it he will take it in preference to everything else of the kind." Suppose the child did take the new substance, began to like it, continued to like it, and in time got from it a deformed body, with crooked, weak back and bent legs and feeble gait. Should you not think that the man who induced the child to take such a substance, even though in his ignorance he called it a food, had done a most mischievous, wicked, and cruel act? I am sure you would think so. I should think so at all events, and should do my best to stop the proceedings of that man, whoever he might be, and whatever people might say in his defense.

It is fortunate that no such man has ever arisen to tamper in this way with the solid foods on which we feed. It is, however, unfortunate that when we come to the natural fluid, water, which forms so important a part of our bodies, the case is not so satisfactory. Once in the history of the world, when the human world was in its infancy, and when it was living on milk and on the first fruits of the earth, some man or men came forward and said to those who were living very well on the water that nature gave to them in the fruits, the milk, and the springs and the rivers: "See you, we have learned how to make a new drink which you will hate at first, a drink which will make you giddy and sick, and fevered; but which in time you will like, and will like so much, you will always take it when you can get it, in preference to simple water."

And the words proved true; for when men learned, as they did learn, to substitute

the drink, which was afterwards called wine, or strong drink, for water, they did indeed begin to like it best. Then, too, they commenced to learn what was the effect of taking this new fluid in place of the simple water which their bodies naturally required, and which forms a portion of all the other parts. For the muscles of those who indulged in this drink began to be unruled and false to the will, and easily powerless, their animal warmth became irregular, now high, now low, their temper began to get feverish, fretful, mad, and broken, and their skeleton became early decrepid and old, the back bent and the limbs feeble. Then, in short, a new and widespread disease crept in amongst manhood, which has never left it to this day. I do not ask now, "Suppose a man had done this, do you not think he would have done, however, innocently, a mischievous, cruel, and evil act?" For man has actually done it, and I hope you will agree with me in thinking he ought to do it no longer, if we can stop him.—(From *Drunk and Strong Drink*)

JACK, THE BLACKSMITH.

He was the son of a hotel-keeper, of a social disposition, and a general favorite with all his acquaintances. A bright boy, he made good progress in his studies at school, and, whilst still an apprentice, became the best workman in the shop.

Of an evening he soon learned to tell a good story and to sing a merry drinking song in the bar-room, and invitations to drink were constantly given him.

It is only wonder that in a few years, after he had married and was the father of children, he sometimes was seen to be much the worse for liquor, and frequently neglected his business. With a shop in a good neighborhood, and a reputation for first-class work and plenty of customers, he and his family might have been in every way prosperous. But the old story of going down hill was soon told of Jack, the blacksmith.

His work was behindhand. He would promise to iron carriages and do other necessary jobs within a certain time, and the promises would not be kept, so his neighbors lost confidence in him, and they soon were obliged to look around for another mechanic in his line. His wife, worn down by unavailing efforts to make both ends meet, grew sickly. His children were neglected. Furniture and clothing became shabby. He was a poor provider. Even his tools and stock began to give out, and when he tried to do a day's work he found himself that he was losing his strength and skill. He had no longer the reputation of a cheerful companion and the sad end of a wretched, drunken life was hurrying on rapidly.

One Saturday night he had some money in his pocket; and, somewhat ashamed of his treatment of his wife and children, he set out for the village stores, intending not to spend his cash for drink, but for food, as there was none in the house. But on the way he fell in with a jolly crowd of idlers, and near midnight he reeled out of the tavern, his money all spent. He had, however, purchased something to take home, for in each pocket of his trousers was a small bottle filled with whiskey—the nearest to anything in the line of provisions that the place where he had spent the evening afforded.

Let him tell the night's story in his own words:

I staggered towards home quite satisfied with my evening's enjoyment, and fully prepared to boast that all the liquor I had drunk had not made me at all the worse for it. "Yes," said I, "and here've got all this good whiskey to take to my folks. Won't we have a jolly old time with it tomorrow? It'll make us all so cheerful!" Just then I stumbled over something, and found myself in a ditch where there was soft turf.

"This is a good place to take a nap," says I. So I slept awhile and woke up thirsty. I took a long drink from one of the bottles, and suppose that I repeated it at intervals through the night. Just before sunrise I woke again. It was a lovely Sabbath morning. Everything was as beautiful as only the blooming spring, with singing birds and green fields and trees in blossom, can make it in the open country.

"Why, Jack," said I, "you have been drinking; you have been drunk; you have stayed out all night. This is Sabbath morning. Where are the provisions you were

going to carry home? You never expected this. You're a drunkard!" And I wept.

"After a time I went on talking to myself, you to do. Go on just as you've begun. Drink ahead. Finish up. It won't take long for the old ship to be used up, for the family to be scattered, for you to fill a drunkard's grave. That's one plan. The other plan would be to turn a short corner, and never again to touch a drop of liquor. God would help you to do this. I know it would be very hard to get to the tavern, or to refuse to take a drink with your comrades. Which will you do?"

Perhaps I sat for an hour thinking and making up my mind. Then if anybody ever prayed, I did, down in that ditch. Then I said, "I will try to take the good plan." And I asked for God's help.

This was nine years ago. I had a terrible struggle for the first few days, and sometimes I was almost persuaded to go into the old tavern when my acquaintances laughed at me and dared me to take at least one glass with them. But I held out. Since that morning I have not tasted strong drink.

And now, after nine years, you cannot find a happier family than mine. You will not see a finer or better furnished shop than the one I have built. I have bought the property on which it stands, with my house next door. I owe on all only two hundred and fifty dollars, which I shall pay off this year. And I call . . . experience a pretty good lesson for others who would know the difference between a drunken and a sober life. No one could tempt Jack, the blacksmith, to drink a glass of liquor, if, in the bribe, he could give him all the money in the world.—*National Temperance Advocate*.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From *Peloubet's Select Notes*.)

Dec. 21.—Eccles. 12: 1-14.

THE CONCLUSION.

The conclusion.—Vers. 13, 14, 13. This verse begins in the Hebrew with a large letter (as Deut. 6: 4.), as Buxtorf remarks, to excite more attention.—*Bridges*. "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter." The main thought toward which the whole discourse has tended; the practical conclusion to which, after all this wide view of life, we come. "Fear God, and keep his commandments." The fear of God denotes internal piety, and the keeping of the commandments of God denotes the expression of it by external obedience. This religion of heart and life is said to be the whole duty of man, or rather the whole of man.—*Emmons*. The whole duty of man. Rather the whole man. So the Septuagint, Vulgate, Ewald, Herzfeld, and others. To fear God and to obey Him is the whole man, constitutes man's whole being; that only is conceded to man; all other things, as this book again and again teaches, are dependent on a Higher Incomprehensible Being—*Herzfeld*. That is, this is your part of life, God will take care of the rest. He that has true religious life within, and in his daily conduct, has all the essentials of life. He has found what shall profit a man, the way to true happiness.—P. In beautiful order under the genial rays of the sun of righteousness, the implanted fear of the Lord ripens into a golden harvest of duty.—*Young*.

For God shall bring every work into judgment. Knobel argues fairly from the expressions "every work" and "every secret thing" (comp. Rom. 2: 16; 1 Cor. 4: 5) that the Preacher here means an appointed judgment which shall take place in another world, as distinct from the retribution which frequently follows man's actions in the course of this world, and which is too imperfect (comp. 2: 15; 4: 1; 7: 15; 9: 2, etc.) to be described by these expressions.—*Cook*. With every secret thing. That which is known to others; that which may have been forgotten by ourselves. Whether it be good, or whether it be evil. We forget many of our good deeds as well as our bad, and much that good people do is entirely unknown to the world. The good will be as much surprised as the bad when the hidden and forgotten things of life are brought to light (see Matt. 25: 37-40.)

"Count that day lost
Whose low descending sun
Views by the hand
No worthy action done."

"IN GREAT DANGER."

As a Christian man was passing out of church a few Sabbaths ago he met an old acquaintance whom he had not seen for several years. In the brief interview he seriously said to him, "I understand that you are in great danger."

The remark was heard with surprise. The friend addressed was not aware of any danger, and eagerly inquired what was meant. The answer was, "I have been informed that you are getting rich."

Men of this class are not accustomed to suspect danger from such a cause. They see none, and they see no reason why others should. And yet they are in peril; they are in great peril of losing their souls. They are in danger of making a god of mammon, instead of the living God. They are in danger of seeking to lay up their treasures on the earth, instead of in heaven, as the Saviour exhorts them to do. To his disciples he said, "Verily, I say unto you that a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of God." And Paul thus wrote: They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition." And Solomon says, "The prosperity of fools shall destroy them." Alas, prosperous worldly men stand in slippery places, and there is great danger that their feet will slide in due time, and that they will be destroyed both body and soul in hell.—*American Messenger*.

Question Corner.—No. 23.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Which name, beginning with A, is that of a good housekeeper who averted a great peril from her cross husband, and made a friend of an enemy?

2. How many loaves of bread, clusters of raisins, and cakes of figs did this matron prepare as a gift at a very short notice?

3. Which name, beginning with H, is that of a wise woman who was a prophetess? Where was her home?

4. Which king was only seven years old when he began to reign? His mother's name began with Z. What is it?

5. Give the name of a royal lady beginning with V. She was shamefully insulted by her husband, a king. Give the name of the beautiful maiden who succeeded her as queen. It begins with E.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

An exhortation we all should heed.

1. The place where Jesus wrought His first miracle.

2. The priest unto whom Samuel as a child ministered.

3. The place where Paul came and abode with the disciples.

4. The first king of Israel.

5. The first of the seven churches to which John wrote.

6. Where Jonah sought to flee from the presence of the Lord.

7. He who hid a hundred prophets in a cave.

8. He who was worshipped by a king.

9. He in whose house the ark of God rested.

10. Joseph's youngest son.

11. The queen who refused to appear before the king at his command.

12. A symbolical name given to Christ by the prophet Isaiah.

13. The place where the people attempted to offer sacrifices to Paul, calling him Marcus.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 21.

1. Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite; and Sisera, captain of the host of the king of Canaan. *Judges 4, 1.*

2. Deborah, the judge. *i.e., 4.*

3. The Canaanites revolted because Rehoboam refused to lighten their burdens. *2 Chron. 10, 1, 19.*

4. Elisha feeding the hundred men with twenty loaves and some ears of corn. *2 Kings 4, 42, 4.*

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

EAR-EYE.

1. E-v-e	• • •	Gen. III, 20.
2. E-r-u-y	• • •	Judges ix, 29.
3. B-o-m-e	• • •	Acts xviii, 2.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been sent by Cora Ma Snow.

The Temperance Worker

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13.

WORSE THAN SMALL-POX.

A good deal of alarm has been caused by an outbreak of small-pox in some villages of Hastings County, Ontario, where there is also a campaign for the adoption of the prohibitory Scott Act. Mr. H. F. Ostrom, of Belleville, writes thus to the *Intelligencer*: "Let me say respectfully to the farmer—Knowing as you do how easily men and women are led into drinking habits, as sure as this Scott Act campaign proceeds, you have in an extraordinary degree the privilege of so choosing concerning your children. Would you vote to-day for cautious action on the part of the authorities for the prevention of the spread of small-pox? Which really has in it the most evil, intemperance or small-pox?" Mr. Ostrom goes on to point out that the brewers and distillers now make large profits by selling grain as feed for cattle, after taking out those ingredients which are used for liquor. This profit might just as well be made by the farmer himself, and certainly the demand for meat will increase when the saloons are shut up, and more grain will be required. The writer says: "I know already of one farmer in Huntington, one in Thurlow, and one in Sidney, each of whom under the present 'license system' is feeding the greater part or all of his barley, to stalled cattle and hogs. The Sidney farmer, who is one of the most extensive farmers in the township or county, told me last week that he was feeding about 100 bushels per week, and that he fed nearly 3000 bushels last year and realized more than if he had sold his barley. The Huntington farmer has a large herd, and the Thurlow farmer 20 odd cattle fattening, and these farmers have the manure for fertilizing their farms, which is an item with them."

PROHIBITION BY A COMPANY.

The subjoined questions were asked by Mr. F. B. Boyce, Hon. Secretary of the New South Wales Local Option League, and recently answered by the chief clerk of the town of Pullman, Ill., in which place Prohibition has been in force ever since its finding.

In what year was the city of Pullman founded?

Answer: "27th of May, 1880."

What is the population at present?

Answer: "7,500."

How many churches does it contain?

Answer: "Five have organizations here."

How many schools also, and teachers employed?

Answer: "Two school buildings, and thirteen public school teachers."

How many lock-ups or gaols?

Answer: "None."

Number of magistrates, with amount of salaries?

Answer: "None."

Number of police, and their cost?

Answer: "One, at \$60 a month."

What is the annual amount spent on relief of the poor?

Answer: "Nothing."

Can you furnish us with your statistics of crime?

Answer: "We have no crime."

Have you any asylums, such as those for lunatics, orphans, etc.?

Answer: "None."

Is the trade in strong drink prohibited?

Answer: "Sale of malt, vinous and spirituous liquors forbidden."

Do you attribute to the absence of fac-

lities for getting drink any improved state of morals, as compared with other cities in your State?

Answer: "We certainly do, as one important aid in this direction."

IOWA.—A letter from Leon, Decatur County says: "Since July 1st we have had no saloon, and the drug stores have declared their intention to obey the law, and so far as I know they are doing so. Since July 1st there has not been an arrest made in Leon for any crime, or a warrant issued by any court for any crime committed here. At other places in the county the law is reasonably well enforced. There is not an open saloon in the county that I know of." Ackley, Hardin County, reports: "Since July 4th the farmers go home without their beer and with money in their pockets, and it is especially noticeable that sons who were never before known to go home sober are compelled to do it now. It is safe to say that, while it does not entirely prohibit, prohibition is a decided success even in Ackley. It is showing the traffic in its true light, is already saving many victims, and rapidly creating a better sentiment."—*Iowa State Register*.

A DECEPTIVE APPEARANCE.—As a beer drinker takes beer in addition to other nutriment he has a tendency to become fat and bloated at one time, although he may afterwards become thin and emaciated, from his digestion also suffering like that of the spirit drinker. Notwithstanding the apparent stoutness and strength of beer drinkers, they are by no means healthy. Injuries which to other people would be slight are apt to prove serious to them; but when it is necessary to perform surgical operations upon them the risk of death is very much greater than in others.—*Dr. T. Lauder Brunton*.

NEVER HEARD IN MAINE.—Gen. Neal Dow, writing to the *Witness*, says: "The phrase 'failure of prohibition' is never heard in Maine; it comes to us from Canada, from England and from our western States, where the powerful whiskey and beer interest is most active and earned in the endeavor to persuade the people that prohibition extends the liquor trade and intensifies its evils and dangers. The liquor leagues expend large sums of money in the work of preventing the adoption of prohibition, which, in Maine, Kansas and Iowa, they acknowledge has ruined their trade."

WHAT THEY DRINK.—Matthew Brady, who has just been fined \$300 for illicit distillation in Dublin, has solved a great historic doubt by giving into the hands of the police the following recipe for the manufacture of Irish potheen. Materials for ten gallons: Ten ounces of prunes or French plums, one and one-quarter ounces of green tea, two ounces of Orris root, one quarter ounce of Angelica root, one-half ounce of sulphuric acid, one-quarter ounce of cream of tartar, tincture of vanilla and essence of almond.—*Ex.*

A CONFESSION OF FAITH.—We believe in the entire prohibition of the liquor traffic. We believe in moral and scientific education in legislation, in every honorable means, whether individual or social, political or religious, to rid the world of this its greatest cause of sorrow, pauperism and crime. We believe in prayer, which brings to our help the Mighty One who can always make a majority.—*The Morning*.

SEVERAL PERSONS have been killed at Stafford, New Hampshire, by the accidental explosion of some blasting dynamite during a pleasure party.

THE WEEK.

EGYPTIAN AFFAIRS offer nothing new to communicate to our readers this week. The troops continue to push on up the Nile, and there is a report that the Mahdi wants to "negotiate" with Lord Wolseley. The Mahdi is also reported to be losing the confidence of his followers, as his prophetic powers do not stand the test of experience.

THE CONGO CONFERENCE is still going on and prospects of an agreement between the European powers seem worse instead of better. Among the most interesting items of news this week is the report that the French Government proposes to make itself the protector of the Roman Catholic Church in Africa. The Pope is said to object.

THE BRITISH FRANCHISE BILL has passed the House of Lords, has received the Royal assent, and is safe from all attacks of its enemies. The Redistribution Bill will be put through when Parliament re-assembles after Christmas. The Radicals are very discontented because the bill divides constituencies into parts, each part sending a representative. They would like the people of a large district to elect a number of representatives together.

MU. MOODY has had very successful evangelistic meetings in Toronto.

SEVENTEEN ANARCHISTS have been arrested in St. Petersburg, one of them being a woman.

A DIVORCE LAW is proposed in the Italian Parliament; it would allow divorce if either man or wife were sentenced to 20 years imprisonment, or if they had been separated for five years when there are children, or three years when there are no children.

MU. SCHENCK has been elected President of Switzerland for 1885, and Mr. Deutscher Vice-President. Both are Radicals.

A DESPATCH from Tananarive says that the Hova, the ruling race in Madagascar, are negotiating with the French admiral to end the war.

MU. ROBINSON, of New York, wants Congress to prohibit triumphal arches and other displays at the inauguration of the President, and to forbid the President to ride behind more than two horses at a time.

QUEEN VICTORIA and her widow daughter-in-law, the Duchess of Albany, will spend the winter at Cannes where the Duke died.

BERLIN wants asphalt roads for the whole city; the horse owners have signed a great petition for such an improvement.

THE SPANISH GOVERNMENT is making trouble for itself. About 24 newspapers have been suspended and their editors arrested; the Madrid municipal authorities are to be sent to the right about, and the city government given over to the police. Look out for another revolution!

THE PARIS MUNICIPAL Council requests the French government not to increase the duties on food.

ANOTHER WRETCH has been arrested at Dayton, Ohio, charged with marrying eight or nine women in various places.

THE PHILADELPHIA coal companies have reduced the price of anthracite by 25 to 40 cents a ton.

A BOAT containing fifteen men—some of them bandits—has been captured by a Spanish gunboat on duty at Cuba.

AN IRISH NATIONALIST at Philadelphia, Richard Bracken, has inherited \$1,000,000 worth of property from an uncle in Brazil, a city with the States.

A GENTLEMAN named Woodhouse has been killed near Petrolia, Ontario, by a friend with whom he was out hunting. The unfortunate man was mistaken for a deer by his companion.

AT AN INQUEST held in Waterford, Ireland, on the body of a woman named Clancy, who died suddenly at John's Lane, Sergeant Keating stated that on the previous night, at the wake, nearly all in the house were drunk. The corpse was raised and set up in the coffin, then the hands were kept in motion by way of getting up a "Punch and Judy" entertainment, after which the corpse was laid back in the coffin, when it was hauled round the room until it fell out on the floor. The police eventually came in. Sergeant Keating added that, on the previous night, passing from New street, he entered a house where a party of young people—eight in number—were waltzing round the room to the music of a concertina which was being played by a man who sat beside the coffin. The officer turned all the party out.

A RICH DUKE.—London *Truth* says that the entailed estates in Scotland, to which the present Duke of Buccleuch has succeeded, extend to upward 450,000 acres, and include the magnificent seats of Bowhill, Drumlanrig Castle and Dulkeith Palace. The present annual rental is about \$850,000, which is at least 20 per cent, less than the return of ten years ago. The Duke also comes into the Boughton estates, in Northants, near Kettering, and gets a property in Warwickshire, near Rugby, the two being now worth about \$140,000 a year. The Duke's piers at Granton bring in \$50,000 a year, his minerals and quarries are worth nearly as much, and he owns valuable city property in Midlothian. The Duke will receive about \$2,500,000 from his father's personal estate. His income, therefore, will be about \$1,350,000 on which pittance even a Duke can live handsomely.

MU. ISRAEL HART, a Jew, has just been chosen mayor of Leicester, Eng. The principal general interest of the fact lies in the circumstance that about the year 1230 Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, granted a charter to the borough for the total exclusion of the Jews from Leicester, and they took refuge near the Jewry wall—a portion of which is still preserved. The charter recited, "Let it be universally known that I (Simon de Montfort), for the health of my soul and the souls of my ancestors and successors, have granted and by this my present charter confirmed, for me and my heirs in perpetuity, to my burgesses of Leicester and their heirs that no Jew or Jewess in my time or in the time of my heirs, to the end of the world, shall within the liberty of the town of Leicester, inhabit, remain or obtain any residence." The end of the world is not yet, but Leicester—the Leicester of de Montfort—enjoys the administration of its first Jewish mayor.

A REMARKABLE SCENE was witnessed in the Glossop Road Baptist Chapel, Sheffield, on a recent Sunday. A member of the congregation named Kent, who did not believe in the immortality of the soul, after the singing of the hymn "Around the throne of God in heaven thousands of children stand," exclaimed, "This is a hateful lie, there are not thousands of children in heaven singing, 'Glory, glory, glory.'" The preacher hurriedly left the pulpit, and seizing Kent by the shoulders, forced him into a seat. A deacon afterward expelled him from the building.

THE HALIFAX (N. S.) Board of Trade has passed strong resolutions in favor of reciprocal trade with the United States.

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THE MARQUIS OF RIPON, who has been such a good Viceroy of India, is spoken of as likely now to be appointed Lord Lieutenant, of Ireland. A special bill would have to be passed by Parliament for that object, as Lord Ripon is a Catholic.

REPRESENTATIVE MILLARD, in U.S. Congress, proposes to make the President's term of office six years instead of four, to pay a pension to ex-Presidents, and not to allow a second term.

TERRIBLE GALES have done great damage to shipping on the British coast. The steamer "Pochard," from Cork to Liverpool, founded opposite Holyhead, all on board — about thirty — were drowned. Another steamer went down with all hands in the English Channel.

THE HON. A. S. HARDY, Provincial Secretary of Ontario, has been interviewed in New York. He says, he is "told that there is a strong undercurrent of feeling in favor of annexation," but, that "probably more people favor independence than annexation." He does not see why a reciprocity treaty should not be made that would be favorable to both the United States and Canada.

A DEPUTATION waited on Sir John A. Macdonald in New York and thanked him for proposing to give the franchise to women by his bill before the Canadian Parliament.

A FRENCH paper says that Messrs. Bennett and Mackay, American capitalists, have formed a company to buy Cuba from Spain for \$100,000,000.

A MORMON conference at Sheffield, England, has been broken up by a mob.

THE SKYE CROFTERS say that they cannot and will not pay any more rent till the amount is reduced; they are impoverished by the long continued payment of heavy rents.

EIGHT ANARCHISTS are being tried for conspiring to kill the German Emperor and Crown Prince, by concealing dynamite in hollow trees to be exploded as the royal party went along.

ALL THE American colleges that educate women along with men, declare that the experiment is a success.

THE workingmen of Paris, at a meeting, passed resolutions in favor of a strike against payment of rent and a reduction in hours of work.

SENATOR LAMAR says no action will be taken by Congress on the tariff question this session, and the scheme of reduction to be proposed by the Democrats next session "need cause no uneasiness whatever in the business community."

TWO MOHAMMEDAN slave catching tribes in the West of Africa recently attacked the King of Talaba in his capital, and blew up his household.

THE POPE asks England to help stop the persecution of Catholics in China.

IF THE FRENCH increase the custom duties on corn &c., other European countries threaten to increase their duties on French goods.

A BILL is before the British House of Commons for the relief of laborers in Ireland, by giving them cheap and permanent leases, and helping them to pay for their houses by levying a rate.

THE GERMAN DEFICIT, a semi-official newspaper says, can be got rid of by a tax on exchange operations, an increased tax on alcohol, and a slightly increased tax on corn.

THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC has placed very high customs duties on alcoholic liquors, and liquor importers think their business will be at an end. If the manufacture was stopped at the same time, the Republic would have reason to be proud.

ABOUT FIVE HUNDRED people in Virginia and Kentucky died from the recent plague, which was something like the Asiatic cholera. Many of the survivors are crippled, as if by rheumatism.

THE TORONTO, Ont., grand jury recommends that the many able-bodied men in gaol should be chained together and made to clean and repair the streets of the city.

THE "PLENARY COUNCIL" at Baltimore has finished its sessions, after laying down various rules for the guidance of "the faithful" in America, and making great declarations about the breadth and liberality of the Roman Catholic church.

MR. FRANCIS MURPHY is holding a grand temperance revival in Pittsburgh.

THE CAPSTONE of the Washington monument at New York has been successfully placed.

BRITISH IMPORTS last month were \$28,870,000 less than in November of last year; the exports were \$11,750,000 less.

SIR JOHN A MACDONALD, speaking in London on 24th November, said that the annexationists, communists &c., had less influence in Canada than in England. He also said that there was no more conservative country than Canada, and probably she would adopt a hereditary house of legislators, after it was abolished in England.

A TERRIFIC DYNAMITE EXPLOSION at Santiago, Chili, has killed a woman and a boy and greatly damaged some buildings.

THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILWAY has discharged 1500 men in the last three months.

THE FRENCH SENATE has voted to abolish public executions.

THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT proposes to spend \$760,000 on sanitary improvements in hollow trees to be exploded as the royal party went along.

SENATOR CAMERON proposes that the Committee of Congress on Finance should enquire into the low state of American shipping and see whether some of the U. S. surplus revenue might not be used in taking off duties on goods brought in American ships, and otherwise "reviving" the shipping industry.

A WOMAN named Margaret Hartfelder, in Philadelphia, has been convicted of being "a nuisance and a common scold," and has to spend six months in gaol.

SOME RASCAL set fire to the stables of the Baltimore and Hallsprings Passenger Railway Company. Fifty horses and ten cars were burned.

THE AUSTRIAN BUDGET shows a deficiency of \$8,000,000 for the year.

THE VEREINS BANK, at Bremen, Germany, has suspended. The late manager has committed suicide in prison, and his successor is now under arrest.

A GERMAN COMPANY has been formed at Hamburg with \$250,000 capital, to develop trade on the Benue River, a tributary of the Niger in West Africa.

COUNT HERBERT BISMARCK challenged a member of the Reichstag, Herr Richter, to fight a duel, because of an insulting speech against the count's father. Herr Richter declined to fight either the great Chancellor or his son.

THE UTAH COMMISSION reports that polygamy seems to be on the increase.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1885.

In issuing once again our Prospectus of the *Witness* publications, we ask the friends of temperance to take hold of them, and try to enlist everybody as a subscriber, and, if possible, as a worker in the cause. There is first

THE WITNESS,

which has now reached figures of circulation which show the growth of right sentiments in the country and whose recent increase suggests the possibility of further rapid progress.

THE WEEKLY WITNESS,

(\$1.00 per annum)

which was started in the winter of 1845-6, has now a circulation of 40,900. In our last prospectus we asked for an increase of 5,000. Our present figures show an increase of 8,800 over those when we issued our Prospectus for 1884. Some of the new names, it is true, are short time subscribers. We hope that these will not only renew their subscriptions but become advocates of the paper like their older fellow-subscribers. This being so promising a season, we boldly ask our friends to try to make the subscription list up to 50,000.

THE DAILY WITNESS

(\$3.00 per annum)

has at present 13,000 subscribers, which number, for a paper that opposes many things that are popular, is a marvellous one. The *Witness* does not, of course, confine itself to the advocacy of temperance. It is a newspaper of the first rank, keeping its readers thoroughly informed on all departments of current thought and events, among which temperance holds no more than its place. Moreover, it speaks the mind of its conductors on all subjects.

THE MESSENGER

which is now in its nineteenth year as a semi-monthly and its third as a weekly.

THE WEEKLY MESSENGER

(50 cents per annum)

already has a circulation of 7,600 all over the continent, and gives the news and abundant good reading, along with the Sunday-school lessons and a diligent advocacy of the temperance cause.

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER

(30 Cents per annum)

twice a month, gives the family reading and the Sunday-school lessons, and is largely circulated through Sunday-schools.

Lastly, for the Scott Act campaign within Canada, for the advocacy of Prohibition and nothing else, we recommend for distribution

WAR NOTES

(\$1 for 20 copies weekly for three months.)

The good work done by this lively little paper, we are glad to learn from many sources, is already great. In its columns all the arguments for and against the liquor-traffic are dealt with, and the temperance worker finds *War Notes* one of his best helps.

CLUBBING.

Our clubbing arrangements have, during the past two years, proved so satisfactory that we again repeat them. They are as follows:—

The price of the *WEEKLY WITNESS* is \$1.00 a year, postage paid. When THREE subscriptions are sent together in one envelope the price will be EIGHTY CENTS each, or

\$2.40 in all—a deduction of one-fifth. When FOUR subscriptions are sent together in one envelope the price to each will be SEVENTY FIVE CENTS, or \$3.00 in all—a deduction of one-fourth. When TEN subscriptions are sent together in one envelope the price will be SEVENTY CENTS each, or \$7 in all—a deduction of one-third.

The price of the *DAILY WITNESS* is \$3 per annum, free of postage; TWO subscriptions sent together \$5.50; Three sent together, \$8.

A single copy of the *WEEKLY MESSENGER* will be sent for 50c a year, or FIVE copies subscribed for at one time for TWO DOL-LARS.

Copies of the *NORTHERN MESSENGER* are 30c each per annum: TEN copies to one address \$2.50; TWENTY-FIVE copies, \$6; FIFTY copies, \$11.50; ONE HUNDRED copies \$22.

In addition to the above deductions we will present to any person sending us TWENTY subscriptions to the *Weekly Witness* at 70 cents each; SIX subscriptions to the *Daily Witness*, at \$2.65 each; TWENTY-FIVE subscriptions to the *Weekly Messenger*, at 40c each, or FIFTY subscriptions to the *Northern Messenger* at 25c each. A PRIZE of a handsome group of portraits of the LEADING JOURNALISTS of CANADA, with signatures, and *fac similes* of their respective papers. This fine picture is by Root & Tinker, of New York, and is a splendid work of art and certain to be greatly appreciated. When sending in names of subscribers our workers should head their lists with the words "For Picture." We hope our friends will be so energetic as to compel us to send away some thousands of copies of this interesting picture.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

All subscribers to the *Daily* or *Weekly Witness*, who renew their subscriptions before they expire, or become new subscribers between now and December 31st, are to be presented this year with A FINE ARTO-TYPE PICTURE OF THE FOUNDER OF THIS PAPER, who is, we believe, the oldest of Canadian journalists, and whose labors in the cause of religious liberty, temperance, and every other reform were well known to a past generation, and his likeness will be greeted by our older subscribers as that of an old friend. It is now approaching forty years since Mr. Dougall started the *Witness* as an independent defender of true religion and good morals without denominational preference, and of civil and religious liberty without party bias or bondage. On these lines it is needless to say, that he unwaveringly acted ever since, giving its own views on every public question at whatever cost of popularity or of favor from parties, churches, social bodies or classes of men. Mr. Dougall has for the past fifteen years, been doing a like work in the United States, whither he was drawn by crying needs of the city populations in view of the degraded character of the cheaper newspapers. While not succeeding, so far, in the special aim of supplying the masses in cities with elevating daily press, his paper, the *New York Witness*, has attained an enormous circulation and has become the centre of the temperance movement which is gaining ground so rapidly, and of much of the earnest Christian life of the United States. To any subscriber who may prefer it, we will send instead of the portrait of Mr. Dougall, A FIRST CLASS ENGRAVING of that fine painting of Gabriel Max's—"THE LION'S BRIDE," a PORTRAIT OF ROBERT BURNS, Scotland's great poet, or a PORTRAIT OF GENERAL GORDON, the hero of the Soudan. All the above mentioned pictures will be on fine plate paper, and be worthy of a place in any house in Canada. The picture chosen will be sent to all old subscribers who renew promptly—that is, before their subscriptions run out, and to every new subscriber who sends in his or her name before the 31st of December. We hope that all our friends will send in their subscriptions in time and thus receive a picture.

"A CHRISTIAN GAVE IT TO ME."

"A Christian gave it to me"—that fatal glass Which proved the turning point. The Ru—
—oon bloom.

Once crossed, my path was clear to ruin.
I knew its power, and I was struggling sore,
Against the deadly spell. Full many a time
Had taunts of boon companions made me yield.

But grace was given to turn away from them
And now, when I had hoped—yes, hoped
once more,

That health, and happiness, and home were mine.

A noble lady, one bright New Year's morn,
Pressed me to take a glass "just for this once,"

In honor of her hospitality.

She did not dream—how could she!—what was meant

By drinking that one little drop of wine,
The buried craving of the days gone by
Uprose anew within me, and I fell
A victim to its power, my being seemed
As set on fire of hell, and from that hour
To this, my downward course was swift and sure.

Oh, Christian! pause and think; was it your hand?

A sister's hand, perchance, which should have helped?

That put temptation in a brother's way?

You say, "I would not;" but you cannot tell

Their soul-surroundings who may cross your path;

You do not know, oh, then consider well,
The possibilities of every case,
And let no erring ones have cause to say
That by your means they have been led astray.

—*The Christian.*

THOSE DREADFUL BOYS.

BY MARY E. C. WYETH.

"You'll try them, won't you? They're a dreadful lot, I know, and they terrify every teacher that approaches them. I'd rather take an electric shock every five minutes all through the Sunday-school hour than to undertake that class myself. And yet I don't know what can be done with them, if you won't give them a trial."

The superintendent anxiously awaited Mrs. Lyste's response. He had ventured a good deal, he thought, in asking so much.

The class was notorious—the Sunday-school nuisance, some of the Fair Avenue Church Sunday-school folks called it. Composed of seven lads between the ages of fourteen and seventeen, and occupying the front seat, because that was the least adapted for the spreading of demoralizing elements, this class of boys had by its unwarred efforts in ill-doing, rendered itself not only obnoxious, but dreaded. All the girls of the Sunday-school spoke of the class as "those dreadful boys."

Mrs. Lyste had heard of it. "It is a mass of misdirected energy," she had said of it. And her heart yearned over it. So when the call came to her she answered promptly, "I will take them. I have no constitutional objections to boys."

"No, no, no!" quickly replied the superintendent, greatly relieved to have the class off his hands, "nor have I. But these are exceptionally bad boys. I really hope you will not regret!"

But Mrs. Lyste had followed quickly as the apologizing superintendent passed up the aisle, and was at the pew-door as soon as he. The lads saw her bright smile and nod of salutation, and involuntarily responded to it. Whether or not they heard the superintendent's stereotyped introduction is not so certain.

"We shall get on very well, I am sure," said Mrs. Lyste. "I will not detain you."

And the superintendent, radiant with relief, bowed himself away; hastily indeed, but not so hastily but that his eye caught the "Far ye' well, brother Crawford," slyly tossed after him by one of the dreadful boys.

"Let us get acquainted right off, so as to have a good time together," said Mrs. Lyste, busting a little among the hymn-books and lesson-papers, and taking the corner boy by the hand.

"Your name, please?"

"Willie Davis," came the ready response.

"Ah, Willie, I am very glad to know you.

We shall be good friends. And this is I" extending her hand to the next lad.

"Willie Martin," replied the lad, giving his hand promptly.

"I am very glad to meet you too, Willie.

And you are?"

"Will Burton. And that fellow is Billy Williams," answered the lad roughly.

"Bless my bunch of sweet Willies," said the lady, taking in the quartette with her bright smile, as she cordially grasped Will Burton's not very clean hand. "And now?"

"Rob Denslow."

"Rob is a good name too," said Mrs. Lyste, "and I've no doubt that a good, loving mother, who longs to be proud of its wearer, gave it to you. I am very glad

that we are to try together to make her so, Rob. This is your brother, is it not?"

"Yes'm. It's Tom."

"Tom! Oh, I've a brother Tom of my very own too. How nice to have a Tom and a Rob among my sweet Willies. And this is Willie Schuyler. We ought to be fast friends at once, Willie, for your paper, I were school-mates once in the good old days when we were young and untroubled, like you all. I ever so glad to have this class," she went on, handing the lesson-papers as she talked. "I don't know just how your former teacher conducted her exercises, but perhaps it doesn't matter. The way we shall do to-day will be to follow the prescribed order as nearly as we can, and all of us do our very best. Shall we?"

Bill Davis never will read the verses," said Rob, slyly dipping a corn kernel at Willie's ear.

"Behave yourself," whispered Willie a bit crossly, "or I'll—"

"We'll all read to-day, because I shall need all the help I can get, you know, I shall depend on you, Willie, to back me up. Your voice is good and strong," said Mrs. Lyste, ignoring the little battle and passage-at-arms, and beaming on Willie Davis, whose frown instantly faded.

Nothing braces up the average boy more than to let him feel that you depend on him.

"Just remember this one rule in reading aloud and you can't go very far wrong: give every vowel its full sound. Now, loud and clear, and slowly."

She led the responsive reading, the boys chiming in, following her lead nobly. Never had that class read in that manner before.

At the end of the third response the school fell in with the class. It had gone faster in the first verse. All eyes were directed to those dreadful boys and their new teacher.

They were actually taking a leading part, and taking it well.

"If you sing as well as you read I shall be very proud of you," was all that Mrs. Lyste said as she passed the hymn-book.

"I can't do anything but make a noise. No use trying," muttered Will Burton.

"Well, make a joyful noise unto the Lord," said Mrs. Lyste, smiling brightly.

"The rest of us will try to throw our music into it. All sing, please, and attend to the meaning of the words."

They sang, Will Burton and all, and the classes nearest by wondered what had got into those boys.

The prayer was a little too long, as superintendents' opening prayers are sometimes wont to be, and there were signs of the old leaven working during its progress.

Once Mrs. Lyste's hand rested for a moment with gentle touch on Tom Denslow's arm and once on Will Martin's, but she never opened her eyes. Her golden opportunity came with the lesson-hour.

"Perhaps some of us may not have

studied this lesson as we ought," she said;

"so we'll just put our heads together and study it now. We don't want to miss our object in coming here. No riches in the world are to be compared with the riches to be found in this blessed Bible. Let us search for them to-day as though this was to be our last and only chance. If we attend closely and improve every moment, I think we can mine the whole ground over once and find some gold, I trust, and still have a few minutes left for a story I'd like to tell you."

Then she began her work. And work it was. But it was well aimed, well-continued and successful work. Those boys attended to that lesson as they had never before attended to one, and so interested were they that they quite forgot to fill out their usual programme of popping peas, pulling hair, sticking pins, and producing confusion generally.

The story was a splendid one, well told, with a strong wholesome moral, and it won the entire approbation of the class. Those dreadful boys were on good terms with the new teacher at its conclusion.

"How did you get on I" asked the superintendent nervously, as the classes were filing out. The boys were near. They heard Mrs. Lyste's reply.

"Oh, we're skirmishing along the line. We'll fall in ranks pretty soon. We're bound to come out all right. We've a lot of enemies to conquer, but we mean to win the battle. This class is going to distinguish itself."

"Cesar!" whispered Rob Denslow. "I should say it had done that, if she did but know it."

And then they all got out upon the street and were a shade less dreadful than on the previous Sunday.

The next Sunday and the next found teacher and scholars coming into closer harmony. The class was invited to Mrs. Lyste's house for a jolly evening at the end of the first month. The boys never forgot the delights of that evening. Mrs. Lyste told stories, played games with them, sang old-fashioned songs, and at last proposed to boil molasses and make taffy.

"The cook is out, and so is the kitchen fire," she laughed, "but that's no matter where there are boys around. Come on, we'll find the kindlings and the molasses jug, and the fun will find itself, I'll engage."

They trooped beside her to the kitchen. Will Martin spied the hatchet at once, and made haste to split kindlings and build a fire. Rob measured out molasses, and the other boys, armed with hammers and hatchet and sad-irons made war on a pan of walnuts that Mrs. Lyste had provided. Willie Davis offered to watch and stir the molasses. Mrs. Lyste drew a chair up to the kitchen table and pried the nut-pick.

"It makes me think I am a boy again," she laughed as she took her place in the midst of the merry circle. "I never shall forget the day I first tried walking on stilts with my brother. We had such fun. I wonder if boys nowadays have as good times as they did when I was young. How do you boys amuse yourselves when you are off duty?"

And so she led them to tell of their sports, their ball club, their excursions of one sort and another; and as she did not constitute herself a commenting critic, she had some very enlightening information given her on the habits and manners of her boys when left entirely to themselves.

It came out that they indulged sometimes in cider drinking—every one of them. Rob Denslow liked beer, and took a glass whenever he could get it. He acquired the liking for it when he was a little fellow visiting his German cousins in Cincinnati. Even the babies drank beer there. His folks had it on the table at every meal. Willie Davis thought beer poor stuff, but owned that he liked wine first-rate. Always had a glass when he dined with his uncle Joe. Two other Willies thought egg-nog just delicious. Three of the lads smoked cigarettes, and Rob Denslow generally smoked one cigar a day.

It came out inadvertently, without a question or comment by the hostess, and the boys never suspected they were furnishing their teacher with an opportunity as they laughed and joked, and drat k the refreshing lemonade that their good friend had in readiness for them as they returned to the parlor, heated and thirsty after the kitchen fun. Yet when they had gone and the last echo of their cheery noisy chatter had died away on the street, Mrs. Lyste descended away from the door and, entering the deserted parlor, sat down with folded hands and thoughtful eyes and pondered upon what she had heard and seen.

"What danger they are in, poor lads," she murmured pitifully. And then she knelt and besought the Lord for the souls of those precious boys. To her they were never dreadful.

To earnest, well-directed effort little is denied. With heart and soul and mind and strength Mrs. Lyste entered upon the work of winning these boys from the power of evil and successful work. Those boys attended to that lesson as they had never before attended to one, and so interested were they that they quite forgot to fill out their usual programme of popping peas, pulling hair, sticking pins, and producing confusion generally.

"Boys," she said, as she took up the lesson papers, "there is a work for the Master that needs to be done over in the B—Street neighborhood, and I've thought and prayed over it for weeks, and I've come to the conclusion that it is just our work—yours and mine. We've got to set about saving some of the boys over there who play ball about that soda and bottled beer stand on B—Street Square every Sunday afternoon. They are going to ruin. It wrings my heart to see it. We can save them if we will. We must save them."

"We!" chorused the class with wide eyes and a questioning tone.

"We. This class," said Mrs. Lyste. "Aren't we all on God's side, the side of honor and unselfish good-will to all? Who of us is against this? And aren't we courageous enough to arm ourselves and go out to conquer an enemy when our Captain calls? We come here Sunday after Sunday to study God's Word because we believe in God and desire to know his will, don't we?"

"Yes'm," came promptly from every boy.

"We don't understand all yet, but we're learning every day, and our Saviour has said that if any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine. Now, we may as well commit ourselves here and now—we may never have another chance. We desire to make the most of ourselves and of our opportunities, don't we? We are honestly willing to own that Christian character is the best thing, and the thing that we desire for ours, and so is the kitchen fire," she laughed, "but that's no matter where there are boys around. Come on, we'll find the kindlings and the molasses jug, and the fun will find itself, I'll engage."

"Now these B—Street boys. We can't go to them with clubs and swords and beat them off their ground, and haul them to the Sunday-school and put Bibles in their hands."

The boys laughed out at the idea. "But we can go to them with another sort of weapon, and we can draw them from the play-ground to the Sunday-school. If we determine to do it, we can do it. Shall we determine it?"

"All right. Let's try it," said one. "But you'll have to tell us how," said another. "Boys won't read tracts, and those boys won't stand any foolin'."

"We sha'n't fool," said Mrs. Lyste, "neither will we ask them to read tracts. I've a plan thought out. I want you to approve it, however, and so I invite you to my house, to-morrow evening, when we'll organize for action. Then I'll tell you of my plan, and then we'll set about work. You'll see. Some good will come of it, if we only set our minds to the work and seek God's blessing. Now for the lesson, and to-morrow for the practical application of it."

The boys were quite at home in Mrs. Lyste's parlor now. There had been a monthly reunion ever since the class had been hers. They had listened to good music, had examined curious objects from all parts of the world, had heard famous stories, had romped and eaten and drank and made merry many a time in those pleasant rooms. They would never miss a gathering, even though the idea of a personal responsibility hung over it, and promptly at the hour on Monday evening they were on hand.

"We are to have oysters and hot waffles for tea," Mrs. Lyste said, as she seated the boys around her library table, "so we want to get through the business of the evening in time for a little play-spell before supper, therefore we will proceed at once to the serious subject before us. We won't enter upon any work for God in our own unaided strength, we need the divine help. Let us kneel and seek it."

"Blessed Lord, our only helper," she prayed, "here we are, a little band of raw recruits, ready and willing for thy service; where thou leadest we will follow. Weak for thy Holy Spirit to animate and inspire us. We want to be thine own dear children and faithful servants. If we are not wholly consecrated to thee, then come thou now and consecrate us. We bring our hearts to thee just as they are, and we ask thee to take them and cleanse them and make them fit abodes for the indwelling of thy Spirit. We desire to do a work for thee. Help us, Lord, that we may help those about us, and faithful servants. If we are not wholly consecrated to thee, then come thou now and consecrate us. We bring our hearts to thee just as they are, and we ask thee to take them and cleanse them and make them fit abodes for the indwelling of thy Spirit. We desire to do a work for thee. Help us, Lord, that we may help those about us, and

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I have thought so often that a work among boys could be well and skilfully done by boys, if we could only get the boys to enter upon it. Nowthat the experiment is fairly started, I confess that I am full of eagerness to see how it will work, to see if my ideas have been correct ones. The only general rule I am willing to lay down for you is the Golden Rule. Work by that always—singly or together, just as your judgment shows—but work with good-will in your hearts. Don't get angry or discouraged at repulses or insults or sneers, or even worse."

"No," broke in impetuous Billy Williams, "but if Sam Low—he's the chap I'm going for—ups and talks back, and pitches in to

actions honest and true. May we do our part wisely and kindly, and wilt thou give us a victory? And as we set about the work for our dear Master, help us to purify ourselves even as He is pure. Bless our organization, and bless each one of us, for thy own name's sake. And in token of our earnest purpose, hear us together say—Amen."

And the boys' amen was prompt and hearty.

As they resumed their seats Mrs. Lyste drew from the table drawer a new blank book. On its first fair page was engrossed in large script:

OUR UNION.

Motto—We strive to conquer.

On the opposite page,

Our Bond and Pledge.

"We the undersigned, do hereby bind ourselves in a Union that shall have for its aim any worthy work of love to God and goodwill to man that our hands may find to do. And that we may prove ourselves worthy members of a pure Union, we pledge ourselves to use no profane language, and to abstain from the use of alcohol and tobacco in all their forms, and to maintain the cause of truth and justice always and everywhere, by the help of our Lord and King Jesus Christ."

As Mrs. Lyste read aloud the written words, she took from the drawer a jewel casket which she opened, displaying to the view seven beautiful scarf pins of exquisite workmanship, the design being a golden cross set with a tiny opal.

"This bond and pledge is for three months," she said. "Each boy who signs his name to it will please accept one of these opal crosses, and wear it, as a reminder of the act, so long as he keeps his pledge inviolate. You will observe that I wear one, and that I here subscribe my name to the bond and pledge. Will you follow me?"

She placed the book and jewel-case before

Billy Williams.

"No more cigarettes, hey? Well—here goes!" laughed that lad as he traced his name in big, sprawling characters. Then he selected a pin, and while Will Burton was

signing he fastened it in his scarf.

"I reckon I can stand out for three months," laughed Will Burton as he signed.

"It's pretty middling tough," demurred Will Martin. "Don't believe I can hang out without a smoke for three months."

"You'll have to give up your pin if you break your pledge," said Rob Denslow. "It's a mighty pretty pin too."

One by one they signed. If it cost them something, they bravely concealed all the hurt of it. It was the first favor she had ever asked of them, and they loved her too well to refuse to follow in her lead.

"Thank you very much for the pin, Mrs. Lyste," spoke up Willie Schuyler. "It is beautiful. An opal is such a curious and interesting stone. I always liked it better than any other gem. Mine fairly glows now."

"It is only a tiny amount of water imbedded in silex," said Mrs. Lyste. "It catches the light—and gives it out. It is a fit symbol for us and our work. I thought you would all like opals."

"The water in the opal is to make us remember that water is the drink of our union, I suppose," said Will Martin.

"And the cross—" began Tom, and hesitated.

"Is the sign by which we are to conquer," said Mrs. Lyste.

Then began a practical talk about the proposed plan of breaking up the B—Street Sunday playing and the beer-drinking, and of winning the players to a better way. Mrs. Lyste threw out some suggestions, and encouraged the boys to make others.

"I have thought so often that a work among boys could be well and skilfully done by boys, if we could only get the boys to enter upon it. Nowthat the experiment is fairly started, I confess that I am full of eagerness to see how it will work, to see if my ideas have been correct ones. The only general rule I am willing to lay down for you is the Golden Rule. Work by that always—singly or together, just as your judgment shows—but work with good-will in your hearts. Don't get angry or discouraged at repulses or insults or sneers, or even worse."

"No," broke in impetuous Billy Williams, "but if Sam Low—he's the chap I'm going for—ups and talks back, and pitches in to

THE WEEKLY MESSENGER.

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lick me, and more'n likely he will, I'll let him have it. I'll pummel him—but I'll fetch him. You'll see him in Sunday-school 'fore I'm done with him."

The boys laughed heartily. Even Mrs. Lyste joined in, though she said reproachfully,

"O Billy! is that your idea of Christian warfare? Don't you remember that we are told not to be overcome of evil, but to overcome evil with good?"

But Billy, nowise daunted, declared that he might have to lick Sam Low. He shouldn't pick a fight, he said—he'd try hard not to have one—but if Sam would have a licking, why he'd get it, that was all.

A good licking was good for a bully, he said. "To give up, and let a fellow think he'd cowed you, was the evil. That was being overcome of evil, sure enough."

Mrs. Lyste shook her head and smiled.

"I must command what I can," she said. "Billy starts out with a set purpose and a fixed aim—to get Sam into the Sunday-school. 'This one thing I do,' he says. I have great faith in the success of any one who begins a work with a certain fixed purpose. 'Know thy work and do it,' is a brave charge. But seek also the very best way of doing it, is a wise caution. The force of a patient endeavor, a hearty good-will and an honest desire to benefit is, I believe, more effectual than any mere physical force. It is better, too, to lead than to drive. Remember that?"

"But some cattle have to be driven, or they never be got into the pasture," said Rob. "Billy is level there. Boys don't manage with boys as old folks do. They can't. 'Tother boys won't take it off 'em."

Evidently these boys held theories. Mrs. Lyste concluded to let them put them into practice after their own fashion. "Only remember," she said, "it is Christ's work that we are doing, and we must strive to do it in the Christ-spirit."

Then, opening the piano, she began a lively marching tune, and invited the boys to file out to the dining-room, keeping step to the music. In the dining-room a merry time awaited them, and the oysters and coffee were hugely enjoyed.

The three months were ended. Not an opal-cross had found its way again into the rose-lined casket. The water drops still gathered and emitted light. And "Our Union" had increased by four members, Sam Low being one of them. By a unanimous vote the bond and pledge were renewed for a year. Every week Mrs. Lyste gave one evening to the entertainment of the boys, and the experiences of the members of the Union, in their weekly work for the Master, as eagerly told in those parlors, had become a most delightful feature of the evening's entertainment. Unconsciously the boys were becoming trained workers for the church. The results of their labors among the B—Street boys were manifest. The soda and beer stand no longer held sway on the vacant lot. Three of the Sunday players were brought into, and kept in the Sunday-school. And the work was nowise abated. One victory only encouraged the hope of another, and the weekly evenings kept the flame of zeal aglow.

After one month's attendance the recruits from the B—Street ground were surprised by an announcement made by the teacher to her class.

"On next Thursday," said that delightful woman to her boys, "we are to have a picnic in Pond Grove. The boats and the pond are to be at our service and we are to roan the woods and fish and swim, if we care to, at will. We shall make a day of it. And I ask you all to help me make a red-letter day of it for our Union. Let us be fishers of men—or rather of boys. Each one of you is invited and expected to bring with you one other boy, whom you know, who does not go to Sunday-school, and who needs to be helped. There will be a chance for a good time for him and plenty of fun. All that is asked of him is that he will be on his good behaviour for that day, and that he will come to our class on the next Sunday."

"Oh, jolly!" said Willie Davis. "I'll get Harry Hale in on that. He loves to fish better'n any fellow I know. How are we to go?"

"I have engaged two farm-waggons," said Mrs. Lyste. "We shall leave the city at eight o'clock in the morning, spend the day in the woods, taking our supper of coffee and fish—that you boys are to catch—in the grove, and return by moonlight, sufficiently tired and delighted, I hope. I trust we may

do a good work for the Master on this galas-day."

"I tell you what, she knows how to do it," was the emphatic comment of one of the new recruits, as the lads lingered on the corner curbstone that afternoon to talk over the delightsome anticipation. "If it wa'n't that Tim Ryan's folks were Catholics, I'd 'a' got him to join Sunday-school before this. He wants to come. Says he'd take the pledge, too. Says we boys are bound to be somebody, and he'd like to stand a chance too. But the priest won't let him come."

"That's it," said Willie Schuyler. "Mrs. Lyste says the rich and the Catholics are the hardest ones to reach."

"Well, but we can reach them," said Willie. "Davis. Harry Hale is rich, and I've reached him. His folks are dead set against churches too—don't believe in religion, and let Harry do as he pleases on Sunday and other days. But I've told Harry abo'r our jolly times up at M—. Lyste's, and about our class, and he'd pretty near made up his mind to come to Sunday-school with me last week. This picinic will fetch him. And I shouldn't wonder if Tim would dare to come just once; and if he does, you know Mrs. Lyste will teach him things out of the Bible that will set him to thinking for himself, and 'twon't be long before he'll find out that it's worth while to do his own thinking. Oh, try him again, Sam. Tell him we all respect the sign," and Willie pointed to the opal cross, for all the new recruits wore crosses too. And it can't pass that Tim Ryan was won."

And so the good work went on. The leaven leavened. Those dreadful boys somehow, irreperably, yet surely, lost their identity as the months wore on, and the class enlarged until the front slips would no longer hold them and the superintendent was forced to assign to them the entire corner—five slips. The Corner Class was called thereafter, and for years. Its record is a shining one. I heard of it only last winter—of its original seven, I mean. One here, one there, one yonder, but all doing the same Christian work; each one an earnest, active temperance man; a Sunday-school worker, and a prosperous member of the society in which his lot is cast.

And as Mrs. Lyste hears now and again of or from some of the many boys who have gone out into the world of labor and conflict from the Corner Class, she recalls sometimes the struggles that she had with self through all the years that she so conscientiously denied herself in order to provide the means by which she wreathed with the pure flowers of pleasure the loving squares which she set for her boys, and by which she made her hold on them not irksome, yet secure. She remembers sometimes the satin gown she put aside, that she might use the price of it in a winter's evening for the class. She remembers the new carpets that went to the fitting up of a neat coffee room, that her boys—those dreadful boys—set going, and that grew into a powerful agency for the prevention of the spread of alcoholism in a certain district. And she thinks sometimes of a winter's tour in semi-tropic lands foregone for the sake of a mission Sunday school started by those same boys, years later, in a destitute and well-nigh hopeless neighborhood, and of all the continuous small economies forced upon her by the increasing opportunities of spending and being spent for the cause she loved; yet recalls those only that she may smile to think of the contrast between the views of now and then as to the value of the foregoing pleasures. How dear the cost seemed then, and how insignificant it now appears in view of the gain accomplished! And happy tears oft did her eyes as she thus reviews her loving efforts, surely, surely not in vain for those dreadful boys.—*Christian Weekly*.

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A LETTER FROM INDIA

Last week we gave an account of a mission circle which is working in connection with the Ladies' Society in one of our churches. This week we are permitted to copy a letter that was received some time ago by "The Little Helpers." Perhaps some of the young folks who read it will wish to form mission circles of their own in order to help in the good work of sending the Gospel to far-off lands.

VELLORE, March 8th, 1884.
My DEAR CHILDREN: I am going to try to tell you something of our boarding-school in which Mr. Pakumannadhan is one

of the teachers. Mrs. G. informs me that you intend to help support him, and perhaps you will like to shorten his name as we do and call him Mr. Pakium.

Our school is in many respects very different from any that you have attended. It is composed entirely of black or colored girls, but they do not resemble negroes, as they have nice, straight, long black hair. Negro girls have flat noses and thick lips but our girls have often pretty noses and mouths, and beautiful teeth. The last they get by cleaning them with charcoal. They never need to be reminded to clean them, as so many children in America do, because these little people are brought up from infancy to look upon keeping the mouth clean as a very important thing, which must never be forgotten. Tooth-brushes are not the fashion here, but the end of the forefinger or a bit of soft stick is a very good substitute. They do not use a hairbrush either, but a wooden comb. They put cocoanut oil on the hair, and that makes it very glossy.

Their dress is also quite different from yours. They wear a very small colored jacket with short sleeves, a colored petticoat, and over that a long strip of calico or muslin laid over one shoulder, one end falling in front like an apron. The other end is brought from the back around the waist and back again, where it falls like a broad sash behind. It can be made to look very pretty.

They have no shoes or stockings, no hats or bonnets, but when they go to church they loose this strip of cloth and put it over the head. The big girls have a large cloth which is made to form the whole dress, and is very graceful when well put on. It can be very costly. I saw a rich native lady with one on that cost seventy-five dollars, but those that our girls wear cost from two to four dollars, or even less.

In this seminary we have at present fifty-four girls, divided into four classes, and varying in age from nine to sixteen. They have good memories and can repeat many verses in the Bible, the Heidelberg Catechism, and other books. They like to sing and know many of their own native songs or hymns, which are not at all like yours.

They, however, play some games very like those that children play in America, especially the running games, and they count out the girls with a funny sounding verse, just as I remember to have done when a little girl. You will be surprised to hear what these children have to eat. About seven o'clock in the morning, after they have swept the building and taken a bath themselves, they each have a rice cake and some gruel. At twelve they each have a large soup-plate full of boiled rice, meat and vegetables made into a curry. Curry is made of spices, red peppers, onions, tamarinds, and some kinds of seed. All these ingredients are rolled on a large stone until very fine, and then by the addition of water made into a paste. The meat and vegetables are chopped and stewed with this paste, and then each child has some poured over her dish of rice. In the evening at seven o'clock they have another dish of rice and curry without meat, and a different kind of vegetable. On Sunday night they have salt fish to eat with their curry, and occasionally they have pickles and bananas.

These children all give something to the Lord, but this they do in a different way from most children at home. They are entitled to two rice cakes apiece every morning, but they give up one in order that they may have something to put into the plate at church, and to help in giving the Scriptures to other heathen children. This giving up a part of their early breakfast is quite an act of self denial, for, as you may imagine, they must get very hungry before twelve o'clock.

They are taught to do very pretty crochet work, and they like it better than sewing. However, they are all obliged to learn a little plain work, and also to cook their own food, but as they have not much variety in their meals, this last is not very difficult.

When you pray to God ask Him to bless Mrs. Scudder and her schools at Vellore.

Yours affectionately,
MRS. J. W. SCUDDER.
—Christian Intelligencer.

TO REMOVE remnants of old oil-cloth from floor apply a very hot flat iron which will soften it, so it can be scraped off.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON XII.

Dec. 21, 1884.]

[Eccles. 12: 1-14.

THE CREATOR REMEMBERED.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 13, 14.

1. Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not; nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

2. While the sun, or the light, or the moon or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return not;

3. In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall howl themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be few;

4. And the doors shall be shut in the streets, where the sound of the grinding is low, and it shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low;

5. Also when the soul shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the alms of life shall be few; the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail; because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets;

6. Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

7. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

8. Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher; all is vanity.

9. And moreover because the Preacher was wise, he still taught the people knowledge, even he gave good heed, and sought out, and set in order many proverbs;

10. The Preacher sought to find out acceptable words, and that which was written was upon tablets;

11. The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies, which are given from one shepherd;

12. And further, by these, my son, be admonished: of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh;

13. Let us hear then the conclusion of the whole matter, that we may know our commandments: for this is the woe of duty of man;

14. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be evil, good, or whether it be evil.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."—Eccles. 12: 1.

HOME READINGS.

M. Eccles. 12:1-14.....The Creator Remembred.

T. Matt. 6:16-23.....The Heavenly Treasure.

W. 1 John 2:14-29.....Counsels for the Young.

Th. 1 Sam. 3:1-22.....A Young Prophet.

F. 2 Chron. 34:1-22.....Young King.

Sa. Ps. 37:28-30.....The Righteous Never Forsoaken.

B. 2 Pet. 3:1-11.....The Day of the Lord.

LESSON PLAN.

1. The Time for Rembering. 2. The Reason for Remembering.

Time.—About B.C. 977. Place.—Written by Solomon at Jerusalem.

INTRODUCTORY.

In this chapter the royal preacher gives the conclusion of his discourse. He reminds his audience of the shortness of life, and bids them to remember their Creator. The identifications of age are strikingly set forth under the emblem of an old decaying house, and youth are urged to begin a life of piety before the coming of these days of sorrow and infirmity.

LESSON NOTES.

1. V. 1. THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH—the best days, not the drugs of them. Prov. 8:17, 22: 6. Exod. 23:22; Deut. 10:12; 32:12.

2. WHILE THE SUN—wise property continues. NOR THE CLOUDS RETURN—in old age, breaking the short intervals of joy. If youth is spent in sin, age will be a burden.

3. THE HOUSE—our house is the body, the keepers are the hands and arms; the strong men, the feet and legs; the grinders, the teeth; and thus that look out of the eyes, the windows.

4. THE GRINDING IS LOW—the old cannot eat their food with satisfaction. RISE UP AT THE VOICE OF THE BIRD—the old rise early because they are sleepless. DAUERS—old age—old age is the cause of verse 1.

5. THE SILVER CORD—the thread of life. THE GRASSHOPPER SHALL BE A BURDEN—the least weight oppresses. HIS LONG HOME—Hebrew, "the house of his eternity." Job 16:22, 6. OR THE MUD SPRING—life is a burthen, with the cause of verse 1.

6. ALL IS VANITY—the world, as a source of happiness, is an utter failure. V. 11. AS AN OMELET—nothing left after the egg is broken. DUTY—MASTERS OF ASSEMBLIES—inspired teachers. FE—ONE SHEPHERD—God the great Shepherd of Israel. V. 12. BY THESE—inspired words—only by fulfilling the commandments of God is deserving of our earnest uniting pursuit. THE WORD OF GOD IS THE BOOK OF BOOKS EVERMORE. V. 13. THE CONCLUSION OF THE WHOLE MATTER—THE RIBBON—cords and ribbons which bind the whole book. THIS IS THE WHOLE DUTY OF MAN—literally, "the whole man;" the whole profit, interest, duty of man. V. 14. The solemn day, the day of judgment will come. We are not like the beasts

that pr.ish, but rational, accountable beings destined to live for ever.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That we should begin to serve God while we are young.
2. That we must expect peculiar trials in old age.
3. That old age is an unfavorable time to seek religion.
4. That we should serve the Lord with gladness at all times.
5. That we must certainly give account to God for all our opportunities.

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, Dec. 9, 1884.

There is very little to say regarding commercial matters, this week, except that they are very quiet indeed. Liverpool prices for Red Winter oil cost is \$3. Prices are nominal and unchanged.

Chicago is very quiet and dull, with prices somewhat lower. Wheat and corn are higher. We quote:—Wheat at 71¢ Dec. and 71¢ Jan. 72¢ Feb. Corn is quoted at \$3.00 per bushel and Jan. at 34¢ ; 34¢ Feb. and 36¢ March.

The local market is as dull as last week, which in saying a good deal. We quote: Canada Red Winter, 82¢ to 84¢; White, 83¢ to 84¢; Spring 81¢ to 83¢; Peas, 72¢ to 73¢; Oats, 31¢; Barley, 56¢ to 67¢. Corn 67¢.

FLOUR.—Receipts are still falling off, and it is high time, as the market is now stagnant and prices are nominal. The quotations are as follows:—Superfine Extra, \$3.75 to \$3.80; Extra Superfine, \$3.55 to \$3.60; Fancy \$2.55; Spring Extra \$3.55; Superfine, \$3.25 to \$3.35; Strong Bakers (Can.), \$3.80 to \$4.00; Strong Bakers (American), \$4.00 to \$4.25; Fine, \$3.00 to \$3.15; middlings, \$2.85 to \$2.90; Pollards, \$2.60 to \$2.70; Ontario bags (bag included) Medium, \$1.75 to \$1.85; Spring Extra, \$1.65 to \$1.70; Superfine, \$1.45 to \$1.55; City Bags, (delivered,) \$2.35.

MEALS unchanged.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Both butter and cheese are quiet with unchanged prices. We quote:—Creamery, 23¢ to 26¢; Eastern Townships, 18¢ to 22¢; Western, 14¢ to 17¢. Cheese is unchanged at 11¢ to 12¢ for September and October, and 8¢ to 11¢ for other months.

Eggs, fresh, are selling at 19¢ to 20¢, as to quality.

POULTRY AND GAME are steady as follows:—Turkeys, 8¢ to 18¢; ducks, 8¢ to 9¢; geese and chickens, 6¢ to 7¢ per lb.; partridges, 45¢ to 50¢ per brace; venison saddle, 7¢ to 8¢; do; carcases, 5¢ to 6¢ per lb. Hogs, fresh, are selling at 19¢ to 20¢, as to quality.

HOG PRODUCTS are very quiet. We quote:—Western Mess Pork \$15.00 to \$15.50; Hams, city cured, 14¢ to 14½¢; Bacon, 13¢ to 14¢; Lard, western, in pails, 10¢ to 10½¢; do, Canadian, 10½¢; Tallow, common refined, 7¢ to 8¢.

ASHES are very weak, Pots selling at 33¢ to 35¢, as to tares.

FARMERS' MARKET.

There was a large attendance of farmers at the markets here during the latter part of last week and an abundant supply of produce was offered at declining rates, especially was this the case with grain, potatoes, dressed hogs, dead poultry, beef quarters and tub butter. This week the weather has been rather boisterous and the roads in many places have become very muddy and few farmers from a distance care to come to market, consequently the supplies are greatly diminished and prices are again advancing. Oats are 80¢ to 90¢ per bag; peas, 80¢ to 90¢ per bushel; beans \$1.40 to \$1.80 do; potatoes 45¢ to 50¢ per bag; turnips, carrots, beets and onions 30¢ to 50¢ per bushel; cabbage 15¢ to 30¢ per dozen heads; butter 16¢ to 40¢ per lb; eggs 22¢ to 50¢ per dozen; apples \$1.50 to \$3.00 per barrel; dressed hogs 6½¢ to 7¢ per lb.; mutton quarters 5¢ to 7¢ do; young turkeys 9¢ to 12¢ per lb.; geese 7¢ to 9¢ do; fowls 7¢ to 10¢ do; ducks 12¢ to 15¢ do; hay \$5.00 to \$9.50 per 100 bundles.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

The cattle market continues overstocked with common and inferior beasts which are very difficult of sale. There is an active demand for any good animals and prices of this kind are slightly higher or from 4¢ to 5¢ per lb. Pretty good steers and fat cows sell at from 4¢ to 4½¢, common dry cows at about 3¢ per lb, and lean animals at about

2¢ do. Sheep and lambs are in good supply and there is an active demand for the best lambs, which sell at from \$4 to \$4.50 each. Common lambs sell in lots at about 83¢ each and small lean ones at from \$2 to \$2.50 each. Live hogs are plentiful and are declining in value; prices running from 4¢ to 5¢ per lb. Good milch cows are very scarce and in demand at from \$55 to \$70 each, and common ones sell at from \$35 to \$50 each.

NEW YORK, Dec. 8, 1884.

GRAIN.—Wheat, 79¢ Dec.; 81¢ Jan.; 83¢ Feb.; 86¢ Mar.; 86¢ May. Corn, 50¢ to 51¢ Dec.; 47¢ Jan.; 47¢ Feb.; 46½¢; May. Rye, quiet, 63¢; Oats, dull; 31¢ Nov. 31¢ Dec.; 32¢ Jan.; 34¢ May. Barley, Canada No. 2, 76¢. Peas nominal.

FLOUR, quiet and unchanged. We quote: Superfine, \$2.30 to \$2.65; Low Extra, \$2.65 to \$3.65; Clears, \$3.40 to \$4.15; Straight, \$3.65 to \$4.70; Patent, \$4.50 to \$5.26. Winter Wheat:—Superfine, \$2.60 to \$2.85; Low Extra, \$2.85 to \$3.10; Clears (R. and A.), \$3.75 to \$4.00; Straight (R. and A.), \$4.00 to \$4.95; Patent, \$4.50 to \$5.25; Straight (White Wheat), \$4.00 to \$5.00; Low Extra (City Mill), \$2.90 to \$3.15; West India, sacks, \$3.55 to \$3.60; barrels, West India, \$4.40; Patent, \$4.65 to \$5.40; South America, \$4.25 to \$4.30; Patent, \$4.65 to \$5.40. Southern Flour—Extra \$3.60 to \$4.25; Family, \$4.50 to \$5.00; Patent, \$5.10 to \$5.60. Rye Flour—Fine to superfine, \$2.75 to \$3.85.

MEALS.—Cornmeal, \$3.40 to \$3.50 in brls; oatmeal, \$5.00 to \$5.90 per brl.

SEEDS.—Dull. Clover Sc to 8½¢; Timothy, \$1.45 to \$1.47; Linseed, \$1.80.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.—Butter unchanged. Creamery, ordinary to select 19¢ to 30¢; Half firkins, ordinary to best 16¢ to 28¢; Welsh tubs 18¢ to 27¢; Western ordinary factory, to choice imitation creamery, 9¢ to 24¢. Cheeses, state factory, ordinary to fall cream, 3½¢ to 12½¢. Ohio flats, fair to choice 11½¢ to 12½¢. Skimmed 1¢ to 3¢.

MEALS unchanged.

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THE ORANGEMEN at Conception Bay, Newfoundland, are reported to have stoned the house of a priest.

FIVE MORMONS in Arizona have been convicted of polygamy.

THE SUEZ CANAL is to be widened; a committee has decided so, in preference to building a new canal.

NEVILLE, the bigamist, has been sentenced at Toledo to seven years in the penitentiary.

THE OCEAN STEAMSHIP Companies cannot agree to put up rates, and there may be some cutting down instead.

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