

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

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The Temperance Worker

PUBLISHERS' NOTES.

Probably many, perhaps the best, returns from our "Autumn Competition" are yet to come in. So far, however, we know that it has succeeded better than the "August Competition," at least in the number of names, and we have every confidence that those who have subscribed for the remainder of the year will cheerfully send in subscriptions for the ensuing year. Whatever the result of the competition may be, we cordially solicit the good offices of all old and new friends in trying to give the *Weekly Messenger* a good start in 1884. A discount of ten cents is allowed on each yearly subscription in clubs of five and over, which the canvassers can retain as payment for their services. Sample copies are sent out regularly all over the country, and anyone receiving one will please take it as an invitation to subscribe—the price is only fifty cents, the article one of the most comprehensive, readable and useful weekly newspapers in the world. Address all letters JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Montreal, and in sending money employ registered letters or P.O. Orders.

GOOD TEMPLARS.

Mr. J. A. Lawson, assisted by members of Rescue Lodge, Mount Stewart, recently organized a lodge at Head of Hillsboro-Prince Edward Island. It is named "Hillsboro," and officered as follows:—W. H. Douglas, W. C.; Emily Douglas, W. V.; F. Jardine, W. T.; H. Miller, W. F. S.; C. McLaughlin, W. S.; Annie Coffin, Chap.; L. Coffin, W. M.; Edith Douglas, I. G.; D. Rattray, O. G.; L. H. Douglas, P. W. C.; Maggie Coffin, R. H. S.; Christy, McLean, L. H. S.; J. McLaughlan, A. M.; P. Farquharson, A. S.; W. H. Douglas, L. Deputy.

"Riverside" Lodge, Port-au-pique, Colchester county, Nova Scotia, was lately reorganized by Mr. Edward Fulton. A new Lodge was organized at Five Islands in the same county, both it and the one above-mentioned being under the Loyal Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia.

"Oriental" Lodge, of the so-called Secession, was organized lately by Mr. B. D. Rogers at Lower Barney's River, Nova Scotia, with twenty-nine charter members. "Bloomfield" Lodge, with twenty members (Order not stated), was reorganized lately by Mr. James S. Marshall, at Kingston station, King's county, N. S.

The Grand Lodge of Newfoundland, of the seceded Order, met in August. In his report the Grand Worthy Chief Templar said there had been a decided improvement in most of the Lodges throughout the jurisdiction, and he was glad to be able to report that their principles were steadily gaining ground in different parts of the Island. Mention is made of the achievement of the temperance societies during the year, in having Bavarian beer brought under the restrictions of the license law.

By the Secretary's report the membership was shown to be 887, against 822 last year. This is a small increase when over three hundred new members joined, but the leakage was due to the familiar cause—members falling behind in their quarterly dues and allowing themselves to be expelled in default. There is a juvenile membership of 350; two new juvenile Temples were instituted, and the General Superintendent was in hopes of seeing, one in connection with every subordinate Lodge in the jurisdiction before very long. There was a balance of \$108.40 in the Treasurer's hands, and assets valued at \$160.10.

Between eight hundred and one thousand of the military and naval members of the seceding Order came over recently to the Loyal Grand Lodge of England.

New Lodges are reported as having been formed on the Gold Coast, Africa, and at Hadersleben, Germany.

Ere this the Grand Lodge of Manitoba will have been instituted. The order in Manitoba and the North-West now counts thirteen subordinate lodges and about fifteen hundred members.

The Order has been booming in some of the States of the Union last year. Ohio Grand Lodge had a gain of 76 Lodges and 3,078 members. Minnesota shows an increase of 47 Lodges and 2,091 members, present number of Lodges being 140 and of members 5,875. Oregon has a membership of 4,450 in 104 lodges, an increase for the year of 36 lodges and 1,362 members. A net gain of 1,633 members was made in New York, the total membership of which is 27,163.

A lodge called "Polar Star" was lately organized at Churchville, by Mr. W. H. Rodden, special organizer for the Grand Lodge of Canada. Mr. H. Baskerville is W. C. T., and Mr. Butler Wilson, L. D. "Hope of Brampton" lodge was also organized by the same worker at Brampton with about twenty-five charter members. The principal officers are as follows:—J. P. Rice, W. C. T.; Levila Snell, W. V. T.; Thos. H. Dickinson, W. Sec'y.; Mary J. Lundy, W. Treas.; W. H. Campbell, P. W. C. T.; John Reynolds, L. D.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

There are eleven Divisions in good working order under the Grand Lodge of Newfoundland.

The Order is said to be rapidly spreading and strengthening in Ontario.

"Milford Haven" Division, Manchester, Guysboro county, N. S., was lately reorganized by the Rev. Jacob Whitman, with 22 members and the following officers:—W. P.—John Campbell; W. A.—Wm. W. Simpson; R. S.—Martha Torey; A. R. S.—Frances Torey; F. S.—Hester Simpson; Treas.—John H. Hart; Chap.—Jacob Whitman; Con.—Ester Leary; A. C.—Ester Hart; I. S.—David Leary; O. S.—Wm. O'Brien; P. W. P., appt.—James O'Brien; D. G. W. P.—John Campbell.

SCOTT ACT NOTES.

A large convention was recently held in Ingersoll, Ontario, in connection with the submission of the Scott Act to the electors of Oxford county. Encouraging and satisfactory reports of the petition canvass were made, and a crowded and enthusiastic public meeting was held in the evening. Mr. G. W. Ross, member of the House of Commons, was one of the speakers, addressing the meeting with his well-known power upon different phases of the prohibition question.

It is said the only house to let in Milton, Halton county, Ontario, is the gaol. The Scott Act is in force in that county. A merchant in Georgetown, same county, who is not in favor of the Scott Act, says his sales for the last month were \$500 ahead of those for the same period last year. Yet prohibition is cried down as destructive of legitimate business as well as that at which it is aimed.

The following expression of opinion published in the Halifax *Herald* over the signature of Mr. C. A. Black, of Amherst, has the right ring and is significant of the temperance sentiment prevalent in Nova Scotia:—"With reference to your remarks in to-day's *Herald*, respecting the awkward position of many temperance men, at the coming Scott Act election in this county, please allow me a word of explanation. There are no two opinions among the friends of temperance as to what their duties are at this stage of temperance legislation. If the coming Dominion license law did not, on the first day of May next, kill our 'present prohibitory law which prevails in Cumberland,' no election would have been asked for, but as the Nova Scotia liquor law becomes null and void by act of Parliament at that date, then must temperance people adopt the Scott Act as the next best, if not better. The Canada license law enables the hotel and saloon men to obtain a license, if one-third of the ratepayers in the district say so; but as license high or low, lax or stringent, means free run, the friends of temperance prefer 'free run' without the sanction of law."

The following deliverance upon the Scott Act, passed by the Halton County (Ontario) Prohibitory Alliance, came to hand some time ago but was mislaid. It was resolved: "That from the reports presented from different points of the county by the delegates present, this convention is of opinion that in the rural districts the Scott Act is a complete success, and that in the larger villages and towns, while drinking is carried on to some extent, yet it is very greatly reduced and would be reduced to a minimum provided the officers and all temperance people did what we consider to be their duty; therefore be it resolved that we urge on the temperance people individually and collectively the importance of doing all that can be done for the proper enforcement of the act."

DOMINION ALLIANCE.

The Nova Scotia Branch of the Dominion Alliance will meet in Halifax city on the 30th inst., at 10 o'clock, a.m.

WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

The Ontario Union met in Ottawa on the 17th inst., and was opened by devotional exercises conducted by the well known worker, Mrs. Youmans. Mrs. Chisholm, of Hamilton, the President, read her address, which represented satisfactory progress having been made during the year. The association increased in numbers and efficiency. Many unions had been organized in Quebec, and a local and Provincial union formed in British Columbia. Reference was made to the Dominion License Act as a step in advance. It was remarked that a Dominion Union could not be formed this year, on account of but two Provinces being represented.

The Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Union conducts a column in the *Daily Patriot* once a week. This is an excellent method of making use of the press in promoting the temperance cause.

The Convention held in Montreal last week resulted in the organization of a Provincial Union for the Province of Quebec, with the following officers:—President, Mrs. Middleton, Quebec; 1st Vice-President Mrs. Dunkin, Knowlton; 2nd Vice President, Mrs. Walker, Montreal; Cor. Secretary, Miss Lamb, Quebec; Recording Secretary, Mrs. R. W. McLachlan, Montreal; Treasurer, Mrs. McKenzie Forbes; Superintendents of departments—Hereditary and Hygiene, Mrs. D. V. Lucas; Scientific Instruction, Miss Dougal, Montreal; Juvenile: Books, Miss Newham, Montreal; Temperance Literature and Press, Mrs. James Fraser, Montreal; Evangelistic Work, Mrs. Dean and Miss Knowles, East Farnham; Parlor Meetings, etc., Mrs. Jack, Chateauguay; Legislation and Petitions Mrs. Gezzie, Quebec. Mrs. Middleton, in taking her seat as President, thanked the Convention for the honor and accepted the office in a spirit of self-dedication to the Lord's work. Votes of thanks were given to Mrs. Jas. D. Dougall and Mrs. R. W. McLachlan, President and Secretary respectively prior to organization of the Union, for their services to the Convention, the sentiment toward the former being especially cordial in view of the fact that her projected removal from the city prevented her labors being more emphatically recognized by electing her to office in the new organization.

Mr. Shaw, the English missionary who was ill-treated by the French in Madagascar, has been tendered 60,000 francs (about \$10,000) as indemnity for his losses, and this with a letter of regret over the occurrence from the French to the English Foreign Office is considered by the French Government as settling the affair. Later reports say Mr. Shaw will receive five thousand dollars out of the French secret service fund. The Radical members of the French Assembly are expected to make some noise over the concessions of the Government in the matter. Mr. Shaw is being heartily abused by some Paris newspapers.

HOW IT ALL CAME ROUND.

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

CHAPTER XXXIII.—THE READING OF THE WILL.

Charlotte's depression did not remain with her all through the day. She was a healthy creature, healthy both in body and mind. It was impossible for her, with the bright spring sun shining, and with her wedding-day but one week absent, not to turn again to hope. She saw that she had vexed Hinton. She still felt that queer and uncomfortable desire to be at Somerset House, just at the very hour when her lover had pleaded for her society. But she reflected that when she told him the story, when she proudly cleared her father in his eyes, he would most abundantly forgive her.

"He hates secrets," she said to herself; "and it is the last, the very last, little, tiny secret I shall ever have from my darling." By the way it will be seen that she had ceased to fear her grandfather's will. She had ordered the carriage immediately after lunch, and now asked the coachman to drive to the Strand. As she lay back at her ease she reflected how soon now her anxieties would be over.

"Dear father," she whispered to her heart, "how extra loving and tender I must be to him to-night! I believe him now—fully and absolutely believe him now. I am only doing this for John's sake." When she reached the Strand she desired the coachman to stop. She would not have him drive to Somerset House. Her secret was a secret; even the old coachman, who had known her from her birth, must not guess it. She told him that she had some business to transact, but that he might meet her at a certain part of the Embankment in an hour.

The carriage rolled out of sight. Now she was alone. She was not accustomed to walking the London streets by herself. Certainly she had never been in the Strand before alone. She had dressed herself with studied plainness, and now, with her veil drawn tightly over her face, she hurried on. She had consulted the map, and knew exactly where Somerset House was. She also had obtained a little, a very little information as to how she was to act for the pursuit of her purpose, from a young barrister who had visited at her home with Hinton some few weeks before. She considered that she had gained her knowledge with considerable skill; and now with a beating heart, she proceeded to act on it. She turned into the great square which Somerset House encloses, found the particular building where wills are kept, and entered. She was now in a large room, or entrance-hall. There were many desks about, and some clerks, who did not seem particularly busy. Charlotte went up to one of the desks, a clerk lent an attentive ear, she told her errand.

"Ah! you want to read a will," said the gentleman. "You must first produce the proper stamp. Yes, yes, you can certainly see any will you desire. Just go through that door to your right, walk down the passage, you will see a door with such a direction written on it; ask for a search stamp. It will cost you a shilling. Bring it back to me."

Charlotte did as she was desired. The clerk she had appealed to, attracted by her appearance and manner, was willing to be both helpful and polite.

"Whose will do you want, madam?"

"I want my grandfather's will. His name was Harman."

"What year did he die?"

"Twenty-three years ago."

"Ah! just so. This is 1880. So he died in the year 1857. Do you see those catalogues to your left? Go up to those marked 1857. Look under letter H, until you find Harman. Bring the book open at that name to me."

Charlotte was clever at carrying out her instructions. She quickly returned with the book opened at the desired name. The clerk wrote Mr. Harman's name and a number of a folio on a small piece of blue paper. This he gave to Charlotte.

"Take this piece of paper to room number 31, along the passage," he said. "You will have the will very soon now."

She bowed, thanked him, and went away.

At room 31 she was desired to wait in the reading-room. She found it without difficulty. It was a small room, with a long

table in the middle, and benches round it. At one end sat a clerk at a desk. Charlotte seated herself at the table. There were other people about, some reading wills, others waiting like herself. She happened just then to be the only woman in the room. She drew up her veil, pressed her hand to her pale face and waited with what patience she could. She was too much excited to notice how she was looked at and her appearance commented upon. Sitting there and waiting with what courage she could muster, her tears returned. What stealthily thing was this she was doing in the dark! What march was she stealing on her father, her beloved and honored father! Suddenly it appeared to her that she had done wrong. That it would be better, more dignified, more noble to ask from his own lips the simple truth, than to learn it by such underhand means as these. She half rose to go away; but at this moment a clerk entered, gave a piece of folded paper to the man at the desk, who read aloud the one word—

"Harman."

Charlotte felt herself turning deadly white as she stood up to receive it. But when she really held her grandfather's will in her hand all desire not to read it had left her. She opened the folio with her shaking fingers, and began to read as steadily as she could. Her eyes had scarcely, however, turned over the page, and most certainly her mind had failed to grasp the meaning of a single word, before, for some unaccountable reason, she raised her head. A large man had come in and had seated himself opposite to her. He was a man on an immense scale, with a rough, red, kind face, and the longest, most brilliantly colored beard Charlotte had ever seen. His round, bright blue eyes were fixed earnestly on the young lady. She returned his glance, in her own peculiar full and open way, then returned to her interrupted task. Ah! what a task it was after all. How hard to understand, how difficult to follow! Charlotte, unused to all law phraseology, failed to grasp the meaning of what she read. She knit her pretty brows, and went over each passage many times. She was looking for certain names, and she saw no mention of them. Her heart began to leap with renewed joy and hope. Ah! surely, surely her grandfather had been unjust, and her own beloved father was innocent. Mrs. Home's story was but a myth. She had read for such a long, long time, and there was no mention of her or of her mother. Surely if her grandfather meant to leave them money he would have spoken of it before now. She had just turned another page, and was reading on with a light heart, when the clerk again entered. Again Charlotte raised her head, she could not tell why. The clerk said something to the clerk at the desk, who, turning to the tall foreign-looking man said—

"The will of the name of Harman is being read just now by some one in the room."

"I will wait then," answered the man in his deep voice.

Charlotte felt herself turning first crimson, then pale. She saw that the man observed her. A sudden sense of fright and of almost terror oppressed her. Her sweet and gracious calm completely deserted her. Her fingers trembled so that she could scarcely turn the page. She did not know what she feared. A nightmare seemed pressing on her. She felt that she could never grasp the meaning of the will. Her eyes travelled farther down the page. Suddenly her finger stopped; her brain grew clear, her heart beat steadily. This was what she read—

"I will and bequeath all the residue of my real and personal estate and effects to the said John Harman, Jasper Harman, and Alexander Wilson, in trust to sell and realise the same, and out of the proceeds thereof to invest such a sum in public stocks or funds, or other authorized securities, as will produce an annual income of £1,200 a year, and to hold the investment of the said sum in trust to pay the income thereof to my dear wife for her life; and after her decease to hold the said investment in trust for my daughter Charlotte to her sole and separate use, independently of any husband with whom she may intermarry."

Charlotte Harman was not the kind of woman who faints. But there is a heart faintness when the muscles remain unmoved, and the eyes are still bright. At that moment her youth died absolutely. But though she felt its death pang, not a movement of her proud face betrayed her. She saw, without looking at him, that the red faced man was

watching her. She forced herself to raise her eyes, and saying simply, "This is Mr. Harman's will," handed it to him across the table. He took it, and began to devour the contents with quick and practised eyes. What she had taken so long to discover he took in at a glance. She heard him utter a smothered exclamation of pain and horror. She felt not the least amazement or curiosity. All emotion seemed dead in her. She drew on her gloves deliberately, pulled down her veil, and left the room. That dead, dead youth she was dragging away with her had made her feel so cold and numb that she never noticed that the red-faced man had hastily folded up the will, had returned it to the clerk at the desk, and was following her. She went through the entrance-hall, glancing neither to the left or right. The man came near. When they both got into the square he came to her side, raised his hat and spoke

CHAPTER XXXIV.—TRUSTEES.

"Madam," said the stranger, "you will pardon my intruding on you, but I saw it in your face. You are interested in that will you have just read."

"Yes," answered Charlotte simply.

"At another time she would have given an indignant retort to what she would have considered a liberty. Now she turned her eyes with a mute appeal in them to this stranger, for she recognized kindness in his tones.

"It was my grandfather's will," she said, responding yet farther to the full, kind gaze he gave her back.

"Ah! then that sets me right," said Sandy Wilson for it was he. "That sets me right, young lady. Now I saw you got a considerable bit of a shock just then. You ain't, you'll forgive me saying so, but you ain't quite fit to meet any of your people for a bit; you may want them not to guess, but any one with half an eye can see you're not the young lady you were even when I entered that reading room not half an hour back. I'm a rough, plain man, but I'm very much interested in that will too, and I'd like to have a little bit of a talk with you about it, if you'll allow me. Suppose, miss, that you and I just take a turn round the square for a few moments."

Charlotte's answer to this was to turn her face again towards the particular building where she had read the will, and her companion, turning with her began to talk eagerly.

"You see, miss, it was quite a little bit of luck brought you and me together to-day. The gentleman who made that will was your grandfather; your name is—"

"Harman," answered Charlotte.

"Ah! yes, I see; and I—I am Alexander Wilson. I don't suppose you ever saw me before—but I, too, am much interested in that will. I have been abroad, and—supposed to be dead almost ever since that will was made. But I was not dead; I was in Australia; I came home a week ago, and found out my one living relation, my niece, my sister's child. She is married and is a Mrs. Home now, but she is the Charlotte named in Mr. Harman's will, the Charlotte to whom, and to her mother before her, Mr. Harman left £1,200 a year."

"Yes," said Charlotte Harman. She found difficulty in dragging this one word from her lips.

"Madam, I find my niece very poor; very, very poor. I go and look at her father's will, I see there that she is entitled to wealth, to what she would consider riches. I find also that this money is left for her benefit in the hands of trustees; two of the trustees are called Harman, the other, madam, is—I myself; I—Alexander Wilson, am the other trustee, supposed to be dead. I could not hitherto act, but I can act now. I can get that wronged woman back her own. Yes, a monstrous piece of injustice has been done. It was full time for Sandy Wilson to come home. Now the first thing I must do is to find the other trustees; I must find the Harman's where they are, for these Harman's have robbed my niece."

"I can give you their addresses," answered Charlotte, suddenly pausing in her walk and turning and facing her companion.

"John Harman, the other trustee, who, as you say, has robbed Mrs. Home, is my father. I am his only child. His address is Prince's Gate, Kensington."

"Good heavens!" said Wilson, shocked and frightened by her manner; "I never guessed that you were his child—and yet you betray him."

"I am his only child. When do you wish to see him?"

To this question Wilson made no answer for a few moments. Though a just man, he was a kind one. He could read human nature with tolerable accuracy. It was despair, not want of feeling, which put those hard tones into that young voice. He would not, he could not, take advantage of its bewilderment.

"Miss Harman," he said after a pause, "you will pardon me, but I don't think you quite know what you are saying; you have got a considerable bit of a shock; you were not prepared for this baseness—this baseness on your father's part."

Here her eyes, turned with a sudden swift flash of agony upon him, said as plainly as eyes could speak—

"Need you ask?"

"No, you could not have guessed it," continued Sandy, replying to this mute, though beautiful appeal, almost with tears. "You are Mr. Harman's only child. Now I dare say you are a good bit of an idol with him. I know how I'd worship a fine lassie like you if I had her. Well, well, miss; I don't want to pain you, but when young things come all o' a heap on a great wrong like you have done to-day, they're apt, whatever their former love, to be a bit, just a bit, too hard. They do things in their first agony, that they are sorry enough for by-and-by. Now, miss, what I want to say is this, that I won't take down your father's address to-day, nor listen indeed to anything you may tell me about him. I want you to sleep it over, miss. Of course something must be done, but if you will sleep it over, and I, Sandy Wilson, sleep it over too, we'll come together over the business with our heads a deal clearer than we could when we both felt scared, so to speak, as we doubtless do just at present. I won't move hand or foot in the matter until I see you again, Miss Harman. When do you think you will be able to see me again?"

"Will this hour to-morrow do?"

"Yes; I shall be quite at your service. And as we may want to look at that will again, suppose we meet just here, miss?"

"I will be here at this hour to-morrow," said Charlotte, and as she spoke she pulled out her watch to mark the exact time. "It is a quarter-past four now," she said; "I will meet you here at this hour to-morrow, at a quarter-past four."

"Very well, young lady, and may God help you! If I might express a wish for you, it is that you may have a good hard cry between now and then. When I was told, and quite sudden-like too, that my little sister, Daisy Wilson, was dead, nothing took off the pressure from my heart and brain like a good hearty cry. So I wish you the same. They say women need it more than men."

CHAPTER XXXV.—DAN'S WIFE.

Charlotte watched Wilson out of the square then she slowly followed him. The numbness of that dead youth was still oppressing her heart and brain. But she remembered that the carriage must be waiting for her on the Embankment, also that her father—she gasped a little as the thought of her father came to her—that her father would have returned from the City; that he might ask for her, and would wonder and grow uneasy at her absence. She must go home, that was her first thought. She hurried her steps, anxious to take the first turning which would lead to the Embankment.

She had turned down a side street and was walking rapidly, when she heard her name called suddenly and eagerly, and a woman, very shabbily dressed, came up to her.

"Oh, Miss Harman—Miss Harman—don't you know me?"

Charlotte put her hand to her brow.

"Yes," she said, "I know you now; you are Hester Wright. Is your husband out of prison yet?"

"He is, miss, and he's dying; he's dying 'ard, 'ard; he's allers saying as he wants to see either you or his master. We are told that the master is ill; but oh! miss, miss, of you would come and see him, he's dreadful anxious—dreadful, dreadful anxious. I think it's just some't' on his mind; if he could tell it, I believe as he'd die easy. Oh! my beautiful, dear young lady, every one has a good word for you. Oh! I was going to make bold to come to Prince's Gate and ask you to come to see him. You'll never be sorry, miss, if you can help a poor soul to die easy."

Charlotte looked at her with a look of surprise and interest.

"What year did he die?"

"Twenty-three years ago."

"Ah! just so. This is 1880. So he died in the year 1857. Do you see those catalogues to your left? Go up to those marked 1857. Look under letter H, until you find Harman. Bring the book open at that name to me."

Charlotte was clever at carrying out her instructions. She quickly returned with the book opened at the desired name. The clerk wrote Mr. Harman's name and a number of a folio on a small piece of blue paper. This he gave to Charlotte.

"Take this piece of paper to room number 31, along the passage," he said. "You will have the will very soon now."

She bowed, thanked him, and went away.

At room 31 she was desired to wait in the reading-room. She found it without difficulty. It was a small room, with a long

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"You say he is really dying?" said Charlotte.

"Yes, indeed, indeed, miss; he never held up his head since he saw the inside of a prison. He's dying now of a galloping waste, so the doctors say. Oh! Miss Harman, I'll bless you for ever if you'll come and see him."

"Yes, I will come," said Charlotte.

"Where do you live?"
"Away over at Poplar, miss. Poor place enough, and unfit for one like you, but I'll come and fetch you my own self, and not a pin's worth of harm shall come to you; you need have no cause to fear. When shall I come for you, my dear, dear young lady?"

"The man is dying, you say," said Charlotte. "Death doesn't wait for our convenience; I will come with you now. My carriage is waiting quite near. I must go and give directions to the coachman; you can come with me; I will then get a cab and drive to see your husband."

After this the two women—the rich and the poor—walked on side by side, quickly and in silence. The heart of the one was dry and parched with the sudden fire of that anguish and shame, the heart of the other was so soothed, so thankful, that soft tears came, to be wiped stealthily away.

"Ain't she an angel?" she said to herself, knowing nothing, guessing less, of the storm which raged within her companion's soul; "and won't my poor Dan die easy now?"

CHAPTER XXXVI.—AN OLD WEDDING-RING.

Once in Charlotte's life before now, she had remembered her father doing what she considered a strangely hard thing. A valet in whom he had always reposed full confidence had robbed him of one hundred pounds. He had broken open his master's desk at night and taken from thence notes to that amount. The deed had been clumsily done, and detection was very easy. The name of this valet was Wright. He was young and good-looking and had been lately married; hitherto he had been considered all that was respectable. When his crime was brought home to him, he flew to seek Charlotte, then a very young girl; he flung himself on his knees in her presence, and begged of her to ask her father to show mercy to him. Scarcely half-a-dozen words of passionate, terrified entreaty had passed his trembling lips, before there came a tap at the door and the young wife rushed in to kneel by his side. Together they implored; their words were poor and halting, but the agony of their great plea for mercy went straight to the young generous heart. He asked to intercede for them. Charlotte promised to do what she could. She promised eagerly, with hope in her tones.

Never afterwards did she forget that day. Long indeed did the faces of those two continue to haunt her, for she had promised in vain; her father was obturate to all her entreaties— even her tears, and she had cried passionately, had failed to move him. Nothing should save Wright from the full penalty of his crime. He was arrested, convicted, and sent to prison.

From that moment the Harman's lost sight of the couple. Charlotte had tried, it is true, to befriend Hester Wright, but the young woman with some pride had refused all assistance from those whom she considered strangely hard and cruel. It was some years now since anything had been heard of either of them. Charlotte, it is true, had not forgotten them, but she had put them into a back part of her memory, for her father's conduct with regard to Wright had always been a sore puzzle to her. And now, on this day of all days, she was driving in a cab by the side of Hester Wright to see her dying husband. She had sent a message home by the coachman which would allay all immediate anxiety on her account, and she sat back in the cab by the side of the poor, sad woman with a sense of almost relief, for the present. For an hour or two she had something outside of herself and her home to turn her thoughts to. After what seemed a very long drive, they reached the shabby court and shabby house where the Wrights lived.

Charlotte had heard of such places before, but had never visited them. Shabby women, and dirty and squalid children surrounded the young lady as she descended to the pavement. The children came very close indeed, and some even stroked her dress. One mite of three years raised, in

the midst of its dirt and neglect, a face of such sweetness and innocence, that Charlotte suddenly stooped down and kissed it. That kiss, though it left a grimy mark on her lips, yet gave the first faint touch of consolation to her sorely bruised heart. There was something good still left on God's earth, and she had come to this slum, in the East end of London, to see it shine in a baby's eyes.

"If you please, miss, I think we had better keep the cab," said Hester Wright; "I don't think there's a cab-stand, not a long way from here."

Charlotte spoke to the cabby, desired him to wait, then she followed Hester into the house.

"No, I have no children," said the woman in answer to a question of the young lady's; "thank God for that; who'd want to have young 'uns in a hole like this?"

By this time they had reached their destination. It was a cellar; Hester was not so very far wrong in calling it a hole. It was damp dirty, and ill-smelling, even to Charlotte, it was horrible beyond words. For a time, the light was so faint she could distinguish nothing, then on some straw in a corner she saw a man. He was shrunken, and wasted, and dying, and Charlotte, prepared as she was for a great change, could never have recognized him. His wife, taking Charlotte's hand in hers, led her forward at once.

"You'd never ha' guessed, Dan, as I'd have so much luck," she said. "I met our young lady in the street, and I made bold to 'ax her to come and see you, and she come off at once. This is our Miss Harman, Dan, dear."

"Our Miss Harman?" repeated the dying man, raising his dim eyes. "She's changed a goodish bit."

"Don't call me yours," said Charlotte. "I never did anything for you."

"Ay, but you tried," said the wife. "Dan and me don't forget as we heard you cryin' fit to break yer heart outside the study door, and him with, wida a heart as hard as a nether mill-stone, would do nought. No, you did yer werry best; Dan and me, we don't forget."

"No, I don't forget," said the man. "It wor a pity as the old man were so werry 'ard. I wor young and I did it rare and clumsy; it wor to pay a debt, a big, big debt. I 'ad put my 'and to a bit of paper widout knowing wot it meant, and I wor made to pay it, and the notes they seemed real 'andy. Well, well, I did it badly, I ha' learnt the right way since from some prison pals. I would not be found out so 'easy now."

He spoke in an indifferent, drawing kind of voice, which expressed no emotion whatever.

"You are very ill, I fear," said Charlotte, kneeling by his side.

"I'll 'em dying, miss, dear." She Charlotte had never seen death before. She noticed now the queer shade of gray in the complexion, the short and labored breath. She felt puzzled by these signs, for though she had never seen death, this grayness, this shortness of breath, were scarcely unfamiliar.

"I'm dying," continued the man. "I don't much care; weren't it fur Hetty there, I'd be rather glad. I never 'ad a chance since the old master sent me to prison. I'd ha' lived respectable enough of the old master 'ad bin merciful that time. But once in prison, always in prison fur a friendless chap like me. I never wanted to steal agen, but I jest 'ad to, to keep the life in me. I could get no honest work h'anywhere; then at last I took cold, and it settle yer," pointing to his sunken chest, "and I'm going off sure as sure."

"He ain't like to live another twenty-four hours, so the doctor do say," interrupted the wife.

"No, that's jest it. Yesterday a parson called. I used ter see the gaol chaplain, and I never could abide him, but this man, he did speak h'up and to the point. He said it wor a h'awful thing to die unforgiven. He said it over and over, until I wor fain to 'ax him wot I could do to get forgiven, fur he did say it wor a h'awful thing to die without having pard'ing."

"Oh, it must be, it must be!" said Charlotte, suddenly clasping her hands very tightly together.

"I 'axed him how I could get it from God h'Almighty, and he told me to tell him, the parson, first of all my whole story,

and then he could advise me; so I h'up and told him h'everything, h'all about that theft as first tuk me to prison and ruined me, and how 'ard the old master wor, and I telled him another thing too, for he 'ad sech a way, he seemed to draw yer werry 'art out of you. Then he axed me ef I'd forgiven the old master, and I said no, fur he wor real, real 'ard; then he said so solemn-like, 'That's a great, great pity, fur I'm afraid as God can't forgive you, till you forgives.' Arter that he said a few more words, and prayed awhile, and then he went away. I could not sleep h'all night, and to-day I called Hetty there, over, and she said as she'd do her werry best to bring either the old master yere, or you, rise, and you see you are comin'; 'tis an awful thing to die without pard'ing, that's why I 'axed you to come."

"Yes," said Charlotte very softly. "Please, miss, may a poor dying fellow, though he ain't no better nor a common, common thief, may he grip 'old of yer 'and?"

"With all my heart."
"There now, it don't seem so werry 'ard. Lord Jesus, I forgives Mr. Harman. Now I ha' said it. Wife dear, bring me h'over that little box, that as I allers kep' so close."

His wife brought him a tiny and very dirty cardboard box.

"She kep' it when I wor locked up; I allers call it my bit o' revenge. I'll give it back now. Hetty, open it."

Hetty did so, taking from under a tiny bit of cotton-wool a worn, old-fashioned wedding-ring.

"There, miss dear," said Wright, handing it to her, "that wor the old master's wife's ring. I knew as he set more prize to it nor h'everything else he had, he used to wear it on a bit of ribbon round his neck. One day he did not put it on, he furgot it, and I, when I found he meant to be so werry werry 'ard, I took it and hid it, and took it away wid me. It comforted me when I wor so long in prison to think as he might be fretting fur it, and never guess as the lad he were so 'ard on had it. I never would sell it, and now as I has forgiven him, he may have it back agen. You tell him arter I'm dead, tell him as I forgives him, and yere's the ring back agen."

Charlotte slipped the worn little trinket on her finger.
"I will try and give my father your message," she said. "I may not be able at once, but I will try. I am glad you have forgiven him; we all stand in sore, sore need of that, not only from our fellow-men, but much more from our God. Now good-bye, I will come again." She held out her hand.

"Ah, but miss dear, I won't be yere fur no coming agen, I'll be far away. Hetty knows that, poor, poor gal! Hetty'll miss me, but only fur that I could be real glad, fur now as I ha' furgiven the old master, I feels real h'easy. I ain't nothink better nor a common thief, but fur h'all that, I think as Jesus 'ull make a place for me somehow nigh of hisself."

"And, miss," said Hester, "I'm real sorry, and so will Dan be when I tell him how bad the old master is."

"My father is not well; but how do you know?" said Charlotte.

"Well, miss, I went to the house to-day, a-looking fur you, and the servant she told me, she said as there worn't never a hope, as the old master were safe to die."

"Then maybe I can tell 'imself h'up in heaven as I quite forgives 'im," said Dan Wright.

Charlotte glanced from one speaker to the other in a kind of terrified astonishment. Suddenly she knew on whose brow she had seen that awful grayness, from whose lips she had heard that short and hurried breath. A kind of spasm of great agony suddenly contracted her heart.

Without a word, however, she rose to her feet, gave the wife money for her present needs, bade the dying husband good-bye, and stepped into the cab which still waited for her. It was really late, and all daylight had faded as she gave the direction for her own luxurious home.

(To be Continued.)

THERE is no wise or good man that would change persons or conditions often with any man in the world.—Jeremy Taylor.

PUZZLES.

ENIGMA.

A bridge there is most wonderful,
Yet e'er it never man did go;
And strangely, too, the waters are
Above its span, and yet below.
The people may go up and down
Beneath it, yet they do not drown;
Tall ships sail through it, masted high;
Beneath it bold the song-birds fly;
In wildest tempest it will stand;
Nor doth its keeper toll demand.

CHARADES ON NAMES OF BIRDS.

1. A color and a cover.
2. A smoothing iron.
3. A star and a fish.
4. A letter and a color.
5. A toy.
6. One hundred and a fight.
7. Flaxseed and a decoy.
8. A forest and a frolic.
9. Darkness, a preposition and a storm.
10. Two notes of the scale.
11. Equality and a decoy.
12. A ship and an account.
13. A cry and something pertaining to a cow.
14. A leafy room and a biped.
15. A scarlet and a part of the body.
16. Gravel and a Scotch player.
17. A wit and a part of a kite.
18. Golden and a carpenter's tool.
19. A twist and an isthmus.
20. A lash, moneyless, a testament.
21. A portion and an elevation.
22. A young cat and an Irish party.
23. A sign, a preposition and part of a calendar.

HIDDEN ISLANDS.

1. In the harbor there is a very nice landing for all ships of every nation.
2. I will take for my grub, a ham, a piece of bread, a chicken and an egg.
3. "I am going to tell Mary about it."
4. "What are you thinking of, man? 'Till Esther herself comes to me, you must not say a word."
5. In the cabinet of a mineralogist may be found a little of everything; amber, mud, agates, plain looking and lovely stones.
6. I could have gone to Eastport; or I could have gone to Portland, in Maine.
7. From the morning paper I cut that missing slip. A ritualistic service in a Protestant church was the subject treated of, and I wanted to get the notice.
8. The bridesmaids at the wedding this morning looked almost as lovely as the bride.
9. Do you know what a large sum a Trades' Union has to pay for its experience in a strike?
10. Mrs. Chauncey is homesick, and Mr. Chauncey longs to get home with her.
11. What will your dog do at the picnic? O, bark and growl, of course. Better leave him at home, then.
12. It must be a dreadful thing in an earthquake to have a closing gap, or elevation of the ground under one's feet, bring immediate danger to life or home.
13. When Henry wanted me to go with him on a frolic with some companions, I asked him how far? "O, ever so far," he said in reply, and I declined.
14. The matter I spoke of to you yesterday is no longer a secret; everybody knows about it now.
15. I went aboard the ship called the "Selvan Die." Man slanders every other craft when this one carries him quickly and safely to his destination.
16. James, my boy, where is the calf? I really cannot tell, Father; but I will go and seek the straggler.
17. Get all the corn and wheat out of the crop you can; a rye crop is not so valuable.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

TRANSFORMATION.—Pearl. 1. Earl; 2. Ape; 3. Bear; 4. Ear; 5. Lap; 6. Pa; 7. Par; 8. Lea; 9. Fare; 10. Ale; 11. Pea.

ANAGRAM BLANKS.—1. Dashed—shaded. 2. Laid—slid. 3. Finge—finger. 4. Strated—lasted. 5. Once—cone. 6. Trio—flor. 7. Hite heir. 8. Resist—sister. 9. Town—wont. 10. Least—state. 11. Churl—urch. 12. Stepped—deeper.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.—Part, trap; stean, meats; knee, keen; rate, rare; pear, reap; verse, serve.

BEHEADINGS.—1. Treason, reason. 2. Shark, bark. 3. Malady, a lady.

ENIGMA.—Jugolia.

The Weekly Messenger.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WITHIN A DOZEN YEARS two fearful colliery explosions occurred in the coal mines of Pictou, Nova Scotia. A Nova Scotia paper recently said both casualties were due to liquor-drinking.

A COASTING SCHOONER is advertised in a Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, paper as ready to carry passengers and freight, "intoxicating drinks excepted." A common carrier's business being guided by an enlightened conscience, as in this case, is a refreshing sight. The vessel's name is the "Flash," and her master's, Capt. William Oakes.

A MONCTON, New Brunswick, paper is authority for the statement that within a limited period there have been no less than eleven dismissals or changes of conductors on a portion of the Intercolonial Railway, and that in most of the cases the cause was drunkenness or the consequent results. This is a terrible showing and one calculated to give anything but a comfortable feeling to the travelling public.

AN IMPORTANT CASE is before the Ontario courts. A motion was made at Osgoode Hall, Toronto, for a writ of mandamus to compel the License Commissioners of Cardwell to issue a liquor license to John Stenhouse, of Caledon, for his hotel at the Forks of the Credit. A license was refused by the Commissioners, which the applicant complained was illegal, as he had complied with the terms of the Act. Judgment, which was reserved, will be awaited with interest. We think more use might be made of the writ of mandamus, to compel authorities to enforce laws restricting the liquor traffic.

SAYS THE MACON, Georgia, *Helping Hand*:—"No more Sunday excursion trains! The recent Georgia Legislature, although it defeated the "Local Option" temperance bill, and the bill for establishing a State School of Technology, passed a bill forbidding excursion trains on the Sabbath. Hon. Mr. Wilson, of Camden county, one of the three colored members, made a ringing speech against these excursions, which was applauded by the whole House of Representatives. Much credit is also due Hon. N. E. Harris, of Macon, for his able speech favoring this bill. These excursions have hitherto been a fruitful source of drunkenness, licentiousness and bloodshed."

"THE CANADA CITIZEN," Toronto, referring to the subject of temperance insurance, gives figures from the death record of the National Division, Sons of Temperance, which are suggestive. Of the male members, in the year 1880-1, there were eight deaths, and the average age of the deceased was sixty-four years and four months; in 1881-2 there were twelve deaths at the average age of seventy-one years and two months; and in the year 1882-3 there were ten deaths at the average of seventy-one years and six months. The three years' record gives thirty deaths at the average age of sixty-nine years and nearly six months. Says the same paper from which we quote:—"When we consider that this is the record of a society, not of the last century, with only aged members surviving, but a society in active operation to-day, and every year adding largely to its numbers, we cannot fail to be impressed with the wonderful addition that total abstinence makes to an ordinary life expectancy."

DEATH OF THE REV. THOMAS GALES.

The Rev. Thomas Gales died in Montreal early on the morning of Thursday last. We give below the obituary notice that has appeared in the *Daily Witness* from the friendly hand of a co-worker of the deceased:—"Thousands throughout this Province and beyond it will hear with pain of the death of the Rev. Thos. Gales, the vigorous secretary and organizer of the Dominion Alliance. He kept his faculties in full force to the last and regularly completed a day or two ago the transfer of all affairs under his charge to responsible persons. Last night he bade his family good-bye, and in the morning he passed away. Mr. Gales had completed the organization, throughout the Dominion, of the Dominion Alliance for the Suppression of the Liquor Traffic, with a branch in every province. He did much toward aiding the promotion of Women's Christian Temperance Unions throughout this Province, and lived to see that organization also completed by the formation of a Provincial and a Dominion Union. He had, as it were, finished a life work in his early years, and yet his death is the more deplored, seeing that all that work was of a preparatory character, and that he might fairly have looked forward to a grand fruition from his earnest and eminently self-sacrificing labors, into which other men must now enter. He had himself served a long and painful apprenticeship, which had fitted him to a very high degree for the work in which he was engaged, and from which he can be so ill spared. It remains to be known who is qualified to succeed him. He was an earnest, unassuming man, and so kindly that there were none with whom he could not work. As a pastor long ago of a Baptist church in the confines of this city he is also remembered with much respect and affection." The deceased gentleman was a native of Wells, Norfolk, England, born in 1841, the son of a prominent member of the Society of Friends, who still lives at an advanced age. He was the eldest of a family of four children, a brother and two sisters surviving him. He leaves a widow and five children—the eldest twenty, the youngest six years of age. Mr. Gales was ordained a Baptist minister in 1862, and held pastorates in the Eastern Townships and Montreal until 1870, since when he has been an indefatigable temperance worker, mainly in the line indicated above.

SENOR MORET, Minister of the Interior in the new Spanish Cabinet, is credited with a piece of very exemplary policy upon taking office. He requested the officials of his department not to resign as usual upon a change of Government, and said the co-operation and good-will of all sections of Liberalism to correct abuses and prove that the Liberals can form a compact party and will not wreck, by divisions in their ranks, the splendid opportunity afforded by a reconciliation of the monarchy with democracy.

MESSRS. SIEMENS, of England, have received the contract for two trans-Atlantic cables for Mr. J. W. Mackey, the Pacific millionaire, and Mr. James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the *New York Herald*. The cables are to be the best ever turned out by that eminent firm. It is intended to have one cable working about June 1st and the second a few weeks later.

BEFORE DELIBERATING upon the questions of civil marriage, trial by jury and freedom of the press, the new Ministry of Spain will endeavor to effect military, administrative and social reforms.

THE WEEK.

THE ADVERTISEMENT of two new temperance hotels on the Province Line Railway appear in an Ormstown, Quebec, papers. One of them, named "The Dominion Alliance Hotel," is at Ormstown station, and it is hoped that all the stations on that new line may have similar houses of entertainment.

PRINCESS VICTORIA OF HESSE, granddaughter of Queen Victoria, is shortly to marry Prince Louis of Battenburg, one of Germany's moneyless princes. The English Queen will provide a large dowry for the Princess and give the couple rooms in Kensington Palace. She has also appointed Prince Louis captain of the royal yacht "Victoria and Albert," which position is a sinecure, the chief duties being to draw the salary and to enjoy the yachting. The Radical party in Parliament, who have always been impatient of the Queen's consideration for her German relatives at the expense of the British people, will protest against the appointment as a scandalous waste of public money.

A BLUE RIBBON Society is to be organized at Rat Portage, North-West Territory.

BONDS FROM \$40,000 to \$50,000 each are required by the First National Bank, Chicago, from its one hundred and thirty clerks.

MRS. SARAH DAKEN, a respectable lady who kept a bookstore at Annapolis, Nova Scotia, suddenly disappeared last winter, and no trace of her was ever found until a few days ago, when her remains were found on a marsh four miles from town.

THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF WOMEN met in eleventh annual congress in Chicago last week, and was attended by distinguished and talented women from all parts of the country, presided over by Julia Ward Howe.

ONE OF THE TRESPASSERS upon the preserves of the American Alaska Commercial Company—the English schooner "Oltum"—was captured at Vladivostok, Alaska, her cargo of hunting material confiscated, and she was taken to Petronaulovski. The crew consisting of four Englishmen and fifteen Japanese was detained at Vladivostok.

PATRICK HARRIGAN, of Port Hope, went off on a spree, leaving two children almost destitute at home, and on the following morning his dead body was found at a wharf, the presumption being that he had committed suicide.

AT FOWLER, Indiana, Jacob Nellung confessed to the murder of Ida Atkinson, his employer's daughter, and withdrew the charge implicating another man. It was expected that he would be lynched, that is, punished for murder by being murdered.

THIRTY MORMON MISSIONARIES recently left Salt Lake City in a palace car for the East. Much comment has been caused by the luxurious departure, as Apostle Cannon at the last conference announced that elders going on missions invariably travelled without purse or scrip. Edward Huntly, the oldest bishop in the Mormon Church, was lately reported in a dying condition. President Taylor, it is said, contemplates resigning office owing to ill-health, and George Cannon is mentioned as his probable successor—a change that is expected to strengthen the Church.

SZEGEDIN, the town destroyed by floods in Hungary in 1879, has been rebuilt.

DR. BELL, of the Canadian Geological Survey, the past season explored parts of Keewatin, Lake of the Woods, Lake Winnipeg and part of the Winnipeg River. He found the country rich in copper but possessing few traces of gold and none of coal.

TWO DEAF-MUTES, the Rev. H. W. Syle and the Rev. A. W. Mann, were ordained priests in the Protestant Episcopal Church, in Philadelphia last week. Mr. Syle will labor in that city, and Mr. Mann among deaf-mutes in the West and North-West.

IT IS INTIMATED that Mr. Blaine and Mr. Conkling are about to be reconciled, and that Mr. Blaine will be a candidate for the Presidency and Mr. Conkling for his old seat in the Senate.

AN IMPORTANT DECISION has been given by the Supreme Court of Boston, sustaining the judgment of the Superior Court at Pittsfield, that a common victualler licensed to sell liquor was guilty of keeping a public bar. Under this decision, it is said, the public bar in nearly every hotel in Massachusetts can be closed.

THE COLORED POPULATION of the United States is terribly convulsed over a decision of the Supreme Court declaring certain Federal legislation affecting their social status to be unconstitutional. It appears the laws in question belonged peculiarly to the State Legislatures to enact, and to the States individually, therefore, belongs the disgrace of perpetuating the institution of separate schools and separate public conveniences for colored people. Mass meetings of the aggrieved race are being held in the principal cities, at which fervid denunciations of the decision and eloquent vindications of the equal rights of all races in America are uttered. Frederick Douglass, the celebrated and venerable negro orator, is conspicuous in the agitation, which he holds to have equal importance with that for the abolition of slavery.

A FARMER named Spence living near Cork, Ireland, was lately murdered with a pitchfork, and ten persons were arrested on suspicion of connection with the crime. Daniel Lucy, a bailiff, has been found dangerously wounded in the County Cork, supposed to be an agrarian outrage.

OFFICERS of the American revenue cutter "Corwin" claim to have discovered a large and navigable river flowing into the Polar Sea.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT is acting energetically against agitators, the Anarchist press coming in for a large share of vigorous treatment. A manifesto recently issued by the Radicals, demanding certain constitutional changes, is discovered to have attached to it many forged signatures. It is believed that the Premier will recommend a revision of the constitution which would include the abolition of life Senatorships.

REPORTS RECENTLY MADE that the Nihilists had doomed the Czar of Russia to death are declared to be untrue. It is announced officially in St. Petersburg that the Czar will shortly institute reforms in the railway service of the Empire and that he will have removed the more serious disabilities under which the Jewish race labors in his dominions. Sixty-three members of the Nihilist Red Cross Society have been convicted in Russia and all sentenced to Siberia. The evidence adduced at the trial showed that the organization had ramifications in all parts of the Empire.

BLOODY RIOTS continue at intervals between mobs of diverse origin in Hungary, requiring the intervention of soldiers to restore peace.

ANOTHER DESTRUCTIVE EARTHQUAKE is upon record. It occurred on the 14th inst. on the peninsula between Chesme in Asia Minor, opposite the Island of Chios, and Vourla, on the southern coast of the Gulf of Smyrna. All the villages in that region were destroyed, and one to three hundred persons perished. Most of the houses collapsed at the first shock, burying the inmates. Those escaping, panic-stricken sought the fields, where for a time they were huddled together, starving and suffering from the cold. A notice issued by the Porte represented twenty thousand persons as homeless and requested speedy assistance.

CHOLERA IS CAUSED, according to Dr. Koch, of the cholera commission, by a living thread-like microscopic organism, resembling that seen in phthisis.

MR. GEORGE SCOVILLE, who defended Guiteau, his brother-in-law and the murderer of President Garfield, has prematurely aged under domestic troubles. His form bowed and his face deeply wrinkled, and he will not talk about Guiteau or about his wife and daughter. The latter is seeking a divorce from her husband.

THE FRENCH WERE GUILTY of most horrible barbarity at the capture of the town of Hue, the capital of Annam. Had the published account of the butchery come from an outside source, we should at once pronounce it a fraud conjured up by some enemy of France to bring that nation into eternal disrepute. It was, however, contributed to a Paris newspaper by an officer of the French expedition in Tonquin, who relates the appalling story with a gusto that indicates more of the vampire than the human. The only road out of the town set on fire by the invaders lay under the guns of the French fort, within which sailors were stationed with repeating rifles carefully sighted for the distance. As the natives, with singed hair and garments, some holding up planks as shields from the expected storm of bullets, rushed forth they were mown down by thick volleys. With brutish want of feeling the officer writes:—"It was a pleasure to see these fan-like streams of bullets sweeping down the fugitives. They were poured in twice in one minute at the word of command, and in a sure, methodical manner. It was like a jet from a huge watering-pot, which mowed them down by dozens." In a similar unfeeling strain this chivalrous warrior tells of the helpless and dying wounded Annamese being ruthlessly murdered, and of delicate servant boys being hunted and killed like rats. Even brave fellows, who showed remarkable skill and endurance in swimming for their lives, were shot dead in the water, none escaping. The sailors seemed seized with murderous frenzy, and when remonstrated with by their officers, thus replied:—"The Annamese are savages. They carried the head of Captain Riviere on the top of a pole, and if they carried the day they would cut the French to pieces or saw them between two planks." A dozen battles lost would be better than one such battle won. More humane measures might have done much for an honorable peace, but as the facts proclaim to Annamese and Chinese that the civilized soldiery are only refined butchers reprisals upon European residents in native cities may well be feared.

IN VIEW OF THE POWERS given municipal councils by the Dominion License Act, to come partially into force at the beginning of next year, it behooves the temperance party in all the constituencies to begin organizing without delay for the election of temperance men as their representatives in those bodies.

A LETTER to the *Whitby, Ontario Chronicle* describes the fearful death of a man in *delirium tremens* in a tavern at Ashburn. He passed away with shrieks of despair.

CUMBERLAND COUNTY LODGE, I. O. G. T., Nova Scotia, had reported to it at its recent session an increase of two new lodges within the quarter, and marked increase in membership throughout the county. Resolutions were passed disapproving of the new License Act, and pledging support and assistance to the adoption of the Scott Act.

FATHER HYACINTHE, the priest who has attracted much attention by his independent attitude toward the Roman authority and by his really catholic views, said the other day that it was his intention to return from America in April next, in time to witness an internal convulsion in Europe, which he felt assured would occur during the early months of 1884 and would originate in France.

SEVENTEEN PEASANTS in Styria, Austria, have been made examples of by a sentence to imprisonment for twenty-two years for plundering the property of Jews. There seems to be some hope yet for even Austria, of which Mr. Gladstone a while ago said it was impossible to lay the finger upon any part of the map of Europe where she had done any good.

THE POLICE have had to be employed to protect Mr. Moody the evangelist's meetings in Cork, Ireland, from disturbance.

O'DONNELL, the assassin of the informer Carey, complained of his health suffering, partially on account of his deprivation of tobacco. On examination by the prison physician, however, he was adjudged to be in excellent health, and the weed was accordingly still forbidden him. At the preliminary investigation in the Central Criminal Court, the Recorder in charging the Grand Jury said the prosecution claimed that O'Donnell had committed a deliberate murder of the worst kind, because the victim had aided the law, was under the protection of the Crown and was killed out of revenge. A true bill was returned for murder against the prisoner. Luxuries and food of the best kind are daily supplied to O'Donnell from a tavern in the neighborhood of the gaol. General Pryor, the American lawyer who is acting as consulting counsel in the case, says it can be proved that O'Donnell acted in self-defence. His theory is that Carey, finding himself discovered, provoked a quarrel in order to anticipate the blow that he expected O'Donnell as an Irishman would strike. General Pryor believes that O'Donnell will have a fair trial, and says he finds no prejudice to exist against him in London.

IN BERLIN diplomatic circles the belief is prevalent that the Duc d'Aumale will succeed M. Greys as President of France and that the Orleans dynasty will in his person be speedily restored. It is said to be understood in Paris that Prince Napoleon prophesies a speedy and successful revolution which will end by placing himself upon the throne of France.

M. FERRY, the French Premier, in a recent speech foreshadowed the removal of restrictions upon the importation of American bacon into France.

J. MOORE HALLETT, a well-known resident of Sussex, New Brunswick, lately committed suicide by shooting, having prepared himself for the terrible act of self-murder by drinking a pint of alcohol.

FRANCIS ANTONY HARTE, a young man having charge of the delivery of mails on board a steamer plying between Collingwood and Port Arthur, stole letters containing over six hundred dollars, and when arrested had only sixty cents upon him.

MR. JOHN BRIGHT, recently, in acknowledging the receipt of an Irish historical work, said he believed that within a reasonable period Irish affairs would improve.

TRICHINOSIS, the pork-eaters' disease, has developed alarmingly in parts of Germany recently, and a very large percentage of the cases are fatal.

A PACKAGE containing \$10,000 was lately stolen from the express messenger at Port Hope, Ontario.

A CONFERENCE OF LIBERAL ASSOCIATIONS of the United Kingdom met in Leeds, England, last week. Fears had been expressed that the party would divide into two camps, the radical side led by Mr. Bright being in the majority. Mr. John Morley, a follower of Mr. Bright, was chosen as the chairman of the conference. The programme included a large number of reforms, including woman suffrage. In his opening address Mr. Morley announced that five hundred Liberal Associations were represented. The Radical strength of the conference was shown in a resolution declaring the county franchise bill should be taken up next session, which was carried by a large majority over an amendment in favor of precedence being given to the county government and the London government bills. A motion, supported by Messrs. Cobden and Bright, that any measure for the extension of the suffrage should confer the election franchise upon women fit to vote, was carried. It was resolved that the representation of minorities would be a violation of the principles of responsible popular government. A resolution moved by Sir Wilfrid Lawson, the temperance champion, was passed, condemning the exclusion of Mr. Bradlaugh, the infidel member for Birmingham, from the seat to which he has been repeatedly elected. Other resolutions were passed and a deputation was appointed to convey the deliverances of the conference to Mr. Gladstone. At a public meeting in the evening Mr. Bright said there was a question, not very remote, which would have to be faced, namely, the constant conflict between the Lords and the Commons, full of peril to one and humiliation to both. The two Houses must be reconciled and made responsive to the national wants.

ZEMBRONA & Co., one of the oldest and wealthiest houses in Northern Mexico, doing a heavy business in real estate as well as in merchandize, has failed with liabilities of eight hundred thousand dollars.

WAR PREPARATIONS along the German frontier are proceeding day and night. The construction of iron-clad turret ships is also going on. It is reported that Prince Bismarck was trying to get at the Sultan of Turkey to enter the German Alliance. In this connection it is said the German Chancellor is jealous of the superior influence of Lord Dufferin, the English diplomatist, at Constantinople, as shown by his having been honored with a banquet by the Sultan.

A MOVEMENT is on foot to induce poor working people in East London to accept homes in the Canadian North-West.

TWO NOTORIOUS RUFFIANS, John Irving and Jack Walsh, quarrelled in a New York saloon and shot each other dead.

A RESOLUTION introduced into the American Episcopal Church Convention in Philadelphia, by Mr. James Naisher, of Western New York, involved the excision of congregations maintaining High Church practices. The Convention, however, does not appear to have taken up the matter. A resolution for raising a fund of a hundred million dollars for the establishment of Church schools was reported adversely upon by the Committee on Christian Education. A joint committee of both Houses of the Convention was appointed, to ascertain the facts and devise means for the protection of immigrants. It was decided to issue a new translation of the Book of Common Prayer in French. The gift of Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, of a lot of ground near the centre of the city of Faribault, on which to erect a home for the widows and orphans of deceased clergymen, was accepted. A joint committee was appointed on the subject of marriage.

TO ALL APPEARANCES the law excluding Chinese laboring people from America will fall into disuse through impracticability of enforcing it. Chinese are being smuggled into the country through Canadian territory in large numbers, and there is also a large immigration direct to San Francisco by means of certificates that the persons are tradesmen. These certificates being given by the Chinese authorities and the American Customs officers having no authority to go behind the face of the documents, the law lies helpless before them. Such a law, so opposed to the principles upon which the American nation was founded, deserves to fail.

THE WILL OF THE LATE HENRY FARNHAM, of New Haven, Connecticut, gives his estate of four million dollars to his widow and five children, and property valued at two hundred thousand dollars to Yale College.

AN EXPEDITION sent out by the Melbourne, Australia, *Argus*, to explore the interior of New Guinea, has returned in consequence of fever attacking the members causing the death of one.

AN IMMEDIATE ADVANCE of fifteen percent in wages is demanded on behalf of three thousand miners in Lancashire, England.

A THOUSAND PERSONS have been made homeless by the burning of Villa ALEGRO, near the city of Brescia, Italy.

CHIEF DETECTIVE MALONE, of the Dublin police, has been appointed Chief of Police as a reward for his very effective services in the arrest and prosecution of the Phoenix Park murderers.

THE ENGINEERS of the Suez Canal advise the cutting of a separate canal parallel with the present one.

A WHOLESOME EXAMPLE was made in Toronto when a youth named Charles Stewart was fined twenty dollars and costs, or thirty days, for jostling ladies in a crowded street.

SIX HUNDRED SWITCHMEN, employed on the railways centring in St. Louis, Missouri, on the 15th inst. stopped work at noon, and demanded that ten hours should be a day's work, that they should have extra pay for Sunday, thirty cents an hour for overtime and sixty-five dollars a month for twenty-six working days.

THE APOSTLE OF SOUTH AFRICA.

Robert Moffat, for more than fifty years a laborious and useful missionary in South Africa, died August 19, in his British home, at the great age of eighty-eight years. He was born at Ormiston, East Lothian, Scotland, in 1795. Religiously brought up by pious parents, his attention was turned to the missionary work by a placard on a wall announcing a missionary meeting. The meeting had been held before young Moffat read the placard, but the poster did its work. Early in October, 1816, the youthful missionary was set apart to his work in Surrey Chapel, London. John Williams, the "Martyr of Eromanga," and seven others were ordained as missionaries at the same time.

In due time he reached the Cape of Good Hope, and after some delay, which he improved in learning something of the Dutch language, he was permitted to go to work in the interior. Much of his early work was done under great hardship. The Chief, Africaner, was his first parishioner—of whom the missionary had been warned that of the teacher's body he would make a target, and of his skin a drum, and of his skull a drinking-cup. But Africaner was converted, and became useful in working for his people.

The greater part of Dr. Moffat's missionary life was passed at Kuruman, among the Bechuanas. He describes the work of translating the Scriptures which he was led into undertaking. We quote his own language: "I still remember distinctly when I first became a missionary the great undertaking it seemed to be to learn the language of the people among whom I was placed. There were no interpreters to teach as a single word, and great difficulties were thrown in the missionaries' way. However, I labored on, gathering a few words at a time from one and another until I could string sentences together, and make my wishes known to the natives. I could make them, as I laughed when I discovered them, at jokes perpetrated toward us by the natives, and amusing things that occurred to us during our enquiries; but I labored on. During all this time we had not a friend in the whole nation, not an individual that loved or respected us, or who wished us to remain among them; and, although they tried to drive us out, we persevered, and by God's grace and assistance overcame every difficulty. How ardently I desired to see the New Testament in Sothoana, that I might read it to the natives, and that they might learn to read it for themselves. I managed after a time to translate small portions and read them

to the people in their own tongue. The mission, I saw, could make no firm footing among them unless the Scriptures were translated. The task of accomplishing this you can scarcely imagine. When I first came out to Africa I had not the slightest intention of ever engaging in such a work. I never aimed at being more than a preacher. I was urged, however, to persevere in acquiring the language, and to undertake the translation of the Scriptures; but I thought it altogether beyond my powers. I wrote to the directors that I could not do it, and begged them to send some one out who could. I felt that I had not sat long enough at the feet of any Gamaliel to qualify me-

would undertake it myself. I entered heartily upon the work. For many years I had no leisure, every spare moment being devoted to translating, and I became a stranger even in my own family. There was labor every day for hands, for head. This was especially the case during the time Mr. Edwards was there; our condition was almost one of slavery. Still the work advanced, and at length I had the satisfaction of completing the New Testament. Of this six thousand copies were printed by the home society. The whole were soon distributed and found insufficient. When Dr. Livingstone came he urged me to begin at once with the Old Testament. That was a most stupendous work. Before

of Bechuanas in their own mother tongue."

Concerning the results he was permitted to see accomplished during his long life—and others can attribute no small part of those results under God to his labors—he speaks thus:

When first I went to the Kuruman, scarcely an individual could go beyond. Now they travel in safety as far as the Zambesi. Then we were strangers, and they could not understand us. We were treated with indignity, as the outcasts of society, who, driven from our own race, look refuge with them. But bearing in remembrance what our Saviour underwent, we persevered, and much success has rewarded our efforts. Now it is safe to tra-

verse any part of the country, and traders travel far beyond Kuruman without fear of molestation. Formerly men of one native tribe could not travel through another's territory, and wars were frequent. Where one station was scarcely tolerated there are several. The Moravians have their missionaries, the Berlin Society theirs. Others, too, are occupied in the good work, besides many native gospel teachers. For many years we saw not the conversion of a single individual; for years again we had only one; but by the blessing of God on great exertion almost wherever we go we now meet with companies of natives who profess to be members of the church of Christ. Not very long since it was considered dangerous to travel into the interior, in fact half a dozen miles from the station. Now, I am happy to say, the natives can be depended upon, and it is quite common for traders to travel through their midst without the least fear of plunder or interruption. In former times traders were often basely murdered, or at best, not permitted to return. Now all fears have been dispelled. Once the natives would not buy anything, not even a pocket-handkerchief. They might now and then be induced to buy a few trinkets or some beads, but nothing of a substantial or useful character. It is not so now. No less than sixty thousand pounds' worth of British manufactures pass yearly into the hands of the native tribes round about Kuruman. During my early mission life I often heard of men of one tribe going to trade with another and being murdered. I was at a native place when a thing of that sort once occurred. A party of men had come two hundred miles to dispose of some articles. The resident natives, taking a dislike to them, set upon and killed two of the number. I asked them why they had done this, and tried to show them that it was wrong. They seem-



REV. ROBERT MOFFAT, D.D.

I then heard that my brother-in-law had been ordained to the ministry, and was to join me, and as he had received a liberal education, I prepared materials for him to begin with immediately after his arrival, but his destination was altered; he was sent to the East Indies. I wrote again to the directors, telling them that if they did not send some one to translate the Scriptures I should return home. By-and-by Mr. Robson came out, as I thought, for the work, but he remained in the colony. After this I also visited the colony, and met brother Elliott, now gone to heaven. He, I hoped, might be allowed us, but that was inconvenient. At last I brought myself to the resolution that if no one else would I

taking it in hand I passed many sleepless nights. Since, however, it was the wish of all that I should undertake it, I did so, and went on from time to time as I had leisure, daily and nightly. I stuck to it as far as to the end of Kings, when I became completely done up. The directors were themselves afraid that I was killing myself. I was advised to go home, to leave the work, but I decided otherwise. I determined, on the contrary, to look up Moselekate, and went off in company with a son of brother Edwards. By the time I had found the chief I was all right again. Coming back, I resumed my work, and have continued it to completion; and now I can look forward to the Word of God being read by thousands

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ed to know that, and from that time I have never heard of anything of the sort. They are now always ready to meet any traders or other persons. Companies of natives can be passed through without fear, and they show special respect to the missionaries. Many natives at the Kuruman are well able to discuss and argue upon the doctrines of Christ. I do not mean that they can enter into any lengthy or out-of-the-way points, but this I will say, that they can argue with sense upon any general question. They may not always stick to a text, but they will rarely go out-side of the Bible. And these are a people who forty years ago were nothing better than savages, but who, by the blessing of God upon the labors of those who have devoted their lives to their work, have been brought to be intelligent disciples of the gospel of Christ.

At the age of seventy-five, having with his devoted wife, performed upward of half a century of missionary labor, Dr. Moffat returned to his native land, where he has spent the remnant of his days, rendering at home important services to the cause of which he had given the strength of his life. His friends presented him in 1873 with a sum of money so invested as to give him a comfortable support. He has been honored in his ripe old age by Christians of every name in Great Britain, and his presence, even when he was unable to utter a word, has been an inspiration in many a meeting held to advance the missionary cause.

What noble and forever abiding results a consecrated life can accomplish!—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

INTELLIGENT GIVING.

Some time since, I heard a child coaxing his mother to allow him to keep the money which she had given him to take to Sunday-school. Said he:

"Well, I don't see why I must get pennies for Miss Mary to spend; I should think her papa might give her all she wanted."

His mother, surprised at his mistaken notions, at once told him to what object his contribution would be appropriated, and he was glad to make the sacrifice of the confectons he was so eager to buy.

Since then this conversation fell upon my ear:

"Harry, give me your pennies; I don't take them to Sunday-school," pleaded a dear little fellow.

"Oh, yes, I must take them; don't you know they pay for me to get in? If I wouldn't pay, I couldn't get in; and if they don't stop charging pennies just to let me in, I'm going to another school."

This same boy, after appeals were made for destitute persons in the mission field, went home and with much effort dragged a store-box from the garret to his sleeping-room.

"What are you going to do with that box?" said his mamma.

"I'm going to pack all my playthings to send to the poor preacher's little boy."

Just as soon as he knew of some worthy cause, his generous heart was willing to make the greatest of sacrifices, for he esteemed his toys among his richest treasures. Many similar instances have, in my experience as a teacher in the infant department, come under my observation.

Now it is quite probable that the Lord loves an intelligent as well as a "cheerful giver." I have no idea at all that money thrown in the basket, which is every Sunday passed around in our churches, is credited to the giver, unless in the first place it is the willing offering of a loving heart, and in the second it is understood by the giver to what cause he is contributing.

Very much money is given to the church without persons knowing or caring what will become of it. Many have an idea that they must contribute something or they will appear penurious; and many more give from habit. That it is a beautiful habit—this one of giving—there is no question; but its merit is lost when it is carried on either ignorantly or carelessly.

While there is a lack of intelligent giving in our churches, there is a still greater lack of it in our Sunday-schools. The objects to which our children contribute their offerings are various, and if ascertained, are found to be very foreign to the correct ones; and it is hardly surprising that they are frequently reluctant to give at all.

Let me say to you who have the teaching of these children in your hands, and, I believe, on your hearts, impress upon them a

knowledge of the objects to which they are expected to contribute, and have them believe fully in their merits; and you will then have little difficulty in calling forth their gifts. They will grow up with a feeling that they have a part in the church; and as their intelligence on this great subject increases, so will their generosity.—*Augustburg Teacher.*

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes)

November 4.—1 Samuel 12: 13-25.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. "The service of God a necessary service." As you stood some stormy day on a sea cliff, and marked the giant billow rise from the deep to rush on with foaming crest, and throw itself thundering on the trembling shore, did you ever fancy that you could stay its course, and hurl it back to the depths of ocean? Did you ever stand beneath the leaden lowering cloud and mark the lightning's leap, as it shot and flashed dazzling athwart the gloom, and think you could grasp the bolt and change its path? Still more foolish and vain his thought, who fancies that he can arrest or turn aside the purposes of God, saying, "What is the Almighty that we should serve him? Let us break his bands asunder, and cast away his cords from us!" Break his bands asunder! How He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh!—*Guthrie.*

II. I have read of an eminent surgeon, a bitter denier of an intellectual First Cause, in the course of his lectures, coming to the examination of the structure, and functions of the human eye. As he pointed out, holding the dissected organ in his hand, the delicate adaptations of the parts to their use, and showed how manifold were the conditions which must accurately conspire to the possibility of vision, struck with the irresistible proof of forethought and contrivance, he slashed the mute demonstrator of his folly to pieces with his scalpel, and broke out in his rage, "Gentlemen, there is a God, but I hate him."—*Walker.*

III. "Motives to service." (1) Gratitude. I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice.—Rom. 12: 1. "For Christ's sake." In His Name." (2) Fear. "Some would do little for God if the devil were dead."

PRACTICAL.

1. Though rulers and governments may change, the obligations resting on all to serve God change not.
2. Two paths lie open before men,—obedience to God, leading to prosperity and disobedience, leading to adversity.
3. God has power to assert his authority.
4. The miraculous signs which attest this power may awaken fear for the Supreme Ruler.
5. There is a fear which worketh repentance; there is a fear which hardens and estranges.
6. God's service must be rendered in truth and with all the heart.
7. The penitent servant has divine help in the promise of God.
8. And human help is the sympathy, the intercessory prayers, and the wise teachings of golly men.
9. Prayer for others is not only a privilege, it is a duty; to cease from it may be a sin.
10. Ver. 22. God deals with us in mercy according to his pleasure an not our merit.
11. Ver. 23. The forgiving spirit is magnanimous; it gives more than is asked.
12. The good way and the right way coincide.
13. A sense of gratitude ought to enlist us in God's service.
14. When gratitude fails, it may be necessary to appeal to a sense of interest.
15. The service of God is a profitable as well as reasonable service.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

The latter part of Samuel's Farewell Address takes up The Service Which God Requires For His People. I. The service is necessary (vers. 13-19). A change of rulers does not affect the obligation. Israel,

whether under king or under judge, is still under the Supreme Ruler, Jehovah. (1) A statement of this fact (ver. 13-15). God has yielded to Israel's desire; yet, in this relation, it still remains true, that obedience to God (see the five specifications) will bring prosperity, disobedience (note the two forms specified) will be followed by adversity. (2) A miraculous sign in attestation of God's power (ver. 16-18). (3) The salutary effect of this sign (vers. 18-19). Fear, penitence, confession of sin. II. The service must be hearty and single (vers. 20, 21). III. Helps to this service will be found (1) in the divine promise (ver. 22). The help is of grace and not of merit—"It pleased God?" "For His great Name's sake." (2) In human aid (ver. 23). (a) Mediatorial, intercessory prayer; and (b) instruction, teaching the truth, advice, warning. IV. The motives impelling to this service are to be found in (1) gratitude (ver. 24), (2) interest (ver. 25).

THE COACHMAN'S TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

BY AMY DEANE.

"Perhaps you would like to know I came to leave off drinking," said my friend, the Irish coachman, as we were riding in a light buggy behind his spirited horses on the outskirts of the town one summer afternoon. I answered that I certainly should,—for the coachman is not only a character study, but is always good company; more entertaining by far than three-quarters of the people one ordinarily meets.

"Well," said he, "you know how I came over from the old country when I was a young fellow with a stout arm, but only a little learning, and have been knocking about this town ever since. And when some of the boys tell me that I was one of them in those early days, driving a gin delivery wagon for a wholesaler, taking my glass with the rest, and not minding a street scrimmage once in a while, I don't deny it. But I always steered clear of the police court; and, being a hard worker and very fond of horses, I managed to get into the first families, and I have always stayed there. For if by any chance one of them has to leave me my, another is after me by sunset. I have been faithful to them all, and have made my faithfulness pay, for I own a home of my own, and some small houses to rent. As soon as I had put on the coachman's livery I began to fight shy of the whiskey bottle, for it wouldn't do for me to carry a tell-tale breath. But I used to occasionally drop into a saloon on an evening, before my children were grown up enough to know anything about it, and take a taste of something hot. But by the time they got into the public schools I gave that up, for I said to myself, it might disgrace them. Still I couldn't make up my mind to give up my cider, but put a barrel of it into the cellar every fall; and along in the spring, after it had got good and hard, I took a swig very often. And I was always thinking, What's the harm? You know all about my oldest boy, by this time, for I never can keep my mouth shut about him. He took to his books when he was little, and many's the hour that he studied them out of school perched up in an apple tree on the edge of the town, while watching the cows that I had to pasture in an open lot. I have an idea that he was saved by that apple tree, so many other boys, as bright as he, who were left to roam the streets, have gone to the bad. I made up my mind that he should go through the high school, and that if he could graduate there, he would get a better start in life than anything else I could do for him. The sons and daughters of leading citizens would be his class mates, and, in some sense, his friends. It would give him what I suppose you would call a vantage ground. He went through all right, and I was a proud father the day he spoke his oration on the anniversary stage at the Town Hall; and when the cashier of one of the leading banks came to our house that same evening, and offered him a place in that institution, we were almost beside ourselves with joy. What did it matter if he would have to sweep out and run errands for the first two years,—wasn't he the first and only Irish bank clerk the town had ever known?"

"From that day to this everything has gone well with him, so that he has now a good position. He lives in our humble home, just as he always did, and seems to enjoy his mother's company and mine, and

that of the children, as well as ever. And when we meet him away from home, we are careful not to embarrass him by being too familiar. He has got his own way to make in the world, and we don't want to hinder him in it by any of our homely, old-fashioned doings. It was one day last spring that I came near upsetting all my calculations in this respect. I had three men at work with me laying the stone foundations of a new house. It was a hot morning, and we all found our way to the cider barrel in my cellar, which was altogether too convenient for our good. Several times that afternoon I went to the bank on business. Just at evening, while I sat at the supper table thinking what a good job had been done for the new house, the boy came in looking, as the saying is, as though he had lost all his poor relations, and he ate but little and said nothing. And when I went out on the back steps to smoke my pipe, he followed me, and this was what he said: 'Father, I was ashamed of you in the bank this afternoon. You stayed much longer than was necessary, and your tongue ran wild while you were talking with the president. The clerks all noticed it, and I wanted to hide in the coal-closet, anywhere till you got away. I know that you never would have done anything of the kind if you hadn't been drinking. You have done well by me, and I love you in your stable frock or coachman's livery as well as I could the grandest father in the land; but if you have any regard for my feelings, you will knock the bung out of that cider barrel.' He went away then, and I sat on those steps till the stars came out. I thought of the time when I was a boy in the old country, and what a small chance I had of ever being anything in the world; of the gin wagon I used to drive, and the many young fellows who were with me then who had since disgraced themselves, and how this one foolish habit of mine might yet bring my wife and all my children, even the innocent baby in the cradle, to shame.

"When I got up, I opened the cellar bulk-head doors, and rolled the barrel up the steps and out into the street,—an easy task, for it was nearly empty. There was a sewer 'man-hole' near the house, and it took but a moment to knock the bung from the barrel and let the liquor drain into it. And if I ever take another drop of the stuff, you may put me down as out of my mind.

"I joined the total abstinence society the next Sunday, and since then I have spent much of my leisure time in trying to persuade young men to take the pledge.—*S. S. Times.*

THE QUEEN AND THE WOMEN OF INDIA.

It will be borne in mind that some time since a native princess sent a lady missionary to Queen Victoria, beseeching her to have pity upon the millions of women in India, whose lot, at all times bad enough, is sad in the extreme when overtaken by illness. Since then the Queen has exhibited the utmost solicitude for her suffering female subjects in India, and has sent more than one message assuring them of her warmest sympathy. A short time since, Her Majesty gave encouragement to a movement, having for its object the providing of medical women for India, medical men not being permitted to attend the ladies of the Zenana. On Thursday last, Mrs. Scharlieb was received by the Queen at Windsor, on the eve of her departure for Madras, where she intends to practise as a physician. During Mrs. Scharlieb's interview with the Queen, Her Majesty made many inquiries about the condition of the native female population of India, and was much interested in what Mrs. Scharlieb was able, from personal experience, to tell her as to the need for medical women in India. At the conclusion of the visit, the Queen presented Mrs. Scharlieb with her likeness, and desired her to tell the women of India of all classes that "she was much interested in hearing about them, and that they had her fullest sympathy."

PICKLES should never be kept in potter's ware, as arsenic and other poisonous substances are used in the glazing; and this is sometimes decomposed by the vinegar. Whole families have been poisoned in this way; and when fatal effects do not follow, a deleterious influence may be operating upon the health from this cause, when it is not suspected. Pickles should be made with cider vinegar.

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, Oct. 25, 1883.

The grain market shows very little change. It is now well known that the crop in Canada is light and the Fall trade will therefore be light also. We quote:—Canada Red Winter \$1.22 to \$1.24; White \$1.16 to \$1.18; Spring, \$1.18 to \$1.20; Chicago, No. 2 in bond, \$1.05 to \$1.06; Corn, 61c, in bond; Peas, 95c; Oats, 33c; Barley 56c; Rye 65c to 67c.

FLOUR.—The flour market is now moderately active a very good trade being done. Superiors are quoted about 5c a barrel higher than last week, and the demand is also somewhat better. Bags are somewhat weaker as barrels have been somewhat too numerous of late. Quotations are:—Superior Extra, \$5.60 to \$5.65; Extra Superior, \$5.55; Fancy, nominal; Spring Extra, \$5.25 to \$5.30; Superfine, \$4.90; Strong Bakers, Canadian \$5.50 to \$5.75; do., American, \$6.00 to \$6.75; Fine \$4.90 to \$4.95; Middlings, \$3.75 to \$4.85; Tollards, \$3.50 to \$3.60; Ontario bags, (medium), bags included \$2.55 to \$2.65; do., Spring Extra, \$2.50 to \$2.55; do., Superfine, \$2.25 to \$2.35; City Bags, delivered, \$3 to \$3.05.

MEALS unchanged. Cornmeal, \$3.50 to \$3.70; Oatmeal, ordinary \$5.25 to \$5.50; granulated, \$5.75 to \$6.00.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Butter.—A firm market for fine grades. We quote as follows:—Creamery, fair to choice, 20c to 23c; Eastern Townships, straight daines, 17c to 19c; do., full ends, 20c to 21c; Morrisburg, fair to choice, 17c to 20c; Brockville, fair to choice, 16c to 19c; Western, poor to good, 13c to 15c; do. finest selections 16c to 17c. Cheese.—The public cable has advanced to 58c 6d to-day, but without advancing prices much. We quote:—August, 10c to 10c; September and October, 11c to 11c.

HOGS are not in very good demand at 21c to 23c.

HOG PRODUCTS.—Rather more business is doing, but it is mostly of a local character. We quote:—Western Mess Pork, \$14.50 to \$15.00; Ham, city cured, 14c to 14c; Bacon, 13c to 14c; Lard, Canadian, in pairs, 10c to 10c; do. Western, in pairs, 11c to 11c; Tallow, refined, 8c to 9c; Dressed Hogs, per 100 lbs., \$7 to \$7.50.

ASHES are steady at \$5.60 to \$5.70 for Pots, as to tars.

ABOUT A HUNDRED AND FIFTY ARRABESE convicts working on a lighthouse on the Island of Pooleoandor, French Cochin China, revolted, killed a French and a native warden and injured another Frenchman, then decamped, some in boats and some to the woods.

ACTIVE PREPARATIONS are making in Toronto for the celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the Reformer Luther's birth.

CHRISTIAN INHABITANTS of the Island of Crete are excited over a peremptory order of the Porte to collect tithes, the payment of which they resisted.

THE FEATHER DUSTER.—The feather duster is a very popular household instrument, which most housekeepers prize much more highly than they should. It is a most excellent thing to get the dust off the chairs walls and furniture into the air and on the floor. If the windows are open and a stiff breeze is blowing through the room, some of it goes out of doors and is swept away, but, as a rule, most of it, after floating about the room long enough for more or less of it to be breathed, settles again on the furniture, the walls, and our clothing, and requires in a few hours to be set going again. A far better article to dust with is a dry or moist cloth, which holds the dust and gives the housekeeper a chance to dispose of it in some rational manner.—Herald of Health.

"I HAVE BEEN married now," boasted a prosy old fellow, "more than 30 years and have never given my wife a cross word." "That's because you never dared, uncle," said a little nephew who lived with them; "if you had auntie would have made you jump."

FIRST HOMES.

BY SARAH G. S. PRATT.

It must be admitted that the homes of young married people generally have a blank and unused look. The different articles seem not to have got used to each other, and there is a store-room expression about the house which is the farthest possible one from the homelike appearance which comes as the years pass. The newness, the lack of those things which individualize a home, gives it often a painfully conventional air. To some people a set of furniture, comprising a sofa, several chairs all alike, a Brussels carpet and a marble topped centre table, mean furnishing a house. I think these things are enough to spoil a little home, unless it can be furnished correspondingly throughout. Small figured two-ply carpets are as pretty as can be. A carpet should never attract attention; it is simply to be walked over. People who may move often will find ingrains far more satisfactory, and, besides, its tone is more suitable to a modest home. The idea of spending money on the floor when there are bare walls clamoring to be beautified and so many nooks to be made living things. Let us imagine a sitting-room (not parlor, stiffest of places) furnished somewhat as follows: an ingrain carpet of neat design; a variety of easy chairs—most of them of wicker, for they can be washed and never wear out. Bright ribbons running through them beautify them greatly. Chairs are so tempting now-a-days, and are made in such great variety, that it is inexcusable to place stiff ones in a home. Have them comfortable, and of different shapes and of different upholstery. Chairs made with innumerable buttons to hold the coverings, thereby making dimples from which the dust must be dug with a tooth brush, are to be avoided. They are a great nuisance. A centre table is indispensable in a sitting-room, and it is characteristic of the owner. When one sees a tiny marble-topped table holding precisely a silver card-receiver and some stereoscopic views, he need not expect much mental diversion in that house. Give me the large table brimming with papers, magazines, engravings, paper-cutters and lead pencils—things to be used; no matter if the table costs but three dollars, covered with a cloth it far surpasses the antiquated marble-topped one.

In this day of wall decoration nothing can be suggested in that line, but if one has plain walls, which in a small house is better taste, pictures become a consideration. The lack of them spoils many a young home. I would have them if I had to have pine furniture. I went into an art store in Chicago once to look for a picture for a certain place in my house. A common one I would not have, yet only a small sum of money was to be invested. All sorts of beautiful and expensive things were shown me, and finally I told the proprietor my dilemma. In a most candid burst I said I wanted it "to cover a stovepipe hole." He showed me then some large photographs from which I selected a beautiful Madonna by Carlo Dolce, and had it framed in a delicate, unique frame, all for three dollars and fifty cents. With good copies so cheap nobody need lack pictures, nor need they cover their walls with miserable chromos. Brackets with bright cards stuck around them, an informal arrangement of photographs, dainty vases holding ferns, all of these things give rooms a speaking air. Easter, Birthday, and Christmas cards are bonanzas to bare walls, and remain clean a long time. If enough books are possessed to make a book-case a necessity, by all means avoid glass doors. I think they have done more to hinder habits of reading than the alphabet has to encourage them. How unapproachable a tempting array of books is behind glass doors. You may say they keep out the dust; a book-case can be made with red morocco tacked along each shelf which will protect the tops of the books, and the backs do not accumulate dust. This costs much less, and suggests that your books are for use; and shabby books are an ornament to any house. Carved furniture should have no place in a plain home; it is impossible to dust cheap carving. For a house destitute of closet room, a plain, well-made chiffonier or chest of drawers is an excellent receptacle for household stores. It is more compact than a wardrobe and more ornamental. The front part of the house should never be elaborated at the expense of the back part.

Whether or not the young housekeeper be her own servant, her kitchen should have modern conveniences. I knew of a lady whose parlor and fine clothes was the envy of her lady friends, but who borrowed her neighbor's irons for years. This should not be. The young housewife has enough to contend with in her new responsibility, and everything which can lighten her labor should be supplied. Oil stove, carpet sweeper, all the modern helpers, should be there. The dining room can be made pretty at small cost. A side table serves as well as a sideboard. Dishes at present are at their highest perfection; beautiful, graceful wares that seem only too cheap for their merits can be purchased in every place now. Plated ware should be sparingly indulged in; china and glass are far prettier than pretentious plated dishes. Let the young mistress take as much pride in her kitchen as in her parlor, and let her have no upholstery show room, but a home characterized by comfort from the front door to the back.—Christian Union.

USE A LITTLE COMMON SENSE.

We know it is a very scarce article and comes high in some quarters, but use it for all that.

Do the best you can at all times, and that is saying a good deal. Do your work, as a general thing, before you play. Do rest when you are tired, if you possibly can. Do sleep at night rather than in the day time. Do keep your feet dry and warm, and your head cool. Do live cheerful and happy as possible, and make all those so about you as much as in you lieth, and in order to do this keep healthy, busy, and active—soul and body.

Don't go to bed with cold feet. Don't sleep in the same undergarments that are worn during the day. Don't sleep in a room that is not well ventilated. Don't sit or sleep in a draught. Don't lie on the left side too much. Don't lie on the back to keep from snoring. Don't try to get along with less than seven or eight hours' sleep out of twenty-four. Don't jump out of bed immediately on awaking in the morning. Don't forget to rub yourself well all over with a crash towel or hands before dressing. Don't forget to take a good drink of pure water before breakfast. Don't take long walks when the stomach is entirely empty. Don't start to do a day's work without eating a good breakfast. Don't eat anything but well-cooked and nutritious foods. Don't eat what you don't want just to save it. Don't eat between meals, nor enough to cause uneasiness at meal time. Don't eat the smallest morsel unless on coffee, if well. Don't try to keep up on oily or alcoholic stimulants when nature is calling you to sleep. Don't stand over hot-air registers. Don't inhale hot air or fumes of any acid. Don't fill the gash with soot, sugar, or anything else to arrest the hemorrhage when you cut yourself, but bring the parts together with strips of adhesive plaster. Don't wear thin hose or light-soled shoes in cold or wet weather. Don't strain your eyes by reading on an empty stomach or when ill. Don't ruin your eyes by reading or sewing at dusk by a dim light or flickering candle, nor when very tired. Don't sing or halloo when your throat is sore, or you are hoarse. Don't drink ice water when you are very warm, and never a glassful at a time, but simply sip it slowly. Don't take some other person's medicine because you are similarly afflicted. Don't bathe in less than two hours after eating. Don't eat in less than two hours after bathing. Don't call so frequently on your sick friend as to make your company and conversation a bore. Don't make a practice of relating scandals or stories calculated to depress the spirits of the sick. Don't forget to cheer and gently amuse invalids when visiting them. Don't call on your sick friend and advise him to take some other medicine, get another doctor, eat more, eat less, sit up longer, go out more frequently; stay a week and talk him to death before you think of leaving. And lastly, when about to leave, Don't say "Well, I guess it's about time I was going," and then hang around half an hour before you knew how to get away. Say "Good night," and go and be done with it.—Christian at Work.

ARE YOU beautifying your village Plant trees, put a vine out to run up the church—start a village improvement society and adorn things generally. It pays.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON V.

Nov. 4, 1883. [1 Sam. 12:13-25. SAMUEL'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 23-25.

13 Now therefore behold the king whom ye have chosen, and whom ye have desired! and, behold, the Lord hath set a king over you.

14 If ye will fear the Lord, and serve him, and obey his voice, and not rebel against the commandment of the Lord, then shall both ye and also the king that reigneth over you continue following the Lord your God.

15 But if ye will not obey the voice of the Lord, then shall the hand of the Lord be against you, as it was against your fathers.

16 Now therefore stand and see this great thing, which the Lord will do before your eyes.

17 Is it not wheat harvest to-day? I will call unto the Lord, and he shall send thunder and rain; that ye may perceive and see that your wickedness is great, which ye have done in the sight of the Lord, in asking you a king.

18 So Samuel called unto the Lord; and the Lord sent thunder and rain that day; and all the people greatly feared the Lord and Samuel.

19 And all the people said unto Samuel, Pray for thy servants unto the Lord thy God, that we be not, for we have added unto all our sins this evil, to ask us a king.

20 And Samuel said unto all the people, Fear not; ye have done all this wickedness; yet turn not aside from following the Lord, but serve the Lord with all your heart.

21 And turn ye not aside: for then should ye go after vain things, which cannot profit nor deliver; for they are vain.

22 For the Lord will not forsake his people (for his great name's sake): because it hath pleased the Lord to make you his people.

23 Moreover as for me, God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you; but I will teach you the good and the right way.

24 Only fear the Lord, and serve him in truth with all your heart: for consider how great things he hath done for you.

25 But if ye shall still do wicked, ye shall be consumed: I, both ye and your king.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Only fear the Lord, and serve him in truth with all your heart: for consider how great things he hath done for you.—1 SAM. 12:24.

TOPIC.—The Duty of Serving God.

LESSON PLAN.—I. CONDITION OF BLESSING, VS. 13-15. 2. SIN RECALLED, VS. 16-19. 3. CONSEQUENCES AND BLESSINGS, VS. 20-25.

Time.—About 100. Place.—Gigilal.

INTRODUCTORY.

Sam, after he was chosen king, remained for a while at Gibeah. Nahash, king of the Ammonites, laid siege to Jabeshgilead. The elders asked for seven days' respite, and meanwhile sent messengers to their brethren imploring aid. Sam, immediately collected a large army, took the Ammonites by surprise and defeated them. This success had an immediate effect upon the people. While one voice they hailed Sam as their deliverer, Sam, then ordered an assembly of the people at Gigilal to "renew the kingdom" (1 Sam. 11:14). At this assembly Sam, delivered the farewell address from which our lesson is taken.

LESSON NOTES.

V. 13 THE LORD HATH SET A KING OVER YOU.—The Lord had given him his authority. V. 14 IF YE WILL FEAR THE LORD, AND SERVE HIM, AND OBEY HIS VOICE, AND NOT REBEL AGAINST THE LORD, THEN SHALL BOTH YE AND ALSO THE KING THAT REIGNETH OVER YOU CONTINUE FOLLOWING THE LORD YOUR GOD.

FOLLOWING THE LORD—adhering to his worship and service. V. 15 IF YE WILL NOT OBEY—disobedience will be followed by judgments. V. 17 WHAT HARVEST—the end of June or beginning of July, at which season it seldom rains in Palestine. V. 18 THE LORD SENT—In answer to Sam's prayer, and in the approval of what he had spoken. Pain-struck, the people confessed their sin, and asked Sam, to intercede for them. (See 1 John 2:1.) V. 21 FEAR NOT—he comforts them with the assurance of pardon. TURN NOT ASIDE—leave not the service of Jehovah. SERVE THE LORD—give him the full devotion of your hearts and lives. V. 21 AFTER VAIN THINGS—false gods. V. 22 FOR HIS GREAT NAME'S SAKE—his own honor is pledged not to forsake them. V. 23 I WILL TEACH YOU—God's service is both right and good. Sam, sets before the people two motives for serving God: (1) gratitude for past mercies, and (2) fear of future judgments.

TEACHINGS: 1. Prosperity in sin is no security against punishment. 2. Transgressors are in the greatest need of warnings when they are successful in their undertakings. 3. God will glorify his own name in the salvation of his chosen people. 4. He will surely punish those who do wickedly.

5. The great things he has done for us should lead us to fear and serve him.

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