

# Weekly Messenger

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## The Weekly Messenger

### THE NORTH-WEST REBELLION.

This subject has engrossed public attention throughout Canada and many portions of the United States during the past week. The area of the rebellion has extended. The rumor that the half-breeds had fired upon a flag of truce at Carlton during a parley with Major Crozier's party created considerable indignation. The rumor was afterwards denied. Archbishop Tache, of Manitoba, was suspected of giving countenance to the rebellion and helping Riel, as he did during the previous trouble, but the Archbishop publicly denies all knowledge or connection with Riel or the Rebels.

The Mounted Police, finding it unsafe to continue to hold Fort Carlton, evacuated it on the 27th of March, burning the fort, stores and supplies, in case they should fall into the hands of the rebels. The detachment of Police proceeded to Prince Albert.

Indignation is expressed from one end of Canada to the other, that the Government, knowing the difficulty, and aware of the mutterings of the half-breeds and their natural discontent at treatment received, did not take proper measures and so arrange matters, that a rising might have been prevented. The Indians in places are said to have been preparing for months to rise in consequence of the Government turning a deaf ear to their complaints. In Eastern Canada, however, notwithstanding the belief that the Government had not done its duty, men of all parties have gallantly rallied to their country's assistance, and thousands of offers of assistance have been received.

Fenian rumors, of course, been rife. The Canadian Government received numbers of telegrams from United States cities, stating that great excitement prevailed in Fenian circles, and that in Buffalo nightly meetings were being held. Well-known Fenians were said to be in Montreal and other Canadian cities and the probabilities of an invasion from the United States of these "patriots" have been eagerly discussed. No invasion, or attempt at such, has occurred up to the present.

Alarming news reached the east from Battleford, on March 31st, to the effect that the place had been raided and that the Indians had obtained possession. The inhabitants escaped to the police barracks, where they will likely be safe until reinforcements arrive.

The settlement at Calgary telegraphed for troops on the same date, fearing an uprising of the Blackfeet. Armed citizens patrolled the streets, but upon a telegram being received from Father Lacombe, at the Indian reserve, stating that all was quiet, the fears of the Calgary people were allayed. The Blackfeet, it is said, have been on the verge of starvation during the past three months.

The Indians of Eagle Hills have killed their instructors, James Payne, and George E. Applegarth, and two settlers. Settlers moving towards Battleford have been robbed

of their horses, waggons and loads, and several more have been raided, and are in a destitute condition. Battleford, where the refugees are, is considered impregnable, being surrounded with a strong stockade, about two hundred yards square, built of poplar poles about twelve feet above the ground. There are no trees or shelter for attacking the fort, and, owing to the level prairie on every side, those in the fort could frustrate any assault. The present population of Battleford is about six-hundred, about one half of whom are white. Two hundred armed men are amongst this number.

Owing to the telegraph wires having been cut, news from Prince Albert and neighborhood, where Riel is, continues to be of the most meagre character.

The rebel plans are said to consist of securing all the forts on the Saskatchewan and appropriating the supplies. They will then retreat towards Edmonton, leading the volunteers into the heavily timbered country there, and then give battle. Under no circumstances, it is said, will they show fight on the open prairie.

The United States Government at Washington, have ordered two hundred men at Fort Pembina, five hundred at Fort Snelling, and six hundred in Montana, to prevent Fenians or Indians from crossing the boundary line.

In view of their probable need, the Canadian Government ordered 10,000 Martini-Henry rifles and 3,000,000 rounds of cartridges for the use of the forces in the North-West.

At latest reports Riel was said to have under his command some 1,200 half-breeds and 700 Indians.

Anxiety is beginning to be felt concerning the state of affairs at Prince Albert, owing to the failure of communication. The town contains with refugees and police about 1,400 persons. The stock in store is small. The barracks are, however, very strong, located on a tongue of land resembling an island, between the Battle and North Saskatchewan Rivers. The barracks are situated on the top of an inclined slope, two hundred feet above the level of the river. The buildings are surrounded by a solid stockade twenty-six feet high.

Several companies of militia from Eastern Canada have departed for the scene of action via the Canadian Pacific Railway, that is at present under construction. The various gaps in the iron road are being crossed by the volunteers on foot. The total distance from Quebec to Carlton is 2,421 miles. Upon the departure of the various troops to the front the inhabitants of the cities turned out in great numbers and the enthusiasm was immense. Men are being concentrated in the North-West under command of General Middleton, who will, as soon as sufficient reinforcements arrive, push forward and crush the rebellion.

At Winnipeg, being comparatively adjacent to the scene of the rebellion, the war excitement, ever since the troubles began, has been at fever heat. The whole place has been converted into a military camp, and volunteers from the country adjacent are reported pouring in continuously.

Delay, and that considerable, has been felt in getting the regiments moved to the front, owing to the want of sufficient means of transportation.

The latest reports from Battleford confirm the previous ones, viz., that all the white people are still safe and secure from attack. Indians continue in sight of the town, but are making little or no disturbance.

Sunday editions of newspapers were published in Toronto during the excitement. The proprietors of these journals will be tried for an offence against the Sunday law of Ontario. At Winnipeg, under the New Sunday Act there, areas of farmers for shoeing the horses of the troops have been made.

The route chosen for the troops although a more difficult one than that further south had the advantage to Canadians of its lying entirely through their own territory. At the time of the Red River Rebellion, some years ago, steamers carrying provisions for the troops were refused leave to pass through the American Canal at Sault Ste Marie, and to save a hitch of any kind this time it was resolved to proceed entirely over Canadian soil. Another reason was that to send the volunteers over American railways would have laid them open to the attacks of Fenians and Fenian sympathizers, which was far from being desirable. To send Canadian troops through United States territory would have made the Fenians wild.

Latest advices state that Riel is entrenched on the river bank, and it is thought intends making a determined resistance there. He has organized his force, appointed his officers, and expects to be able to muster some 3,000 men.

On the arrival of the "Queen's Own," a Toronto regiment, at Winnipeg, after their long journey north of Lake Superior, the men were all tanned and had severe blisters, owing to the hard work experienced marching over the gaps in the line. Shelter and food were found to be in insufficient quantities, only one meal was served them on one day, and bread was scarce. They had to pass one cold night on flat cars, with only blankets and overcoats as covering. The men, however, kept up their spirits amazingly well.

At a meeting of settlers, held at a farm eight miles from Calgary, on Sunday last, a settlers' rights association was formed and several resolutions passed. The preamble points out that a number of townships around Calgary are withheld from settlers, though many have been there for over three years and made more than sufficient improvements to entitle them to patents for their lands; that the settlers are oppressed under the lease system, and have no representatives at Ottawa. It is asked that leases where the conditions have not been complied with, where the land is fit for agricultural purposes, be thrown open for homestead entry. It is also asked that the half-breeds in the North West Territories be placed on an equal footing with those in Manitoba. This memorandum of grievances has re-

ceived two hundred signatures. The present discussed a resort to arms and the joining of the rebels, in case the demands were refused. The president stated that the settlers at present were in a worse state than wild beasts, being hunted at all times and seasons by police, Government officials and ranchmen.

Riel is said to be disappointed at the half-breeds and Indians around the American frontier not having risen in his favor, and that although he will attempt a fight at Clarke's Crossing, he will fall back directly after, and beat a retreat across the north branch of the Saskatchewan entering the forest where he will doubtless get clear.

At Moose Jaw on the Canadian Pacific Railway about forty Cree Indians in full war paint entered the place, and after holding a war dance, helped themselves to whatever they wanted. The citizens, alarmed, fled to the Canadian Pacific Railway Station, and General Middleton ordered arms and ammunition for a home guard, that was formed.

The English press has thus far said very little on the trouble, being, doubtless, in almost entire ignorance of the cause of the grievance.

### THE PRESENT MAHDI.

The Mahdi was born at Dongola in the year 1843 of our era. His father was called Abdallah, and his mother Amina. He has on both cheeks three parallel scars. These details, though they have for us no value, are very significant for the Mussulmans, for one of the most ancient traditions attributed to Mahommed declares that the Mahdi will bear the same name as the Prophet, and that the father of the Mahdi will bear the same name as the Prophet's father. Now the Prophet was called Mahommed Ahmed; his father was called Abdallah, and his mother Amina. Forty years is the prophetic age among the Mussulmans, because it is the age at which the Prophet revealed himself, and the Mahdi's scars are the stamp of the prophet which marked Mahommed and which must mark every true prophet.

From his earliest childhood Mahommed showed signs of a decided vocation. At twelve years of age he knew the Koran by heart. His brothers, boat builders on the White Nile, gave him the means to study under two renowned professors near Khartoum. At twenty he went to the island of Aba, and there lived for fifteen years a retired life. When the year of prophecy arrived, the fortieth year, he revealed himself as the Mahdi, and the Baggaras proceeded without difficulty from veneration to adoration. He became the prophet in his own country.

THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA is touring *incognito* along the south coast of England. It is said she alternates between riding on the railways and tramping afoot. She is reported to be a good pedestrian able to cover eighteen miles a day. She is accompanied by a single attendant.

## MISS BELL.

Sept. 8.—I found this little red-covered book in my trunk, among some other things which papa had stowed away there without my knowledge and considered what use I had best make of it. I have concluded to keep a record of some of my school experiences. I dare say that is what papa meant it for. It was like him to tuck it in without saying anything. I hope I shall never have to recall what I would not be willing he should see.

I have been here a week now, and like it very well. I was not homesick as I expected to be. Papa and I have lived by ourselves so long, away off by the Rocky Mountains, that this coming East to school, and finding myself among so many girls all at once, was quite bewildering at first. But I beginning to find out that I am as much a girl as any of them, and if I only had a congenial room-mate, I should be quite happy.

There is something about Miss Alma Wood which is not altogether agreeable, to say the least. She is nice enough to look at; has a fair face with great blue eyes, with the most innocent expression imaginable. One would think to see her that she could not do anything bad; yet she has a way of saying and doing disagreeable things, as if she did not dream they were otherwise than right and proper. I really cannot make up my mind whether her nature is such that she doesn't know how mean her conduct is, or whether it is consummate cunning and malice.

Sept. 14.—I am fast finding out that if I wish to have any friends here, I must be on my guard against my room-mate, Alma. Every disagreeable remark she happens to hear any one make about me, she repeats for my benefit—and I do not believe it loses anything in the telling.

I have taken a special fancy to one girl here, Viva Maxey; she rooms just across the hall from me. I suppose Alma has discovered my liking for Viva, for yesterday she took great pains to tell me several rather uncomplimentary speeches she had heard Miss Viva make about me. Among others, some sarcastic remarks concerning the conflict between my name and my nature, which I must confess, were too true. To one whose disposition is not angelic, it is something of a trial to be burdened with such a name as Grace Angell. But papa says there is one way I can mend matters, and that is by growing good enough to deserve it.

I was angry at first, of course, with Viva, and made some unpleasant speeches about her in return. But in a moment or two, I happened to think that Alma would repeat them to her, and that would make a bad matter worse. So I resolved to tell her about it myself, which I did. And we have made a compact of friendship and promised that we will not listen to Alma.

Sept. 20.—I have not written anything yet about my teachers, because there has not seemed to be much to say. Certainly not much about the Misses Prim, who are at the head of this institution, except that their name is as appropriate and descriptive as mine is the reverse. There are two other teachers: Miss James, with whom I have little to do, and Miss Bell, who has charge of most of the classes I have been placed in. I like Miss Bell very much, but am all the time haunted with a feeling that I have met her somewhere, though I cannot recall where or how.

Sept. 28.—It has all come to me now about Miss Bell! Viva and I were talking with her to-day, and Viva happened to say something about my having come from Colorado. I saw her start and then grow very pale, and a look came into her face which brought the whole affair back to my memory. I don't think I will write anything about it here. I know it is a horrid thing to say about any one, but I haven't the slightest doubt that if Alma were by any chance to get hold of this book, she would not hesitate to read all there is in it. It will be wisest to keep on the safe side, as I would not do anything to injure Miss Bell for worlds.

Oct. 25.—Well, little book, I have neglected you of late, haven't I? I am having the gayest times here now! I do not think there is any immediate danger of my injuring my health by hard study. Viva, Clara Dexter, Ada French and I have formed

a secret society of four. We found we were getting into such a way of slandering our neighbors, and gossiping, that we came to the conclusion there ought to be something done about it; and after much discussion, we decided upon this plan:

Each of us has a little blank book, and every time we catch ourselves using our tongues improperly, we set down a black mark in our book. Of course, we have badges and a motto like other societies. Our motto is two lines from one of Will Carleton's poems—changed a little.

"Boys flying kites like white-winged birds—Remember you can't do so with words."

As we have adopted them, for "boys" read girls. We meet once a week to compare notes and have some other exercises. It is great fun—only it is rather discouraging to find my book getting so full of black marks. I never realized before how much I allowed myself to give way to such things.

Nov. 18.—Miss Bell is perfectly lovely! I never tire of looking at her. Some of the girls do not like her. They say she is cold and haughty, but I do not think so. To be sure, she holds herself a little aloof from us all, but I, at any rate, can easily account for that. And I am sure it is sadness, not coldness, that makes her so grave and silent. When she does smile though, she is altogether lovely, I do not know how it is, for I have scarcely exchanged a dozen words with her outside the classroom, but I am sure I never before loved any one so much, excepting papa. He has been all I had to love, for I cannot remember my mother, and I have no sisters or brothers.

Dec. 23.—The holidays are almost here, and as I am too far from home to be able to go there, I am very fortunate in having an invitation from Viva to spend them with her at her home in Providence. I am sure I shall enjoy myself, but I almost wish Miss Bell could have had my invitation. I asked her to-day what she was going to do, and if she was so happy as to slide to go home. And she told me that she was going to stay here, and that she had no home.

Feb. something or other.—I almost wish I had been born deaf and dumb, or—anything else, so I could not have done what I have done now!

I have been a bad girl, of late, anyway; neglectful of my books, and Viva and I have been up to all sorts of mischief. Miss Bell has had to reprove us a good many times, especially me. To-day she kept me after the rest were dismissed, and gave me a regular talking to.

"I shall have to report you to Miss Prim," she said, at last.

"Oh no, don't do that!" I cried, hastily, for I was afraid she would report to papa; and I know he would be so grieved and disappointed to hear such things about me.

"Forgive me just this once more, please!" I begged.

"I do not see how I can," she answered. "This is not the second or third time, within a week, that I have been obliged to reprove you. I told you if I had to speak again, I should feel compelled to do something more, and I see no reason why I should change my decision."

"Yes, there is a reason," I coaxed, for I imagined I saw a relenting look coming into her face:

"What?"

"Because I love you," emphasizing my words with a good hug. I don't know what ever possessed me. I had no intention of saying anything when I began, but somehow, I just couldn't help it.

There was silence for a minute after this. She looked surprised, and I am sure I saw her lips quiver. But when at last she did speak, it was coldly enough.

"Even if I could think so, I do not see how it should excuse me for letting your idleness and inattention go unpunished. But for my part, I fail to understand an affection which has so little respect for its object as you have shown me by your conduct of late."

Without another word, and without even waiting for permission, I turned and left the room, closing the door not very gently behind me as I went. How angry I was! Of course, when I had calmed down, I could see plainly enough that I had no right to be so; but one does not stop to reason when in a passion. Papa has often warned me

that, if I allowed myself to give way to such fits of temper, I might some time do that which would cause me life-long regret; and now I am afraid his warning has come true.

I hastened toward my room, but was stopped at the door by Viva and Clara, who stood in the hall waiting.

"What did she say to you?" asked Viva, catching my dress as I was rushing past them.

"She is a proud, hateful old thing!" was my lucid reply. "But if I had been in prison for stealing, I don't believe I would put on quite so many airs!"

"What do you mean? Are you crazy?" she gasped.

"Yes, call me crazy, or anything else you like, only do not ever speak or think again of what I said." I returned; for I could have bitten my tongue out the minute after those words had gone from me.

"But," said Clara, "you must have meant something, and I think you ought to explain. Very likely we shall imagine worse than the truth if you do not."

I saw there was no help for it, so I asked them to come into my room; but Viva—very strangely, as I then thought—insisted upon our going to hers instead.

"Girls," I began, "I said, in a moment of anger, what I never meant should pass my lips here. It might injure Miss Bell greatly, in spite of what I am sure is the fact—her entire innocence. And now if I tell you what I know of her story, I must do it with the understanding that you will keep it secret."

"Some six years ago, when I was about ten years old, I went on a visit to my uncle in Denver. While there, my cousin took me, one day, to spend an afternoon with some little friends of hers next door. It was there I first saw Miss Bell. She was then governess in this family. I took a wonderful fancy to her, as children sometimes will, but probably should not have remembered her so long, if it had not been for what happened soon afterwards.

"It was only a few days, in fact, after this visit that we heard she had been arrested for stealing. The people with whom she lived had, as they declared, been missing things for some time; small sums of money, jewelry, and other articles. For some reason, their suspicions had fallen upon her. I do not remember all the circumstances now, but I know my uncle and aunt were very indignant about the arrest. They were acquainted with Miss Bell, and thought much more highly of her than they did of her employers.

"My uncle, who was a lawyer, undertook her defence. She was acquitted, as there was no evidence and nothing but a suspicion against her. I know my uncle thought that the whole thing was a plot laid by these people to ruin Miss Bell's character; but however that may have been, I am sure none who knew her believed her guilty.

"My cousin and I were allowed to be present at her trial; and as this was the first and last time I have been in such a place, I never could forget her face after seeing it under such circumstances. Of course, she did not recognize me here, as I was only a little girl then, and she did not even know my name, at least, only my first name.

"The saddest part of all was about her mother. She was a great invalid; had heart-disease, I believe, and the news of her daughter's arrest killed her. She died in a few minutes after hearing of it.

"This is all I have to tell you. My uncle and aunt intended to befriend Miss Bell after her release, but she suddenly left the city, and they were unable to trace her. I never heard anything more of her till I saw her here. And now, girls, promise me that you will never speak of this to any one."

Clara promised, but Viva looked at me strangely.

"Do you know," she said, "that when you spoke of Miss Bell's having been in prison for stealing, you were standing with your back to the door of your room. The door was open a little way, and, just as you said that, I caught a glimpse of Alma peeping out; I am sure she heard you."

Feb. 20.—I have been trying to behave myself since that miserable day when I last wrote. To tell the truth, I have no heart for mischief any more, and I have been as studious and exemplary as possible. I do not know what Alma is plotting; but

do not think she has said anything yet. It is only a question of time, however. She is certain to have the story out before long.

I am quite sure Miss Bell does not know what I have done, for to-day when I stayed in after school-hours puzzling over my algebra, she came to me and, smoothing my hair caressingly said—

"What is troubling you? Cannot I help you Grace?"

She had never called me so before, and it made me very happy for a moment. Then it rushed over me how undeserving I was of any kindness from her. I caught her hand and kissed it, and then I gave up and cried as I never did before in all my life. Of course she did not in the least understand what it meant, but she tried to soothe me, and when at last I was unable to look up, I saw that her eyes were filled with tears. How I hate myself!

Feb. 25.—What I feared has come—and worse, if possible. Miss Bell has lost her situation here. Alas, of course, the cause of it. She always disliked Miss Bell, and now she is triumphant.

The Misses Prim were of course greatly scandalized to learn that they had one with "such a stain upon her character" in their employ, and so informed her at once. I thought it possible that if they knew the whole story just as it really was, they might relent; so I went to them and told it, but it did not do any good, and I might have known it would not. There are some people who are too proper!

Of course Miss Bell knows she has me to thank for this—indeed, Alma has given me to understand as much.

Long years have passed since I made the last record in this little book. To-day I happened to come upon it, where I had carefully hidden it away among other mementos of my school-life, and after looking it over I have decided to complete here the story of Miss Bell's life. It may be that my own little daughter will read it some day, and then she will understand why I have tried so hard to impress upon her the importance of raising her tongue; and I trust she may be spared the teaching of such a bitter experience as was mine.

The very day I last wrote in my diary I received a telegram informing me that my father was very ill; and the next day I left school never to return. For many weeks after this, my time and strength and attention were all for and with my father; but when at last he left me all alone in the world, my thoughts again turned towards Miss Bell. I wrote to my friend Viva, asking if she could find out for me her whereabouts; but she was unable to do so then, and it was two years before I was able to learn anything about her. At the end of this time, came a letter from Viva—who had now left school and was at her home in Providence—with the word I had been longing for.

"Whom do you think I ran across the other day?" she wrote. "It was no other than our old teacher Miss Bell. I found her sewing in a dressmaker's shop, where I went to get some work done. I was never more surprised and shocked in my life. I say shocked, for she looked like death. Certainly she was not able to be at work. She was very shy of me, and I was unable to find out where she is living; but I intend to do so if possible. I was really distressed to see her looking so ill."

It did not take me long to make up my mind as to what I should do next. In less than a week I was eastward bound. I had sent word to Viva of my intention, and when I arrived in Providence she met me and took me directly to her home.

"Do you know," she said, "Miss Bell is in the hospital very sick with brain fever? I had just been telling papa about her" (her father is a doctor), "so when he saw her there he recognized her at once."

"We found where her boarding-place had been, and went there to see if she had any friends who could be sent for, as papa does not think she can recover; but we could not learn of any one. It seems so sad to think of her dying there friendless and alone!"

"It shall not be alone or friendless," I answered, "but help me and pray that she may not die now."

And she did not. Yet for a time it seemed as though it would have almost been better if she had. Her strength began, at last, slowly to return; but the light of

reason did not come back to her eyes, and Dr. Maxey said he feared it had gone forever.

"However that may be," I said, "she shall never want for a home so long as I have one."

As soon as she was able to travel I took her back with me to my Western home, resolved that I would give up my whole life to her, if that were necessary, so that thereby I might in any way atone for the wrong I had done her.

She was very quiet and gentle, and seldom spoke; but seemed content to sit day after day, looking out towards the distant mountain-peaks—as though it was behind them that the light of her life had gone down. But by-and-by, after many weeks had passed, I began to notice that the strange bewildered look was fading out of her face and the light was surely coming back there. One day I happened to look up and caught her eyes fixed upon me with an earnest, questioning glance, very different from their usual blank gaze.

"Grace," she said, "where am I? And how came I to be with you?"

My heart almost stopped beating to hear her calling me by name in the old tone, and for a moment I could not speak. When at last I was able to reply I said, "You were very sick, and I heard of it and came to you."

"But how came I here?"—glancing out towards the mountains—"this is not Providence."

So then I told her all—how sorry I had been for the wrong I had done, and how I had longed to make atonement and to prove to her that I really did love her in spite of my shortcomings; and how, at last, I had found her and brought her to share my lonely home with me.

"Tell me one thing," looking at me as though she would read my very thoughts, "do you still believe that I was guilty of?"

"I never believed such a thing for an instant," I interrupted, "and you had other friends who did not."

"Perhaps it would have been wiser to have stayed where it happened and tried to live it down," she said; "but my heart was broken with my poor mother's sad death—there was nothing to hold me there longer; and I longed to get beyond all knowledge of those who had so wronged me—for they did wrong me, Grace, most cruelly—and I could not help feeling that they were aware of it at the time."

"But I never could get away from the story of my guilt. It has followed me wherever I have gone. If it had been true I could not have suffered more for it. It has broken my heart and ruined my life, and at times I have been almost tempted to despair. Yet I have tried to believe that it was all right, and to trust that I shall know the wherefore some time, though I cannot see it now."

"No, it is not all right," I burst out indignantly. "It is all because mean, malicious people, and silly, gossiping people, and foolish, passionate people cannot or will not control their tongues, but allow them to work mischief, never knowing nor caring how many maimed and broken lives they leave behind him."

"Do not reproach yourself so bitterly, Grace," she said. "If you have hurt me in any way, you have more than atoned for it, and your love has given me the happiest moments I have ever known since my dear mother left me."

How thankful I have been ever since for those few words! If it had not been for them I do not know how I ever could have borne what followed.

The next morning she did not come down, and when I went to call her I found her so deeply asleep that I could not waken her, and I soon saw that no one ever would wake her again in this world.

The doctors said it was heart disease—she had inherited it from her mother, I suppose. But any way, it was release. She had escaped, at last, to a country where words would never injure her more. And I could not wish her back.—*Youth's Companion.*

**BREAKFAST PUFFS.**—They may be made on baking-day by taking up a little dough and pulling out to the thickness of doughnuts; cut two and one-half inches in length drop in boiling lard, and fry like doughnuts, to be eaten with butter like biscuit. Some cooks work into the dough a little butter, and let it rise before frying in the lard. They are delicious with coffee for breakfast.

LEND GOOD BOOKS.

Late one afternoon, Mrs. Martin sat at the door awaiting the arrival of her family to their evening meal. Down in the lower part of the town was a mill and some of the employees were just returning home. One of them, a pretty young girl of perhaps seventeen years, was passing Mrs. Martin's gate. She was busily engaged in reading a paper, one of the large illustrated sheets. One of the pictures caught Mrs. Martin's eye. It represented two spindle-legged young men with fierce black moustaches, engaged in the interesting occupation of cutting each other to pieces with formidable daggers, while in the background, a slender female figure clad in flowing drapery, with black hair streaming, and mouth wide open, was fainting away in a most striking attitude.

"Good evening, Maggie," Mrs. Martin called out in a cheery tone.

The young girl looked up and returned the salutation, her pretty face flushed with the interest of her reading. She lingered beside the gate, for Mrs. Martin hurried down as if desirous of speaking still further.

"Would you like a slip of my new gemanium, Maggie?" continued the latter.

"Oh yes, thank you! How pretty your flowers are!"

"And how does your garden get along?"

You told me this spring that you intended having one."

"Oh, it doesn't look fit to be seen. The hens scratched up all my pansies, and since last rain the weeds have overgrown everything else. I don't have much time to work in it, you know. When I get home I'm so tired that I'd rather read."

"Well, reading is good, provided one has the right kind of books," said Mrs. Martin, as she began to gather a little bouquet.

"What are you reading now, Maggie?"

"Oh, it's an awfully interesting story!" Maggie replied, pointing to the paper she held in her hand. "It's about a poor but perfectly lovely sewing girl and an earl's son, and oh, it's dreadfully exciting!"

Mrs. Martin laid her hand on the girl's arm and said kindly, "Maggie, tell me truly now, are you happier after reading such trash?"

For an instant the girl's face clouded, as if she were angry at the plain speaking, then her brown eyes were raised with a frank look, as she replied, "No, Mrs. Martin, I can't say that I am. Anyhow, it makes me kind of disinterested with my life, and I can't help thinking how nice it would be to be rich and have pretty clothes and jewels and all that. But you know that mill work is perfect drudgery, and one is glad for something that takes one's thoughts away."

"That's very true, but there is other reading that will do it, pure, helpful reading, that will cultivate your mind and elevate your soul. Wait a minute, and I will lend you a book, and when you have finished it you shall have others," and Mrs. Martin went in the house and brought out, "Stepping Heavenward."

It had been a gift from a dear friend and she prized it highly, once having made the resolve never to lend it, but she changed her mind now, making the little sacrifice—"In His name."

"Here Maggie, take this and give me your paper, I'll light the kitchen fire with it, to-morrow morning!"

And Maggie obeyed with a laugh, but walked away with new thoughts in her mind.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

"I CAN'T HELP IT."

Tut, tut, fair lady, how can you do yourself so great an injustice as to allow an evil spirit to gain utterance through your lips? Now you have said things wholly uncalculated for, things which you are sure to regret, things which have hurt deeply your good, true friends, and things which have lowered you in the estimation of all who heard you. You have cast a shadow over all within your home, and the pain which you have given will certainly return to you.

"You need not tell me this—I know it all. But I cannot help giving way to my temper."

Then you should go away into the woods and live among the bears. A human being who really is unable by any effort he can make, by any care he can take, to control the evil spirit within, is utterly unfit to live among mankind. No one has the least right to inflict on companions such misery and harm as an ugly-tempered house-mate does inflict. But you mistake—you can "help it." When any one is present whom you

are anxious to please, how smooth you are! When you are visiting "high-toned" friends, how gentle you are! Is it only or chiefly at home and with your nearest, most familiar friends, that you give free way to your unpleasant feelings? Is this wise? How will it be with you when you have alienated your family?

Such things have been done. Many a man, many a woman, has in advanced age, found that not one who could love him, or who could love her, or even endure their company was left. And all because the irritable, unamiable, violent temper was never controlled. Hard as the work may be, and it is hard, especially when undertaken late in life, it can be done. You can do it, and you must do it, or you will soon be left without any to dwell with you. You can learn never to give any one an unkind word. Others naturally as quick and hot-tempered as you are, have done this. It is no excuse for negligence that nature gave you a high temper. That imposes on you the duty of greater watchfulness, and gives you a chance to win greater credit for self-control.

The sooner you begin to control yourself the better it will be for you, as well as for all who are now the victims of your unbridled temper and tongue.—*Messiah's Herald.*

WHICH IS MOST VALUABLE?

I am sadly conscious that thousands of mothers are so over-burdened that the actual demands of life, from day to day, consume all their time and strength. But "of two evils choose the least," and which would you call the least, an unpolished stove, or a child whose confidence you have failed to gain? Colwebs in the corner, or a son over whose soul a crust has formed so strong that your despair of melting it with your hot tears and your fervent prayers?

I have seen a woman who was absolutely ignorant of her children's habit of thought, who never felt that she could spare a half hour to read or talk to them; I have seen this woman spend ten minutes in ironing a sheet—there were six in the washing—one hour in fluting the ruffles and arranging the puffs of her little girl's "sweet white suit"; thirty minutes in polishing tins which were already bright and clean; forty minutes in frosting and decorating a cake for tea, because "company" was expected.

When that mother—a good orthodox Christian—shall appear before the Great White Throne, to be judged for "the deeds done in the body," and to give in her report of the Master's treasures placed in her care—there will be questions and answers like these:

"Where are the boys and girls I gave thee?"

"Lord, I was busy keeping my house clean and in order, and my children wandered away!"

"Where wert thou while thy sons and thy daughters were learning lessons of dishonesty, malice and impurity?"

"Lord, I was polishing furniture and ruffing dresses, and making beautiful rugs!"

"What hast thou to show for thy life-work?"

"The tiddest house, Lord, and the best starching and ironing in all our neighborhood!"

Oh, these children, these children! The restless, eager boys and girls whom we love more than our own lives! Shall we devote our time and strength to that which perisheth, while the rich garden of our child's soul lies neglected, with foul weeds choking out all worthy and beautiful growths? Shall we exalt the incidentals of life to the rank of a purpose, to the shutting out of that work whose results reach beyond the stars?

Fleeing, oh mother, are the days of childhood, and speckless windows, st. vy linen, the consciousness that everything about the house is faultlessly bright and clean, will be poor comfort in that day wherein we shall discover that our boy's feet have chosen the path that shall take him out of the way to all eternity.—*Harriet M. Morris, in Woman's Journal.*

FOR A RICE-PUDING, one teacup of rice put in a two quart basin, with a little milk, set on the back of the stove till the rice is well soaked, then sweeten to taste, a little salt, a small piece of butter, one cup of raisins, fill the basin up full with milk, put in the oven about ten o'clock if for dinner; as it browns stir it two or three times till it is thick enough. If you get it just right, it will need no sauce and will be delicious.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)  
April 19.—Acts 28: 1-15.

**SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.**

Word picture. Let the scholars be with a clear, vivid, mental picture of the scene of the wreck, the broken ship on the sandbar, the heavy breakers rolling upon the beach, the sailors and crew floating toward the shore on broken pieces of the ship; then all on shore, drenched, chilled by the wind and rain, without shelter or dry clothing.

Subject,—encouragements from God in times of need.

I. By escape from great danger (ver. 1). The whole number on board the ship were saved, according to the promise made to Paul.

II. By the unexpected kindness of the natives (vers. 1, 2). These natives acted in the kindest and most Christian manner to those in such great needs. Our religion should make us full of this kindly help to all in need. They did not do it for reward, but God rewarded them richly by the healing of their sick and by the comforts of the Gospel. Had they done it for the reward, it would not have been true kindness, and hence could not have been rewarded.

Bible illustrations. If Rahab entertains the spies, her life and the lives of all her kinsmen are preserved amid the destruction of Jericho. If the "great woman" of Shunem prepares a table for Elisha, God lays a little one in her bosom, and when he is stricken down in death restores him to her arms. If the Master borrows Peter's boat to make it a temporary pulpit, he shows his appreciation of the favor by giving the large draught of fishes; and if he finds a home in the shade of Martha and Mary, he gives his reward in the resurrection of Lazarus.—*Wm. M. Taylor.*

III. By God's protection and care over Paul himself (vers. 3-6). Bring out the story. Then there are a number of applications to be made. (1) Paul's helpfulness. (2) Good men come into trouble. (3) God delivers them, as Paul here, or makes the evil work out good, which is really one of the best modes of deliverance.

IV. By signs and wonders wrought through Paul (vers. 7-9). Paul was a prisoner under suspicion. But God by these wonders endowed Paul as his servant. Hence he could with power preach the gospel and he believed. Miracles are God's endorsement of his truth.

Illustration. Miracles are not a breaking of the laws of nature, but are the personal will of God using those laws in such a way as to show a mind above them and controlling them. As when we wind a watch or set the hands, Paul also had the comfort of doing good to many people. We get courage and comfort by helping others.

V. By the gratitude of those aided (ver. 10).

VI. By safely reaching his journey's end (vers. 11-14). The end so long sought and so long delayed. Trace out the journey on the map. Paul's prayer was answered, though not at the time nor in the way he had expected.

VII. By the love and sympathy of a faithful church (ver. 15). Paul needed sympathy as all workers and teachers do. How much can we do by a little effort of friendly sympathy and by expressions of love.

WE KNOW of a Sunday-school, and one of the best managed that ever we saw, where, during the whole session, the bell received but a single stroke. The opening of the school is announced by the pealing forth of the organ, and then the introductory service is conducted without any need for the tap of the bell. That over, the classes proceed to the study of their lesson, and then, five minutes before the expiration of the time that is allowed for the lesson, the bell is tapped for the first and only time, as a signal for drawing the lesson to a close. The way to keep others quiet is to keep quiet yourself. Fussy people make everybody fussy about them; and the last place in the world for a fussy man is at the superintendent's desk in a Sunday-school. Make a towncrier of him if you please and give him a bell; make a sexton of him and let him ring the bell away up in the steeple; but don't make a superintendent out of him to mar the peace of the Sabbath by the clamor of his tongue and the clatter of his bell.—*Baptist Superintendent.*

## THE WEEK.

## FRANCE AND HER CHINESE WAR.

The French Cabinet, on an adverse vote, resigned on March 30th. This crisis, it is expected, will weaken the influence of France abroad, and probably end the war with China. When the news of the defeat of M. Ferry was learned in London, great interest was manifested, and politicians declared that the crisis would limit the power of France abroad considerably. In the present predicament it is said to be impossible for the French to advance on Peking. Their arsenals are empty, and the mind of France unfavorable. No less than twelve hundred French were killed or wounded at Langson, and to prosecute the war properly about 50,000 fresh troops would be needed. In this necessity, there is a lack of transports. Great excitement prevails in Paris over the downfall of the Ministry, and frequent cheers were given on the streets for Rochefort and other Extremists. Prince Jerome Bonaparte has issued an address, urging his supporters not to play into the hands of the Royalists in the present crisis.

The new French Cabinet is formed as follows:—President of the Council and Minister of Justice, Henri Brisson; Minister of Foreign Affairs, De Freycinet; Public Instruction, Goblet; Interior, Allain Targé; Finance, Jean Jules Clamageran; War, Gen. Campeaux; Public Works, Sadi Carnot; Agriculture, Pierre Legrand; Commerce, Herve Mangon; Posts and Telegraphs, Sarrien; Marine and Colonies, Admiral Galiber.

The Cabinet has issued its programme, which includes the revision of the constitution, liberty of the press, secularization of religious property, separation of church and state, compulsory education, taxation for revenue, and a reduction of taxation upon articles of food and drink.

Peace, it is now reported, will likely be at once concluded between France and China. From Hong Kong it is learned that negotiations of peace are being concluded, and that, in all probability, no indemnity will be paid by China.

## THE SOUDAN WAR.

General Gordon, it is now said, was betrayed by his secretary. Lord Wolseley has been ordered to Cairo by the British Government. A false prophet has arisen in opposition to El-Mahdi. His name is El-Makki. This has alarmed the followers of the Mahdi, as hundreds of disaffected Arabs are flocking to the new man's standard.

In a fight with the Hassaweh tribe, near Merawe, the Mudir of Dongola defeated the rebels, killing twenty of them. His own forces suffered but small loss.

It is reported that the whole of Osman Digma's force has been withdrawn, under a flag of truce, and that many tribes have deserted him. The Mahdi is sending large reinforcements to Berber, and Mount Hamud, north of that place, has been strongly fortified by him.

Latest advices report that a fight is probable with Osman Digma's troops. Osman's son was shot in a recent engagement.

The reservations made by Turkey on signing an Egyptian financial agreement were as follows:—First, that the Suez canal convention shall give Turkey the right to defend Egypt in the event of internal troubles or foreign invasion; second, that the convention shall not deal with the expenses of the English occupation of Egypt; third, the mention of fixed tribunals in the financial convention does not imply an indefinite

prolongation of the tribunals; fourth, that the Porte reserves the right to recognize any commission of foreigners deputed to inquire into the financial resources of Egypt.

## THE EASTERN WAR CLOUD.

Active preparations continue in England despite the pacific assurances of Russia. Orders have been issued in India by England to continue active preparations for war. The action is highly appreciated by the English people and press who declare that Russia's assurances are not satisfactory. Owing to the more pacific feeling on the part of Russia, prices at the London Stock Exchange have advanced and the belief is now general that the dispute will be amicably settled, owing to England's determined policy and Russia's dislike to enter into a conflict. The Russian government are purchasing vessels, however, and says that it as yet concedes no vital point in the question at issue. The military council at St. Petersburg, are said to have advised the Government against undertaking war until Russia has further railway facilities in the direction of India. A reply has been forwarded from Russia to England on the recent proposal sent by England, and the tenor of the reply is said to be only a ruse to obtain further time on the part of Russia to mass her military supplies.

Italy considers it her duty to act in concert with England, and will take an active part should talk end in blows. She is preparing an army of 200,000 for active service and says that she could furnish 400,000 men if necessary.

Overtures from Russia to Turkey on behalf of an alliance still continue.

On the sixth of April a grand review took place at Rawal Pindie, in the presence of the Ameer of Afghanistan and Lord Dufferin. The march past occupied two hours and the parade was one of the finest ever held in India. It impressed the Ameer greatly as to the power of England. A grand banquet followed at which the Ameer made an enthusiastic speech, wishing England success and hoping that her armies would be ever victorious.

The Maharajah of Nepal has offered 15,000 picked Goorkabs to assist the British.

## SCOTT ACT NOTES.

The Scott Act was carried in Wellington by a majority of over eleven hundred votes. If it was not defeated it was not for lack of opposition by some of the daily papers, the *Guelph Herald*, *Arthur Enterprise*, and *News Record* coming out strongly against the act.

A very good work is being done in Gaspé county where the Blue-Ribbon movement is making great progress and numbers of men are signing the tobacco pledge and taking the Red-Ribbon.

Temperance workers in Chateauguay are debating the advisability of submitting the Scott Act to the test there. At a recent meeting it was decided unanimously that it was advisable. Petitions, it is thought, will very shortly be taken round and if the French, in whose hands the result rests, take kindly to the project it will be vigorously pushed through.

The first of the ripples caused by the great temperance wave has reached Montreal. At a meeting held in the Douglas Methodist Church it was decided by a large majority that it would be beneficial to Montreal to have the Scott Act submitted as soon as possible.

There are 2,091 names on the Canada Temperance Act petition in Haldimand county, which is 500 above the number required. The people of the county are con-

fidant of success, but do not mean to lose their chance like those of Missisquoi by carelessness in voting.

The *Waterloo Chronicle* attributes the loss of six lives monthly in the county of Waterloo to the liquor traffic.

THE TURKISH GOVERNMENT is in arrears to its employees for several months' pay, and on the first of April the wives of these men attempted to secure attention to their husbands' demands by appearing in force at the office of the Minister of Finance. Bands of women appeared at an early hour on the street. Over 2,000 congregated near the building occupied by the Cabinet officials. At the appointed time they marched in a body to the office of the Minister of Finance. Pushing past the guards they entered the office, and confronting the Minister demanded the pay due to their husbands. Police men tried to expel them, but the women forced the officers to retire. The Finance Minister made a plausible excuse for the delay in paying the men. The women declared the answer unsatisfactory and made a rush for him. He escaped by jumping out of a back window.

THE PROPOSED VISIT of the Prince of Wales to Ireland, excites very much attention. The attitude assumed by the Nationalists is offensively hostile. The Dublin corporation has decided not to present him with any address. The Dublin tradespeople, who naturally wish to please their aristocratic patrons, would like to make a display in his honor; but they have been warned by the Nationalists that if they do so, their windows will be broken. The students, on the other hand, promise to accord the Heir-apparent an enthusiastic reception, in which all the respectable classes will join. The Prince will be accompanied by a large number of reporters. He will be too well guarded to need to fear danger; nor is there in any case, much likelihood of any overt act of violence being attempted.

LAST WEEK was the closing week for the Ontario Legislature. One of the questions of great interest to people in Ontario was that of taxing peddlers who go round the country hawking their goods. On one side it was contended that as merchants paid taxes they had a right to be protected from these men who paid none. On the other the argument was that in the interest of the consumer there should be no restriction on the efforts of those who tried to make a living by selling tea or cloth direct to the people without the intervention of the retail trader who is always a middleman. It was finally decided to put such a tax on peddlers as to virtually prohibit their trade.

IT IS ALLEGED that agents of Irish organizations have approached the Russian Embassy in Paris with offers of assistance in case war occurs between Russia and England. These agents propose to foment a rising in Ireland while England is engaged in Afghanistan, and to fit out privateers in America to prey upon British commerce. All they ask is that Russia shall furnish the Irish allies with means to carry out their part of the bargain, and they offer to work as cheaply as possible.

A COMPLETE LIST of the Christian missions in China, gives 387 men and 420 women missionaries, 1,311 native helpers, and 24,697 communicants. They are connected with sixteen British, four Continental, and thirteen American societies.

A FRENCH LOAN amounting to a hundred million dollars will be issued in three percent notes. Financial houses are ready to take the loan on easy terms.

THE OUTBREAK of a disease resembling cholera has occurred at San Felipe de Jativa, Valencia. Fifteen persons have died within twenty-four hours of colic and choleraic symptoms. A report has spread that the Province is threatened with the return of the cholera epidemic, which would complete the ruin caused by earthquakes. The people are panic-stricken and begging for assistance.

THERE is posted throughout Dublin a proclamation offering a reward of \$75,000 for the return of the flag stolen from the Mansion House. The reward is to be paid from the funds of the Land League, which Patrick Egan, treasurer, has.

MANY DEPUTATIONS from various parts of the Province of Quebec have visited Quebec to make arrangements with the Provincial Board of Health against the cholera. There does not seem to be the same fear of this plague in Ontario.

KING MPESA, of Uganda, the most powerful of the Central African potentates, is dead. He belonged to a dynasty which counts, so far, thirty-five kings. His son, Mwanga, a lad, succeeds him. Mwanga has been under the influence of the English missionaries, and probably will not oppose them in their work in any way. The princes, who has been raised to the dignity of King's "sister," is a professing Christian.

FORTY THOUSAND sheep died in Green County, in the state of Pennsylvania, during the last three months. Scarcity of feed and the unusual severity of the weather was the cause. The loss to the farmers is very great.

IT IS FEARED that riots are imminent in the Province of Mantua, Italy. The agricultural laborers are rapidly forming into a league, which has already enrolled 30,000 men.

FRANZ ABT, the German composer, is dead aged 65 years.

SHANGHAI ADVICES to San Francisco say the viceroy of the provinces of Yunan and Kweichong has issued a decree commanding the destruction of all Roman Catholic converts, and ordering all Roman Catholic converts and all foreigners to be killed. It is reported that several Roman Catholic settlements have already been destroyed and several hundred converts killed. The village of Kin Ya Ping was destroyed and four converts and two priests killed. The reason assigned for the massacre is that Roman Catholics were going to revolt against the Chinese Government.

A FIRE at Tokio, Japan, on March 19th, destroyed twelve hundred buildings. Over a thousand families are houseless.

GARIBALDI'S WIDOW and his son Mario are negotiating with the Italian Government for the cession of the Island of Caprera to the Garibaldi family.

THE RAILWAYS OF INDIA have zenana cars for the use of the native women. Lady missionaries have keys to the cars, and travel in them, improving the opportunities for preaching the gospel.

A CONGRESS OF MORMON propagandists in London, last Monday, reported that missionaries had been most successful in Scotland and Wales. The London mission had been a failure owing to the mobbing of the apostles by the Londoners. The congress adopted a resolution invoking the curse of God upon the Londoners. Two vessel loads of converts will shortly leave Liverpool for New York.

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ON BISMARCK'S birthday, which occurred last week, the veteran statesman was the recipient of a very large number of presents. The Emperor sent a golden coronet and duplicate painted by Werner of his picture "The Proclamation of Versailles." The city of Munich sends a silver salver weighing 30 pounds, and the King of Saxony a crown decorated with diamonds. Deputations have arrived from the universities of Erlangen, Tubingen and Göttingen. They will confer the degree of doctor of laws upon Prince Bismarck. Twelve thousand men with bands were in the torchlight procession last night. Also an allegorical symbolizing German unity, and groups of Cameroons negroes. There are over a hundred members of Prince Bismarck's family present. Yesterday afternoon 8,000 members of the grand army of 1870 marched before the Chancellor. After passing the palace of the Emperor, who stood at the window saluting continuously, amid an outburst of popular enthusiasm Prince Bismarck's regiment presented their chief with a magnificent sword. Since 1871, when the corps returned from France, Germany has not seen such deep enthusiasm.

A RUSSIAN MAGAZINE called the *Historical Messenger* (*Istoricheski Vestnik*), has just published a plan for the invasion of India, found among the papers of the late Gen. Skobelev. It consists first in opening relations with the Afghans, an initiatory step really taken by the Russians in 1878; and next in sending Russian troops in Cabul in order to support an Afghan invasion of India disaffected to be stirred up, or rather to be organized and brought to a head, among the various population of Hindostan; and the vanguard of the invasion is to be formed by masses of cavalry, such as now being formed by subjecting the Turkoman tribes to rough forms of European organization and European drill. With this irregular cavalry, with the Afghans, and with regular Russian troops, Gen Skobelev was convinced that an impression could be made on India with the important military, if not decisive, political result.—*Pilot*.

"L'AFRIQUE EXPLORÉE ET CIVILISÉE" is our authority for the following facts: An eyewitness writes to the *Missions Catholiques* that the king of Dahomey celebrated a great feast in 1884 with more barbarity than ever. Every day for three months one might see at the palace gate six human heads just cut off, without counting the corpses nailed head downward to the trees. These were nailed by the hands or by the feet only, dying thus, in consequence of their sufferings, of hunger, and of the attacks of insects.

LIVERPOOL has "scored" well in the Sudan. Besides the gallant Earle having been one of her citizens, she lays claim to Sir Charles Wilson as having been born and educated at Liverpool, and it is said that Sir Herbert Stewart is also connected with the great commercial port by family ties. That city has resolved to establish a memorial of the first-named officer.

GREAT FLOODS are imminent in various parts of the states of New York and Pennsylvania, and much alarm is felt by the inhabitants.

IT IS ESTIMATED that thirty thousand Yorkshire miners are on a strike against a ten percent reduction, which threatens to extend to Derbyshire and Staffordshire and will effect half a million people, who depend on coal mining for a living.

GENERAL GRANT still lives: but all hope as to his recovery has been abandoned; and his death is hourly expected.

MRS. TOM THUMB and Count Primo Magri were married, on Monday afternoon, at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Madison Avenue, New York. The church was crowded. Many old New Yorkers, who were present at Mrs. Stratton's first wedding and some of the best known society people were present. Miss Lucy Adams was bridesmaid, and Major Newell, who married Minnie Warren, was best man.

MANY DEATHS from cholera have occurred at Jativa, Spain. On Monday last there were thirty new cases and seven deaths. The press and public are positive the disease is Asiatic cholera.

THE DYNAMITERS, in New York, say the report that the Fenians intend to raid Canada is sensational. They will save their money to buy dynamite and blow up London.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The amount of correspondence to be carried on at Sandringham, Marlborough House, Osborne Cottage, or wherever the Prince may be, is, as Sir Dighton Probyn, Mr. Francis Knollys, and the Equerry in waiting for the time being well know, colossal in magnitude and extraordinarily various in its nature, and it would tax patience and credulity to give an account of the contents, in all languages, of some of his letter-bags. The Prince may say, "*Principes sum, et non supra grammaticam*." He is a favorite mark for begging-letter writers and inventors, and wonderful pains and trouble must be taken by his secretaries in sifting the wheat from the chaff and in getting at the truth of the stories of the applicants for his bounteous assistance. Once there came in by one mail to the Hotel Bristol, in Paris, where he was at the time, in addition to a score of the ordinary sort of begging letters, a petition from an old lady for a *dot* for her lovely daughter, aged eighteen, the child of an old officer who had left his family in much distress; a request from a mechanic that the Prince would put on a swimming-dress and take a header into the Seine to test its merits—"et dans ce cas, monseigneur," added the inventor, "*j'aurai ma fortune assurée*"; a demand for a loan of 10,000 francs to enable a student in natural history to go on an entomological excursion to South America; a proposal that he should join the applicant in an experimental vineyard in the Vosges; an entreaty that he would enable a working jeweller to redeem his lathe and tools. Needless to say he is also assailed by the ignoble, malicious or silly people who write anonymously, and by the crack-brained "prophets" dealing in menaces of death and of eternal destruction on various theological or political bases, who, with the writers of threatening letters, form a very considerable legion. From every capital and court in Europe there comes also the important though unofficial correspondence by which the Prince of Wales adds daily to his knowledge of the secret forces which move and direct the policy of states. There are, moreover, the special business of the Duchy of Cornwall, and regimental affairs in the corps of which he is Colonel, which are closely investigated by the Prince. Divided in his affection for the two services he naturally gives the greater share of his attention to that in which he holds rank, and in which he was reared and trained. A portion of his time is also devoted to the interests of the Masonic body, the increase and vitality of which, in England, owe much to his care and patronage; and the Royal College of Music, the numerous institutions of which he is patron or chief, and innumerable charities and societies which he encourages and aids, make their several demands on the life of the busiest man in Europe, and have their claims allowed.—*William Howard Russell, in Harper's Magazine for April*.

AN AMERICAN TRIBUTE TO GORDON.

John G. Whittier, having been solicited by an English friend to write a poem on General Gordon, responded as follows:

The letter found me pondering the very subject to which it so kindly sought to call my attention. For years I have followed General Gordon's course with constantly increasing interest, wonder and admiration, and I have felt his death as a great personal bereavement. A providential man, his mission in an unbelieving and selfish age, revealed the mighty power of faith in God, self-abnegation, and the enthusiasm of humanity. For centuries no grander figure has crossed the disc of our planet. Unique, unapproachable in his marvellous individuality, he belongs to no sect or party, and defies classification or comparison.

I should be sorry to see his name used for party purposes, for neither Conservative nor Radical has any special claim upon him. We Americans, in common with all English-speaking people the world over, lament his death and I share his glorious memory. I wish it were in my power to do what thou so kindly suggests, but I scarcely feel able to do justice, at this time, to the wonderful personality which for the past year has stood on the banks of the Nile, relieved against the dark background of the Sudan. I have been suffering from illness, and dare not undertake the eulogy of such a man with a feeble hand. Perhaps it may some time be in my power, as it is now in my inclination, to put my thoughts of him into metrical form. If I could reach the ear of Alfred Tennyson I should urge him to give the world a threnody, inspired by the life and death of one who has made not only England but the world richer for his memory.

GEN. GRANT'S KINDNESS.

When Garfield lay dead at Elberon, and Mrs. Garfield was beginning to realize the sorrow that had come upon her, there went down from Jersey City with a distinguished party Chester A. Arthur, become the President; Police Commissioner French, Col. George Bliss, and Gen. Grant and his son Fred. When the special train rolled back to Jersey City the gentlemen on the inside waited patiently until they might get into the carriages to cross the ferry and rattle away up town. One personage in fine attire also waited with the party, standing for the time on a rear platform. This watcher's manner was haughty, and the lofty poise of his head seemed to imply that he felt very much at ease with this world. A New York newspaper reporter, assigned to meet the train, approached this gentleman with a casual inquiry and was most pronouncedly snubbed. "We don't propose to be bothered by a lot of buzzard reporters," quoth the gentleman with an extraordinary emphasis on the "we." After disposing of this nice little sentiment the gentleman's haughtiness increased visibly. He wasn't quite satisfied with the gentlemanly exhibition he had already made of himself, but broke out again with, "We don't want you around here, any way. Skip!"

Just at this moment the car door was thrown open, a compact figure stepped out on the platform on his way to the ferry boat. He heard the agreeable remarks of the austere gentleman, and he turned around half in surprise, half in shame, and then, as he recognized the reporter, he genially extended his hand toward him and called out, "Come along with me, my boy, and I'll tell you all about it."

This friend in need was Ulysses S. Grant; the distinguished gentleman on the rear platform was a private secretary on trial.—*Correspondent in New York Times*.

SLICED APPLE PIE.—Line pie-pan or plate with crust, sprinkle with sugar, fill with tart apples sliced very thin, sprinkle sugar and a very little cinnamon over them, and add a few small bits of butter and a tablespoonful of water, or not, as you please—it depends upon the juiciness of the apple; dredge in flour, cover with the top crust, and bake about three-quarters of an hour; allow four or five tablespoonfuls of sugar to one pie. Or, line pans with crust, fill with sliced apples, put on top crust and bake; take off top crust, put in sugar, bits of butter and seasoning, replace crust and serve warm. It is delicious with sweetened cream.

THE STORY TELLER.

A "FLOCK."

A SPECIMEN OF HOW INTEREST THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE MUST APPEAR TO FOREIGNERS.

The English language, says "H. D." in *The Week*, must appear wonderfully and fearfully made to a foreigner. One of them looking at a picture of a number of vessels, said:—"See, what a flock of ships." He was told that a flock of ships was called a fleet, and that a fleet of sheep was called a flock. And it was added, for his guidance, in mastering the intricacies of our language, that a flock of girls is called a bevy, that a bevy of wolves is called a drove, and a drove of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of angels is called a host, and a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a pack, and a pack of swans is called a whiteness, and a whiteness of geese is called a gaggle, and a gaggle of brant is called a gang, and a gang of ducks is called a team, and a team of wildgeese is called a company (or trip), and a company of teal is called a flock, and a flock of snipe is called a whip, and a whip of bitterns and herons is called a sege, and a sege of plovers is called a flock, and a flock of larks is called an exaltation, and an exaltation of leucities is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of blackbirds is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of worshippers is called a congregation, and a congregation of soldiers is called a corps, and a corps of sailors is called a crew, and a crew of robbers is called a band, and a band of bees is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crew!

CRITICISM RETURNED.

So few of us speak English with absolute correctness and, if we attempt criticism, the victim of the process is soon able to pick flaws in our own grammar. This is illustrated by the following fancy dialogue from the *Ariana Traveler*:

"I intended to tell Jane to bring a fresh bucket of water," said the wife of Professor Northhead, looking up from her sewing.

"You doubtless mean a bucket of fresh water," rejoined her husband. "I wish you would pay some little attention to rhetoric. Your mistakes are embarrassing."

A few moments later the Professor said, "My dear, that picture would show a better advantage if you were to hang it over the clock."

"Ah," she replied, "you doubtless mean if I were to hang it above the clock. If I were to hang it over the clock, we couldn't tell what time it is. I wish you would pay some little attention to rhetoric. Your mistakes are embarrassing."

FREDERICK ROBINSON'S LITTLE MISTAKE.

Everyone knows the story of a gentleman's asking Lord North who "that faithful woman was" and his lordship's answering, "that is my wife." The other, to repair his blunder, said "I did not mean her, but that monster next to her." "Oh," said Lord North, "that monster is my daughter." With this story Frederick Robinson, in his usual absent enthusiastic way, was one day entertaining a lady whom he sat next to at dinner, and lo! the lady was Lady Charlotte Lindsay—the monster in question.—*Correspondence of John Wilson Croker*.

A PHRENOLOGICAL BLUNDER.

"The development at the back of the head, my friends, indicates filial affection," explained the phrenologist. "Now, you will observe, he went on, feeling the head of the boy on the platform, 'that bump is abnormal in size, thus indicating that his lad loves and reveres his parents to an unusual degree. Is it not so, my lad?' 'Naw.' 'What? You do not love your parents?' 'I think well enough of mither,' replied the boy, 'but I ain't very fond of fether. That bump you're feelin' of he give me last night wid a cricket stump.'—*Public Opinion*.

A SING-ULAR CONVERSATION.

Jones—"I hear that the handsome young tenor of your choir is to marry the charming soprano. Sing-ular, is it not?" Smith—"Yes; each struck a chord in the other's heart, it did not take long to register their vows, and it will be a nice-able wedding. They will spend their honeymoon on the high Cs." "Very romantic all-air, no doubt," "Well, no, except that they met by chance."

"HERE," said the farmer, as he exhibited a broken jar to the manufacturer, "I packed this jar full of butter, and the jar split from top to bottom. Perhaps you can explain the phenomena. 'Oh, yes, I can,' was the ready reply, 'the butter was stronger than the jar.'"

MR. JENKINS was dining at a very hospitable table but a piece of bacon near him was so very small that the lady of the house said to him, "Pray, Mr. Jenkins, help yourself to the bacon. Don't be afraid of it." "No, indeed, ma'am, I shall not be. I've seen a piece twice as large, and it didn't frighten me a bit."

THE MAN who has confidence in himself leads the swarms that follow.—*Horace*.

## The Temperance Worker

"INTEMPERANCE IS THE CAUSE OF MORE EVIL THAN WAR, PESTILENCE AND FAMINE COMBINED."—Right Hon. W. GLADSTONE, Prime Minister of Britain.

(Here we publish facts and comments on the Question of the Day; and we are glad to receive enquiries and suggestions from our readers.)

OHIO has one liquor-dealer for every thirty-eight voters. New York has one dealer to thirty-one voters. Ohio led every State during 1884 in the number of murders committed; in New York State there is the largest proportion of insane victims of drink.

DR. SAMUEL SMILES, in his newly-published work, "Invention and Industry," incidentally remarks regarding manufacture in Dublin—"The only thriving manufacture now in Dublin is that of intoxicating drinks—beer, porter, stout and whiskey." Poor Dublin!

NEAL DOW announces that proposed amendments to the Maine temperance laws, "will make liquor selling unpleasant and uncomfortable to those engaged in it." It is proposed to make the convicted liquor-seller work out his fine by labor on the roads.

A HABITUALLY drunkard at the Cape, on his third conviction within three months, is trotted round for a last look at the inside of all the drink-shops. After that he is, of course, recognized by the publicans, and they are forbidden to supply him with liquor under a penalty of £5.

DR. PARKER announces that he has made up his mind never to speak at any public meeting presided over by a brewer. "Think," he says, "of a brewer being worth upwards of half a million of money, and being patted and cheered because he has given fifty pounds to the fund of some ragged school! It is worse than ironical, it is positively iniquitous."

Mrs. P. D. BROWN, President of the Northern California W. C. T. U., stated in an address lately that in Sonoma County scholars were permitted by their parents to take wine to school with their lunches, and that in afternoons such scholars were too stupid to study or learn. The teacher got disgusted with an evil he was powerless to correct, and gave up his situation. The lady mentioned another instance near San Francisco where beer was used.

THE WOMEN of Garrett, Kansas, created quite a stir lately by taking the lists of prescriptions from the books of the druggists and publishing them with the names of the physicians attached. It was observable that many of the prescriptions called for a pint of intoxicating liquor. Hence, sympathy must be unpopular in Kansas just now. In Washington, in the same State, on a circus day, one physician wrote over fifty prescriptions, varying in quantity from one pint to two quarts. These very efforts at evasion prove that prohibition does prohibit in Kansas.

THE OPEN, notorious, police-restrained intemperance round us, the intemperance that can be tabulated, is, after all, but a small half of the mischief against which we are contending. The secret, the respectable intemperance, that which is rarely known beyond the immediate circle, but of which the lawyer, the clergyman, or the doctor are cognisant; this is deadly and far-reaching in its subtle effects; this is laying unhalloved fingers on souls and bodies for whom Christ died; this even succeeds in binding an hereditary disposition to alcoholism on generations of children as yet unborn.—*The Bishop of Newcastle in Westminster Abbey.*

OUR WINE-DRINKERS fondly imagine that the specimens of supposed grape juice which they receive from California have not been "doctored," but are the real thing. Dr. B. F. Crary, the able editor of the *California Christian Advocate*, who always knows what he is talking about, says, after inquiring of old and excellent citizens as to the practicability of obtaining pure wine in San Francisco, "not one has any confidence in it." He says their only hope of securing a pure article for sacramental purposes is to "get grapes and press out the juice for them-

selves!" He believes all the wine is adulterated beyond possible recognition before it reaches the retail seller. He says if he should buy a few bottles of port wine, he would "get a little bad whiskey, some logwood, sugar of lead, and (their) hydrant water."

NEW BRUNSWICK.—The statement has often been made that there is more liquor sold under the Scott Act than there was under the License System, and we take this opportunity of giving this story a most emphatic denial. Only a few years ago there were 30 licensed dram shops in the town, each paying a heavy license fee, and now there could not half that number exist, with no license to pay. Some of the liquor dealers continue to sell, being encouraged to do so by the *Courier* and others of that ilk, but they sell with fear and trembling, and their business under the Scott Act is getting more and more disreputable every day. There has been a large decrease in the sale of liquor since the adoption of the Scott Act, in the face of all the obstacles to its enforcement, and drunkenness and crime have decreased in proportion.—*St. Stephen, N. B. Signal.*

THE METHODIST bodies are now powerfully ranged on the side of Temperance. A great meeting has just been held in the Colston Hall, Bristol, under the presidency of Mr. Lewis Williams, the list of speakers including the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, and the Rev. Charles Garrett. Mr. Pearse told of the change that had come over the Wesleyan Church respecting the temperance question. Twenty years ago leading men amongst them were accustomed to shake their heads and prophesy that this was the rock upon which the denomination would split. All this was now changed. He maintained that John Wesley made the Methodist body a Temperance Society. Mr. Hughes, speaking as a Methodist, said they could not afford to be behind other Churches in this great enterprise. He rejoiced at what the Church of England had been doing of late years for the spread of total abstinence principles, and he was glad to witness the zeal of Cardinal Manning; but they could not afford to allow archbishops and cardinals to do more for the people of England in such an enterprise than was done by those who were called after the name of John Wesley.

GROCERS' LICENSES. It is an awful and terrible fact that it is amongst women that the evil is making rapid strides, and here I do not mean amongst women of the lowest classes. Ah, no; that mistaken piece of legislation, the Grocers' Licensing Act, has now placed the drink within easy reach of our women servants; of the wives and daughters of our mechanics, and of our tradesmen; and of ladies, whose feet would never cross the threshold of a public house or gin palace. We must strain every nerve, we must beseege heaven with our prayers, that this blighting, degrading Act may be repealed. What is to become of England if no uncommon fact amongst her daughters? This is a work which I pray God, each one of us may take up from this day, if we have not begun it before, with earnest prayer for His guidance; in a true spirit of self-sacrifice willing to deny ourselves; willing to be different, perhaps, to those around us; determined that no difficulties shall daunt us, no discouragements shall cause us to lose heart, but that we will go forward in the strength of the Lord, conquering and to conquer, until this terrible evil be driven from our land.—*Mrs. Cyrus Wilson.*

### THE VIRTUES OF MILK AND BEEF TEA.

A young lad was knocked down by a van in a London street, and taken to a large hospital. One morning the doctor examined him, and said—

"Nurse, give him two glasses of port wine daily and, looking kindly at the lad, he said, "You will get on very well, my boy."

The young patient looked up, and replied—

"Please, sir, don't order me the wine."

"Why not, my boy?"

"If you please, sir, I belong to a Band of Hope."

"Oh! answered he, "do you? Well, Nurse, give him a pint of new milk in the morning, and as much beef tea as he likes;" and, laughing cheerily, he said to the boy, "You will get on very well, my lad." And he got quite well without the wine.

### A NOTABLE HOUSEKEEPER.

BY J. K. BLOOMFIELD.

Mrs. Norton was called a "notable house-keeper," and certainly she did spend much of her time in preparing for the present and future wants of the "inner man."

Since early in the season she had been busy putting up various fruits for the coming winter. Besides preserves and brandy-peaches, Mrs. Norton was considered an adept in making home-made wines—raspberry shrub, cherry-bounce, elderberry and black-berry wine, and now she was looking to her grapes. Of grape wine she had some bottles of her own making dating back several years, and was quite proud of her success when praised for it by those whom she considered judges of its merit. These productions of her own hands she used freely, not only in her own family, but among her friends and neighbors when she thought a little stimulant would strengthen and do them good.

"So different from the common adulterated stuff you get nowadays," she would say. "One is never quite sure what he has when he buys wine for the sick, and my mild home-made wines are so much better for them."

"How kind and generous Mrs. Norton is!" said her neighbor, Mrs. Cliff, one day when their sewing society met and she was not present. "She is indefatigable when sickness is in the family, and is ever present wherever she can do the least good."

"Yes, indeed!" replied Mrs. Parker. "But don't you think she rather too freely uses and urges upon her friends her wines?"

"What if she does?—they are of her own make. There is nothing adulterated about them. No arsenic, or logwood, or such stuff as does more harm than good."

"I agree with you, Mrs. Cliff," said another lady. "A bottle of her elderberry wine brought Susie right up after her fever. It was just what she needed to strengthen her."

"Would not some simple tonic have answered as well?" asked Mrs. Parker.

"Why, what could be more simple than Mrs. Norton's home-made wines?"

"And yet they have in them alcoholic principles," replied Mrs. Parker, a staunch temperance woman. "They could not keep as they do if they were not slightly fermented before being bottled—her grape wine especially."

"And trouble may grow out of their use," added a timid, little woman, who had been bbling over her work, taking no part heretofore in the conversation going on among the ladies, who had met to sew for some mission box.

"In what way?" asked Mrs. Cliff who had started the conversation in praise of her near neighbor, Mrs. Norton. "I'm sure the best friends of the temperance cause would not find harm in her simple wines, especially when used for the sick. 'This, you know, is admissible.'"

"Not to the invalid, possibly," replied Mrs. Burt, "but, as I have already said, trouble may come out of them."

The lady who was bent low over the work before her, and those seated near heard a deep sigh and saw Mrs. Burt wipe a tear from her eyes.

"Her husband died from intemperance, you know," said a lady in an aside whisper, "and I presume everything in connection with wine is a painful subject to her."

"That is true, I believe she was very happily married, but is left quite poor now."

Others seemed to recall this circumstance, and there was a moment's lull in the conversation. But some one was about to break it by changing the topic, when Mrs. Burt, straightening herself up and giving a little embarrassed cough, bravely said,—

"Ladies, I do not like to speak upon personal matters, and the past, as some of you already know, is a painful subject to me. But there are young wives and mothers here, and if my experience can do them the least bit of good, I'll give it to them and to you all, that you may see that home-made wines and jellies are not so innocent as they appear."

"I was married under as bright circumstances and with as fair prospects of happiness before me as any of you. Oh! what a bright, happy home was ours for four or five years! After the birth of my second child I did not readily regain my strength. Friends and neighbors were very kind, and brought me all sorts of delicacies to tempt my appetite and strengthen me. Among other

things, wine-jelly and 'home-made shrubs,' as they were called, were given to me. When I could not take anything, my husband would playfully say, 'I shall have to eat all these good things for you; you don't know what you are missing.' And I took pleasure in seeing him enjoy them. The jelly sometimes struck me as tasting rather strongly of wine or brandy, but I never dreamed that in such a form it could do harm, or that anything would result from merely finishing a small glass of home-made wine that I was obliged to refuse on account of my weak head and the pain I was so constantly suffering from it—and yet it was these very things, simple and innocent as some of you deem them, that awoke the slumbering demon in my husband, as I afterwards found to my sorrow.

"Oh! had I but known all I now know, such things should never, no, never, have entered our peaceful, happy home. His mother—and from just such tamperings with the wily serpent, through brandy peaches, wine-jelly, mince pies strong with old Bourbon—became addicted to drink, though the family, of course, kept it secret. But my Will, born about this time, doubtless had a natural taste implanted in him for such things, and so it only needed time and opportunity to awaken the demon, as I have already said, slumbering in his heart. At all events, from that time he was a changed man. His home-comings were late, then watched for with fear and trembling. I cannot tell you the rest—my heart is too full."

Tears filled Mrs. Burt's eyes, and her voice was choked with sobs that with difficulty she had suppressed while telling her sad story. But after a few moments, she added,—

"Let me beg, dear ladies, that you will neither make nor use such things in your own homes, or persuade others to partake of them—for just as sure as you do, some one will have cause to lay it at your door that his first step downward was through this means. I can never forget how Will said to me one day: 'It was those things that Mrs. Cleveland pressed upon you when not able to take them, that first set me to craving for liquor, as I had never done before, and now I go down to my grave a drunkard, or at least am dying through its effects. May God have mercy upon my soul!'"

"We all prayed with him and for him, after that terrible accident, and I have hope in the mercy and forgiveness of our heavenly Father. But Will's words will ever haunt me, though I was an innocent cause of his taking to drinking—and now I make this effort to save you all against everything of an alcoholic nature. Don't tamper with such things yourself, or put them in the way of others. Remember what the Bible, our best guide, says on this subject."

More than one heart was touched by Mrs. Burt's thrilling story of personal experience. Mrs. Parker then arose and said:

"Wives, mothers, sisters, I, too, have known of such instances, and they were in my mind when I first spoke against this practice of making such things as seem simple and not likely to harm. Alas! who can say what misery they may work in one with an inherited evil that is as easily aroused as a fierce lion that is ready to spring upon one unaware! Let us not only shun the making and receiving such things in our homes, but do all we can to speak of their evil tendencies and suppress them. Our example may exert a great influence over others, and now when intemperance is so fearfully on the increase, is the time to help the weak ones to stand, and not to place stumbling-blocks in their way."

All listened to Mrs. Parker with deep attention, and ere the close of the sewing society, the ladies decided to unite with the "Woman's Temperance Union Band," and to exert their utmost influence to encourage and save those who were likely to be led astray in any way.—*Church and Home.*

LYONNAISE POTATOES.—These make an especially good dish for supper with cold meat. Put a large lump of butter in a saucepan and let it melt; then add one small onion, chopped fine or sliced very thin; when it is browned nicely, but not scorched, put in slices of cold boiled potatoes; salt and pepper well; let the potatoes cook until they are also well browned; serve while hot. A little parsley chopped fine may be added if you like the flavor.

In D sketch Havelo through Lucku handu the cit country; would though instrur the ho In S from I friends For th abenc great c his jur and ge sidier I little, predict than I proph fault. Calcul and de dured the fra vice. to Del Reside prenti and ti was ag magis ing di no ti Here in cha handu of wh lifying berry, are re coun the caped "A gi age, i in spe tracke hunte Bu ing w strong for E there retur him, point the c La Delhi the a gene throu tront At t India as th is th calle all et fore Gove Sikh men the territ befor get i and and the v then fron beth had take to tl gun thou and rive of F the Bea squa Joh min ene not com one fem

SIR JOHN LAWRENCE.

In December last we gave our readers a sketch of the Christian hero, Sir Henry Havelock, the memory of whose march through a rebellious country to the city of Lucknow, to save the garrison from the hands of the murderous natives surrounding the city, will live in the memory of his countrymen while time shall last. We would now bring to their notice a man, who though not a soldier was a no less important instrument in bringing India safely through the horrors of the Sepoy mutiny of 1857.

In September 1829 two brothers sailed from England for India for whom their friends predicted very different fortunes. For the elder, a soldier, now returning from absence on sick leave, friends prophesied great distinction. From John, five years his junior, who was only eighteen years old and going out for the first time, not as a soldier but as a member of the civil service, little was expected. As time went on the predictions in regard to Henry were more than fulfilled, but in the case of John, prophecy was, not for the first time, at fault. For a little time he was stationed at Calcutta, but the bone sickness and depression were not to be endured and he begged to be sent to the frontier into more active service. So he was sent up the river to Delhi as assistant to the British Resident. Here he served an apprenticeship for nearly eight years, and then at the age of twenty-four was appointed collector and acting magistrate to the large surrounding district of Paniput. There was no time for home sickness now. Here he was, a single Englishman in charge of a population of four hundred thousand natives, many of whom made a living by cattle lifting and general highway robbery, and many of his adventures are recorded. Few crimes were committed unknown to him, and the doers of them seldom escaped his vigilance. He was called "a giant in strength and in courage, in roughness and in kindness, in sport and in work, a dauntless tracker of criminals and a mighty hunter before the Lord."

But a trying climate and unceasing work began to tell on even his strong frame and in 1840 he left for England on sick leave. While there he married, and in 1842 he returned bringing his wife with him, and two years after was appointed magistrate and collector of the city and district of Delhi.

Lawrence had only returned to Delhi a short time when he made the acquaintance of the Governor-general of India who was passing through the city on his way to the frontier to inspect the forces there. At this time English territory in India extended only as far north as the river Sutlej. North of this is the district of the Panjab, so called from the five large rivers, all emptying into the Indus. Before he arrived at the frontier the Governor general found that the Sikh army, numbering some 60,000 men and 150 guns, had crossed the Sutlej and invaded British territory. Here now was war before them, but how were they to get supplies? The amount of provisions and ammunition required were enormous, and when these were secured where were the wagons to be found sufficient to carry them over the two hundred miles to the front? In this strait the Governor General bethought him of John Lawrence, whom he had met in Delhi, and to whom he had taken a great liking. Lawrence was equal to the task and in a short time provisions, guns and ammunition were obtained, four thousand carts to carry these were secured, and in about two months the whole had arrived at the scene of action. On the 10th of February the last battle was fought, and the territory between the Sutlej and the Beas, a tract of about thirteen thousand square miles, was in the hands of the British. John Lawrence was at once appointed administrator, and with his usual decision and energy he went to work, and in a few months brought order out of the reigning confusion, and introduced many reforms, one of which was preventing the killing of female infants, a practice which was then

rife among the natives. During this time his brother was British Resident at Lahore some little distance west of his territory, and twice when he was absent John was appointed to act in his place, and so keen was his insight into the doings of the natives, so quickly did he get to the bottom of all their intrigues, that they constantly affirmed of him "John Lawrence knows everything."

But the natives continued turbulent, and finally, in 1848, the whole of the Panjab was annexed to British territory. Over this whole territory a Board was appointed consisting of John Lawrence, his brother Sir Henry Lawrence, and Mr Robert Montgomery. Now it happened that these three men had all when they were boys passed through the same school, Foyle College, Londonderry, and here they were now the members of the Panjab Board of Administration. On Christmas day 1851, these three were sitting after their dinner talking over old times. Suddenly Sir Henry said, "I wonder what the two poor old Simpsons are doing at this moment and whether they have had any better dinner than usual," (these

into his waistcoat pocket and went on with the rest of his business. In a little while he had forgotten all about it, and in dressing for dinner threw aside the waistcoat, with no thought of the treasure it contained. Six weeks later a message came from the Governor general that the Queen desired the diamond to be sent home at once. "Send for it, then," said John. "Send for it," cried Sir Henry, "why you have got it yourself." "Well," John muttered to himself, "this is the worst trouble I have got into yet," but he said no word aloud. Going home as soon as he could he sent for his old servant and asked him if he had found a small box in his pocket some time ago. "Yes, Sahib," the man said, "I put it in one of your boxes." The man went and brought it to him, undid the wrappings and remarked "There is nothing here, Sahib, but a bit of glass." The man was perfectly unconscious of the great treasure he had had in his keeping. In February 1853, partly in consequence of a difference in political opinion, Sir Henry Lawrence was removed to the province of Oudh, and John left as chief commissioner

greeted Sir John Lawrence by acclamation as the man who had done more than any other single man to save the Indian Empire.

In 1850 he returned to England, was created a baronet, and given a life pension of, in all, £3,000. Five years afterwards, in 1854, he was sent out again, as Viceroy of the whole of India. Five years more he served the country and then came home, and on his final arrival "the great proconsul of our English Christian empire" was created Baron Lawrence of the Panjab and of Gravelly, Hants. He took as his arms and crest those of his brother Henry, who had been killed while commanding the garrison in the siege of Lucknow, only changing the motto from "Never give in" to "Be ready." He held no paid office on his return home but was elected first chairman of the London School Board and was engaged in many other enterprises for the public good. For the rest he lived a quiet, happy home life, his chief thoughts being centred in his wife and family. In 1876 his sight began to fail and during his remaining years he could read no book but his New Testament, which was printed in very large type; and a pathetic picture is given of the noble old man sitting hour after hour with his finger on the page trying to spell out a few verses. On the 25th of June, 1879 he took to his bed and for two days lay helpless, seldom opening his eyes and apparently recognizing no one but his wife, but replying to her as she bent down to kiss him and ask him if he knew her, "To my last gasp, my darling." On the 27th he died. Murmuring to himself "I am so weary," this man, who had known little but hard work all his life, passed away to the land where there shall be no more sickness, and where the weary shall have eternal rest. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Said a clergyman who had known him, "I never knew any one so simple, so prayerful, so hard-working, so heroic. He is one of the few men whom, when I come to die, I shall thank God that I have known."

TRAINING.

"How are you, Howard?" I am just going to dinner and want company, will you join me?"

"Many thanks, Charlie, but I am on low diet now, I am training."

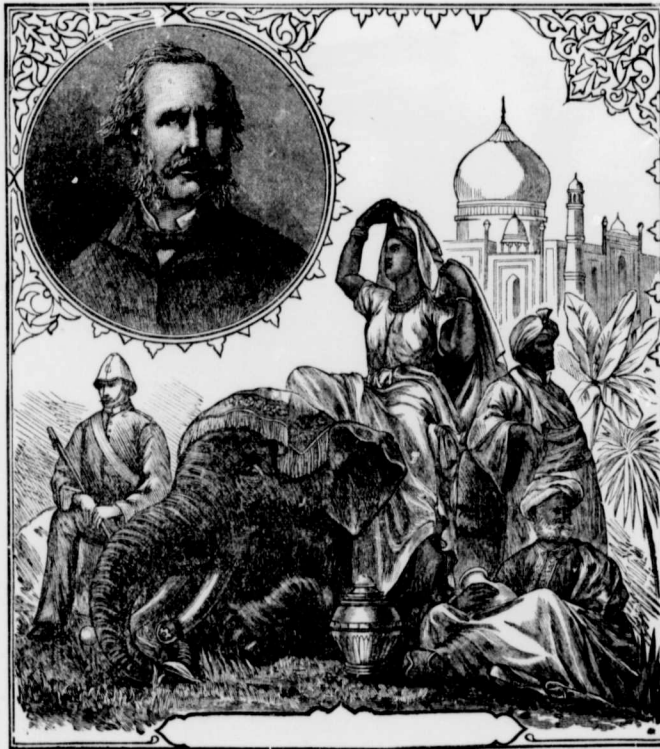
"For what?" Howard asked.

"Why, for a boat-race I expect to row in a week or so. You see, we fellows have to get ourselves in good trim if we expect to be victorious, so, Charlie, no big dinners or late hours. We must have our system in proper condition."

"Our young friend, that he might obtain success simply in a boat race, was willing to deny himself those things which his appetite most craved, and put himself under the necessary discipline. Young men did you ever think of the race you are all participating in? The life race. Are you not willing to train for this, knowing that he who runs shall receive a crown of glory?"

You need not expect to be a winner in this race without effort any more than in the other. Are you not willing then, as in the other, to make the necessary effort, to bring your body and soul under control so that the temptations of the Evil One may not overcome you, so that when the life race is over you may find yourself a winner and the crown for which you have been striving ready to adorn your brow? Is there not an eternity? If so, is it not worth striving for? Be not content, then, to live merely to satisfy self with the pleasures of this world only, but "let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith."—*Christian Intelligencer*.

It MAY BE a small matter to you," says Mr. Gough, "to say the one word to a youth which shall change his course for eternity, but it is everything to him."



SIR JOHN LAWRENCE.

(Simpson brothers had been their teachers,) and proposed with his characteristic impulsive generosity that they three each send the old men £50 as a Christmas box from their old pupils. Montgomery and John Lawrence both cordially agreed and the money was sent. Time passed on and the subject had been almost forgotten when one morning a letter was received from the old gentlemen which had been begun "My dear, kind boys," thanking them for the generous gift which, they said, would keep them from want during the short while they had to live and expressing gratitude, not so much for the money as for the knowledge that their "boys" although risen to so high a position of trust and honor, had not forgotten their old teacher.

Another anecdote of John Lawrence relates to the famous Koh-i-noor diamond, now among the crown jewels of England. This jewel had last been in the possession of the ruler of the Panjab and, when the British had taken the province, it was formally surrendered to the Board. John Lawrence took the box containing it, stuffed

of the Panjab. The deepest sorrow was felt among the natives at the prospect of Sir Henry's loss and a long procession of chiefs followed for five, ten and twenty miles in his train as he left the city.

In 1856 John Lawrence was created a K. C. B. In 1857 the terrible mutiny broke out and it was this more than anything else that showed of what metal he was made. Here he was, cut off by the mutinous district from communication with the capital, at the head of a province which itself, only a few years ago, had been hostile to the British. But under him the Sikhs remained loyal. From the Panjab every want of the army was supplied, provisions, ammunition, money, the whole country was drained of its best officers and most trust-worthy troops, and from what had been but a few years before a hostile population, tens of thousands of enthusiastic soldiers were gathered to supply the place of the rebellious Sepoys. So much did he do that the leading members of the governments of England and India, and the chief officers of the army before Delhi, the heart of the rebellion, "all

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book)

Studies in the Acts of the Apostles.

LESSON XL—APRIL 19.

PAUL GOING TO ROME—ACTS 28: 1-15.

COMMIT VERSES 3-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He thanked God, and took courage—ACTS 28: 14.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God encourages in many ways those who put their trust in Him.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Acts 28: 1-5.

Th. Matt. 10: 32-42.

W. Ps. 91: 1-16.

F. Luke 10: 17-24.

Sa. James 5: 13-20.

Su. Rom. 1: 1-16.

Su. Josh. 1: 1-9.

TIME—Winter of A. D. 66-67. Paul was

wounded about Nov. 1, A. D. 60, and left Malta

for Rome about Feb. 5, A. D. 61, and arrived at

Rome about March 1.

PLACE.—Malta, an island near the centre of

the Mediterranean Sea, 90 miles south of Sicily

and 200 miles north of Africa, the inhabitants

being of Phoenician origin, from Carthage.

The island is 17 miles long and 10 miles wide.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—In our last lesson, Paul and

his 27 companions were wrecked off the shore of

Malta. They had reached the land to them

unknown, but they had not entirely ceased to

be afraid, for the wind had become less violent.

We find them to-day anchored and calm on the sea,

with the waves not far away on the sandbar.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. MELTAS THE ISLAND MALTA. 2. BARBAROUS

PEOPLE.—The Maltese people. The Greeks called

them Melitae, but the Latins, Greek, barbarians.

3. PAUL GATHERED.—He did his part of the

work like any gentleman. A viper—some think

the viper which he had in his pocket. The viper

did not bite him, but he did not know it. They

did not know it because it was a viper, but they

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COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, April 7, 1885.

The English grain markets are very dull and values are not so firm. Red winter wheat is quoted at 7s 2d; and Canadian pear, 6s 10d.

The local grain market continues extremely dull and prices are nominal. We quote: Canada Red Winter, 92c to 93c; White, Winter, 90c to 91c; Canada Spring, No. 2, 90c to 91c. Peas, 72c to 73c; Oats 32c; Rye, 60c to 62c; Barley, 50c to 60c. Corn 53c to 56c per bushel.

FLOUR.—This market is very quiet. We quote:—Superior Extra, \$4.10 to \$4.15; Extra Superior, \$3.97 to \$4.00; Fancy \$3.75 to \$3.80; Spring Extra \$3.75 to \$3.80; Superfine, \$3.50 to \$3.60; Strong Bakers, (Canadian), \$4.00 to \$4.90; Strong Bakers' (American), \$4.50 to \$5.00; Fine, \$3.25; Middlings, \$3.00 to \$3.10; Ontario bags, (bags included) \$1.90 to \$2.00; do, Spring Extra, \$1.80 to \$1.85; Superfine, \$1.60 to \$1.70; Patent, \$4.10 to \$4.15; City Bags, (delivered), \$2.30 to \$2.35.

MEALS unchanged.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Neither the butter nor the cheese markets show any change. We quote:—Butter new butter 21c to 22c; Creamery, 18c to 21c; Eastern Townships, 12c to 17c; Morrisburg and Brockville, 11c to 15c; Western, 8c to 14c, as to quality. Cheese.—Fine to fancy full makes, 10c to 11c, as to quality and size of lots. The public cable advanced to 50s during the week, but is now at 58s again.

EGGS.—Receipts are very light and good fresh stock is readily taken at 21c per dozen. There is no demand for hmed eggs.

HOG PRODUCTS are quiet and unchanged. We quote:—Western Mess Pork \$15.75; do, Short Cut, \$16.00; Canada Short Cut, \$16.00 to \$16.50; Hams, city cured, 12c to 13c; do, green, 9c; Lard, in pails, Western, 10c to 10 1/2c; do, Can. 9c; Bacon, 11c to 12c; Tailow, common refined, 6c to 6 1/2c.

ASHES are steady at \$4.05 to \$4.10 for Pots.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

The live stock market is very depressed at present and large droves of cattle are held in stables in and around the city waiting to be sold, while the butchers have all the meat they can use for some time. Provers complain of heavy losses on their late cattle sales and there is no likelihood of much improvement for some time to come. Sheep are rather scarce and bring higher prices than for a good many months past, but spring lambs are more plentiful than usual at this season and prices are getting down rather low for any that are not choice. Live hogs are advancing in price and bring from 5 1/2c to 5 3/4c per lb. The supply of milk cows has been in excess of the demand lately, and common and inferior milkers are difficult to sell. The horse market is quiet with very little doing at present.

FARMERS' MARKET.

For some time past very few farmers were able to bring their produce to the markets here owing to the disagreeable weather and very bad state of the roads. To-day (Tuesday) the weather is favorable and the sleighing tolerable, so that a large number of farmers came to market, but owing to the active demand, especially for hay and oats, prices continue rather high. Superior print butter still brings pretty high figures, but old tub butter is very cheap. Fresh eggs are very plentiful and prices are declining rapidly; hmed eggs are a drug on the market. The fruit market is quiet and without change in prices, except that oranges are dearer. Dressed hogs are advancing in price. Bran and grue have advanced considerably of late. Oats are 80c to 90c per bag; peas, 75c to 80c per bushel; beans \$1.25 to \$1.50; do; potatoes 30c to 40c per bag; turnips, carrots, and beets, 50c to 75c per bushel; onions 75c to \$1.00, do.; cabbages 75c to \$1.00 per barrel; butter 14c to 40c per lb.; eggs 14c to 25c per dozen; apples \$3.00 to \$4.00 per barrel; dressed hogs 7c to 7 1/2c per lb.; young turkeys 8c to 14c per lb.; geese 7c to 10c; do; fowls 8c to 12c; do; ducks 12c to 15c; do; hay \$7.00 to \$12.00 per 100 bundles.

NEW YORK, April 7, 1885.

GRAIN.—Wheat, 91 1/2c April; 93 1/2c May; 90c bid June; 96 1/2c July; 98 1/2c August. Corn, 50c April; 50 1/2c May; 51 1/2c June; 52 1/2c July. Oats, 37 1/2c April; 37 1/2c May, June and July.

FLOUR.—We quote:—Spring Wheat Superfine, \$2.75 to \$3.10; Low Extra, \$3.05 to \$3.35; Clears, \$3.40 to \$4.10; Straight, \$3.75 to \$4.55; Patent, \$4.65 to \$5.55. Winter Wheat—Superfine, \$2.80 to \$3.10; Low Extra, \$3.10 to \$3.40; Clears (R. and A.), \$4.00 to \$4.30; Straight (R. and A.), \$4.10 to \$5.20; Patent, \$4.40 to \$5.55; Straight (White Wheat), \$4.35 to \$5.20; Low Extra (City Mills), \$3.10 to \$3.35; West India, sacks, \$3.40 to \$3.50; West India, barrels, \$4.60 to \$4.65; Patent, 4.50 to \$5.45; South America, \$4.60 to \$5.25; Patent \$4.25 to \$5.55. Southern Flour—Extra \$3.25 to \$4.75; Family, \$4.60 to \$5.35; Patent, \$4.45 to \$5.55 Rye Flour—Fine to Superfine, \$2.50 to \$3.95.

MEALS.—Cornmeal, \$3.00 to \$3.25 in bris oatmeal, \$5.00 to \$5.90 per brl.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Butter (new)—Creamery, ordinary to fancy 18c to 27c; State half firkins, ordinary to fancy 18c to 25c; Western dairy, ordinary to choice imitation creamery, 10c to 20c; Western factory, ordinary to choice, 10c to 17c. Cheese—State factory, faulty to fancy, colored, 6c to 11 1/2c; do, light skins, good to choice, 6 1/2c to 7 1/2c; Ohio flats, ordinary to prime, 2c to 10 1/2c; Skims, 1c to 2 1/2c.

EGGS.—State and Pennsylvania, in brls, 10 1/2c; Western, poor to fancy, 14c to 15c; Southern, 13 1/2c to 14 1/2c.

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