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The Weekly Messenger

UNHAPPY EUROPE.

The principal place in Europe lately has been Skiermiewice, in Poland, where the Emperors of Germany and Austria, with Prince Bismarck and other great men, have been paying a visit to the Czar of Russia. The consequences of this meeting may be great.

Punch, the English comic paper, has a picture of Bismarck holding three puppets in his hand,—and the puppets are the emperors. There is no doubt that Bismarck rules Germany, and that Germany rules Europe. Bismarck would, doubtless, be very glad if he could destroy some of the discontent which his people feel at having to support a huge standing army; and it is reported that the three powers have agreed to reduce their forces at the same time. Nothing would be more welcome to any one of them. The *St. Petersburg Journal* says that the meeting of the emperors has secured lasting peace to Europe.

Meanwhile, the French newspapers continue to howl at Britain as if all the editors had been bitten by mad dogs. One French writer says that the three emperors made a final arrangement that Russia may advance upon India if she likes, Germany may take Holland and part of Belgium, France may take the rest of Belgium and Lorraine, while Austria may swallow up Turkey. Not content with turning against the British, the French have now turned upon the United States. Americans have honestly criticized the proceedings of France in China: America and Britain are therefore equally "perfidious" in French eyes.

Britain smiles through all this noise, and goes on with her agitation for the Reform Bill!

THE FRENCH WAR.

Admiral Courbet is in a rather unpleasant situation, and hardly knows what to do. He is instructed to carry on bombardments and other offensive operations against China, but his government persistently refuses to declare war against the Chinese, although the Admiral as persistently demands that that shall be done. Everybody is disgusted at the existing state of indecision.

The British are annoyed at the death of Lieutenant Hubbard, who was shot by a Chinese officer who thought he was firing at a French ship; but the annoyance is not at China so much as at the French.

A French party of soldiers, which landed at the mouth of a Chinese river, won a small victory over the Chinese troops. Otherwise, the only thing the French fleet has done has been to board a Hong Kong trading junk and throw overboard all the arms and ammunition which she carried.

The Chinese have offered a reward of \$50,000 for any French vessel destroyed, \$8,300 for the head of a commander, and \$330 for the head of a subordinate officer.

The Russians have got several warships on the coast of China.

GOOD NEWS FROM GORDON.

Several messages have now been received from General Gordon, written on small scraps of paper so that they would not be seen if the messengers were captured on their way. Gordon advises that the Soudan should be placed under the Government of Turkey, and asks that 20,000 Turkish troops be sent in for that purpose. He requires \$1,500,000 to pay the arrears of his Egyptian soldiers. Meanwhile he is patiently awaiting the arrival of the relief expedition.

The messenger who brought Gordon's dispatches says that on the 24th of July the general utterly defeated a rebel army that had come against him; and that another battle was fought on the 30th of August, when the rebels were compelled to stop the siege and retire from Khartoum. In consequence of this good news, it was suggested that only a small force need now be sent up the Nile; but preparations for the whole expedition will go on as before.

Lord Northbrook has taken a bold step in Egypt. The deficit in the Treasury was found so large that he has advised—that is, ordered—the revenues of the country to be applied to pay its expenses, instead of to pay the interest on the money lent to former Khedives by European capitalists. The French are therefore more furious with Britain than ever.

THE CHOLERA PLAGUE.

The death-dealing cholera is still at work, Italy being the chief scene of its operations. The population of Naples continues to be terribly decimated by the scourge, every twenty-four hours witnessing from a hundred to three hundred deaths. Among those who have fallen victims in that city was a son of the King of Hawaii. Other parts of Italy are seriously affected, and in one day 65 deaths were reported. The epidemic has spread to the west end of Naples, and the heat is excessive, but the general condition of the city is improving, and the streets are beginning to wear their old appearance again. Great quantities of sulphur are being burned to disinfect the air.

At Peschiano, the doctors have been shot at as they were approaching the houses of cholera patients, the ignorant people believing that the cholera medicines were really poisons. The troops who were preserving order were obliged to defend themselves by firearms.

The Pope has given a large sum of money to establish a cholera hospital near the Vatican, in Rome, in case the disease takes hold of that city. He promises that he will visit the hospital himself.

The epidemic has again broken out at Toulon and neighboring places, and one death has occurred in the suburbs of Paris. Since the first outbreak in France 10,000 persons have been seized with cholera, and 5,000 of them have died.

It is feared that Southern Russia is to feel the plague, one case of cholera being reported from Odessa.

PEOPLE ARE FLOCKING to new gold and silver mines in Murray County, Georgia.

THE REPUBLIC OF CHILI has been celebrating the anniversary of its independence, with great rejoicing. The first Spanish invasion of Chili took place about the year 1535. Santiago, the present capital, was founded about 1540, by Don Pedro de Valdivia, who invaded the country with Spanish troops and allies taken from the conquered natives of Peru. For 180 years there was constant warfare between the intruders and the Araucanians, the most important tribe of Indian inhabitants. The Spanish viceroys and governors only looked on the people as a means of increasing their own wealth. The more educated classes were the strongest in their resolve to end this state of things. On the 18th of September, 1810,—when Spain had more than she could do to preserve herself from Napoleon's French armies without caring for her colonies,—the Chilians deposed the Spanish Governor and put a Committee of Seven in his place. After several years of hard fighting, Spain once more put her yoke on Chili, but in 1817, after three years of subjection, the Royalist troops were completely defeated. Under the present Republican constitution, which was established in 1833, Chili has enjoyed remarkable prosperity and freedom from the perpetual revolutions which are the curse of most South American republics.

SEVERAL NATIONALIST DEMONSTRATIONS in Ireland have been forbidden. It is said that the Invincibles are planning more dynamite outrages for the foggy season, and that a Russian Nihilist is engaged making infernal machines for them. Several prominent statesmen and members of the Royal family are reported to be among the victims already marked out. Michael Davitt is in Ulster imploring the Orangemen and Protestants to unite with the Catholics in order to get Home Rule for Ireland. At a meeting on Saturday, one of the Nationalist members of Parliament said that they opposed the Liberal Government because they expected to get more from the Tories. As the Tories have consistently denounced the Liberals for giving Ireland anything but cold steel and hot lead, the Nationalists seem to be leaning on a badly broken reed.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT lately raised the duty on woollen and mixed silk goods from 100 per cent to 300 per cent. In answer to a petition from an English wool city, the extra duty has been taken off again. A deputation of British workmen has been to Berlin, protesting against the unfairness of the bounties given to German sugar-refiners. The Free Traders are going to bring up this question at the next session of the Reichstag.

CAPTAIN DUDLEY, of the wrecked yacht "Mignonette," who killed a cabin boy belonging to the yacht to keep himself and his two men alive, has been committed for trial in England on a charge of murder. The mate, named Stephenson, has also been committed. Public opinion is very much divided about this case; many say they think it was quite right that the boy should provide food for men who had families depending on them.

THE NATIONALISTS IN IRELAND are making a great noise, even if they are doing nothing else. One orator at a Dublin meeting declared, amid great cheers, that if the Irish problem were not solved by parliamentary methods, the people would certainly try other means. The Limerick town council has been making itself very conspicuous by refusing to welcome Lord Spencer, the Lord Lieutenant, on his visiting the place. Mr. Gladstone, however, in a recent speech at Edinburgh, points out that nearly every case of over-representation in Ireland has now been dealt with; that people are therefore getting to have confidence in the courts of justice; and that crime has immensely fallen off. He says that the Irish question will still have unfortunate results, and may even cause dissolutions of parliament and defeats of governments, but the troubles are nevertheless certainly drawing to an end.

THE TURKISH GOVERNOR of Zavia, in Tripoli, recently fell in love with a young Arab girl; she was also loved by an Arab sheik. The Turk had his rival arrested and nearly flogged to death, and then impaled him by his own hand. There was the wildest excitement, the whole population rising and demanding the death of the Governor. The young sheik's brother fired at the murderer twice, but missed his aim. Turkish troops came and charged the people, and more were sent on to put down the rebellion. Tripoli is really independent of the Sultan's authority, but the cruel tyranny prevailing there is not much worse than that perpetrated by the Governors in Armenia and elsewhere, who are appointed directly by the Turkish Government.

THE MEXICAN CONGRESS has just been opened by President Gonzales, who congratulates the nation on the election—almost unanimously—of General Diaz as President. The President expects the reciprocity treaty with the United States to be soon completed and declares that Mexico's foreign relations are satisfactory and that peace rules at home.

LIEUTENANT SHUFFELD, who has arrived in Madagascar as a representative of the United States, has been received by the Queen and all her subjects with extraordinary warmth. Madagascar is badly in want of friends just now, with French guns battering at her brave independence.

THREE ELECTION MEETINGS advertised by the Socialists in Berlin have been prohibited by the German Government. The Socialists say they will take revenge by obstructing the meetings held by other parties.

A MONSTER NEW STEAMSHIP, the "Etruria," has been launched for the Cunard line at Glasgow. She is a vessel of 8000 tons capacity.

THE COD FISHERIES of Labrador have been very unsuccessful this year, and 800 families on the north-east coast of Newfoundland are reported to be starving.

A BANKER named Danford has left Chenay, Washington territory; and taken his wife and assets to British Columbia.

THE MAN OF THE HOUSE.

BY PANSY.

(Author of "Mrs. Selamun Smith Looking On.")
CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

It was not until dinner-time that Mr. Barrows met Reuben again, just as he was leaving the Box Factory, and said:

"I suppose, my boy, the first piece of paper went off on the wind, did it?"

Then Reuben with a red face fumbled in his pocket.

"I forgot to give it to you, sir; Samson and everything sent it right out of my mind."

"Then you really picked it up!" the surprise in his voice gave Reuben a queer sense of delight that he could not have explained if he had tried. "It is worth a thousand dollars, my boy. But you saved something for me this morning that is worth a thousand worlds, if I had them."

"My!" said Reuben. "It was his only way of expressing astonishment; not over the 'thousand worlds'; he was prepared to believe that Grace Barrows was worth a great deal more than that, but over the fact that that simple-looking bit of paper could actually be worth a thousand dollars!"

"I don't see how you got in," continued Mr. Barrows, staring down at the piece of paper. "Those buckles haven't been unfastened in six months, and I noticed yesterday that they were rusty."

There was a mischievous twinkle in Reuben's eyes, and he felt exactly like saying that he didn't get into that piece of paper, and there were no buckles on it so far as he could see, but he controlled his tongue and answered respectfully:

"Tugged at 'em, sir. You see I knew they had to come unbuttoned so I could get in. I didn't think I could climb over the top end and get down that way in time to save mischief; besides, there was the danger of scaring the horse more by doing that."

"My boy, did you know that the lake was less than a quarter of a mile away in a straight line with the direction that the horse took?" Mr. Barrows' voice was husky and his eyes were dim.

"Yes, sir," said Reuben, looking down so that he might not seem to see the tears in the gentleman's eyes; "that was the reason I had to hurry so."

Mr. Barrows turned away abruptly; he could not trust himself to say any more just then.

On his way back from dinner, Reuben discovered that the work of cleaning had begun on the little house. The windows were out, two pairs and a broom stood in the doorway, and a thick smoke was puffing out from the chimney.

"I wonder where she got a stove to make a fire in," said Reuben, as he stood hands in his pockets, staring up at it. Somehow, that smoke seemed like a little piece of home.

He wanted to go in and look around, but the clock in the church-tower just then gave a single, solemn stroke, and he took his hands out of his pockets and ran.

Several things not before mentioned had happened during the days that Reuben had been away from home. Among others, it had rained steadily and fast a day and a night, taking away every bit of the sleighing; then the ground had frozen and the lake had skimmed over as though it really meant, if the weather did not change its mind too soon, to give the boys a chance at skating; though as the water was deep, this did not happen except in severe winters.

The boys discussed the chances as they worked. They were about equally divided in their opinion of Reuben; part of them disposed to admire him, and the others to envy what they called his good luck.

"I'll tell you what it is," young Wesley said, with an emphatic shake of his head, while Reuben was gone to the office, "it took something more than luck to climb into the back of that carriage and stop that horse. My father says there isn't one boy in ten who would have thought of it at all, and half of them would have been so scared they couldn't do it. I think he showed himself a plucky fellow, and I say, let's all give in and be friendly. I'm going to ask him to go skating with us to-night."

Not a boy approved of this; some of them were really out of sorts about Reuben's coming, and some of them liked to disagree with whatever was proposed; so they argued the question hotly, declaring that Reuben was a little dried-up city dance, and they would have nothing to do with him.

The more they talked, the more determined was Wesley to carry out his plan, and the moment Reuben came back he said:

"It's freezing hard; the ice will be prime to-night; want to go to the lake and have a skate?"

Reuben's eyes glistened his thanks for the invitation, but his answer was prompt:

"There's two reasons why I can't go; one is, I ain't got any skates, and the other is, I never skated a rod in my life."

If you could have heard the shout of laughter that greeted this answer, you would have thought that the strangest and most ridiculous thing in life was a boy who could not skate.

"Poor little fellow!" mimicked one in a tone that he might have used to a boy of six. "Didn't his mudder ever let him go on the ice? It's a shame, so it is! Poor little boy! we'll stop on the way down and buy him a stick of red-and-white candy, so we will."

These were some of the sentences those rude and silly boys giggled out at Reuben. His cheeks were pretty red; no boy likes to be laughed at; still he answered good-naturedly:

"You can't pity me any more than I've pitied myself. I s'pose you haven't much notion of how I've wanted a pair of skates; but the honest truth is, boys, it was a choice between skates or bread, and when it comes to that, it doesn't take a fellow long to choose. Fact is, I'm poor. Always have been ever since father died, and I haven't got around to skates yet; maybe I shall some day."

There was something in this manly little explanation that seemed to please Wesley, although he had been laughing as hard as any of them. "Quit bothering him," he said. "He's a plucky fellow, and a friend of mine. I won't have him abused."

Nevertheless the fun about the skating went on. Not to know how to skate was something so strange to these country-bred boys that it seemed as though they could not get over laughing about it. Presently, came Andrew Porter to call on the boys, and he brought news which turned their thoughts into another channel.

"You here yet?" was his greeting to Reuben in a tone of mock surprise. "I thought you would be some home to your mother by this time. Had any more scares?" Then he told his version of the stage-coach story. "He came up in the four-horse with me, and rode outside till he got so awful scared at the horses that he had to creep inside, and let a fellow take his place." I think the boys would have been more ready to believe this story if they had not known about Samson's performance that morning, and Reuben's share in the matter. As it was, knowing Andrew as well as they did, nobody believed that he told the truth. Yet they laughed. Then Andrew produced his news. "Say, boys, are any of you going to the riguagig at the Hall to-night? I peeped in there this afternoon and saw some of the pictures while they were fixing the canvas; just splendid, they are! Great big things! cover all one end of the Hall, and just as natural as life. A hundred pictures! Don't you know about them? Why, it's the nicest thing that ever came along here; everybody says so. Of course I'm going. The tickets are only fifty cents."

Andrew talked exactly as though fifty-cent pieces grew on the bare branches of the winter trees. If the boys had only known how many twists and turns he had to make, turns that were not even quite honest in order to get that fifty cents, they might not have envied him so much. As it was, they patted away and looked disgusted, some of them. Not a boy there who could by any means afford to pay fifty cents to see pictures. Yet they were very fond of pictures.

Andrew went on with his extravagant account of the wonderful "peeps" he had taken that afternoon, and of this and that, and the other favored boy who was going; all rich men's sons. Skating might be well enough, but it was fast losing its charm for that evening. Every boy wanted to go to the Panorama.

In the midst of Andrew's description, Reuben was summoned to the office again. Andrew paused long enough to say: "Now, old fellow, you're going to get your walking paper. I heard Barrows as I was coming along, telling what an awful nuisance you were." Then he went on with his description. Reuben went away smiling; he

was too sadly used to all sorts of bad boys in the city, to be shocked with Andrew; and he could afford to smile on his own account. He knew very well how far Mr. Barrows was from considering him a nuisance. He came back with eyes shining, and worked with double speed the rest of the afternoon. If you had been in the office with him, this is what you would have heard Mr. Barrows say: "My boy, here are a couple of tickets to the exhibition this evening at the Duan Street Hall; I think you will like to go. Perhaps there is some boy in the shop, or out of it, that you would like to take with you, since Beth isn't here. And Reuben, one thing more; I would rather you wouldn't go into the little house until after the cleaning is done. Just wait until I give you permission, will you? The person working there doesn't like to be disturbed."

Over this last Reuben pondered as he worked. He felt a longing to see the little house with clean floors and windows. "She must be a touchy body," he said, thinking of the "person" who was hired to clean the house. "Just as if I would disturb her! But I suppose she thinks if I come the other boys will. I can wait." And he whistled over the thought of all his joys.

"Look here," he said to Wesley, as the two went down the hall together with a pack of pasteboard on their shoulders. "I'm real obliged to you for asking me to go skating to-night; I'd like no better fun. But seeing I can't, suppose you go with me."

"Go where?"

"To that picture exhibition at the Hall." "Just so. I'm agreed. Where shall we steal the tickets? Have you made your plans?" with a mischievous twinkle in his black eyes.

"Yes, sir," said Reuben. "Got 'em all made. Look here!" And he showed two green tickets.

Then Wesley whistled.

CHAPTER XVII.

SOME NEW EXPERIENCES FOR REUBEN.

It was Saturday night, just after the great clock in the church-tower had struck six, that Mr. Barrows gave Reuben the key to the little house, with permission to look in and see that everything was all right.

He stood on the little stone door-step and looked about him a few minutes, key in hand. It seemed so new and business-like to be standing before a door which belonged to a house that he had rented, and into which he was to move his family so soon; for now he felt sure that his mother would come. He had dreamed often and often of the time when he would rent a house and move his family, but even his wildest waking dreams had put the time a few years ahead. Yet, here he stood all ready to do it.

"What a nice place this would be to keep a cow!" he said to himself, looking around on the bit of a yard with a neat shed at the back, looking wise and manly, and trying not to notice that his heart was beating like a sledge-hammer. "I wonder if we can't manage one of these days to have a cow? I wonder what Beth would say to that—whole tumblerful of milk! I wonder what Beth will say to everything!"

And he drew a little sigh. It began to seem a long time to wait from now until Monday before telling Beth about things.

The night was cold, so he decided very soon that it was foolish to stand outside, when he might as well go in. How nicely the key fitted in the lock! He threw the door open and stepped into the bit of a hall. There was a neat oil-cloth on the floor. He stopped and looked at it in surprise. He had not noticed it when he was there before.

"Maybe it goes with the house," he said aloud. "I hope it does. How nice it looks! Mother couldn't afford any now. I don't see where the money to move is coming from. That's what bothers me."

This he said just as he was opening the parlor door. For the next few minutes he said not a word. If you could have seen his face, you would have wanted a picture of it to take home with you and keep. He swung his lantern aloft, to get from it all possible light on the scene, and stood still. On the floor was a red-and-brown carpet, small, bright leaves growing on a woody ground, looking to him, somehow, like the stories of the woods that he and Beth had read together.

Soft the carpet was. He lifted one foot carefully and set it down on a bright

autumn leaf, then drew it back. He could not have that leaf stepped on. There were curtains at the windows, some warm, bright color, making him think of sunshine. There was a little round stove by the mantel, and a fire burning in it. The room was warm. There was a round table drawn out in the centre of the room, and some chairs around it, as though people had just been sitting there, and had gone away for a few minutes. There was even a little old-fashioned, cushioned lounge.

Reuben did not know that it was old-fashioned, but he knew it was beautiful. Not a word did he say. He went on tiptoe through the room into the pretty kitchen. How pretty it was! The floor had been painted; he saw that at a glance. He saw everything at a glance. A stove set up and glowing, shining with blacking outside and coals inside. The little cupboard stood open, and there were dishes ranged in rows, as if people had just eaten supper, and washed and set away the dishes. How quietly and yet how brightly the fire burned in the stove! Reuben thought of the one at home that always smoked, and sulked, and glowered.

"Well!" he said at last. "Well, if this isn't the queerest way to clean!" Then he tried to whistle. He had always whistled before when anything surprised him; but something was the matter with his throat. He choked and coughed, and tried to make a clear sound come; then he actually sat down on one of the neat chairs, of which there were several in the room, and cried. What was he crying about? He couldn't have told you if you had been there and asked; in fact, I suppose if you had been there, he wouldn't have cried; but his heart was so full of astonishment and delight, and some other queer feeling of which he did not know the name, that the tears would not stay back.

"Reuben Watson Stone, you're just a simpleton, that's what you are!" he told himself at last, very much amazed over the tears. Then without more ado he went upstairs. What could it all mean? He began to feel afraid that some dreadful mistake had been made, and some other family not belonging to him had moved in. Here was more carpet on the floor, and a bedstead set up, and curtains at the windows, and a little rocking chair, and a pretty oval table.

"Look here," said the boy at last, setting down his lantern on one chair and himself on another, "wake up, can't you? I say, old fellow, you must be dreaming. This isn't your house! Where did all these things come from, and who are they for? You don't own any of them. What are you going to do about it? This is just the queerest never, anyhow, that was ever heard of; there is never any telling what will happen next. I only wish Beth could see the flowers on this carpet! She would pick 'em as sure as the world." Then suddenly remembering the wonderful fact that Beth would see them very soon, that queer lump began to come into his throat again, and he started up suddenly and seized his lantern and hurried away. He didn't know what to make of himself, but he meant not to cry again.

"Well," said Mr. Barrows as he appeared at last in the kitchen where Reuben was putting away his lantern, "been over to the new house, have you? Has the cleaning been done to your mind?"

"Cleaning!" repeated Reuben. "I never heard of stoves and carpets and things being cleaned into a house before. Mr. Barrows, I don't know, I can't think— and there he stopped, and that ridiculous lump began to swell and swell in his throat again.

How was he ever going to be able to talk with that lump coming up to choke him?

"All right," said Mr. Barrows smiling, "you needn't think anything about it; I'll guess all you were going to say."

"But, sir," said Reuben, "I meant, I didn't mean—you know, sir—" here Reuben stopped again.

"Of course," said Mr. Barrows. "I know all about it. You didn't mean anybody should help you support your family. You didn't expect any help, and you're quite right. You'll be able to do it nicely, I haven't a doubt; but see here, my boy. Never be afraid to take a little hearty lifting from your friends, when they can do it as well as not, and like to, and it will make things easier for your mother. Nothing very wonderful has been done. The carpet was some that we had; didn't want to use it, and it might as well go down there and

make things homelike. The stove in the kitchen is second-hand one. We need a larger one, and so we turned it out; it would bring much of anything for old iron, and yet it is a pretty good stove, and will save your mother paying for the moving of hers. As for the stove in the parlor, it is out of use this winter and may as well stand there as anywhere. And the furniture is a present to your sister Beth from my little girl. My boy, you have done for me this week what all the stoves, and carpets, and furniture, in all the world can never pay, and I didn't help furnish your new house for pay, but just because I wanted to. You can tell your mother you earned every cent of it and more too; for I put it there because she had a good, brave, trustworthy boy."

What was Reuben to say? He had never felt so stupid in his life. At last he made a bold dash:

"I don't know how to thank you," he said, looking up with frank, earnest eyes into Mr. Barrows' face. "I never learned how to thank folks, but I'm just as grateful as I can be, and I'll do the best I can."

"All right," Mr. Barrows said. It was a favorite sentence of his. "When I have learned how to thank you for taking care of my Gracie, perhaps you will have learned how to thank me for a stove and a few things. You see we are hardly even, my boy."

Reuben went away with red cheeks. Of course he was glad that he had used his wits and been able to rescue Gracie Barrows; but he told himself as he made ready for bed, that anybody would have done that, who knew enough; but there were lots of people who wouldn't have put all those nice things in the little house for his mother. And I suppose that was true.

The next day Reuben went to church in a new fashion. His church-going had been very fitful. He had sometimes climbed into the gallery of the great building where he went to Sunday-school, in order to hear the organ play and see the well-dressed people; but he always felt out of place and uncomfortable. Very few people sat up there, and those few looked forlorn and friendless. Nobody spoke to him or looked at him, and he gave very little attention to what was going on after the organ was still. The minister may have preached very good sermons; Reuben did not know. He was busy deciding how he would dress mother and Beth when he became rich, and which pew in the church he would hire, and whether he would drive to church in his carriage. All these plans and many more had Reuben, and church was the place in which they grew faster than anywhere else. But on this Sabbath he felt like somebody else. In the first place, he had a new overcoat.

"I wonder if Bennie's coat would fit him?" Mrs. Barrows had said at the breakfast table; and her husband, with a startled look on his face, had said that he shouldn't be surprised if it would; at least it might be tried if she said so.

After breakfast it was brought; a gray coat, long and heavy, with many pockets, and many hand buttons. It fitted to a charm. "It was my little boy's," Mrs. Barrows said, her eyes looking tender and sad. "We bought it for him only a few months before he went away; but I've never wanted anybody to wear it, but I had n't been for you, perhaps we should have had no little girl in the house this morning. My Bennie was a good boy. I think I'll give you his coat."

All this made the lump come into Reuben's throat, and swell larger than ever; but he resolved then and there he would never soil Bennie's overcoat by thinking a mean thought under it. It covered his worn and patched jacket to a nicety; covered even the patch on his pantaloons, and with his shoes blacked and his hair combed, he felt, somehow, as though the good times of his dreams had begun to come, and he must attend to what was going on, instead of looking in on him so fast they needed all his present attention. So he sat up straight in the end of Mr. Barrows' pew, beside the gentleman, and though it was pretty warm, kept his overcoat on, tightly buttoned to his throat, and listened as well as he could to the sermon. But it was in the afternoon Sabbath-school that he did his best listening.

The class he was in was very unlike any that he had ever known about; at least the

teacher was. In the first place she was a young and pretty lady. Reuben had a fondness for well-dressed people. He did not know it, at least, did not realize it, but he liked to look at them. He admired his teacher very much. The only other teacher with whom he was acquainted, had been a man who read questions at him from a book, questions that he did not understand, and did not care about. This one did not seem to him to be talking about a Sabbath-school lesson at all.

"I wonder if any of you boys know how to manage a boat?" she began, and some of them did, or thought they did, and others of them had questions to ask, and before he knew it, Reuben grew very much interested, and forgot all about the lesson.

"What do you think you would do in a storm?" she asked the boy who knew how to manage a boat. And that started talk afresh, and one told what he would do, and another criticised it, and at last when Reuben was appealed to, he had to own that he knew just nothing at all about boats.

"Well, in any danger," said the teacher. "Suppose you are in some place where you know there is danger; you have done the very best you know, and yet you feel sure you are in great danger, and know of no way to help yourselves; what would you do next?"

"Why, there wouldn't be anything to do," declared one boy, "only to stand still and let it come."

"Or run away from it," said another. "Suppose you couldn't run away from it," said the teacher; "suppose it would run away with you?"

"I'd find a way out somehow," said another.

"But we are supposing that you had tried all your ways out, and were not out, only felt yourself getting deeper and deeper into trouble, what then? Think, all of you. Is there one in the class who has ever been in a great trouble, out of which he could not help himself?"

Quick as thought did Reuben's mind go back to that wild ride with Spunk and his drunken master, over dark and dangerous roads, with the flying express train chasing them. He had kept pretty still until then, an eager listener, with little to say, but at the memory of his danger and his escape, he drew a long, half-shuddering sigh and said almost before he knew it: "I tell you what it is, I've been there."

The boys turned and looked at him, and the teacher smiled on him and questioned: "In danger, my boy?"

"Yes'm."

"And did you know what to do?"

"Some things I knew, and did them; but there came a time that there wasn't anything left to do only hold on, and that I did with all my might; but it didn't seem to be doing any good."

"And then what?"

"And then," said Reuben in a slow, grave tone, his face paling over the memory of it all, "I told God about it."

"And did he answer?"

"Yes'm," said Reuben simply.

The boys looked at him respectfully. His face was flushed now, and he looked down at the floor. He wasn't used to being talked with about such things.

"I'm very glad," said the teacher brightly. "You are better able, perhaps, than any of the rest of us, to understand how Peter felt when he got out on that water, trying to walk on it, and found that he couldn't; found himself sinking. It wasn't until then that he called out to the Lord. I wonder, Reuben, if you waited until you had done for yourself everything that you could think of before you called to him."

"Yes'm," said Reuben, going swiftly back over his experience. "I did just that."

"People are apt to," she said. "Peter did so too."

(To be Continued.)

A WOODEN MAN would be just as good as some Sunday-school teachers; when they enter their class, they don't speak to a single boy, nor ask a question about their homes and families, but go through the whole business like a machine. If they would only give each scholar a warm shake of the hand, and say to one, "Tom, how is your father?" and to another, "William, how's the baby?" they would soon hear them saying, "we like that kind of a teacher."—Moody.

THE POETRY OF HOUSEWORK.

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

"What a curious expression—'The poetry of housework'—Oh, Auntie!"

"And did you never think, Nell, that housework had its poetry?"

"If I do, indeed. It is slop and muss from morning till night. Hands spoiled, temper spoiled, time thrown away, brains wasted!"

"That is putting it very strongly."

"I feel strongly on that subject."

"But housework, like everything else, has two sides. I fear you have seen only the wrong side."

"It is all wrong side to me. Those who have sufficient keenness of vision to discern a right side to housework should be the housekeeper, that is all I have to say."

Nell was a young wife, fresh from boarding-school; and having married a poor man, had undertaken to do without a servant. Her Aunt Ellen, for whom she was named, feeling sure that there would be trouble in the new home within a month, had very opportunely made a visit, arriving at the moment when "little Nell," as she was called, was at the last gasp of discouragement.

And now to have Aunt Ellen come into that disorderly kitchen, where soiled dish-towels, and broken china, and little stacks of dry bread, and sticky pots and pans formed a terrible combination, and talk about the poetry of housework—that was a little to much.

"You have heard me speak of my grandmother," said Aunt Ellen, as she tied on a wide kitchen-apron, taken from the depths of her travelling bag.

Nell smiled with as much brightness as she could call to her face under the circumstances. Aunt Ellen was always dragging her grandmother forward, metaphorically speaking, to serve as an example to her idle, or careless, or ignorant nieces.

"I was once at my grandmother's when I was your age, and hated housework quite as rancorously. It was cleaning-day, and she was scouring her kitchen tables, giving vigorous rubs, after it seemed to me as white as need be. I made some scornful remark about wasting strength, and grandmother said 'Perfect freshness and cleanliness is the poetry of housework.' I can see the dear old lady now—her spotless cap, her calico dress with its little cape, and her blue-checked gingham apron. By the way, Nell, have you no kitchen-apron?"

The young wife shook her head languidly.

"Your education has been neglected. No kitchen-apron! No holders! Dear me! We must go to work this very afternoon and make a kitchen outfit. No wonder you burn your fingers, using a piece of stiff paper to open the oven door. Fire!"

Nell looked down at her white, Hamburged apron, and then at her blistered hand.

"It is a bother to fuss about such little things," she said, with a discontented look on her handsome, intellectual face.

Aunt Nell was too busy at that minute to answer. In an incredibly short time she had gathered the soiled towels and put them to soak in warm water, had rinsed the stale bread and laid it aside to be dried in the oven and grated, had made a strong suds from the Frank Siddall soap and with a bit of sacking had cleansed the sink till it was perfectly fresh. She set Nell to removing the dishes from the pantry shelves, and in a little while they were restored to clean, sweet quarters. The pantry floor was cleaned, Aunt Ellen getting heroically on her hands and knees, and the benches were fragrant and spotless.

Nell's eyes brightened. She breathed easier. The place, as far as she had gone, was so sweet and clean and neat.

"Why," she said, quite forgetting her former disgust, "I'd like to make something. I mean cake or cookies, or something. I am just tempted to go to work. And how pleasant the sunshine is! I have hated to see the sunshine in this place."

Aunt Ellen laughed. Nell laughed. The clean pantry seemed to laugh too. In a few minutes more the dish-towels, a dozen of them, wrung from hot water, were drying in the sun.

"Sally Briggs shall come and clean the kitchen," said Nell.

"And then we'll begin again," said Aunt Ellen. "The rest of the house looks fairly well already."

"Oh, yes. I've always kept the parlor and our room pretty nice."

"Well, well, there's excuse enough for you. When you learn to love your kitchen as well as your parlor and 'our room,' it will be all right. In a certain sense, a house rightly managed keeps itself clean. When our work gets ahead of us it isn't easy to overtake it."

"Oh, I've been so discouraged, auntie!" pleaded the little wife. "But I see now, perhaps not very plainly, what you mean by the poetry of housework. The more than clean enough, the freshness added after the place is what some call decent, that is the poetry."

"We might say," answered Aunt Ellen, "that all poetry consists in the more than enough." You have hit the subject capital-ly. I shouldn't have patience to take so much pains with you if you weren't so intelligent."

Afterwards, making kitchen aprons of blue and white gingham, on the easy running sewing-machine,—a present, by the way, from Aunt Ellen, they took up the subject again.

"I was really happy getting dinner today," said Nell. "My new holder, and my clean, white apron, and the false sleeves you made for me, the more-than-clean-enough kitchen, quite raised my spirits. And when Charley came in he kissed me and said I didn't know what a relief it was to him to see me look so much brighter. Why he had actually been thinking of giving up our home, and boarding."

"There's a fairy in soap-suds," said Aunt Ellen, "and scrubbing liberates her, and she laughs and sings, and people wonder what makes the place so pleasant."

"Well, I'm sure there's a demon in dirt," said Nell, smiling at her aunt's words.

"It is demon verus fairy with all housekeepers," was the answer. "And I'm sure there is no longer a question which will be in the ascendant in this house."—Standard.

KEEPING THE SABBATH.

A lady who spoke recently in the Pacific Garden Mission, Chicago, ascribed her conversion to the following incident: She was travelling through New Mexico, three years ago, and was side-tracked at Santa Fe one Sunday. She and a lady friend had some handkerchiefs which they wanted washed, and spying a Chinese camp a short way off went to it, and she asked a Chinaman if he would wash the handkerchiefs. He replied, "No, me no washee to-day." The lady friend, thinking, of course, that John was lazy, recommended her to display her cash, and renew the request. So she held out a dollar bill to John, together with the handkerchiefs, and asked him again to wash them. At this John grew solemn, and reaching up to a shelf took down a book, which the lady was surprised to see was a Bible, and holding it in one hand and pointing to it with the other looked into her face, while a tear stood in his eye, and said: "You save me a Chinaman and you Melican lady; and I love that book. You no good lady." There were no handkerchiefs washed that day, and a profound impression was made on the ladies and their party, ending in the conversion of the speaker.—Journal.

WHEN A CARPET is taken up to be cleaned, the floor beneath is generally covered with dust. This dust has been in most cases a long time accumulating, and is very fine, very dry, and very injurious. It often contains minute poisonous germs, which rise rapidly in the air with the dust. If inhaled, the lungs suffer much from this fine dust. It is well before sweeping to sprinkle the floor with dilute carbolic acid by aid of a white-wash brush. This dilution kills any poisonous germs that may be in the dust, and also renders the floor sweet in other respects.

A BOY MURDERER offered the extreme penalty of the law, in Ohio not long since. As he stood upon the scaffold, his pitiful appeal to the men of Ohio was this: "That rope means first a glass of poisoned lemonade, at last a bottle of rum, and over in that saloon now filled with boys and men, my ruin was wrought, Oh! let me implore you with my dying breath, close the saloons as you love your boys; close them for their protection!"

The Temperance Worker

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27.

THE FATHER OF TEETOTALISM.

On the first of September, 1832, the "Seven men of Preston" drew up and signed the first teetotal pledge. The most noted of these, Joseph Livesey, has just died. His life was a most remarkable one. Born on the 6th of March, 1794, and left an orphan when seven years old—both father and mother dying of consumption,—he was brought up by his grandfather, a poor weaver. For seven years young Joseph Livesey worked,—principally in all fours,—in a damp cellar, through whose wall the river water in flood-time regularly came; there he contracted the seeds of four attacks of rheumatic fever, and of the chronic rheumatism which troubled him but did not prevent his living for more than ninety years. Eager for knowledge, it was long before he could buy even a grammar, and then he read it as he worked at the loom. In 1815 he married, and after some more time spent in weaving he started business as a cheese dealer in a very small way. His business afterward became a large and profitable concern, and allowed him to devote both time and money to the reform of the customs which have been the curse of England as well as of many other countries. In January of 1831 Mr. Livesey took to the printing trade, and for three years published a monthly paper called *The Moral Reformer*, the first journal which came out in favor of total abstinence. He also came upon the platform, and began to deliver his "Malt Liquors Lecture," which was afterward printed and had a circulation of no less than three million copies. Among many other places, he gave this lecture in London, where he spent a fortnight trying to find a meeting place, and was quite astonished to find himself listened to by twenty-four persons. What a little stream it was that has now swollen into a mighty flood, slowly but surely sweeping the curse of humanity, the drink trade, from the face of God's creation!

As long ago as 1833 Joseph Livesey and the other six men of Preston hired a horse and car, took with them about 10,000 tracts, and started on a tour through the chief towns and villages of Lancashire, establishing total abstinence societies as they went. Two meetings were held every night, and not only furious opposition but intense interest was created by these strange doctrines. In the six days of one week, Mr. Livesey travelled 300 miles and spoke for nearly two hours at each of six meetings,—and that was before the time of railways. In his "Reminiscences" he gives the origin of the word "teetotal," which was invented by a man named Dickie Turner in the course of a speech directed against the moderate use of intoxicants. Mr. Livesey's first idea of the uselessness of malt liquor was obtained from Benjamin Franklin, who declared that there was more nourishment in a penny loaf than in a pint of beer; but the Englishman proved that the great American had not gone far enough, for a whole gallon of beer contains less nourishment than a pennyworth of bread. Mr. Livesey was not only devoted to the removal of the drink curse, but to the relief of the misery caused by it and by other causes. He worked hard, for instance, in the agitation for the repeal of the infamous corn laws, and stood on the same platform with Bright and Cobden in favor of free trade and cheap bread. His own town owes an immense

debt of gratitude to the man who for half a century has been its unwearied benefactor. Without attempting to describe his less prominent but unceasing efforts to help the poor, we may mention his donation of eight drinking fountains to the town, his establishment of yearly excursions for the poor and infirm to the country, and his immense work as vice-chairman of the Preston relief fund, which distributed no less than \$655,000 in money and supplies during the "cotton famine" caused by the American civil war, from 1862 to 1865. The number of persons receiving relief at one time was 40,627.

The origin of Mr. Livesey's business was very curious. Falling ill, he was ordered by the doctor, to take "cheese and bread and a sup of malt liquor." Cheese was dear; and a bright idea struck him. Borrowing a little money, he went to Lancaster fair, bought two whole cheeses, kept what he wanted for his own use, and sold the rest at a low price, but still at a profit. Finding that he could make more by this means than by weaving, he dropped the latter occupation and continued his investments in cheese, building up the fine business now carried on by his sons.

Mrs. Livesey, who was selected by her future husband on hearsay evidence of her goodness, and before ever he had seen her, died in 1869, the couple having shared each other's work and cares and joys for nearly 54 years. Six sons and one daughter survive, and do credit to their father's honorable name. We believe that only one of the "seven men of Preston" who had the courage to step out from the ranks of "moderate beer and wine drinkers," then constituting the only "temperance" men, is now alive; this veteran is Mr. John King, whose signature was placed first on the pledge of 1832.

A LADY WRITER says that three fourths of the New York girls who spend the summer at Newport, Long Branch, Saratoga, and other holiday resorts, come back to town engaged—informally, if not in a positive and binding manner. Girls, she says, are always more bewitching in summer, when dressed in soft white flummery. For many years it has been fashionable for the marriages to come off in spring, but it appears that six or nine months is considered too long to wait, and marriages are going to come off the same autumn in order to be fashionable. There are certainly objections to engagements which last too long; but those which do not last long enough are far worse. When "soft white bewitching flummery" brings about an engagement in the summer between two young people who have perhaps never heard of each other before, a good long winter, during which they can be taking observations of each other, gives each a very necessary opportunity to discover if there is anything in the other's ways, beliefs or character, which may turn a life long companionship into a lifelong misery. "Marry in haste, repent at leisure."

COUNT HERBERT BISMARCK, the great Chancellor's son, has been appointed German Ambassador to Britain, and has begun his British experiences by a visit to the Prince of Wales in Scotland.

A NEW YORK MUSEUM has been trying to buy the body of an Anarchist who was recently hanged in Austria for the murder of two bankers; \$3,000 was offered, but was refused.

TWO PROMINENT MEMBERS of the French Chamber of Deputies have been sentenced to fines and several months' imprisonment for defrauding an insurance company.

THE WEEK.

EIGHT NEW YORK dealers have been arrested for selling oleomargarine, in violation of the new law.

THE REVOLUTIONISTS in Cuba are trying to help on the independence of the island by burning and exploding property at the same time in all parts of the island. Great damage is reported from the interior.

THE DIVIDENDS on the preference shares of the Grand Trunk Railway for this half year are to be paid in full, but only \$2,500 will be left over. The net loss on the half-yearly receipts has been nearly \$250,000.

ANOTHER COACHMAN has got married to his master's daughter. This time the father is Mr. Roma Sickles, of New Rochelle, a man who possesses about ten million dollars.

A JERSEY BULL called "Polinus," which cost \$3,000, belonging to Mr. J. O. Bailey, at Peoria, Illinois, has just had to be killed. It had taken pleuro-pneumonia, and one of its lungs only weighed six pounds, the other weighing twenty-seven.

THE WIDOW OF STELLMACHER, a socialist who was executed in Vienna for killing a police official, has been trying to carry on her husband's work. She has been arrested for distributing revolutionary literature in Switzerland.

THE UNITED STATES warship "Lancaster" is just now visiting England, and the crew of her cutter has been beaten in an exciting five mile boat race with a crew from Southampton. The cutter,—"Uncle Sam,"—had never been beaten before.

HOG CHOLERA is raging in some counties of Pennsylvania and other States.

A MAN WHO DIED in Youngstown, Ohio, on the 16th, first confessed that he had forged notes to the amount of \$25,000.

THE NATIONAL TELEPHONE ASSOCIATION has been having its congress in Philadelphia. It is stated that there are 4,210 telephones used in New York and 2,338 in Cincinnati.

THREE THOUSAND men are having their wages reduced by the Cambria Iron Works, in Pennsylvania. Such are the industries "protected" by a high tariff.

GOVERNOR HENDRICKS, Democratic candidate for the vice-presidency, was a passenger in a train which left the track in Illinois the other day, but he was uninjured.

A "MARINE EARTHQUAKE" took place in the Atlantic off the coast of Virginia on the 15th of August. Thesea roared and boiled like water in a pot. The brig "Charles Dennis," from which the news comes, was tossed about like an egg-shell.

A DIVER, living at Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, after working one afternoon under seventy feet of water, took ill and died in a few hours.

AN APPEAL has been made to the Protestants of Canada by the Rev. John Borland, of Montreal, asking them to raise a fund to defend the Oka Indians, who are being harassed and worried out of their lands by the Roman Catholic priests.

THE GRAND JURY at Kingston, Ontario, has expressed an opinion that the existence of a grand jury in most cases is quite unnecessary.

A STEAMER was launched at Glasgow last week for the purpose of laying the new Mackay-Bennett telegraph cable under the Atlantic. The vessel has 27,000 cubic feet of space to hold the cable.

THE CREW of the steamship "Colonsay," which has sailed from Halifax for England, refused to go with her, and a new crew had to be got. The sailors declare that the ship is in such a dangerous condition that she can only reach England by a miracle.

TWO SCHOONERS, one American and the other British, have been seized by a Russian war-ship at Vladivostock,—a town on the east coast of Siberia, opposite Japan. The American vessels had contraband goods on board, and the British had been illegally hunting.

BELGIUM is in a very unquiet state. The new government, in its work of undoing all that its predecessors did, has passed a bill restoring the educational system of the country to the control of the priests. The mayors of the six chief cities of Belgium went as a deputation to the King, saying that they represented a population of 2,800,000, and asking him to put his veto on the bill. The king, however, very naturally replied that he was a constitutional sovereign and it was his duty to comply with the wishes of the majority in Parliament. Dense crowds assembled and cheered the mayors as they came out, and on a later day the king was hooted when he appeared in public. The secret of the defeat of the late government is gradually coming to light. The cause was the same as that of Mr. Gladstone's defeat in Britain in 1874,—an alliance between "Beer and Bible." The Church and the Liquor Trade are now in power in Belgium.

THE BRITISH VOLUNTEERS have been engaging in artillery contests at Toronto, and have been beaten—both in shifting guns and in firing—by a team belonging to Canadian field batteries. They were not used to the guns, and they had been doing too much pleasure-going.

HEAVY FLOODS are reported from Spain, and are doing much harm to the crops.

A NEW RAILWAY is proposed from Pittsburgh to Lake Erie.

MR. SOLOMON, of Jamaica, has arrived at Ottawa with a request that the Canadian government would promise to consider an application for the admission of the island to the confederation. The ministers would not make any promises at all, and are evidently not anxious for the new province.

THE LIQUOR CURSE is felt even in the Arctic regions. American whaling vessels take liquor to trade with the natives of Alaska in exchange for whalebone. A number of villages have been found without a single live inhabitant, the bodies of former residents decaying on the ground. One village was found where the natives were prosperous and happy, and the cause given was that the liquor trade had been prohibited there.

THE CLERICAL PROPRIETORS of the shrine of Good Saint Anne, near Quebec, claim that sixty crutches have been left there since June, as evidence of sixty lame persons having been healed.

THERE IS GREAT EXCITEMENT in Montreal over the case of a Mrs. Lynam, who has been confined in the lunatic asylum for several years, and who is declared to have been known as perfectly sane.

THE FISHERMEN who live on the north shore of the St. Lawrence and Anticosti island will have to be assisted, as the fisheries have been very poor this year.

FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS have been given by some anonymous individual to Cornell University, to establish a professorship of Moral Philosophy.

AN EARTHQUAKE in Western Ontario. Buildings and tents were destroyed.

A PARTY of being taken to by a mob. T the Czar has st people on his cordingly turn They must be mercies!

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NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

FOLLOWING UP HALTON'S VICTORY.

ITS MEANING AND ITS RESULT—FIVE MORE FIGHTS AT HAND—ITEMS OF WAR NEWS—KING DODDS NOT IN THE HUMOR FOR PICTURES—'VICTIMS' OF THE SCOTT ACT.

THE RESULT OF HALTON'S decisive action, upholding the Scott Act by a far larger majority than that by which it was first adopted, has given a great encouragement and impetus to the temperance movement all over the country. To use the words of an Ottawa contemporary, which had before strongly opposed prohibition, "There can be no mistaking the meaning of the triumph of the temperance cause in Halton. The fact that two counties have recently decided on retaining the Scott Act is good proof that the people of those counties are satisfied of its beneficial effect as a remedy for intemperance." As another Ontario journal says:— "The anti-Scott Act party staked their all in Halton; they moved heaven and earth to defeat the Act; 'material' assistance was obtained from outside, and that money was freely used by the licensed victuallers. There can be little doubt that the result of Tuesday's election will have a powerful influence in the fifty odd constituencies where the fight is now being waged."

PROCLAMATIONS have now been issued fixing the date of five more elections. The counties of Simcoe, in Ontario, and St. Lawrence, in Quebec, will vote on Thursday, the 9th of October. The united counties of Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry will vote one week later, on the 16th. A week later still, on the 23rd, the County of Peel will also decide. The petition for repeal in the City of Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, will be decided at the polls on the 16th of October.

THE PETITION from Northumberland and Durham will be deposited in the Sheriff's office at Leith on Friday next, the 26th. Ken-frew, Dufferin, Perth, Bruce and Kent have all sent in their petitions. A question has been raised, however, as to the validity of that from Perth County.

THE CAMPAIGN in North Middlesex has been opened in right earnest.—The anti of Pembroke, Kenton County, have had a meeting at which they carefully announced that they expressed no opinion, hostile or otherwise, about a general prohibition law for the whole country.—Prospects in the city of Guolph are bright, and in Wellington County also, since the temperance people are putting energy into the work without energy it is absurd to look for victory anywhere.—In the town of Simcoe, Norfolk County, a majority of the ratepayers have signed the petition.—The canvass in the city of Stratford is being energetically pushed.—In spite of the violent opposition of interested parties, "whose craft is in danger," we learn from an impartial source that there is every probability of the Scott Act passing in Leeds and Grenville.—The hotel keepers in Perth are showing themselves in their true colors by charging exorbitant prices to temperance men, and are thereby very effectually doing the temperance men's work.—The news from all parts of Ontario county is extremely encouraging.

THE SCOTT ACT'S "VICTIMS."—Among the most recent punishments for violations of the Scott Act, we see that Patrick Kehoe, of Fryon, P.E.I., convicted of a first offence, has been fined \$50; Aaron Wilson, of Sumnerdale, \$50; and Dougald McNeil, of the same place, for a second offence, \$100. Another good piece of news is that Willie Wilbur, of the Dorchester Hotel, Westmoreland, N.B., where the temperance people have a special difficulty in getting the liquor enforced, has been fined \$50 for liquor selling. If we take the word in its proper meaning, as "conquered," these men are certainly "victims" of the Scott Act.

"WAR NOTES," which was originally intended only for this summer's campaign, is now to be placed on a more permanent basis. It is a lively weekly, containing quantities of evidence as to the value of prohibition in all parts of the world, with news of the prohibition struggle everywhere. It is, in fact, an arsenal of weapons for the use of temperance men, and we are continually receiving spontaneous testimony to its effectiveness. Perhaps the best evidence is the fact that this week the circulation of War Notes is 35,000. Send in your orders to John Dougall & Son, Witness Office, Montreal. The subscription is only ONE DOLLAR, paid in advance, for which you will receive twenty copies a week for three months, or ten copies a week for six months, or sixty copies a week for one month, or two hundred and fifty copies of any single number—just as you prefer. By paying an additional fifty cents you can have each copy sent to a separate address.

WHO OPPOSE THE ACT?—H.C.C. writing from Compton, says that the opponents of the Scott Act, in this as in other counties, may with very few exceptions be ranged in three classes. There is the liquor dealer, whose profits are in peril; there is the drunkard, who is afraid he will lose his rum; and there is the moderate drinker, who opposes the Act for the same reason, and who claims that he can stop drinking at any time, but will not make even that small sacrifice for the good of the county and its people.

A BOOK OF PROVERBS.—Committed to the would-be repealers in Halton and elsewhere, and to the liquor party generally, for commitment to memory: "Don't count your chickens before they are hatched." "Don't throw all you are out of the wood." "Look before you leap." "Discretion is the better part of valor."

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

The Duke of Wellington, whose portrait we give this week, died suddenly in an English railway station on the 13th of August. When he was born, on the 3rd of February, 1807, his father was merely the Hon. Sir Arthur Wellesley, major-general. All the foreign titles and decorations, conferred upon the father for his brilliant services in freeing Europe from Napoleon Bonaparte, descended to the son, but without much of the genius which earned them. The late duke entered the army in 1823, and became major-general in 1862. He was also a lieutenant-colonel of volunteers. He sat in the House of Commons from 1829 to 1831, and from 1837 to 1852, when his father's death brought him into the House of Lords; he was Conservative in politics. He very seldom appeared in public, but was a capital story-teller in society. Though married, he left no children, and his nephew, Lieut.-Col. Wellesley, becomes third Duke of Wellington.

THE JEWISH NEW YEAR began on Friday last, 19th of September, and was welcomed by religious services.

HAROLD DE WOLFE—the young man who married Miss Vining, of New York, came to Canada, was arrested for debt, and found to have another wife living,—has been sent to the Montreal Lunatic Asylum. The physician declares that he is suffering from "alcoholic mania," that is, he has drunk away his brains.

A FARMER from the Canary Islands, who came by way of Havana, is ill with yellow fever in New York.

A TREATY OF COMMERCE has been concluded between Russia and Corea.

THE ANARCHISTS have been threatening to destroy the Paris stock exchange, and the building is guarded.

AN INTERNATIONAL BALLOON exhibition is proposed to be held in England next year.

THE LIMERICK bacon trade is stopped, owing to a strike of pork butchers.

EUGENIE, ex-Empress of France, is about to spend some time in that country, on her way back from Orenberg to her English home.



THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

THE CANADIAN BOATMEN are now well on their way to Egypt. The special correspondent of the Montreal Daily Witness, who accompanies the expedition up the Nile, writes from Sydney, Nova Scotia, saying that the men are being very well treated on board. Most of the Manitoba men have signed an agreement to abstain from all intoxicating liquor during the expedition, and others are following their example. A number of the men were drunk when they started from Quebec.

A NEW ZEALANDER, who has been working along during a twenty years' life in that colony, has unexpectedly become Viscount Reidhaven. He is the eldest son of a gentleman who has succeeded the late Earl of Seafield in the peerage. He seems to take his fortune calmly; he is an "independent Liberal" candidate for the Local Parliament, and probably would as soon sit there as in the House of Lords.

THE CROP PROSPECTS in India are improving. Rain has fallen in Bengal, and there have been floods in Mysore, but there is still drought in Madras.

THE MAN who, in 1874, was sentenced to 14 years imprisonment for perjury, in swearing that he was the long-lost heir to the great Tichborne estates in England, will soon be released, having got his sentence shortened by good conduct in prison. Those who still believe that he is Sir Roger Tichborne have taken a furnished house for him in Hampshire, and have subscribed a good income for him and his two daughters.

MR. MOWAT, the Prime Minister of Ontario, has had a great welcome on returning to his own country, after successfully arguing the boundary case against Manitoba before the Privy Council in England. A great demonstration and banquet were given in his honor at Toronto.

MR. STANLEY, the explorer, has been addressing a large meeting in London. He described the Congo country, and said that the people were willing to have free trade with all nations. He declared that if Portugal were allowed to control the country and put on her tariff, all enterprise would be stopped. The British people certainly agree with Mr. Stanley.

AN EARTHQUAKE was felt last Friday in Western Ontario, Michigan, Ohio, and Indiana. Buildings were rocked, and their contents were displaced, but no damage was done.

A PARTY OF NIBILIST prisoners, when being taken to St. Petersburg, was attacked by a mob. The explanation given is that the Czar has shown many kindnesses to the people on his recent tour, and they are accordingly turning round on his enemies. They must be very thankful for very small mercies!

NO GENERAL IMPROVEMENT is to be seen in United States trade, according to Bradstreet's Agency.

THE ROYALISTS have formed committees in fifteen departments of France.

A VERY LARGE JEWISH firm of clothiers—Rindskopf Brothers, of New York and Cincinnati,—have assigned. Their liabilities are estimated at \$900,000, and their assets at \$1,100,000.

FATHER CURCI, the bold Italian priest who not long ago published his very independent opinions about the supposed infallibility of the Pope, has given way. He has expressed his submission to the Vatican, and has condemned every passage in his writings which opposed the faith, morals or rights of the Church.

M. DE LESSEPS says that ships will be able to pass through the Panama canal, from Atlantic to Pacific, in ten hours. The last section of this canal, according to one report, will be dug before the end of 1887.

MRS. MOROSINI, mother of the girl who married the coachman Hulekamp, in New York, has been made so wretched by the occurrence that she has gone off to Europe with her other daughters. Mr. Morosini and his sons are also going. The young lady says she will remain with her husband, no matter what happens.

THE GREAT COMING EVENT at Paris just now is the Baby Show, which is to open on the 3rd of October; more than 3,000 babies are to be exhibited on that occasion. Babies are none too numerous in France; in fact, probably the French-Canadians could get up as big a baby show as their more numerous cousins over the water.

THE COAL MINERS who struck in Pennsylvania are now using most desperate means to prevent any one else taking the places they have left. One Hungarian, who had refused to leave his situation, was afterwards found dead; another was shot and killed. It is believed that the "Mollie Maguire" organization has been revived.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL of Canada has been visiting the Exhibition, the Free Library, and other institutions of Toronto.

TILL NOW, the gentlemen who administer justice in England have been addressed either as "your lordship" or "your worship." Between their lordships and their worships, however, there are the county judges, who are neither. It is now ordered that a county judge shall be called "your honor," after the American style.

MRS. GARFIELD, widow of the late President, has been annoyed by a lunatic, who first sent postal cards telling her to prepare for her fate, and then came prowling around her house at Cleveland. He has been sent to the workhouse.

THE KINGDOM OF HOLLAND has the unpleasant experience of a \$6,000,000 deficit this year, caused chiefly from the fall in value of silver. It is proposed to raise the necessary money by a tax on tobacco.

THE STORY OF AN INDIAN GIRL.

BY CAPTAIN M. C. WILKINSON.

Emma was the Christian name given to the only daughter of Chief Winum, an Umatilla Oregon Indian. She was about fifteen when her father gave her to me to take to the Indian Training School at Forest Grove. Chief Winum himself is a man of more than ordinary power. The history of the settlement of the new north-west bears undisputed testimony to his singular faithfulness to the whites; although it is true that it does not bear like testimony of their faithfulness to him. Of steady Christian purpose, he ardently desired for his only daughter that she might have the benefit of an education, and he willingly gave her up to our care for that purpose.

It was a cold, stormy night when I left Pendleton, Oregon, with my charge of ten Umatilla children,—four girls and six boys. Arriving at Umatilla, a little town on the Columbia River, I could at first find no one who would give them shelter, though permission was given to bring them in out of the storm into a bar-room. Here I left Emma in charge, while I sought for a barn as a place of refuge for the night. Even this was denied. At last, however, I was able to melt the heart of the "keeper," and to secure a room for the girls. It was equally difficult at my next stopping-place to find accommodations for "Injuns," though the railway company kindly let us remain all night in a caboose car in the stock-yard. Thus we passed our second night. Emma matronized this little party of outcast children with calm dignity; she saw how vain had been the efforts to get accommodations, but her heart bore no fruit of resentment against those who refused it. And this was an Indian child, going to strangers in a strange land, and with one whom she had never seen before!

The Bible had been a closed book to her; but when she entered the school, she sought eagerly every opportunity to learn its truths. She mastered thoroughly her lessons. God had chosen her pen to be the ready instrument of wonderful good to her people. She made speedy progress in the art of composition; and it was through her letters to her Umatillas, and to the Nez Percés, among whom she had many relatives and friends, that the great work of her life was done. As a fact, over one year ago, a church of sixty members was formed among the Umatillas, this result being due, almost wholly, under God, to these written messages. Two wild brothers, now clothed and in their right minds, are included in the membership, and one of them is a chosen leader.

Last December saw Emma fatally ill at Forest Grove. It seemed strange that God should take her, with her new-found "open Bible," from her people. Years before, from personal observation, I had known how much these Umatillas needed a teacher and leader such as she was proving to be; and now this Indian girl was dying, to whom the Master had given such knowledge of holy things, and a power so great of expressing them that the receipt of her letters was made the occasion for called meetings in her tribe to hear them read, the Holy Spirit using her messages with converting power. When I came to her bed of death, she saw the questionings in my eyes. So quickly did she read my soul through them, that the tears ran large and fast down her face for a moment. Then, as she reached out her hand, I said: "Emma, is it all right?" and she replied "Yes," as only such a loving child of God can say it. There was little need to talk much in such a presence. "It was all right," she said, as we talked about her people; she had "hoped to do so much for them," but she "wanted God's way." After that, I saw her once again, but she was too tired to talk, and in a little time she fell sweetly and peacefully "on sleep."

Only one did I hear her speak to her people; it was when I had taken twenty-five of the Indian children to The Dalles, Oregon, in order that they might meet relatives and friends, called together at that point for this purpose. With great pains did this large company of Indians prepare, just out of the town, a "cloth house," spreading their best blankets, and making everything as attractive for their children as possible. This was a "secret meeting," no whites were there save the matron of the school and myself. It would have been well if the world could have witnessed that meeting; the nights in the bar-room, in the

caboose, and the stockyard, were forgotten then; the crowds that had thronged the church, some listening tearfully to the happy voices in testimony and song,—even following to the hotel, eagerly asking us "to sing once more,"—were left behind. At that parting hour, when the little groups gathered together led by mothers and fathers—Emma's time came to speak. Meantime, three Indians, painted and blanketed, had discovered our camp. I had noticed them riding in a circle about us, but, interested in the speaking, I had forgotten them; presently I looked behind me, and saw them prone upon their faces just outside of our shelter, seemingly not interested in the least. Just then began Emma's voice.

"O my people!" she said, as only she could say it, "I want you to know about God; I want you to learn to pray to Jesus. The open Bible, the open Bible, that is for you. You must not drink whiskey; you must not gamble; you must not break God's day; you must not curse; you must learn to work; to make homes. If you will learn God's words, his ways, you shall live, not die."

I saw her eyes fixed on those wild Indians; they knew her, and she knew them; they were of her people. Now they crept close to my side; these three faces, that so short a time before looked so savage, had strangely altered. They gazed into the face of Emma; and it was almost painful to see their startled aspect as this chief's daughter spoke to them, understandingly, of life for them, not death, if they would have it. I have been in many Indian scenes, in their camps in time of peace and war, but this picture will never be forgotten,—the pleading of this Indian girl; the group of her deeply interested school mates; the happy mothers and fathers, pressing closely their redeemed children; the upturned painted faces, in such striking contrast, and, above all, Emma's fearful, soulful voice crying, "O my people, you need not die! God says so." Surely such a memory must go with me until my dying hour.

Shortly before her death she visited her home. That home will long show her handiwork; her neatness, order, and system were proverbial. While at home she labored with great cheerfulness and faith, encouraging her people to make homes, showing them how to keep them neat and orderly. At her funeral, one of the speakers said that he "did not know of one who could so well afford to die as could Emma."

Was it so? Emma believed God's Word, and her brief work was mighty in just this faith. Are there not some, not Indians, who can gain some helpful, healthful lessons from the life and death of this dear child,—some lesson that will set them doing, as well as believing!—S. S. Times.

REGULATING THE ELEPHANT.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

Everybody had heard that the great elephant was loose, and several families whose gardens he had torn up and whose boys he had trampled upon were certain of it. There was great excitement, and the town held a meeting to decide what should be done. They did not want to exterminate him; in fact, many of them did not believe they could exterminate him, for he was a pretty big elephant. Besides, he was useful in his proper place—in shows, in India and in story books.

"Our best plan is to try and regulate him," said an enthusiastic speaker. "Let us build tollgates all along the route we find he is going to take, and make him pay—"

"Yes, but that leaves him roaming round," shrieked an old woman. "I don't want my boy killed."

"Keep your boy away from him; that's your business. Why, madam, don't you know that an elephant's hide and tusks are valuable for mechanical and surgical purposes, and that he is useful in India? Besides, there's the toll he will pay. We shall by this means get money enough into the public treasury to build schools for a good many boys who are not trampled to death."

"That's the plan. Regulate him! Regulate him!" shouted the crowd.

So they appointed a great many committees, and drafted constitutions and by-laws, and circulated petitions, and by the time the elephant had killed several more

boys and trampled down a quantity of gardens they had erected very comfortable toll houses for the gatekeepers and gates for the elephant; and then they waited in great satisfaction to see the animal regulated.

Slowly the great feet trampled onward; slowly the great proboscis appeared in view; and with a sniff of contempt, the elephant lifted the gate from its hinges and walked off with it, while the crowd stared after him in dismay.

"Well!" exclaimed the keeper, catching his breath; "we haven't made much money so far, but the regulation plan would have been first rate if the elephant hadn't been a little stronger than the obstruction." But they were not the first men nor the last who have tried to stop a pretty big elephant with a very big slim gate.—*Forward.*

COOKING WITH OIL STOVES.

Mrs. Lincoln, the Boston lecturer on cookery, says: When one tells you that there is "no trouble" in using an oil stove you may be morally certain that she does not know what she is talking about. To be sure you are saved additional heat and dust in the summer when you have so much of both from nature herself; but unless you are careful you will have a smoky atmosphere and a disagreeable odor. You needn't have either if you choose to manage properly; the "no trouble" people will have it all the time. The way to avoid it is to keep the burner perfectly clean, and entirely free from the gummy burner deposit which even the best oil will leave on the polished brass burner. Every day the burner should be washed in hot, clear suds, and thoroughly dried and the wick replaced; the little brass net-work about the base of the burners should be carefully wiped and kept free from every particle of dust. The wick should be cut squarely and evenly with sharp scissors, and not even a thread should be left that is higher than the rest. When the blaze is extinguished, the wick should be turned down at least half an inch below the edge of the burner. If it is left above, or even with the top, it will absorb oil, and the oil will run over the top, making it greasy and soiled, and emit an unpleasant odor. The best quality of oil should be used, as, after all, it is fully as economical; there is less sediment in it, it will burn to the last drop, will not smoke so badly and does not leave such a rank odor. The stove should be filled after using, and when it is first lighted the blaze should be watched, because it increases in intensity and very soon begins to smoke. It can then be regulated and left for some time, especially if you are baking; if you have water on boiling, as soon as the water reaches the boiling point the flame will increase again and must be turned down. The reason for this nobody pretends to explain, but the fact remains.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

Oct. 5.—1 Kings 1: 22-35.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. Wicki-ness unprofitable. A gentleman had a talk with a wicked man. "You do not look as if you had prospered by your wickedness," said the gentleman. "I haven't prospered at it," cried the man, feelingly. "It is business that don't pay. If I had given half the time and energy to some honest calling which I have spent in trying to get a living without work, I might be now a man of property and character instead of the homeless wretch I am." He then told his history, and ended by saying "I have been twice in state prison, and I have made acquaintance with all sorts of miseries in my life, but I tell you my worst punishment is in being what I am."

II. Ambition is never satisfied. Cineas, when dissuading Pyrrhus from undertaking a war against the Romans, said, "Sir, when you have conquered them, what will you do next?" "Then Sicily is near at hand and easy to master." And what when you have conquered Sicily? "Then we will pass over to Africa and take Carthage, which cannot long withstand us." "When these are conquered what will be your next attempt?" "Then," said Pyrrhus, "we will fall in upon Greece and Macedonia and recover what we have lost there." "Well, when all are subdued, what fruit do you

expect from all your victories?" "Then," said he, "we will sit down and enjoy ourselves." "Sir," replied Cineas, "may we not do it now? Have you not already a kingdom of your own? And he that cannot enjoy himself with a kingdom cannot with the whole world."—*Bib. Museum.*

PRACTICAL.

1. Nathan is the type of a true man of God. (1) Faithful to his trust; (2) holding communion with God, listening to His voice; (3) speaking boldly what God bids him to speak; (4) reproving sin even in a king; (5) helping others to good works; (6) aiding in the establishing of the true king; (7) earnest, courageous, wise, gentle.

2. Job is the type of a worldly man. (1) Bold and self-willed; (2) ready to serve the successful side, whichever it may be; (3) a brave soldier; (4) strong-minded and skilful; (5) reaping a good measure of worldly success; (6) forgetful of David's past benefits to him; (7) leaving no positive influence for good upon the nation.

3. Solomon: youthful, well trained, pious, wise, studious; fitted for a great work; called to the work for which God had fitted him; prayerful; diffident of self, but confident in God.

4. Adonijah; ambitious; wanting the honors of life, but unwilling to fit himself for them, beautiful in form; a fast young man, and therefore unsuccessful in life.

5. The stone that is fitted for the wall will find a place there.

6. We are all called to a kingdom.

7. We shall fall unless we seek it by serving God, trusting in Christ, and using to the best advantage all the opportunities of improvement God gives us.

8. Types and shadows. 1. The kingdom of Solomon foreshadowed Christ's reign. 2. The opposition to Solomon's rule prefigures the resistance of the powers of this world to Christ. 3. The course of Adonijah's conspiracy foreshadows (1) the brief success and (2) the sudden overthrow of the powers of evil. 4. The duration of the conspiracy prefigures (1) the brief rejection, and (2) the eternal reign of Christ.—*Rev. Jos. Hammond.*

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

Some lessons of practical importance can be obtained from this seeming "valley of dry bones" selected for our study to day, by teaching the elements of success in life, and the causes of failure, from the lives of four prominent men brought to our notice in this lesson. 1. Adonijah, the usurper, a failure. 2. Solomon, the king, a successful man. 3. Nathan, the prophet, a successful man in a different way from Solomon. 4. Job, the general, a mingling of success and failure.

Question Corner.—No. 18.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

My 1, 2, 7, 3, 8, 4 give the name of a woman, who having been healed by the Saviour, ministered unto Him of her substance.

My 2, 4, 5, 6, is what the Lord swore unto Abram that He would perform.

My 3, 2, 7, 6. One who escaped a general calamity through faith.

My 7, 3, 7, 5, 6, 2, 5, 6. The place to which king Solomon banished a priest after thrusting "him from being priest unto the Lord."

My 5, 2, 2, 5, 6 gives that which, when broken, Solomon compared to confidence in an unfaithful man in time of trouble.

My 6 and 2 give the first word that Boss addressed to one of his kinsmen as he passed by.

My 4, 8, 5. A small insect by whom Solomon's idlers to be instructed.

My 3, 7, 5, 6, 4, 8: The name of one who severely rebuked David.

My whole is the name of a king's son who died with his father in battle.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN No. 18

1. From Kirjath-jearim. 1 Chron. 13. 6.

2. It was taken there from Bethshemesh after the Philistines had returned it to that place. 1 Sam. 6. 21, 22.

3. Molechus a servant of the high priest; he was heated by Christ. John 18. 19. Luke 22. 50, 51.

4. By Christ in the sermon on the mount. Matt. 5. 48.

SCRIPTURE PROVERB. Boast not thyself of to-morrow.—Prov. xxvii. 1.

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HOW PINS ARE MADE.

When you look at one of those little insignificant pins, do you ever think that a great deal of trouble was taken to get it just right? Well, it takes a great deal of work to make a perfect pin.

First, a reel of brass wire is taken of suitable thickness. The wire passes over a straightening board, after which it is seized by two jaws, and a cutter descends and cuts it off, leaving a projecting part for a head. On the withdrawal of the cutter a hammer

flies forward and makes a head on the pin; then the jaws open and the pins drop on a finely ground metal plate, with the heads upward, until the end to be pointed comes into contact with a cylindrical roller with a grinding surface, which soon puts a fine point on the pins. They then fall into a box ready to receive them, and are ready for the second stage. After they are yellowed or cleaned, they are tinned, or whitened, as it is called. The pins are now ready to be placed in papers. One girl feeds a machine with pins, and another supplies the machine with paper. The pins fall into a box the bottom of which is made of small, square steel bars, sufficiently wide apart to let the shank of the pin fall through, but not the head. As soon as the pins have fallen through the bottom of the box and the rows are complete, the bottom detaches itself, and row after row of pins is sent at regular intervals to be placed in the papers. Meanwhile the paper has been properly folded and pierced to receive the pins, which by the nicest imaginable adjustments come exactly to their places.

Pins were first used in England in the 15th century. They were first made of iron wire, but in 1540 brass pins were brought over from France by Catherine Howard, Queen of Henry VIII. At first pins were made by filing a piece of wire, and by twisting the other end.

There were several inventions previously for holding together parts of the dress, such as buckles, brooches, clasps, hooks, etc. They are very costly to make, but our readers think nothing now-a-days of a pin, unless they happen to sit on the point of it, in which case they usually say what they think with out being questioned.—*Treasure Trove.*

He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do anything.—*Samuel Johnson.*

MAKING GLOBES.

The material of a globe is a thick, pulpy paper like soft straw board, and this is formed into two hemispheres from disks. A flat disk is cut in gores, or radical pieces, from centre to circumference, half of the gores being removed and the others brought together, forming a hemispherical cup. These disks are gored under a cutting press, the dies of which are so exact that the gores come together at their edges to make a perfect hemisphere. The formation is also done by a press

twelve sections, each of lozenge shape, the points extending from pole to pole, exactly as though the peel of an orange was cut through from stem to bud in twelve equal divisions. These maps are obtained in Scotland generally, although there are two or three establishments elsewhere which produce them. The paper of these maps is very thin but tenacious, and is held to the globe by glue. The operator—generally a woman—begins at one pole, pasting with the left hand and laying the sheet with the right, working

the operator is so expert in coaxing down fulnesses and in expanding scanty portions, all the time keeping absolute relation and perfect joining with the other sections and to their edges. The metallic work—the equators, meridians and stands—are finished by machinery. A coat of transparent varnish over the paper surface completes the work, and thus a globe is built.—*Scientific American.*

BUOYS.

Many of our young readers will be likely to take excursions by water this summer, and they will notice that upon entering any harbor there are buoys of different colors, on either side of the channel. Those on the right hand are invariably painted red and those on the left, black. A buoy with horizontal stripes of both red and black indicates the centre of a very narrow channel, to which a vessel should keep as close as possible. Red and black vertical stripes show the locality of spits, or small points of land running into the sea, and of reefs. A buoy having red and black checks is to give warning against a rock or some other obstruction. In case of two such obstructions, with a channel between, the buoy on the right will have red and white checks, and the one on the left, black and white checks. A green buoy is used to mark wrecks and has the word "wreck" painted in white letters upon it. By the way, would it not be a nice plan to have boys so marked that one could tell at a glance what they are good for? Indeed we believe they are if one looks sharp.—*Congregationalist.*

THE KITCHEN-GOD.

Among the many gods of the Chinese is the kitchen-god. They put up a new one every New Year's Day, when they burn the old one. They think that this god takes care of everything in the kitchen; and if the fire don't burn, or the bread is baking to fast, or there is any trouble, they scold and beat the god. When he is burned, they think he goes to heaven, and tells all that has happened in their kitchen for a year; so sometimes they daub molasses on his mouth before they burn him, and they think then he can't tell. What sad ideas these people have of God and of Providence!

EVERY duty which is bidden to wait returns with seven fresh duties at its back.—*Charles Kingsley.*



OUTLINE DRAWING LESSON FOR THE YOUNG.
(From a photograph).

with hemispherical mould and die, the edges of the gores being covered with glue. Two of these hemispheres are then united by glue and mounted on a wire, the ends of which are the two axes of the finished globe. All this work is done while the paper is in a moist state. After drying, the rough paper globe is rasped down to a surface by coarse sand-paper, followed by finer paper, and then receives a coating of paint or enamel that will take a clean, smooth finish.

The instructive portion is a map of the world, printed in

along one edge to the north or other pole, coaxing the edge of the paper over the curvature of the globe with an ivory spatula, and working down the entire paper to an absolutely smooth surface.

As there are no laps to these lozenge sections the edges must absolutely meet, else there would be a mixed up mess, especially among the islands of some of the great archipelagoes and in the arbitrary political borders of the nations. This is probably the most exact work in globe-making, and yet it appears to be easy because

SCHOLARS' NOTES

(From Westminster Question Book)

FOURTH QUARTER. LESSON I.

Oct. 5, 1884. [1 Kings 1: 22-35] SOLOMON'S SUCCEEDING DAVID. COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 28-30.

22 And, lo, while she yet talked with the king, Nathan the prophet also came in.

23 And they told the king, saying, Behold Nathan the prophet. And when he was come in before the king, he bowed himself before the king with his face to the ground.

24 And Nathan said, My lord, O king, hast thou said, Adonijah shall reign after me, and I shall sit upon my throne?

25 For he is gone down this day, and hath slain oxen and fat cattle and sheep in abundance, and hath called all the king's sons, and the captains of the host, and Abiathar the priest; and, behold, they eat and drink before him, and say, God save King Adonijah.

26 But me, even me thy servant, and Zadok the priest, and Benaiah the son of Jehoiada, and thy servant Solomon, hath he not called.

27 Is this thing done by my lord the king, and thou hast not showed it unto thy servant, who should sit on the throne of my lord the king after him?

28 Then King David answered and said, Call me Bathsheba. And she came into the king's presence, and stood before him, and said,

29 And the king swore, and said, As the Lord liveth, that hath redeemed my soul out of all distress.

30 Even as I swore unto thee by the Lord God of Israel, saying, A surely Solomon my son shall reign after me, and I shall sit upon my throne in my stead; even so will I certainly do this day.

31 Then Bathsheba bowed with her face to the earth, and did reverence to the king, and said, Let my lord King David live for ever.

32 And King David said, Call me Zadok the priest, and Nathan the prophet, and Benaiah the son of Jehoiada. And they came before the king.

33 The king also said unto them, Take with you the servants of your lord, and cause Solomon my son to ride upon my own mule, and bring him down to Gihon.

34 And let Zadok the priest, and Nathan the prophet, and all thy men go with thee; and blow ye with the trumpet, and say, God save King Solomon.

35 Then ye shall come up after him, that he may come and sit upon my throne; for he shall be king in my stead: and I have appointed him to be ruler over Israel and over Judah.

GOLDEN TEXT

—And thou, Solomon, my son, know thou the God of thy father, and serve him with a perfect heart, and with a willing mind.—1 Chron. 28:3.

HOME READINGS.

M. 1 Kings 1: 22-35. Adonijah's Usurpation.

T. 1 Kings 1: 29-35. Solomon Declared King.

W. 1 Kings 1: 36-53. Solomon Anointed King.

L. 1 Chron. 28: 1-10. David's Charge.

F. Ps. 125: 1-5. Peace upon Israel.

Sa. Acts 2: 22-36. David's Greater Son.

S. Ps. 92: 1-15. The Righteous shall Flourish.

LESSON PLAN.

1. Adonijah Claims the Throne. 2. David Declares Solomon King. 3. Solomon Anointed King.

Time.—B.C. 1015. Place.—Jerusalem.

LESSON NOTES.

1.—V. 21. HAST THOU SAID—the transactions at Gihon were so public (see vs. 5, 9), that they had the appearance of being sanctioned by the king. V. 22. The persons here named were known to be in favor of the succession of Solomon. V. 27. THOU HAST NOT SHOWED IT—Nathan's entire address was intended to rouse the king from the apathy and neglect which age had brought upon him.

11.—V. 28. CALL ME BATHSHEBA—she had withdrawn on the entrance of Nathan. V. 30. AS I SWORE UNTO THEE—probably after Absalom's rebellion, Nathan knew of this promise, and also of the Lord's designation of Solomon to be his father's successor.—2 Sam. 7: 12; 1 Chron. 22: 9.

11.—V. 32. ZADOK—he had been high priest in the tabernacle at Gihon under Saul, 1 Chron. 16: 39) and was now associated with Abiathar as equal in the exercise of priestly functions. 2 Sam. 8: 17; 15: 24, 29, 35. BENAIAH—captain of David's body-guard (2 Sam. 8: 18; 20: 23; 1 Chron. 18: 17). V. 33. MINE OWN MULE—this was a public declaration in his favor as the future king. ARTHO—1800 or founded on the west of Jerusalem (2 Chron. 32: 30). V. 35. SIT UPON MY THRONE—associated with me in the king's power and recognized as my successor. David's commands were promptly executed; the people hailed the new king with joyful enthusiasm.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

- 1. That it is an act of meanness for a son to take advantage of a father's age and weakness.
2. That they are bad advisers who would lead children to treat their parents with disrespect.
3. That those who have given proof of their regard for right are not likely to be asked to do what is wrong.
4. That men should make a proper arrangement of their worldly affairs while they are yet in health.

A HUGE "CORNER" in corn has been formed in Chicago, and the price is said to be likely to go beyond that of wheat. Kent and Armour are reported to hold from eight to ten million bushels.

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, Sept. 23, 1884.

The only change in the grain market is that prices have gone down, particularly in the country, where of course competition forced up the price for a short time. The farmers appear to have come to the conclusion that prices are going to be low, and they are selling a little more freely. The weight of the wheat this year per measured bushel is extraordinary, samples running 65 and 64 pounds are not uncommon.

Chicago has fluctuated during the week but it is now about what it was last week, 76 1/2 Oct.; 78 1/2 Nov.; 79 1/2 Dec. Corn has been boomed this week, and, despite a drop of three cents, is now 22c higher for present delivery than it was last week. We quote at 76c Sept.; 58 1/2 Oct.; 47 1/2 Nov.

The local grain market is no better, and prices are a little worse than they were. The offerings this week have been larger than the demands. We quote:—Canada Red Winter, 85c to 89 1/2; White, 85c to 82c; old Canada Spring, 87c to 88c. Peas, 85 1/2c to 84c, alfalfa, Oats, 35c. Barley, 55c to 65c. Corn, to 69c.

FLOUR.—Prices are still lower, sales are still small, and so business still continues very dull. We quote: Superior Extra, \$4.20 to \$4.25; Extra Superfine, \$4.05 to \$4.10; Fancy \$4.00; Spring Extra \$3.90 to \$4.00; Superfine, \$3.25 to \$3.30; Strong Bakers' (Can.), \$4.50 to \$4.85; Strong Bakers' (American), \$5.00 to \$5.50; Fine, \$3.00 to \$3.10; Middlings, \$2.85 to \$2.90; Pollards, \$2.65 to \$2.75; Ontario bags, (bags included) Medium \$2.15 to \$2.20; Spring Extra, \$2.00 to \$2.10; Superfine, \$1.60 to \$1.70; City Bags, (delivered,) \$2.70.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.—Cheese is unchanged, with a brisk market, and is quoted as follows: 9c to 9 1/2c July, August 9 1/2c to 10 1/2c. The price in England is 51 shillings per hundred. Butter is still dull. We quote:—Creamery, 23c to 24c; Eastern Townships, 19 1/2c to 21c; Western, 15c to 16c.

Eggs are selling at 16c to 17c as to quality.

HOG PRODUCTS are unchanged. We quote:—Western Mess Pork \$21.00; Hams, city cured, 15c to 15 1/2c; Bacon, 13 1/2c to 14c; Lard, western in pails, 11c to 11 1/2c; do., Canadian, 11 1/2c to 11 3/4c; Tallow, common refined, 7c to 8c.

ASHES are quoted at \$4.00 to \$4.10, for Pots.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22, 1884.

GRAIN.—Wheat, 87 1/2c October; 89 1/2c Nov.; 90 1/2c Dec.; 92 1/2 Jan.; 99 Feb. Corn, 63 1/2c Sept.; 62c Oct.; 59 1/2c Nov.; 51 1/2c Dec. 49c Jan. Rye, quiet, 66c to 72c. Oats in fair demand, 31 1/2c Sept., 31 1/2c Oct., 32 1/2c Nov. Barley, nominal. Price nominal.

FLOUR.—The quotations are as follows:—Spring Wheat No. 1, \$2.00 to \$2.60; Superfine, \$2.40 to \$2.65; Low Extra, \$2.90 to \$3.25; Clear, \$3.70 to \$4.95; Straight (full stock), \$4.90 to \$5.50; Patent, \$4.60 to \$6.15. Winter Wheat—No. 2, \$2.30 to \$2.65; Superfine, \$2.60 to \$2.85; Low Extra, \$2.95 to \$3.50; Clear (R. and A.), \$3.95 to \$5.00; Straight (R. and A.), \$4.15 to \$5.45; Patent, \$4.65 to \$5.95; Straight (White Wheat), \$4.25 to \$5.30; Low Extra (City Mill), \$3.15 to \$3.55; West India, sacks, \$3.75 to \$4.10; barrels, West India, \$4.60 to \$4.70; Patent, \$5.00 to \$5.50; South America, \$4.50 to \$4.65; Patent, \$5.00 to \$5.60. Southern Flour—Extra \$3.25 to \$4.50; Family, \$4.75 to \$5.25; Patent, \$5.35 to \$5.60. Rye Flour—Fine to superfine, \$3.00 to \$3.75.

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

SEEDS.—dull. Clover 8c to 8 1/2c; Timothy, \$1.65 to \$1.70; Flaxseed \$1.41 to \$1.42.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.—Butter—we quote creamery, ordinary to select 17c to 28c. Half firkins, ordinary to best 15c to 23c; Welsh tub, 17c to 22c; Western ordinary factory, to choice imitation creamery 9c to 21c. Cheese state factory ordinary to full cream, 2c to 1 1/2c. Ohio flats, fair to choice 8c to 9 1/2c; Skins 1c to 1 1/2c.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

A few days ago the cattle market here experienced quite a boom, as a large number of thirty steers were bought for ship-

ment to Scotland, as stockers to be fattened by the farmers there; the prices paid here for these steers ranged from 4 1/2c to 5c per lb., or nearly 4c more than the butchers had been paying for similar cattle. This week the demand for shipment has dropped off and prices have also dropped to their former level, and with large receipts a considerable number of cattle remain on the market unsold. Choice butchers' cattle bring from 4 1/2c to 4 3/4c per lb.; good fat cows and fair conditioned steers, 3 1/2c to 4c do., and common dry cows, 2 1/2c to 3 1/4c do. Sheep and lambs are plentiful and rather lower in price, good lambs selling at \$3.25 to \$3.75 each, and common and inferior lambs at from \$1.75 to \$3.00 each. Fat hogs are in better demand and bring higher rates, or from 6 1/2c to 6 3/4c per lb. Milch cows are not in such brisk demand and prices are easier.

FARMERS' MARKET.

There has been an increased attendance of farmers at the market here of late and grain has been offered more freely than for several months past. Especially is this the case with beans and peas; the new crop of beans is especially fine, but owing to liberal supplies the prices are lower. Potatoes and nearly all other roots are abundant, with prices tending downward. Good butter and fresh laid eggs are advancing in price, but where the quality is rather suspicious prices are easier. Apples and pears are very plentiful and cheap. There is a more liberal supply of hay offered, but a large proportion has been more or less damaged by wet when being secured. Oats are 85c to 95c per bag; peas, 90c to \$1.00 per bushel; beans \$1.50 to \$1.80 do; potatoes 40c to 50c per bag; turnips, carrots, beets and onions 30c to 60c per bushel; cabbages 12c to 35c per dozen heads; butter 17c to 35c per lb.; eggs 17c to 30c per dozen; apples \$1.60 to \$3.00 per barrel; pears \$4.00 to \$8.00 do; tomatoes 20c to 30c per bushel; nutmeg melons \$2.00 to \$5.00 per dozen; hay \$6.00 to \$8.50 per 100 bundles.

IN THE CATHEDRAL AT NAPLES there is kept a little bottle full of some thick red stuff. This is supposed to be the blood of Saint Gennaro, and once a year it is said to become liquid. Ten thousand people assembled last Friday to "witness" this miracle,—or to look on and believe the miracle while the priest witnessed the bottle.

THOSE MEMBERS of the British Association for the Advancement of Science who went to Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains have returned to the East, and a number have already gone home. Several of them, however, have this week been visiting the Annapolis Valley and other parts of Nova Scotia.

OTTAWA HAS A SENSATION. A son of the Hon. John Carling, Post-master General of Canada, eloped with Eva Pattee, the daughter of a rich lumber-man, got married in Montreal, and went to Boston for the honeymoon. Young Carling was only 18, and the girl was not so old by several years.

A VETERAN GONE.—Mr. David Corning, who has just died at Beaver River, Nova Scotia, at the age of 81, was the last survivor of the eight men who founded a total abstinence society at that place on the 25th of April, 1828. That society is said to be the first of its kind in the British provinces of North America.

SEVERAL MEMBERS of the German Colonization Union have sailed for the East coast of Africa, instead of the West coast as at first intended. They will land at Zanzibar and seek land for the new German Colony.

THE POPE, it is believed, is going to issue a new manifesto against Liberalism, declaring that only the church of Rome can grant true liberty. The true liberty that the Church of Rome granted when she had the power was uncommonly like slavery.

IN TWELVE MONTHS, 152 deserted infants have been found in New York streets.

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