

# Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

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## The Temperance Worker

### PUBLISHERS' NOTES.

Will our readers who can do so unhesitatingly—and we hope most of them can—kindly talk this paper up among friends and acquaintances who have not had an opportunity of knowing its merits? No other newspaper containing such a variety of matter can be got for the price, and it keeps its readers posted upon the principal events of current history, from one end of the year to the other.

As an organ of temperance workers of all societies in Canada we hope the *Messenger and Worker* will before long be universally accepted and its utility acknowledged.

Price, fifty cents a year; ten copies, four dollars.

The editor would be glad to answer questions of general interest in the columns of this paper.

Address, JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Montreal, Canada.

### DOMINION ALLIANCE PICNIC.

To combine a day's enjoyment in the pure country air with a grand temperance rally was a good idea, as events have proved, and the example set by the Quebec Branch of the Dominion Alliance in this respect is worthy of being generally followed—not only by Provincial and county branches of the same organization, but by every temperance society. The third annual picnic of the Quebec Branch was held at Cowansville in the Eastern Townships on Friday of last week, and its most sanguine promoters could not have desired a more successful issue. Fuller's Grove, a beautiful maple wood about a mile from the village, was the spot selected for the occasion. There were present from two to four thousand people. Among the notable men who took part in the proceedings, besides members of the Alliance, were Sir A. T. Galt, late Canadian High Commissioner to England, Mr. John Dougall, of New York, who was a pioneer in the temperance movement in Montreal, the Hon. Mr. Lynch, Provincial Attorney General, Messrs. Fisher and Auger, members of the Dominion Parliament, and many clergymen.

Sir A. T. Galt was called to the chair, in assuming which he delivered an address that proved to be one of the most notable speeches of the day. After congratulating the assemblage upon the very favorable circumstances attending the gathering, he confessed to hesitancy in accepting the position because there were others whose services in the cause of temperance more entitled them to the distinction. He had, however, consented to take the offered honor with a view to identifying himself with a cause that already had his prayers for its success. Moreover, old recollections of the Eastern Townships had influenced him in desiring to be present and assist in the meeting. Having referred with approval to the recent Dominion liquor legislation and to the efforts for local option legislation being made in England, the distinguished gentleman referred to his presidency of a

meeting of the Alliance in Sherbrooke some years ago, saying he then felt some inconsistency in his position on account of not having identified himself with the cause. "But," he concluded, "I am not going to keep that inconsistent position, and from this time forward I hope to be able to abstain from the use of the hurtful beverages which it is the object of this Alliance of temperance societies to discourage and prohibit." This announcement was received, it is needless to remark, with enthusiastic expressions of gratification.

The Rev. Mr. Willett, of Cowansville, in an address of welcome on behalf of the local branch of the Alliance, spoke encouragingly of the prospects of having the counties of Missisquoi, Brome and Stanstead shortly placed under the operation of restrictive liquor laws. The Rev. Mr. Harris also gave the visitors a hearty welcome, and Mr. John Gough, after an appreciative reference to the presence of Sir A. T. Galt and the Hon. Mr. Lynch, read an address of welcome by the Missisquoi County Temperance Alliance.

Mr. J. Redpath Dougall, of Montreal, responded, in his remarks urging upon the young men the duty of enlisting in the service of the great reform, as the brunt of the battle seemed to be borne by men of an advanced age. He regretted the absence of the venerable President of the Provincial Branch, Mr. T. S. Brown; also of the Secretary, the Rev. Thomas Gales, who, having worn himself out in the work, was prevented by weak health from attending, and also the enforced absence of the veteran Colonel Dyde, that magnificent specimen of an abstinence at the age of ninety years. In discussing the aims of the Alliance, he reminded the audience that if they wanted prohibition it was requisite that they should show their sincerity by using the laws they already had got.

Recess for lunch, which was very happily spent, having passed, the chairman announced the inability of the Hon. Neal Dow, of Maine, to be present as expected, on account of being engaged in the temperance campaign in Ohio.

Mr. John Dougall, of New York, was then introduced as one than whom none had done more for the temperance cause in Canada. Mr. Dougall was enthusiastically received, and gave a succinct history of the temperance movement in Canada from the establishment of the first temperance society, fifty years ago, in the old St. Peter's Church, Montreal, by the Rev. Mr. Christmas. The change wrought from those days of stage coach travelling, when the coach stopped at every tavern for the passengers to drink and to treat the driver, was inconceivable. He urged upon the young men to espouse the cause for the sake of themselves and their fellow-beings. One of the most important facts in the history of the cause in Canada was that every meeting of the Montreal Temperance Society was opened and closed with prayer, and it had existed longer than any other society known to him.

The Rev. J. W. Manning, of Almonte, Ontario, followed with a very powerful and

racy speech, that recalled to some his vigorous eloquence when addressing them twenty years ago. Having been asked to speak of the temperance progress of twenty years, he essayed to put it in a nutshell by saying that when introduced by Mr. (now the Hon.) J. G. Robertson to the present chairman twenty years ago, Mr. Galt—not then Sir Alexander—gave him five dollars for the funds of the United Canadian Alliance, but to-day he had given himself to the temperance cause. Mr. Manning also related an anecdote of the late Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, to the effect that when a delegation, of which the speaker was one, had called upon him in Quebec, in behalf of the Dunkin Act, that distinguished gentleman said:—"Well, gentlemen, I am with you heart and soul, and my vote shall be given for such a law; for," here fixing his eyes earnestly upon the deputation, "God knows I want the temptation out of the way."

Mr. S. J. Fisher, M. P. for the county of Brome, spoke of that constituency as an old temperance one, that had for its representative the late Mr. Dunkin, whose name would long be honored in this country in connection with temperance legislation. He reminded his hearers that Parliament would not give temperance legislation in advance of the demand of the people. Electors had a right to complain of the failure to enact prohibitory laws only when representatives chosen under pledges to promote such legislation did not do so. By the temperance sentiment that he was agreeably surprised to find so strong in the last session of Parliament, he was encouraged to believe that we might look in the not distant future for an absolute prohibitory law. That could only come, however, after the people were educated up to the point of enforcing it, as the essential element of success in all temperance legislation was that the people should be in sympathy with it and lend their aid in its enforcement.

Mr. Michael Auger, M.P. for Stefford, while apologizing for lack of facility in speaking English, as a life-long temperance man was always willing to assist the cause. He spoke effectively of two of the worst enemies to temperance, namely, the moderate drinker and the temperance man who was afraid of hurting his business interests by opposing the traffic. Temperance people should take action like men against all breaches of the law by liquor sellers, and the speaker urged upon the Townships people to do their duty as citizens and lose no time in treading down the liquor traffic in the midst of them.

Mr. James Baylis, of Montreal, representing the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, spoke of the progress that society had made and was striving after, and of the good work its members in Montreal, including Lady Galt, were accomplishing.

Mr. Gough, Chairman of the Missisquoi Alliance, urged the electors to choose for legislative and municipal representatives men who identified themselves with the Alliance, and said he would be satisfied with nothing short of national prohibition, as nothing else would meet the evil. He

moved that the Rev. Mr. McCaul take the chair, and that the thanks of the meeting be presented to Sir Alexander T. Galt for honoring it by his presence and so ably presiding over its proceedings.

The Hon. Mr. Lynch, in seconding the motion, said he came as a public man to ascertain what progress the temperance movement was making. He trusted that at the next similar gathering of the Alliance he might be able to make an announcement such as their distinguished chairman had made that day. His scorn for insincere professions prevented him from hastily taking such a stand. Speaking of the high estimation in which Sir A. T. Galt was deservedly held by the people of the Eastern Townships, he said that gentleman's avowal of entire adhesion to the temperance cause would do more for that cause than hundreds of discourses, and if they were proud of him before they were doubly so now.

The vote of thanks having been passed by three rousing cheers, after eloquent support by Mr. McCaul, Sir Alexander responded in felicitous terms, concluding by reminding the people that they must show themselves worthy of improved laws by making good use of the ones they had.

The Rev. Mr. McCaul, having learned from Mr. Gales by letter that his health was most precarious, invoked the prayers of Christian temperance men that his health might be restored, and, afterward, a resolution of sympathy with the faithful Secretary of the Quebec Branch, moved by Mr. Manning, and seconded by Mr. W. H. Lynch, was passed. Votes of thanks to the local committee and the ladies were also passed, and the day's proceedings were closed by singing the Doxology.

IT IS GRATIFYING to observe the French press of the Province of Quebec arousing to the awful havoc intemperance is making within its view. Lately *L'Evenement*, of Quebec city, contained remarks to the following effect, which apply only too accurately to the whole Dominion.—"The number of accidental deaths in Quebec within the past six months has been fearful. Drunkenness has played a large part in this sad harvest. We are really afraid to maintain a guilty silence in not stigmatizing in a striking manner each death caused by drink. Family chagrins and the grief of friends arrest our pen. We are wrong perhaps to have so often called to these considerations, for the scourge of intemperance augments in alarming proportions. There must certainly be a remedy to the evil. Christian preaching evidently no longer suffices and the secular arm must be placed at the service of religion and of morality. It cannot be denied that our country is overrun by drunkenness."

SOPHIA HOLZEL'S BODY was found partially devoured by rats in a hovel in Milwaukee. Her husband was sleeping the swinish sleep of the drunken, and two starving children were also in the apartment. It is supposed the woman died of starvation.

HOW IT ALL CAME ROUND.

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

CHAPTER XX.—TWO CHARLOTTE'S.

It was a week after the very day, in fact on which Hinton was to give up his present most comfortable quarters for the chances and changes of Mrs. Home's poor little dwelling. That anxious young wife and mother, having completed her usual morning duties, set off to Regent's Park to meet Miss Harman. It was nearly March now, and the days, even in the afternoon, were stretching, and though it was turning cold the feeling of coming spring was more decidedly getting into the air.

Mrs. Home had told her children that she was going to meet their pretty lady, and Harold had begged hard to come too. His mother would have taken him, but he had a cold, and looked heavy, so she started off for her long walk alone. Won by her husband's gentler and more Christ-like spirit, Mrs. Home had written to Miss Harman to propose this meeting; and in agreeing to an interview with her kinswoman she had effected a compromise with her own feelings. She would neither go to her nor ask her to come to the little house in Kentish Town. The fact was she wanted to meet this young woman on some neutral ground. There were certain unwritten, but still most stringent, laws of courtesy which each must observe in her own home to the other. Charlotte Home intended, as she went to meet Miss Harman on this day of early spring, that very plain words indeed should pass between them.

By this it will be seen that she was still very far behind her husband, and that much of a sore and angry sensation still lingered in her heart.

"Miss Harman will, of course, keep me waiting," she said to herself, as she entered the park, and walked quickly towards the certain part where they had agreed to meet. She gave a slight start, therefore, when she saw that young woman slowly pacing up and down, with the very quiet and meditative air of one who had been doing so for some little time. Miss Harman was dressed with almost studied plainness and simplicity. All the rich furs which the children had admired were put away. When she saw Mrs. Home she quickened her slow steps into almost a run of welcome and clasped her toil-worn and badly gloved hands in both her own.

"How glad I am to see you! You did not hurry, I hope. You are quite out of breath. Why did you walk so fast?"

"I did not walk fast until I saw you under the trees, Miss Harman. I thought I should have time enough, for I imagined I should have to wait for you."

"What an unreasonable thing to suppose of me! I am the idle one, you the busy. No: I respect wives and mothers too much to treat them in that fashion." Miss Harman smiled as she spoke.

Mrs. Home did not outwardly respond to the smile, though the gracious bearing, the loving, sweet face were beginning very slowly to effect a thaw, for some hard little ice lumps in her heart were melting. The immediate effect of this was, however, so strong a desire to cry, that, to steel herself against these untimely tears, she became in a manner harder than ever.

"And now what shall we do?" said Charlotte Harman. "The carriage is waiting for us at the next gate; shall we go for a drive, or shall we walk about here?"

"I would rather walk here," said Mrs. Home.

"Very well. Charlotte, I am glad to see you. And how are your children?"

"Harold has a cold. The other two are very well."

"I never saw sweeter children in my life. And do you know I met your husband? He and your children both spoke to me in the park. It was the day before I came to your house. Mr. Home gave me a very short sermon to think over. I shall never forget it."

"He saw you and liked you," answered Mrs. Home. "He told me of that meeting."

"And I want another meeting. Such a man as that has never come into my life before. I want to see more of him. Charlotte, why did you propose that we should meet here? Why not in my house, or in yours? I wanted to come to you again. I was much disappointed when I got your note."

"I am sorry to have disappointed you; but I thought it best that we should meet here."

"But why? I don't understand."

"They say rich people are obtuse. I did not want to see your riches, nor for you to behold the poverty of my land."

"Charlotte!"

"Please don't think me very hard, but I would rather you did not say Charlotte!"

"You would rather I did not say Charlotte?"

"Two large tears of surprise and pain filled Miss Harman's gray eyes. But such a great flood of weeping was so near the surface with the other woman that she dared not look at her."

"I would rather you did not say Charlotte," she repeated, "for we call those whom we love and are friendly with by their Christian names."

"I thought you loved me. You said so. You can't take back your own words."

"I don't want to. I do love you in my heart. I feel I could love you devotedly, but for all that we can never be friends."

Miss Harman was silent for a moment or two, then she said slowly, but with growing passion in her voice, "Ah! you are thinking of that wretched money. I thought love ranked higher than gold in the world over."

"So it does, or appears to do, for those who all their lives have had plenty; but it is just possible, just possible, I say, that those who are poor, poor enough to know what hunger and cold mean, and have seen their dearest wanting the comforts that money can buy, it is possible that such people may prefer their money rights to the profession of empty love."

"Empty love!" repeated Miss Harman. The words stung her. She was growing angry, and the anger became this stately creature well. With cheeks and eyes both glowing she turned to her companion. "If you and I are not to part at once, and never meet again, there must be very plain words between us. Shall I speak those words?" she asked.

"I came here that our words might be very plain," answered Mrs. Home.

"They shall be," said Charlotte Harman.

They were in a very quiet part of the park. Even the nurses and children were out of sight. Now they ceased walking, and turned and faced each other.

They were both tall, and both the poor and the rich young women had considerable dignity of bearing; but Charlotte Home was now the composed one. Charlotte Harman felt herself quivering with suppressed anger. Injustice was being dealt out to her, and injustice to the child of affluence and luxury was a new sensation.

"You came to me the other day," she began, "I had never seen you before, never before in all my life even heard your name. You, however, knew me, and you told me a story. It was a painful and very strange story. It made you not only my very nearest of kin, but also made you a victim of a great wrong. The wrong was a large one, and the victim was to be pitied; but the sting of it all lay, to me, not in either of these facts, but in this, that you gave me to understand that he who had dealt you such a blow was—my father. My father, one of the most noble, upright, and righteous of men, you made out to me, to me, his only child, to be no better than a common thief. I did not turn you from my doors for your base words. I pitied you. In spite of myself I liked you; in spite of myself I believed you. You went away, and in the agony of mind which followed during the next few hours I could have gladly died for ever from the sight of all the wide world. I had been the very happiest of women. You came. You went. I was one of the most miserable. I am engaged to be married, and the man I am engaged to came into the room. I felt guilty before him. I could not raise my eyes to his, for again I tell you, I believed your tale, and my father's bitter shame was mine. I could not rest. Happen what would I must learn the truth at once. I have an uncle, my father's brother; he must know all. I sent my lover away and went to this uncle. I asked to have an interview with him, and in that interview I told him all you had told to me. He was not surprised. He acknowledged at once the true and real relationship between us; but he also explained away the base doubts you had put into my head. My father, my own beloved father, is

all, and more than all, I have ever thought him. He would seem to be unjust, to rob any one. You have been unfortunate; you have been treated cruelly; but the injustice, the cruelty have been perpetrated by one long years now in his grave. In short, your father has been the wicked man, not mine."

Here Mrs. Home tried to speak, but Miss Harman held up her hand.

"You must hear me out," she said. "I am convinced, but I do not expect you to be. After my uncle had done speaking, and I had time to realize all the relief those words of his had given me, I said, still an injustice has been done. We have no right to our wealth while she suffers from such poverty. Be my grandfather's will what it may, we must alter it. We must so act as if he had left money to his youngest child. My uncle agreed with me; perhaps not so fully as I could wish, still he did agree; but he made one proviso. My father is ill, I fear. I fear he is very ill. The one dark cloud hanging over his whole life lay in those years when he was estranged from his own father. To speak of you I must bring back those years to his memory. Any excitement is bad for him now. My uncle said, 'Wait until your father is better, then we will do something for Mrs. Home.' To this I agreed. Was I very unreasonable to agree to this delay for my father's sake?"

Here Charlotte Harman paused and looked straight at her companion. Mrs. Home's full gaze met hers. Again, the innocent candor of the one pair of eyes appealed straight to the heart lying beneath the other. Unconvinced she was still. Still to her, her own story held good; but she was softened, and she held out her hand.

"There is no unreasonableness in you, Charlotte," she said.

"Ah! then you will call me Charlotte?" said the other, her face glowing with delight.

"I call you so now. I won't answer for the future."

"We will accept the pleasant present. I don't fear the future. I shall win your whole heart yet. Now let us drop all disagreeables and talk about those we both love. Charlotte, what a baby you have got! Your baby must be as an angel to you."

"All my children are as that to me. When I look at them I think God has sent me three angels to dwell with me."

"Ah! what a happy thought, and what a happy woman. Then your husband, he must be like the archangel Gabriel, so just, so righteous, so noble. I love him already; but I think I should be a little afraid of him. He is so—so very unearthly. Now you, Mrs. Home, let me tell you, are very earthly, very human indeed."

Mrs. Home smiled, for this praise of her best beloved could not be but pleasant to her. She told Miss Harman a little more about her husband and the children, and Miss Harman listened with that appreciation which is the sweetest flattery in the world. After a time she said—

"I am not going to marry any one the least bit unethically; but I see you are a model wife, and I want to be one likewise. For—did I not tell you—I am to be married in exactly two months from now."

"Are you really? Are you indeed?"

Was it possible after this piece of confidence for these two young women not to be friends?

Charlotte Home, though so poor, felt suddenly, in experience, in all true womanly knowledge, rich beside her companion. Charlotte Harman, for all her five-and-twenty years, was but a child beside this earnest wife and mother.

They talked; and the one relating her very brightest experiences, the other listening, as though on her wedding-day she was certainly to step into the land of Beulah. It was the old, old story repeated again, as those two paced up and down in the gray March afternoon. When at last they parted there was no need to say that they were friends.

And yet as she hurried home the poor Charlotte could not help reflecting that whatever her cause she had done nothing for it. Charlotte Harman might be very sweet. It might be impossible not to admire her, to love her, to take her to her heart of hearts. But would that love bring back her just rights? would that help her children by-

and by? She reached her hall-door to find her husband standing there.

"Lottie, where have you been? I waited for you, for I did not like to go out and leave him. Harold is ill, and the doctor has just left."

CHAPTER XXI.—A FRIEND IN NEED.

For many days after that interview in Regent's Park, it seemed that one of the three, who made the little house in Kentish Town so tri-ly like heaven, was to be an angel indeed. Harold's supposed cold had turned to scarlet fever, and the doctor feared that Harold would die.

Immediately after her interview with Charlotte Harman, Mrs. Home went upstairs to learn from the grave lips of a medical man what ailed her boy, and what a hard fight for life or death he had before him. She was a brave woman, and whatever anguish might lie underneath, no tears filled her eyes as she looked at his flushed face. When the doctor had gone, she stole softly from the sick-room, and going to the drawing-room where Hinton was already in possession, she tapped at the door.

"To his 'Come in,'" she entered at once, and said abruptly without preface—

"I hope you have unpacked nothing. I must ask you to go away at once."

She had her bonnet still on, and, but for the pallor of her face, she looked cold, even unmoved.

"I have everything unpacked, and I don't want to go. Why should I?" demanded Hinton in some surprise.

"My eldest boy has scarlet fever. The other two will probably take it. You must on no account stay here; you must leave to-night if you wish to escape infection."

In an instant Hinton was by her side.

"Your boy has scarlet fever?" he repeated. "I know something of scarlet fever. He must instantly be moved to an airy bedroom. The best bedroom in the house is mine. Your boy must sleep in my bedroom to-night."

"It is a good thought," said Mrs. Home. "Thank you for suggesting it—I will move him down at once; the bed is well aired, and the sheets are fresh and clean. I will have him moved wherever you can go."

She was leaving the room when Hinton followed her.

"I said nothing about going; I don't mean to. I can have a blanket and sleep on the sofa. I am not going away, Mrs. Home."

"Mrs. Hinton, have you no one you care for? Why do you run this risk?"

"I have some one I care for very much indeed; but I run no risk. I had scarlet fever long ago. In any case I have no fear of infection. Now I know your husband is out; let me go upstairs and help you to bring down the little fellow."

"God bless you," said the wife and mother. Her eyes were beautiful as she raised them to the face of this good Samaritan.

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The little patient was moved to the large and comfortable room, and Hinton found himself in the position of good angel to this poor family. He had never supposed himself capable of taking such a post with regard to any one; but the thing seemed thrust upon him. An obvious duty had come into his life, and he never even for the briefest instant dreamed of shirking it. He was a man without physical fear. The hardships of life, the roughing of poverty were not worth a passing thought of annoyance; but there was one little act of self-denial which he must now exercise; and it is to be owned that he felt it with a heart-pang. He had never told Charlotte that he was going to live in the house with Mrs. Home. He had not meant to keep this fact a secret from her, but there was still a soreness over him when he thought of this young woman which prevented her name coming readily to his lips. On this first night in his new abode he sat down to write to his promised wife; but neither now did he give his address, nor tell his landlady's name. He had an obvious reason, however, now for his conduct.

This was what Charlotte received from her lover on the following morning—

"MY DARLING,—Such a strange thing has happened; but one which, thank God, as far as I am concerned, need not cause you the least alarm. I moved from my old lodgings to-day and went a little more into the country. I had just unpacked my belongings and was expecting some tea, for I

was hot and came in and taken very other children spread. She one of those not you, Charlotte, and your father I will write a paper; but present. "Ever This letter Hinton did meant C sons to write to his anxious night with Mr. absolutely to his office not think of a good nurse brave men child liked his presence else soothed on hold his One evening eyes, he fix and said slow "I did ki "He me Park; a M and brought Home. "Yes, is little Harold "Very p ing low ove The child them. I fix that of the on and the in that sm From being probable, t had must d seemed all Hinton, k blinded. I he knew s doubted th pursued he doctor fro "The ch cal man, a very little "Good s at his fea gauge. "I lives are b know nott nothing I lin better sequen date not d then. He would enough for over." "I call t other advi "My de Think of u use—n "Leave chance of never hav little lad d power. T Do you o "By no noted aut "Then doctor, an Away th fid time was standi Hinton watch bet the little l



was hot and thirsty, when my landlady came in and told me that her eldest child taken very ill with scarlet fever. She has other children, and fears the infection will spread. She is a very poor woman, but is one of those who in their bearing and manner, you, Charlotte, would call noble. She wanted me to leave at once, but this, Charlotte, I could not do. I am staying here, and will give her what little help lies in my power. You know there is no fear for me, for I had the complaint long ago. But, dearest, there is just one thing that is hard. Until this little child is better, I must not see you. You have not had this fever, Charlotte, and for you, for my own sake, and your father's sake, I must run no risk. I will write to you every day, or as much often as you wish, for I can disinfect my paper; but I will not go to Prince's Gate at present.

"Ever, my own true love,  
Yours most faithfully,  
JOHN HINTON."

This letter was posted that very night, but Hinton did not put his new address on it; he meant Charlotte now for prudential reasons to write to his chambers. He returned to his lodgings, and for many weary and anxious nights to come shared their watch with Mr. and Mrs. Home. So quietly, so absolutely had this young man stepped in to his office, that the father and mother did not think of refusing his services. He was a good nurse, as truly tender-hearted and brave men almost always are. The sick child liked his touch. The knowledge of his presence was pleasant. When nothing else soothed him, he would lie quiet if Hinton held his little hot hand in his.

One evening, opening his bright feverish eyes, he fixed them full on Hinton's face and said slowly and earnestly—  
"I did kiss that pretty lady."  
"He means a lady whom he met in the Park; a Miss Harman, who came here and brought him toys," explained Mrs. Home.  
"Yes, isn't she a pretty lady?" repeated little Harold.  
"Very pretty," answered Hinton, bending low over him.

The child smiled. It was a link between them. He again stole his little hand into that of the young man. But as days wore on and the fever did not abate, the little life in that small frame began to grow feeble. From being an impossibility, it grew to be probable, then almost certain, that the little lad must die. Neither father nor mother seemed alive to the coming danger; but Hinton, loving less than they did, was not blinded. He had seen scarlet fever before, he knew something of its treatment; he doubted the proper course having ever been pursued here. One evening he followed the doctor from the sick-room.

"The child is very ill," he said.  
"The child is so," answered the medical man, "that, humanly speaking, there is very little hope of his life."  
"Good sir!" exclaimed Hinton, shocked at his fears being put into such plain language. "Don't you see that those parents' lives are bound up in the child's, and they know nothing? Why have you told them nothing? Only to-night his mother thought him better."  
"The fever is nearly over, and in consequence the real danger beginning; but I dare not tell the mother, she would break down. The father is of different stuff, he would bear it. But there is time enough for the mother to know when all is over."  
"I call that cruel. Why don't you get in other advice?"  
"My dear sir, they are very poor people. Think of the expense, and it would be of no use—no use whatever."  
"Leave the expense to me, and also the chance of its doing any good. I should never have an easy moment if I let that little lad die without having done all in my power. Two heads are better than one. Do you object to consulting with Dr. H—?"

"By no means, Mr. Hinton. He is a noted authority on such cases."  
"Then be here in half an hour from now, doctor, and you shall meet him."  
Away flew Hinton, and within the specified time the great authority on such cases was standing by little Harold's bedside.

Hinton and Dr. H— shared that night's watch between them, and in the morning the little life was pronounced safe.

(To be continued.)

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes)

September 16.—1. Samuel I : 21-28.

1. "Early consecration." The power of devoting our children in their earliest years to the service of God is well illustrated by the story told by Merivale, in his History of Rome, of the famous Carthaginian general, Hannibal. When he was nine years of age his father Hamilcar proposed to take him on one of his military expeditions, which the young Hannibal eagerly accepted. His father then bade him to devote himself once for all to the service of his country,—Carthage,—and with his hand upon the altar to swear eternal enmity to Rome. This dedication in youth determined the course of his whole life.

2. "The forming age." Lord Shaftesbury lately stated in a public meeting in London, that, from personal observation, he had ascertained that of adult male criminals of that city, nearly all had fallen into a course of crime between the ages of eight and sixteen years; and that if a young man lived an honest life up to 20 years of age, there were 49 chances in favor and only one against him as to an honorable life thereafter. From eight to sixteen—in these few years—are the destinies of children fixed in 49 cases out of 50,—fixed by the parents! I heard the governor of Massachusetts say not long ago, that of the 700 inmates of the State prison, the average age of 600 was less than 21 years. "These are not good men fallen after high training, but mostly young men who never were trained."

3. Children are among the very best gifts of God. Older people need the children almost as much as children need the older people. A large part of our best training comes from our love and care for children.

4. The future welfare of children is largely in the hands of parents.

5. Children can in very early years become true Christians.

6. The parent who does not daily dedicate his children to God, and pray for their salvation, is neglecting a most solemn duty, and trifling with immortal souls committed to his charge (ver 28.)—Johnson.

7. Parents should fully surrender their children to God, and be willing for him to use them in his service, even if they are taken from home to other scenes and other lands. Many parents pray for God to save their children, and instruct the young souls in religious truth, but in their hearts forbid God to make them ministers or missionaries.—Johnson.

8. Children should be taken to the house of God, and trained in God's worship. They should be taken both to the preaching service of the Sunday school.

9. The earlier a child is trained for the Lord, the more likely he is to become a useful Christian.

10. Ver. 21. Be careful to attend the great gatherings of Christian disciples.

11. Let the whole household go to them together.

12. Our sorrows and our griefs should be brought to God in prayer.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

We have in this lesson a most precious example of the early consecration of children to God. (1) Teach the main facts of Samuel's life as a foundation. (2) The early influences under which Samuel was brought up (vers. 21-23) His religious and generous father, and his praying mother. (3) Consecrated to God in childhood (vers. 24-28). Impress (a) the duty of training up children from the first to God's service; (b) the possibility of early conversion; (c) the duty of bringing children early to the house of God.

A SEEMING TRIFLE.

Said young Wheeler to a fellow-clerk, "Why is it that you are such a steady-going fellow, and manage to keep clear of all kinds of scrapes, and never seem to get into trouble of any sort? You like fun as well as the rest of us, enjoy a good joke, and can crack one, too, sometimes, when you're in the mood."  
Henry Stoddard paused a moment before making a reply.

"If I understand your meaning aright, Wheeler, you wonder why I do not indulge in a carouse once in a while, as I am a merry-minded fellow and enjoy a good, hearty laugh quite as much as any one."

"Well, yes, I suppose that's the plain English of it."

"Wheeler, when I came to this great city two years ago, a cousin of mine, some ten years my senior, came to see me in my lonely, dreary boarding-house, where I was trying to pass away the first long evenings. He greeted me heartily, telling me that he always sympathized with a young man who, like myself, was alone for the first time in this great wilderness of a city, because he had passed through the same ordeal himself and knew by experience how forlorn such a one must feel. This cousin invited me to his home, where I was welcomed cordially by his young wife and two little children. They are poor in this world's goods, but rich in every Christian virtue. Never are they too much absorbed with the contemplation of their own trials to give a helping word to me in mine. Never are they too busy to attend to anything about which I may need advice. I feel as if entering the gates of Paradise, almost, when I leave this Babel of noise behind me, and ride out to their little house in the suburbs, to spend an evening in the society of these good friends, talking with the father and mother, or romping with the dear little children. And now I have reached the kernel of my discourse. Wheeler, nothing in the power of this world's goods to grant would tempt me to do anything which would render me unfit to enjoy the society of these cousins of mine. Nothing that old Satan could offer would tempt me to make mouth or lips so vile with whiskey, tobacco, or any other abominable stuff, that those innocent children could not kiss me. No, nothing shall God helping me, ever render me unfit to visit that pure-minded Christian wife and mother and her noble husband, to whom I esteem it an honor to be related. Now, you know it all."

"I see, Stoddard, I see; I wish there were more people ready to lend a helping hand to a fellow."

"By the way, Cousin Will asked me the other night if there were not some friend I would like to bring out with me next time I came, and if you would like, you shall be the first choice."

Of course Wheeler did like, and so another soul was snatched from Satan's grasp.

Young husband, young wife, is there not one to whom you can hold out a helping hand? It may seem but a trifle; but, ah! how great the reward!—*Advocate and Guardian.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

A Sunday-school scholar was recently heard to make this confession. She had attended Sunday-school for six-years, and in all that time no personal appeal of any kind had been addressed to her by her teacher to become a Christian. Finally one summer her teacher was away, and for six weeks another teacher occupied the teacher's chair. This teacher's method was as different as it well could be; there was a practical application of the lesson, followed by what some would call "leading questions." But the result was that before the old teacher had returned two scholars had determined to confess their Saviour, which they did, and shortly afterwards united with the church. This incident fairly illustrates the worthlessness of much of the Sunday-school instruction of the day, which consists wholly in teaching the naked facts of the lesson, utterly ignoring the practical bearing upon the child's life. Now it goes without saying that Sunday-school teaching of this kind is not worth all the trouble it costs. The paraphernalia and appointments of the Sunday school, the responsive readings and waltzing tunes, the blackboard and the mottoes, picture cards, papers and books, plus the services of the teachers—all these and more, instituted that the scholar may receive a half hour's instruction once a week on the bare facts of the lesson—well, positively it does not pay. The Sunday-school is called the nursery of the church; there is sarcasm in the phrase, for it is feared that many Sunday-school chapels are little else than religious play-rooms for the children. A teacher who teaches the

Sunday-school lesson, and yet who fails to say one word to the scholar as to the duty of right living, and the solemn obligation of discharging his duty to God—utterly fails in his first and most imperative duty. You might as well expect to make flesh for your children by feeding them with naked bone, as to build up the spiritual nature or bring a boy or girl to a better living by drawing a picture of the fortress of Macharus or speculating as to whether the soul of Lazarus was in the same place during his first funeral as at his second.—*Christian at Work.*

TEMPERANCE IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Do you in your Sunday-school point out the evils of drunkenness? That is not enough. You must go farther, and point out the danger of beginning to drink, and urge the children neither to touch nor taste the unclean thing. You may keep your mouth shut on this subject, but depend upon it that the drink-shops will open theirs and swallow up some of your fairest treasures. If a lake existed in your neighborhood in which thousands went to bathe, and in which hundreds perished every week, you would need no prompting to warn the children in your classes of the danger, and to urge them to keep away from the place. And here, and all around us, laying our very doorsteps and smothering away the richest treasure of our homes, is the great ocean of drunkenness. And what shall we do? Shall we be content to point out the perils of this ocean and tell how many have sunk beneath its waves, and then leave our young people to take their chance; or shall we go a step further and cry, "Boys and girls, keep away from the shore; pledge yourselves, in the strength of God, never to taste the drink, and you will never know the drunkard's sorrow, and never be branded with the drunkard's shame?"—*Rev. Chas. Garrett.*

Question Corner.—No. 17.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1. Where do we find the expression, "a mother in Israel?"
- 2. Whose spear was equal in weight to three hundred shekels of brass?
- 3. Who slew eighty-five priests at the command of Saul?
- 4. Who smote the Philistines until his hand was weary.
- 5. Who slew a lion in a pit in time of snow, and killed an Egyptian with his own spear?
- 6. When was David permitted to choose one of three kinds of punishment?

BIBLE STUDIES.

One of the most highly esteemed and celebrated trees among the ancients. It has spreading, crooked branches, bright green leaves, white flowers with four petals, and a small egg-shaped berry containing a smooth nut. It is said by a Jewish historian that a famous queen introduced it into a certain locality near the junction of the River Jordan and the Dead Sea. A Scottish traveller and writer thinks that it was introduced a thousand years earlier. The products of the tree are small and valuable. A certain conqueror of the country where it grows ordered a tribute of three pounds' weight to be sent annually to his capital. A prophet of the Old Testament speaks of this substance.

- What is the tree?
- Who was the Jewish historian?
- What queen and what place do I allude to?
- Who was the Scottish writer?
- What valuable commodity does the tree produce?
- To what conqueror do I refer?
- To what capital?
- To what prophet?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 15.

DOUBT SCRIPTURE APOSTRICH.—1. Job, 2. Abner, 3. Chuzai, 4. Huz, 5. Ignorance, 6. Nathan, 7. Asp, 8. Nabhi, 9. Daniel, 10. Baruch, 11. Omega, 12. Abiathar, 13. Zacheus, 14. Primas, 15. Jacin and Boaz. Finals, Brazen pillars.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from—Lillian A. Greene, A. Coburn, Clara E. Folsom, and Eleanor McFadden.

## The Weekly Messenger.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8.

## AN APPALLING CALAMITY.

The earthquake and volcanic eruptions in the Island of Java and adjacent islands of the Indian Archipelago, briefly noticed in this paper last week, constituted one of the most appalling calamities that ever befell the human race. Java belongs to the kingdom of the Netherlands, being her most important colonial possession. It was, previous to this disaster, the most fertile and prosperous tropical island in the world. Borneo, Sumatra and Celebes are larger, making Java the fourth in size of the archipelago. The island is one of the most densely populated in the world, having had over seventeen million of a population in 1872, which was three hundred and thirty-seven to the square mile. Of volcanic structure, Java has no less than thirty-eight volcanoes in its principal range of mountains, which extends through the centre of the island, and some of these volcanoes are in constant activity. One of them has the largest crater, or mouth, of any volcano on the globe, excepting perhaps that of Kilauea in the Hawaiian Islands. It is in parts respectively three and a half and four and a half miles wide, and it forms an immense gulf with a level bottom covered with sand, which the Javanese call by a name meaning "the sandy sea." The recent visitation is not the first great casualty of the kind which has befallen the country. In 1772, the volcano of Papandayang, situated in a range of mountains south of the central one, threw out in a single night material spreading over an area of seven miles' radius a layer fifty feet thick, destroying forty native villages and three thousand people. On the second of July, 1822, the volcano Galunggung, situated a few miles northeast of the above, by two eruptions within five days destroyed all life in a radius of twenty miles, including twenty thousand human beings. Even this dreadful loss of life has, by all accounts, been exceeded in the calamity now happened, some estimates placing the number of human lives lost as high as seventy-five thousand. The eruptions began on Saturday night the twenty-fifth of August in the Island of Krakatoa in the Strait of Sunda, one hundred miles from the coast of Java. On Sunday the disturbances had extended under the waters of the Strait, causing great waves and an increase in the temperature of the water. By noon Mahameru, the largest volcano in Java, was in violent eruption, and later twelve to fifteen of the other volcanoes were in commotion. By dusk showers of white, arid, sulphurous mud mingled with explosive cinders and stones were scattering death about the fertile and teeming vales. This page could be easily filled with the telegraphed accounts of the work of wreck and ruin caused not only by the eruption, but by fearful earthquakes. Whole towns went out of sight; others were covered with water, drowning the inhabitants, and some were partially swallowed up from beneath or destroyed by the fiery showers from above. The Chinese quarter of Batavia, the chief city, was destroyed with about twenty thousand of that race, and in that city nearly a thousand Europeans perished. Lava dammed up the River Jacatra, upon which Batavia is situated, changing

its course. Even more prodigious changes in the face of nature occurred, the entire Kandang range of mountains, extending sixty-five miles, going out of sight and fourteen new volcanic mountains rising suddenly in the Strait of Sunda. Tidal waves produced by the disturbances joined in the awful destruction of life and property. An idea of the sublime terribleness of the unparalleled scenes can be gathered from the following extracts from different accounts of the disaster:—"On Sunday noon the disturbances were supposed to be at their height, but later in the day the violence increased, threatening the destruction of the whole island. At midnight suddenly an enormous luminous cloud formed over the Kandang Mountains, striking the south-east coast, gradually spreading until it formed a lurid red canopy. Meanwhile the eruption increased, streams of lava poured down into the valleys sweeping all before them. In the midst of the molten sea of lava was a bed of solid ice, emitted from one of the craters, which was carried along and landed at the north-east corner of the island surrounded by a thick envelope of sand and scoria which are non-conductors of heat. It is supposed the ice formed the crust of some subterranean lake. At two o'clock on Monday morning the great cloud suddenly broke and vanished. At the same time frightful rumblings were heard, the columns of fire and smoke over the south-east corner of the island ceased to ascend, while the craters in the other parts seemed to open their fiery throats still wider. The hissing of the sea became deafening, the waves rushed up to an unprecedented height, and when daylight came an enormous tract of land, fifty miles square, had disappeared. On this were the villages of Negery and Negery Bahawang. None of the natives scattered sparsely through the forests and on the plains escaped death." Another:—"After the sudden subsidence of the volcanic disturbances in the Kingdom of Bantam on Monday a feeling of relief was experienced, but at ten o'clock at night the craters became active again. The Papandayang shot out three distinct columns of flames and its face was covered with fiery lava. A whirlwind accompanied the eruption, carrying off houses, trees, men and animals. A shower of ashes covered the roofs of the houses at Denamo. Off Point Coay floating pumice formed a layer two feet thick through which vessels forced their way with great difficulty. The rise of vapor produced the appearance of columns several thousand feet high, based on the edge of the crater. Suddenly the mountain split into seven peaks, and in the seams thus opened could be seen great balls of molten matter. From the fissures poured clouds of steam and lava. The exhalations of carbonic acid gas killed birds and animals in large numbers and a few human beings. The great fissures opened seemed to act as safety valves through which the lava gently coursed into the valleys."

## THE BENEFITS OF PROHIBITION.

Commenting upon Governor Robie's inaugural address to the Maine Legislature, the New York *Herald* reproduces statistics showing the great advancement being made in that pioneer prohibition State in wealth and the elements of civilization. The valuation of real and personal property in the year 1820, when Maine became an independent State, was nearly twenty-one millions; in 1870 it was not far short of two hundred and twenty-four millions, and in 1880 it had increased to two hundred and thirty-six millions. Railway mileage in the State had increased from seven hundred

and eighty-seven miles in 1870 to one thousand and thirteen miles in 1880. Manufactories are constantly increasing and every branch of mechanical industry is making satisfactory progress. Cotton manufacturing takes the lead, and there are only three States in the Union which use more bales of cotton, and but four employ more persons in the cotton mills. The number of looms have increased from nearly ten thousand in 1870 to about sixteen thousand in 1880; the number of spindles from four hundred and fifty-nine thousand and odd to nearly seven hundred thousand, and the number of employees from nine thousand and odd to about twelve thousand. In 1870 the value of Maine's fisheries was less than one million, in 1880 little less than four millions. The *Herald* concludes forcibly as follows:—

Prohibition has worked immense advantages for the State of Maine. The vast sum of money which formerly went into the till of the saloon-keeper is now spent for improving farms, households, and a thousand other ways which benefit society, and the entire State feels the beneficial effects, till both political parties and the great majority of the people look upon the prohibition of the liquor traffic as the salvation and safety of the State. The above figures give the lie to the infamous statement which the liquor-interest persistently sends forth that prohibition is a failure. It has made liquor selling a failure, excepting when they defy both God and man, and are willing to sell their souls to the devil for the price of a glass of rum.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE PICNIC.—It is not as a local matter that we give up a good deal of space to a condensed report of the Alliance Picnic at Cowansville, but because the ideas expressed by the different speakers, and the striking incident of Sir A. T. Galt's unreservedly identifying himself with the cause of total abstinence and prohibition, make the event one of interest to temperance people throughout Canada and even beyond its bounds.

IN CLOSING ROOMS for selling pools on races, the Mayor of Philadelphia has done something toward suppressing one of the worst kinds of gambling. Betting upon competitors in sports and games has become one of the worst vices of the times. Besides the diversion of money from its proper objects which it involves, causing inconvenience and even distress to innocent persons, it promotes dishonesty and idleness among those who become subject to it.

THE COFFEE HOUSE BUSINESS.—At a meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Montreal, held the other day, the coffee house question was considered. It was recognized that there was a pressing want in the city of a coffee house of a higher standard, to meet a particular class of young men, than the three coffee houses now being successfully conducted—the original one in the business centre, the one on the wharf, and the one at the Canadian Pacific Railway workshops.

TEMPERANCE IN THE SCHOOLS.—A deputation from the various Divisions of Sons of Temperance in the city of Halifax recently sent a circular to the teachers in the public schools there, suggesting the introduction of temperance teaching. The Provincial Council of Public Instruction some time ago prescribed Richardson's "Temperance Lesson Book" as a text book, and recommended trustees and teachers to introduce it. Acting on these recommendations,

the Board of School Commissioners for the city have asked the teachers under them to give the desired instructions.

THAT IS A FALSE MAXIM so often urged against restrictive legislation against the liquor traffic, that men cannot be made moral by act of parliament. Lately two notorious bullies, Mitchell and Slade, were prevented under existing laws from training for a prize fight in Kansas. Had there been no such laws the brutal business would have been carried on without check, and thousands of people injured in morals in consequence. The demoralizing show has found admission to the town of El Paso, Texas, and, bad as the state of society in parts of that State is, it is capable of being made worse—at all events the badness will be extended—through the influence of the exhibition in question. Then, what an amount of vile reading of the disgusting details, in the newspapers that publish such things, would the public be saved from if no State allowed the fight to take place within its borders! In Kansas it is practically an accepted principle that public morals should be preserved if not improved by law. The authorities of Dodge City in that State are enforcing ordinances against gambling houses and other immoral resorts. They are stimulated in the effort by the assurance of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway that reformatory measures would lead to a branch of that line being extended to the city. Having turned the liquor out of doors by law, Kansas will find it easier to expel other unclean tenants. Some parts of the State have already been so thoroughly rid of the liquor evil by the constitutional amendment that, as stated in a former issue, people go there to be personally freed from the foul possession.

A BLUE RIBBON ARMY movement has been set on foot in Western Ontario, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of Watford, Lambton County, initiating it by organizing a battalion there, where the headquarters are established. The *Alvinston Fair Play* gives the following description of the composition of the Army:—A battalion is made up of as many companies as can be organized within a reasonable distance, to secure an occasional battalion review. A full company consists of forty children, four adult sergeants, two lieutenants and a captain. Each sergeant is the teacher and manager of a class of ten or less, led by a corporal. Drill consists of meeting once a week, for an hour, from seven to eight o'clock, p. m. The captain will organize the company, and after singing, the second lieutenant, who is secretary for the company, will call the roll. After roll call, prayer will be offered. Then each sergeant will drill his detachment in the regular temperance lesson, from leaves furnished by Mr. C. C. Cook, of Chicago. After half an hour's sergeant's drill, the captain, or first lieutenant, will review the whole company on the lesson, and the balance of the time will be spent in teaching the children to sing and recite, or listen to addresses from visitors. A battalion is officered by a colonel, major and adjutant, and whenever two or more companies meet together for review, the battalion officers will take charge. It is hardly necessary to add that all members of the "Infantry" corps are pledged against the use of intoxicating liquors, tobacco and profanity. The B.R.A. is made up of four grand divisions: the "Infantry," children from eight to fourteen years; "Skirmishers," young men who are not voters; "Home Guards," the ladies; "Heavy Artillery," the voters.



## THE WEEK.

**NINETEEN MILLION ACRES** of public lands were taken up in the United States during the past fiscal year, over five million more than the preceding year.

**EMMA THOMPSON**—once, as Emma Jacobs, the owner of a block of houses in Washington, known as a fascinating flirt and lobbyist—died lately in the Philadelphia almshouse.

**MRS. SANBORN**, of Metuchen, New Jersey, ten years ago swallowed a set of false teeth, and lately one tooth was extracted from her shoulder and eight others from different parts of her body.

**RECENTLY A COMPETITION** took place in Rome, Italy, between combined reaping and mowing machines made in different countries, when the only two prizes offered were, after severe trials, awarded to American machines.

**FINE GOLD DISCOVERIES** have been made in Kingston township, Ontario, the location being as yet kept secret. Another iron vein, sixteen feet thick, has been struck in the mines at Robertsville, in the same region.

**HILARIC BAISAU**, a Frenchman, is among the latest heard from wanting to swim the Whirlpool Rapids below Niagara Falls. It looks as if three days in a dark cell, fed upon bread and water, or some such remedy, is necessary for the authorities on both sides of the river to adopt against this suicidal craze.

**JOHN W. MACKET**, the Nevada millionaire, has accepted the presidency of the Postal Telegraph Company. Arrangements are making for building a thousand additional miles of wire east and west. If this company only preserves its independence it may prove a great boon to the public by ending the telegraph monopoly.

**STARTLING REVELATIONS** have resulted from an inspection of the prisons in Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, by the Women's Auxiliary Committee. Nine persons have been found crowded into cells intended for two. The worst criminals, boys, hardened women and young girls are huddled together for want of proper accommodation.

**DEADLY DISEASES** that had carried off two or three guests at Rye Beach, a summer resort in New Hampshire, have been traced to a well tainted with ooze from a cesspool situated above it on a hillside. People leaving cities and towns for the benefit of their health in the warm weather will have to see that the conditions of health where they are going are not overbalanced by those of disease. Such criminal ignorance or carelessness as the above exhibits should unfit those guilty of it for attending to the wants of swine, not to mention cultivated human beings.

**OVER ELEVEN THOUSAND** workmen are employed in pushing the work on the Panama Canal, and there is little doubt it will be completed in the specified time of nine years. There is much sickness in Panama, but the sanitary condition of the workmen is good and the best medical attendance is employed. Eleven deaths are reported as having resulted from yellow fever among the foreign population in July, while the deaths of natives are said to have been double that number. The mortality reports are kept back, as their publication would make it difficult for the company to obtain laborers.

**A WOMAN NAMED SHERMAN** in Chicago died from fright caused by a coarse fellow threatening to kill her if she procured a warrant for his arrest as she proposed doing.

**THE LAST SEA SERPENT** heard from was in Lake Michigan, and was sixty feet long. It is too bad some specimens of this monster reptile cannot be secured, to satisfy the curiosity of those who cannot go down to the sea in ships, to see wonders in the mighty deep for themselves.

**SPEAKING OF THE PANIC** caused by the outbreak of cholera in Egypt, the American Consul-General in Constantinople describes the sanitary condition of that city as very bad. He thinks the city cannot escape cholera and warns the United States against importing goods from Turkey and Egypt while the danger lasts.

**MODERN CONVENIENCIES** are not without drawbacks, especially when unskillfully applied. A company in New York supplies heat to buildings in steam pipes laid underground. Some days ago one of the pipes burst at the corner of William and Liberty streets, hurling road material into the air and filling the street with steam.

**HAZING GETS NO COUNTEANCE** at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland. A number of cadets are under arrest there now for the offence. The custom consists in the initiation, by annoying ceremonies sometimes amounting to cruel treatment, of young students into their new life by older ones. It has caused endless trouble in many colleges, and there is a general disposition apparent now to have the rude custom abolished.

**TROUBLE HAS ARISEN** between Protestants and Roman Catholics at Lakeville, Connecticut. About seventy prominent residents formally protested to the parish priest against the erection of a large crucifix with a life-size figure of the Saviour on it in front of the Catholic Church. In return for this action the Catholics resolved to cut off all intercourse with the Protestants—to boycott them, in short, as the new word goes. Then the Protestants held a meeting, denounced Father Lynch and resolved to give no more money to Roman Catholic charities.

**AN ARRANGEMENT** has been effected between the Dominion Government and the Province of British Columbia, regarding matters for some time in dispute. The contract has been given for building the Island railway, and possession of the dry dock, in the building of which there have been many interruptions, is to be assumed and the work completed by the Dominion Government. Railway lands on the mainland and on the island are to be thrown open for sale and pre-emption to actual settlers. This arrangement, made subject to the action of Parliament, gives great satisfaction in the Province.

**THE WORLD'S ARBITRATION LEAGUE**, Washington, propose the holding of a world's exposition of arts and industry in Washington in 1892, the fourth centennial of the discovery of America, and recommend, in connection therewith, a representative congress of nations for the discussion of questions affecting the moral and social relations of the human race. Peaceful methods of settling international differences are a grand object, already partially attained by Great Britain and the United States of America—countries that cannot be charged with being desirous of peace because of inability to hold their own even against odds in a fight.

**A CATHEDRAL AND A SCHOOL** in Garden City, Long Island, founded by the late A. T. Stewart, of New York, have been completed—the cathedral costing two millions and the school one million. The cathedral has taken five years to build, and is a beautiful structure, and the school, which has accommodation for five hundred pupils, is believed to be the finest building for that purpose in the world.

**AN INCIDENT** is related to show the weakness of the objection to children taking the pledge on account of not understanding it. A lady in Montreal, employed as a nurse among poor people, left a wine jelly with a woman under her attendance. Next day, upon being asked how she had enjoyed the luxury, the woman with tears told how her little daughter had brought it to her, exclaiming, "O mother, don't touch that; it has got whiskey in it!"

**A LADY LECTURER**.—Mrs. McLaughlin, of Boston, a lady of great talent, has been engaged by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union to deliver ten lectures on temperance work in Montreal between the 15th and 22nd of October. A call has been issued by the Montreal Union to the eighteen local Unions in the Province of Quebec, to send delegates to this city at the time of Mrs. McLaughlin's visit, to attend a convention with a view to forming a Provincial Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

**COMMUNION WINE**.—Some difficulty being reported from different quarters in obtaining a good article of unfermented communion wine, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Montreal has issued circulars to the country press, with a recipe for them to publish, which has been tested by a city congregation through several years, whereby excellent unfermented wine can be made from grapes for about twenty-five cents a bottle.

**CHINA IS DISSATISFIED** with the treaty made between France and Annam, which gives France absolute control of the Annamite finances and customs, and recognizes Hiepnam as king of Annam. The Chinese are not disposed to respect the treaty, China having never recognized the new king of Annam. Viantan, the regular sovereign by succession, had fled at the approach of the French, and the latter found no soldiers in the capital to oppose them. There is every appearance of war between the two countries. Chinese troops are being sent to the Annam frontier in thousands, and there has been a steady exportation of improved arms and ammunition from America to China for some time past. Orders have been issued to the commander of the French naval division in Chinese waters to arrest, if necessary by force, every Chinese boat carrying arms or troops. Also, in case of a rupture, he is under instructions to make an immediate attack on Canton and other Chinese ports. Large reinforcements are to be despatched immediately to Tonquin from France, including a body of Algerian veterans, who are calculated to be better able than soldiers of only European experience to stand an Eastern climate. In England commercial circles are excited over the imminence of war between France and China, and the English papers are discussing the probabilities of Great Britain being drawn into the fight. It is certain that she cannot have her vast trading interests in China hampered by the belligerent operations of any Power. Indeed, general European interests are so weighty in that quarter that the Powers may step in at any time and demand the right to arbitrate upon the questions at issue between China and France.

**AN ALARMING INCREASE** in the foot and mouth disease has taken place in England.

**ZULULAND, SOUTH AFRICA**, is reported in a state of anarchy, with King Cetewayo appealing for British protection.

**FASHIONABLE ENTERTAINMENTS** have been given in Berlin and Paris for the benefit of the sufferers by the earthquakes in Ischia, Italy, large amounts being realized.

**MR. GLADSTONE** has betaken himself to his favorite pastime of tree-cutting on his estate at Hawarden, Wales, since released from his onerous duties in Parliament.

**AMONG THE SEVERE MEASURES** taken in Hungary to put down anti-Jewish riots is an order that anyone condemned to death by martial law shall be executed within three hours.

**CANADIAN ARTILLERYMEN** have again distinguished themselves in competition with English teams, far surpassing the latter in the rapidity with which they handled heavy ordnance.

**CHOLERA VICTIMS** now number four or five hundred a day in Egypt. A fund has been started for the relief of bereaved families, to which the British troops in the country have contributed a day's pay.

**THE REMAINS OF SHAKESPEARE** are to be exhumed to test the faithfulness of the accepted busts and portraits by comparison with the original skull.

**SENTENCES HAVE BEEN PRONOUNCED** by court-martial upon the prisoners convicted of participation in the massacres in Alexandria, Egypt, last year—thirteen to be hanged, two to fourteen years and six to five years of penal servitude.

**QUEEN RANAVALONA II.**, of Madagascar, who died lately, was a friend to Christianity and civilization, succeeding monarchs who were, with one or two exceptions, the very reverse, and it is gratifying to hear that her successor is likely to follow in her footsteps.

**BLUE RIBBON CAMPAIGN**.—Mr. Forbes, a temperance evangelist coming well recommended from Great Britain, where he has achieved great success in the blue ribbon movement, has just opened a temperance mission in Montreal under the auspices of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

**AT THE OPENING** of a new railway in France, M. Raynal, Minister of Public Works, referred to the Republican successes in the recent elections as showing that France had found the best system of Government. He said the period of revolution was ended, and peace alone could secure the prosperity of the country and promote the best interests of the people.

**THE SOUTH GERMAN PRINCES** declined to attend the unveiling, on the twenty-seventh of September, of a monument commemorative of the German victories over France in 1870-71. Their action is attributed to the desire to avoid giving needless offence to France, a similar motive to that which induced the Emperor to postpone a grand military review so that it should not fall upon the anniversary of the surrender of the French at Sedan. These magnanimous acts at least show that there is no reckless disposition in Germany to invite a quarrel with her old foe. Intemperate newspapers in both countries, more than any other influence, keep alive the embers of hatred, but it is to be hoped their incendiary efforts will continue fruitless until finally abandoned.

## THE RANCIH, OR PIGMY MUSK.

BY DANIEL C. BEARD.

About four years ago a ship was on her return trip from Singapore to New York with a cargo of pepper and spices. When passing through the Straits of Sunda she was met and surrounded by the usual fleet of native junk boats laden with fruits and curiosities. Among the miscellaneous cargo of these "peddlers" boats one had aboard some of the most graceful, beautiful creatures one could well imagine—five full grown, live deer not larger than small rabbits. The captain of our "Janet Ferguson" after some parley succeeded in purchasing them, giving in exchange an old silver watch. The ship's carpenter soon built for them a convenient little house, about the dimensions of a small dog house, with "Deer Lodge" neatly painted over the door, and in these comfortable quarters the little midgets made in safety a voyage of 136 days, becoming great favorites with the crew. One fawn was born during the trip, but when discovered by the mate of the vessel the buck had eaten off its legs and it was dead.

Arriving off Sandy Hook the "Janet

of food and as domestic pets. It is of this species that a rather doubtful story is told to the effect that when closely pursued by the hounds they will leap into the overhanging branches of some friendly tree, and hang suspended by their large canine teeth until the two eager foes rush by, then dropping to the ground they will calmly retrace their steps. It is said that the creature can make most extraordinary leaps, and that they display great cunning. They have no musk bag, and like the rest of the family are destitute of horns. The antlers we see upon stuffed specimens in the windows of the taxidermists are artificial.

The doe in my possession measured 15 inches in length; the head rather large, being 4½ inches from point behind the ears to tip of its nose; nose movable, always wet and cold like a pointer dog, and like that dog possesses a keen scent. The teeth were short, slender, and sharp, and, unlike the buck's, did not extend below the lips. The ten inch mark upon the rule came above the highest part of her back. The legs were extremely delicate; a Faber lead pencil looked thick and clumsy beside them. The tiny hoof

much but odds and ends; so, I guess I might as well put a cupboard in the corner there.

"What for?" said Hal Stetson, the painter slowly dipping his brush in the blue gray mixture in the bucket near at hand.

"I'll come handy," said Uncle Dick; "cupboards always do. I always make a point of putting one in every spare corner. Wood can be put in the bottom, and the top will do for books; they may have a library here yet."

The painter laughed. "A library in the Deep-water District!" he said, and laughed again.

Uncle Dick was nettled, but he showed it only by running his rough fingers through his long gray hair until it stood out all over his head like a bush-broom, and by going to work upon the cupboard without any more wasted words.

Early the next week, when the painter came to lay the last coat of blue-gray, he found the cupboard completed, and on the top shelf a goodly row of books. Opening them, one after another, he found written

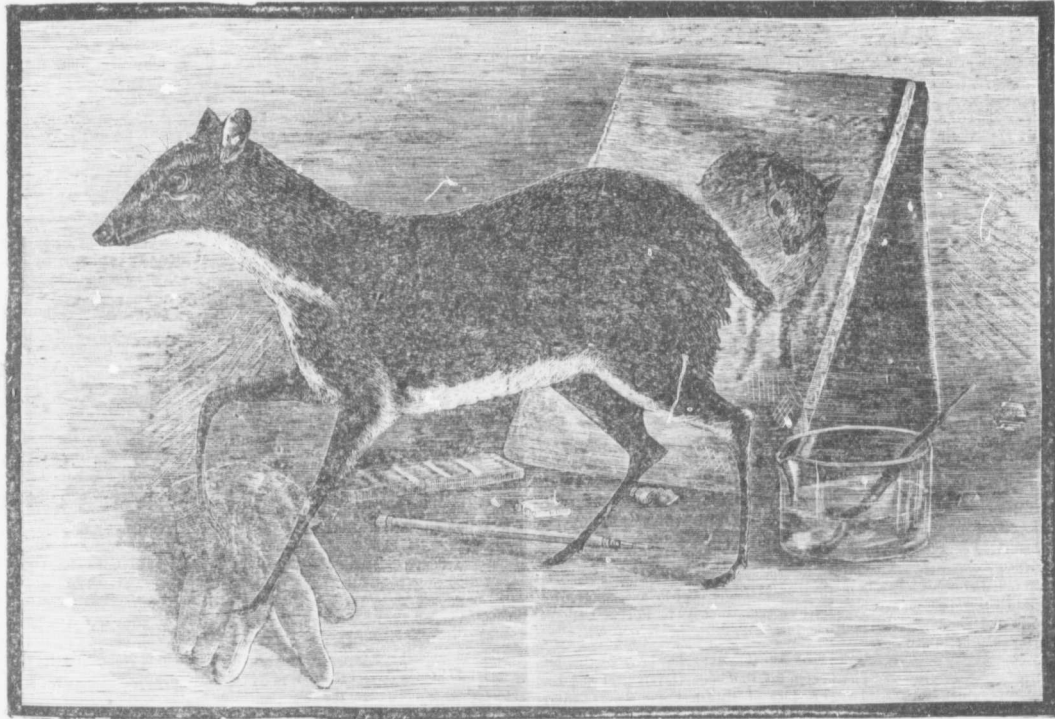
ten on the fly leaf, coupled with the suggestion that all following teachers who found the library an advantage, should leave a similar token of remembrance.

The next teacher was a wide-awake young woman, and not to be outdone. She set in vogue a penny subscription for the benefit of the library, and donated a volume of poems in her turn.

By this time a general interest in the library was awakened throughout the district. The books had been handed about, and talked of, and read from house to house. There were contributions from men and women abroad in the world, who had been born and bred in the Deep-water District. The sending of a good book was a simple way of keeping their memory green among their kinsfolk and former neighbors.

I had this account from a teacher who had spent a year in the district.

"I was never so surprised in a community," she said. "It is rather an isolated neighborhood, and I carried a few choice books, expecting to be furnished for reading matter. You may imagine my astonishment at finding myself in an eminently



THE RANCIH, OR PIGMY MUSK.

Ferguson" encountered a cold wintry gale, all hands were kept busy, and during the confusion three of the little creatures that had managed to escape from their snug little house perished with the cold. Immediately after arriving at port the fourth, a fine buck, fell a victim to the (to them) inhospitable climate. The only survivor, a beautiful doe, represented in the above drawing came into my possession; but she only lived about a week. In spite of all my care she too expired, killed by the cold breath of our New York winter.

She was a timid little creature, and although perfectly tame objected to being handled, but she would take food from my hand and allow me to stroke her back. She had the pose and action of our ordinary deer. When watching her as she leaped over a footstool, or stood, head erect, with one fore-foot gracefully poised, in an eager listening attitude, or crept timidly and stealthily close to the wall and behind the articles of furniture, it was difficult to realize that it was a real live deer.

The pigmy musk is common in the peninsula of Malacca and the neighboring islands, frequenting the thickets.

The Malays prize them both as articles

only measured two-eighths of an inch at the broadest part, where the cloven parts united. The color is general reddish brown, darker upon the back, where the hairs are tipped with black; an indistinct dark band runs from a point between the ears to nose; rather stiff gray hairs upon the sides and back of the neck; fawn colored sides; three white streaks on the under part of the neck; soft white hair upon the belly and the anterior upper part of the hind legs and the posterior upper part of the fore limbs; the lower jaw is also white.—*Scientific American*

## UNCLE DICK'S CUPBOARD—A STORY AND A SUGGESTION.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"There are a good many odds and ends of board left," said Uncle Dick Graham, the slow but sure old country carpenter, as he was driving the last nails before giving over the new Deep-water District School-house into the hands of the building committee. "A good many odds and ends of boards, and this being toward the last of the week, and of the month, my time don't amount to

in a bold, round hand, "The Deep-water District School Library. This book is presented by Uncle Dick Graham, it being a relic of the library of his late father, Rev. Richard Graham."

The painter laughed as he looked them over,—not dry theological works, but history, biography, travels, memoirs, and letters, and an illustrated copy of Pilgrim's Progress.

"Uncle Dick is ahead of me sure, this time," he said of his fellow-workman with whom he was fond of cracking a joke, "but I will get even with him; I am a bachelor as well as he, and I have some good books. I will put them here where they may be of use to some poor child who loves to read."

"Much obliged," said Uncle Dick, who happened in while his old friend was disposing his Shakespeare, Milton, and Robinson Crusoe on the second shelf. "It is just what I calculated on your doing."

The young man who taught the first term in the new school-house gained so much pleasure and profit from the library that when he went away he left an entertaining and instructive work upon birds and animals as a thank offering. This was writ-

terly community. Old and young join heartily in sustaining a reading-circle and library. Their favorite games are 'Authors,' 'Proverbs,' 'Characters,' and other trials of mental alertness and intelligence,—dances, card-parties, and the objectionable kissing-games that often obtain in remote country neighborhoods were unknown. I found later that more scholars entered the high school at 'the Centre' from Deep-water District than from any of the other ten districts in the town."

All this set me thinking and wishing that other district schools would follow the example of the Deep-water District in collecting a district library. In this age of cheap books it would be a comparatively easy matter if parents, teachers and pupils would interest themselves in the enterprise.

When useful and entertaining standard works are given children to read, the objectionable yellow covered novel passing surreptitiously from pocket to pocket will be superseded, and a healthy taste stimulated.

All intelligent children love to read. Bring them up to read good books, and they will never seek after the merely sensational. —*Journal of Education.*

QUEER FRUIT OF AN OAK.

Last autumn, I saw an oak-tree bearing what seemed to be small brown apples. I picked one of these, split it, and found that it was a woody ball, with hollow thorns which reached to its centre and stuck out their points beyond the rind. In each thorn was a grub, or else a small fly.

Afterward, I found out that the fly is called "Saw-fly," because of a little saw which it has, and that, in the spring, it finds its way out through the tip of the thorn, which the winter storms manage to snap off.

Once free, the saw-fly alights on some juicy branch of an oak-tree, and in this cuts a groove with its saw, and lays eggs. Then it pours into the groove a magic fluid which makes the branch change its way of growing; for now it swells into a lump, inclosing the eggs, which it wraps in cases. As the eggs grow and change to grubs, the cases become long and pointed, and the grubs feed on the woody centre of the lump. There they live, safe and undisturbed, until the time comes for them to turn to flies and begin work in the open air.

The picture shows just the look and size of the branch, the fruit, the grub in the fruit, and the saw-fly; and at the foot are a grub and a fly drawn large to show them clearly.

Branches of the trees, with the galls on, may be gathered while the insects are yet in the first stages, and, if the stems are put into a phial of water, under a glass shade, the galls may be kept until the perfect insect comes forth.

Now, when you find an oak-tree, this fall, with these apples, or gall-nuts growing on it, you will have a chance to look into the matter, and see if all this is exactly so.—*St. Nicholas.*

THE WISHING-STONE, AND HOW IT WAS LOST.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

It was so long ago that nobody is alive who remembers anything about it. There was an old woman, a hundred years old. Her grandmother told her the story, and she wrote it down with a heron's feather—a great white heron that flew over between dawn and daylight, and was only a gray speck against the gray sky. The grandmother was a witch, and understood what the birds said, and that is how she came to hear the sparrows at Libbury Abbey say to each other it was a good thing the wishing-stone was lost, since so much trouble came of it. This is the true story of how it happened: the brown sparrow told it to the stone man on the monument, while his mate brooded her eggs. The stone man held the nest in the hollow of his

hand, and stood quite still, night and day, not to disturb it.

"They are sweeter than the sweetest, the roses that grow in the garden, and all the blossoms have tongues of gold. When the wind blows over them they ring together, and the music is rare as the Christmas chimes up in the steeple."

"I have heard it," said the mate, ruffling her throat.

"There is a fountain. The water goes up up, high as the lark goes, and when it comes down it is all pearls, and rubies, and bits of rainbows. It sings, too, and no one can guess what the music is like."

"I have heard it," said the mate, her wings trembling with ecstasy.

"The road to the mountain passes through the garden, and the gates are always open, be-

ever he first wished; but if he wished anything selfishly, he was turned into a hard, smooth, stone, and the Troll carried him away to build his palace underground. A great many people came into the garden then, who never went out, but the Princess could not undo the spell or take away the stone. The last person who sat upon it was a beggar-girl. She was poor, she was lame, she was hunchbacked, and she was always hungry. She sat down upon the stone, and laid her crutches on the grass beside her. Two little birds sang in her ear, one on the right and one on the left. They were enchanted too. One sang 'Wishiwas! wishiwah!' and the other sang 'Wishihad! wishihad!' So the beggar-girl looked up at the blue sky and the bright drops falling from the fountain and began to wish.



QUEER FRUIT OF AN OAK.

cause the Princess will have it so. One is called Morning Gate, and that is where the people enter. They go on by the rose-walk until they come to the fountain. When one looks through the spray, the mountain is very beautiful; all its roads lie in sunshine, and the city seems near by. So the people hasten on, and presently they cannot see the rose-garden, and they never come back. I should come back, Petra."

"And I," said the little mate but the stone man listened, and did not say a word.

"Long ago the wishing-stone lay by the fountain; a broad, white stone, like those in the Abbey here. The stone was enchanted. A Troll put it there, and whoever sat upon it had what-

"I wish all the sick folks, and the tired folks, and the lonesome folks could come and hear what the water sings about, and what nice talk the trees make to the wind."

"Wishiwas! wishihad!" sang the little birds and she wished again.

"I wish all the poor children who work in the mills, and pick up rags and never have good times, could come here and smell the roses and feel the sunshine."

"Wishihad! wish, wishihad!" sang the birds, so soft she might have thought the song was in her heart.

"I wish all the poor babies, and the very littlest children, and the old, old people could come here and look at the fountain, and may be have a flower to keep for their very own."

"Just as she said this she sprang up, for the wishing-stone began to sink into the ground, and when she turned about there was nothing but a smooth little hollow like a nest, brimful of daisies and buttercups. For you see she had broken the spell by wishing three wishes for others, and never once thi. king of herself. They say she had all her wishes, but that was

the end of the stone, and for my part I think it was well it was lost. When one has many wishes some of them are sure to be foolish."

"That is very true," said the mate; but no one knew what the stone man thought about it.

TURTLE'S EGGS.

BY EMMA N. NELSON.

When little Gertie and Ruth were at their grandma's in the country last summer, they saw something that they never saw before.

What do you think it was? I don't suppose you could guess if you tried a week, so I will tell you.

One day their Uncle Peter came in with a lot of small, round, white eggs, a little larger than the pretty glass marbles you have to play with.

He had them in his hat, and called to the little girls to come and see them.

They dropped their tins—for they were making mud pies—and started for their uncle. They looked at the small white eggs, and wondered what kind of eggs they were.

"These are turtle's eggs," said Uncle Peter.

"Was the old turtle on the nest when you found them?" asked the children.

At this question he was very much amused, and you ought to have seen how astonished they looked when he told them that his hired man had ploughed them out of the soft earth, back of the barn, not far from the creek.

Uncle Peter broke one of the eggs, and in it was a little turtle, perfect even to the "house on its back."

There were fifty-six eggs in all. Only think, if the eggs had not been disturbed, what a band of little turtles would have found their way to the creek!

The mother turtle scoops out with her hind feet a hollow in the sand or dry earth, in which she lays her eggs, and the heat of the sand or earth hatches them. She never gives herself any trouble about her children, and they take care of themselves as soon as they come out of the sand.

The children's uncle told them of the different varieties of turtles, and that some of them were used for food.

They listened with the closest attention, and when he had finished they scampered off. Gertie to finish their baking, and Ruth to "get the turtle soup going for dinner."—*Zion's Herald.*

IF I HAVE FAITH in Christ, I shall love him; if I love him, I shall keep his commandments; if I do not keep his commandments, I do not love him, I do not believe in him.—*Thomas Adam.*



## COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, Sept. 5, 1883.

The market is very quiet in every way and prices remain unchanged, as is natural, the grain market being quiet all over the world. We quote:—Canada Red Winter Wheat, at \$1.20 to \$1.21; Canada White at \$1.15 to \$1.16; Canada Spring, \$1.11; Corn, 42c per bushel; Peas, 97c; Oats, 35c to 73; Rye 69c to 70.

**FLOUR.**—A moderately active market, at unchanged prices. Sales have been more numerous at outside figures, and, best of all, the demand does not appear to be easily glutted. Superior Extra, \$5.35 to \$5.45; Extra Superfine, \$5.20. Fancy, nominal; Spring Extra, \$5.05; Superfine, \$4.60; Strong Bakers, Canadian \$5.25 to \$5.35; do. American, \$6.25 to \$6.50; Fine, \$4.00 to \$4.20; Middlings, \$3.75 to \$3.90; Pollards, \$3.50 to \$3.60; Ontario bags, medium, \$2.60 to \$2.65; do. Spring Extra, \$2.50 to \$2.55; do., Superfine, \$2.20 to 2.30; City Bags, delivered, \$3 to \$3.05.

**MEALS.**—Without change. Cornmeal, \$3.50 to \$3.70; Oatmeal, ordinary \$5.25 to \$5.50; granulated \$5.75 to \$8.00.

**DAIRY PRODUCE.**—Butter is still almost stagnant at same prices. Creamery, 15c to 19c; Eastern Townships, 15c to 17; Western, 12c to 14. Cheese has been somewhat lively during the week, and prices have advanced about a cent. We quote: July makes 8c to 9c; August, 9c to 10c.

Eggs quiet at 15c to 19c.

**ASHES,** nothing to speak about, at \$4.90 to \$5.00.

## FARMERS' MARKET.

Farmers and traders are attending market in good numbers this week. Produce is supplied in abundance at a shade lower rates. Blueberries are much cheaper and not much demanded. Native grown plums are plentiful and in demand as well. Nutmeg melons, cauliflowers and cabbages were the great staples of the farmers, melons selling at all sorts of prices from 5c to 10c apiece to \$4 a dozen. Cabbages are also reaching a medium rate. Tomatoes bring good prices. Oats, held at 90c, none called for; peas, market almost bare; new potatoes, 70c to 80c per bag; tub butter, 14c to 20c per lb; prints, 20c to 30c do.; eggs, 19c to 30c per dozen; apples, \$2.00 to \$4.00 per barrel; lemons, \$7.00 per box; blueberries, 60c per box. Hay, \$5.00 to \$8.00 per 100 bundles of 15 lbs; straw, \$4 to \$5 per 100 bundles of 15 lbs.

## LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Trade is very active for good animals at prices about the same as last week. A lot of about a dozen three-year old steers were sold the other day to ship as stores for the passage, at 4 1/2 to 5c per lb. Other beef cattle, from fair to good condition, sold at from 4c to 5c per lb. A poor quality of sheep is being offered. Choice lambs bring \$3.25 to \$3.50 each readily, while common and inferior stock goes off at from \$1.50 to \$2.50 each. Hog sales are slack, and prices are quoted at from 6 1/2 to 6 3/4 per lb. An active demand exists for good milk cows, and prices have been obtained \$5.00 better per head than would have been got two or three weeks ago. Fresh-calved common cows are also in good demand. Superior cows have sold at \$60, medium at \$40 to \$50 and common at \$30 to \$38.

**GINGERBREAD.**—There is nothing which will give such lightness to gingerbread as the use of sour cream; one cup of sour cream with a teaspoonful of soda sweetener, it, with a cup of molasses, a tablespoonful of ginger and flour enough for a stiff batter make an excellent breakfast cake. This is best when warm, but is good when cold also.

**A VERY CHEAP PUDDING.**—One quart of flour, one half pound of suet chopped very fine, add a good pinch of salt; wet with water; roll out and spread a layer of any kind of fruit over it; roll it up, and put it in a cloth, leaving room for the pudding to swell. Steam for an hour and a half.

**CREAM SAUCE.**—Heat one table-spoonful of butter in a skillet, add a tea-spoonful of flour, and stir until perfectly smooth; then add gradually one cupful of cold milk, let it boil up once, season to taste with salt and pepper, and serve.

## A CLEAN SWEEP.

"I suppose there is not a housekeeper," says Hope Ledyard in an exchange, "who, when she is engaging a new girl, does not go through the form of asking, 'Can you sweep?' The answer is invariably, 'Yes'm,' generally accompanied by a toss of the head. But, my dear friend, can you sweep? Do you know how the thing ought to be done? If not, your carpet, furniture, and knick-knacks are at the mercy of your servants."

For the benefit of such readers who have not a clear idea of how a room should be swept, we will imagine it is sweeping day, and do a room thoroughly. You enter ready for the conflict; on your head a cap that completely covers your hair, and armed with a rattan, a long-handled feather duster a silk dust-cloth, a large, soft cloth pinned over your broom, two whisk brooms, your dust-jan, and a plate of tea-leaves, which are almost dry. The first thing is to remove all the books, knick-knacks, etc., dusting each article before you take it from the room. Then shake out and pin up any curtains that reach to the floor, open the windows and whip all the stuffed furniture with a rattan. If two can work together, let one whip and the other follow with a good whisk, brushing the dust out thoroughly. If this is done every fortnight, it does not take long. Then dust your tables, sofas, and chairs, and take them out, putting them in the next room and hall. Now dust the tops of the doors, the windows, chandeliers, and pictures with the feather duster, and sweep your walls down with the covered broom. If you have any valuable paintings they should be covered with old cloth. Now your room is empty, save, perhaps a big sofa stands in one corner. Cover this with your sweeping sheet (two or three old sheets stitched together do admirably), scatter your tea leaves on the floor, and begin sweeping by brushing out the corners and all along the walls with your second whisk broom; then sweep, with your large broom to the centre of the room, taking a long and short sweep in turn. Gather up the dust and brush the whole room once more, lightly and quickly. In winter I often have a shoveful of snow scattered for this second sweeping, and the result is excellent. Once in two months it is a very good plan to wipe up your carpet with your cloth wet in a pail of warm water in which a beef's gall has been emptied. This pail full will do two or three rooms. After the sweeping, dust your ceilings and walls once more with the feather duster, and rub your surbase and doors thoroughly with your silk duster, washing off any finger marks. Then close your windows, washing them if necessary, or else dusting with a clean soft cloth.

A room swept in this way will keep clean. The dust has been taken away, not just stirred up. To be sure you must be careful not to drop threads or bits of paper about, or it will look untidy; but it need only be dusted once a day to keep fresh and sweet for a week at least, and, if not used constantly, for a fortnight. Rooms swept in this way, if covered with Brussels carpet, need not be 'cleaned' oftener than once in three years."

## CARE FOR YOUR CHILD YOURSELF.

Dear young mother, don't notice everything your little boy does. Watch him. Don't leave him to the care of servants, and when bed time comes, which should be early, undress him yourself. Have him kneel and repeat his little prayer, "Now I lay me," and after he is in bed talk to him of the dear Shepherd who watches over the little lambs, and as he grows older, if any fault has been committed during the day, you will find this the time when he is most tender.

Oh! how often I have been talked to and blamed for leaving company and friends and devoting myself to my darlings; but, dear mother, I have had my full reward. Don't fret at your child don't "nag" at him; set him a slate with round corners, and cup yourself with plenty of slate pencils. A dozen costs only a few cents. Let him scratch and draw and play with them. The slate will be broken, the pencils lost; renew them. Draw something on the slate, no matter how rude—cow, dog, cat—'twill interest him. Have him sit down in his little chair, place a low chair before him, and give him empty spoons or other playthings.

Do not give too many commands. When you say "No," don't tattle with him, but let him see you mean "No," but don't say it too often. When he has stubborn fits, quietly take him and put him in a room by himself, or try diversion, or take no notice of him for a while.

I had all kinds of dispositions to manage. Don't whip your child if you can possibly help it; don't break his spirit, but direct it, and above all go constantly to your heavenly Father—singing, walking, any time—and ask for His guidance in training this little immortal soul, and He will give your mind such a bias that you will be enabled to do right. God bless and help you, is the fervent prayer of *A Grandmother in Christian Intelligencer*.

## CHILDREN IN THE HOUSE.

The tidliest and most particular child that ever lived will sometimes upset things about a house, to the annoyance of the fussy housekeeper, and all ordinary children are the bane of her life. They can not, will not, appreciate and pay respect to any ordinary ideas of good housekeeping—so far as avoiding litter goes, at any rate. Their toys, their games, their books, are scattered indiscriminately around.

As soon as a child is old enough to play about in most homes, a sort of quiet warfare between the housekeeper and that child commences. The greatest love may prompt the mother, yet, all but unconsciously, as it were, an attitude of antagonism is assumed by her as regards the child's upsetting things.

When there is a nursery and plenty of assistance, of course the little folks are at liberty in their own domain. But, in the average home, where the children are part and parcel of the family, as regards the use of the common living rooms, their want of order will cause more or less disturbance.

Happy the mother who has the wisdom and good sense not to be disturbed by their littering; who, with equanimity, can see the dining-room chairs converted into railway trains, and comports survey the marks of little fingers on the furniture. Unbridled license or constant checking will ruin the temper and disposition of any child; but sympathy for, and patience with, their desires to find themselves amusement, will lead any housekeeper to put up with a good deal of annoyance from them.—*Herald and Prodigy*.

"If I WERE A GIRL.—"If I were a girl," said a well-known New England clergyman recently, "I wouldn't parade too much in public places." He mentioned a number of other things that he would not do. He would not think too much about dress or about parties, or about fashionable society. But in regard to the folly of parading in public places he was particularly emphatic. A good many girls acquire the habit of parading the streets before they comprehend how objectionable it is. Their motive at first is simply amusement; afterwards they like this to draw upon themselves the notice of others. But notice so attracted is seldom respectful, and the very young man who will look admiringly at the girls he meets under such circumstances will probably rejoice in his own heart that his sister is not among them. There is too much of this sort of thing in many of our smaller towns and villages, and we are glad that the practice had been publicly denounced from the pulpit.—*N. Y. Ledger*.

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This is a weekly newspaper that should be generally read. Its price is but \$1 a year; three subscriptions in one envelope 80c each; four subscriptions in one envelope 75c each; ten subscriptions in one envelope 70c each. Address JOHN DUGGALL & SONS, Montreal.

## SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

## LESSON XII.

Sept. 16, 1883. [1 Sam. 1: 21-28.]

## A PRAYING MOTHER.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 26-28.

21. And the man, Elkanah, and all his house went up to offer unto the Lord the yearly sacrifice, and his vow.

22. But Hannah went not up; for she said unto her husband, I will not go up until the child be weaned, and then I will bring him, that he may appear before the Lord, and there abide for ever.

23. And Elkanah her husband said unto her, Do what seemeth thee good; tarry until thou have weaned him; only the Lord establish his word. So the woman abode, and gave her son suck until she weaned him.

24. And when she had weaned him, she took him up with her, with three bullocks, and one ephah of flour, and a bottle of wine, and brought him unto the house of the Lord in Shiloh; and the child was young.

25. And they slew a bullock, and brought the child to Eli.

26. And she said, Oh my lord, as thy soul liveth, my lord, I am the woman that stood by thee here, praying unto the Lord.

27. For this child I prayed, and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of him:

28. Therefore also I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord. And he worshipped the Lord there.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**—"I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord."—1 SAM. 1: 28.

**TOPIC.**—A Picture of a Godly Mother.

**LESSON PLAN.**—1. TRAINING HER CHILD AT HOME, vs. 21-23. 2. DEDICATING HIM TO THE LORD, vs. 24-28.

**Time.**—S.C. 177. Place.—Ramah and Shiloh.

## INTRODUCTORY.

The first book of Samuel contains the history of the Israelites from the birth of Samuel to the death of Saul. At the close of the period of the judges the civil authority was united with the spiritual in the person of Eli, who was high priest (1:9) as well as judge (1:18). He resided at the tabernacle in Shiloh, and was assisted in the discharge of his duties by his sons Hophni and Phinehas. During the time of his administration Samuel was born. His mother had vowed that if the Lord would give her a son, she would give him unto the Lord all the days of his life (v. 11). At his birth she called his name Samuel, "heard of God," in grateful acknowledgment that God had heard her prayer. How this praying mother fulfilled her vow we learn in this lesson.

## LESSON NOTES.

V. 21. WENT TO OFFER UNTO THE LORD.—at Shiloh, where the tabernacle had remained since the time of Joshua. AND HIS VOW—the solemn expression of his concurrence in Hannah's vow. V. 22. HANNAH WENT NOT UP—men only were required to attend the solemn feasts (Ex. 23:17) but Hannah, like other pious women, was in the habit of going; now she thought it best to remain at home until her son was of a proper age for her to fulfil her vow. V. 23. THE LORD ESTABLISH HIS WORD—complete his work by accepting as hiservant all his days the child given in answer to prayer. V. 24. WIFE SHE HAD WEANED HIM—this might be after he had reached his third year, or even later. THREE BULLOCKS—the Old Testament in Greek reads "a bullock of three years." Some suppose that there were three bullocks, one for each year of the child's life, and that they were used for the three greater sacrifices—the burnt, sin and thank-offerings. ONE EPHAH OF FLOUR—for a meal—that is, food—offering, Lev. 2:11. A BOTTLE OF WINE—to be poured out with the meat offering. With this sacrifice of thanksgiving Hannah presented herself and her child before Eli. V. 25. AND SHE SAID—standing in the very place where she had prayed, with her child in her arms or at her side, she made herself known to Eli, and for the first time revealed to him the burden of her supplication. V. 27. THE LORD HATH GIVEN ME MY PETITION—has heard and answered my prayer. V. 28. THEREFORE—she gladly and promptly renews her vow. LENT HIM TO THE LORD—figurative reading, "returned him, whom I have obtained by petition, to the Lord."

**TEACHINGS:**

1. God hears the prayers of parents for their children.
2. Parents may make promises for their children according to the will of God.
3. They should thankfully acknowledge his mercies and promptly fulfil their vows.
4. They should dedicate their children to the Lord from their birth.
5. A praying mother is a precious blessing.

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