

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

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The Weekly Messenger

BRITAIN'S FOREIGN TROUBLES.

Troops and stores are being shipped in great quantities from England to the Sudan, and it is reported that seventy-five vessels have been chartered by the Government for that purpose. It is considered certain that all the offers of troops from the colonies will be accepted; but it is not likely that anything will be done until cool weather returns, in the fall. General Buller has brought the force under his command safely back to Korti, where the whole British army now in the Sudan will probably remain during the hot weather.

The Nizam of Hyderabad, the most powerful independent state in India, has offered troops to Britain for use in the Sudan.

The garrison of Kassala, which is still faithful to Egypt, has been defeated in a severe engagement with rebels outside the town, and it is doubtful whether the place can hold out until Britain or Italy can send help in the fall.

Another account of the battle of Abu Klea, sent by a special correspondent, has now been published in London, although at first suppressed by General Wolsley. It appears that the British square was broken, and the army nearly defeated, owing to an unauthorized order—given to the dismounted cavalry by Col. Burnaby—to advance and charge the Arabs.

Britain and France have at last come to an agreement with regard to the finances of Egypt.

After a hot debate, the vote of censure upon the British Government for its course in Egypt has been rejected by the House of Commons, by a vote of 302 to 288. The majority was small, but as all the Parnellites had voted with the Conservatives the Government concluded not to resign.

In the meantime, a new war-cloud has appeared on the Eastern horizon. The suspicious movements of Russian troops on the borders of Afghanistan, and the evasive replies given when explanations have been demanded, have caused the British Government to prepare for the worst. The Foreign Secretary has sent a very determined despatch to Russia, declaring that Britain will on no account allow the occupation of any points in Afghanistan by Russian troops. Several regiments have already been ordered to India, for use, if necessary, to protect the frontiers of Afghanistan; and a most thorough medical inspection of the whole British army is rapidly being made.

As for Germany, Bismarck is in quite a bad temper with the British government for publishing what he considered "confidential dispatches," showing up the plans of Germany in getting "colonies."

With France, the unpleasantness about China continues. France has declared refuse to be "contraband of war." Britain refuses to acknowledge that, and tells France that she will be held liable for any losses suffered by British shippers in case of search for or seizure of rice.

THE CHINESE IN CANADA.

The report of the Federal Government's Commissioners who went to British Columbia to investigate the Chinese question, has been issued, and turns out to be decidedly against prohibiting immigration. Judge Gray, in his report, comes to the following conclusions: "Those who hold opinions on this subject in British Columbia are divisible into two classes: (1) a well-meaning but strongly prejudiced minority, whom nothing but absolute exclusion will satisfy; (2) an intelligent minority, who conceive that no legislation is necessary; (3) a large majority, who favor moderate restriction." He ranges himself with the last class, and in support of his view he argues that the Chinese have contributed largely to the development of British Columbia, and that without Chinese labor many industries would not have succeeded. Without their labor the construction and completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway would have been indefinitely postponed. Other causes than the presence of the Chinese have, he thinks, deterred white settlers from going to British Columbia.

The Hon. J. A. Chapleau, Secretary of State, who was chairman of the Commission, says he believes that the statements as to the bad moral effect of the Chinese on a community are grossly exaggerated. In fact their morality is not lower than that of the same classes of other nationalities. He thinks it well to pause before a choice of evils; that if they supply a want in the labor market that cannot otherwise be supplied, then their presence, so far from being an evil, is a good. He thinks that now British Columbia has a great opportunity, by welcoming Chinamen, of securing not only cheaper labor than California, but of securing the good will of the people of a country whose vast resources and commerce are just beginning to be made known. He concurs with Judge Gray that by legislation regulating, not excluding Chinese laborers, every purpose can be effected which those who apprehend evils from Chinese immigration desire.

ROBBING A DEAD ROBBER.

The case of Wells, Fargo & Co. against John Rogers, which is now before the courts, is rather a strange one. About four years ago the Bodie and Carson stage was robbed three times in as many weeks by two highwaymen named Sharp and Jones. To stop these depredations a shotgun messenger was put on the route, and the first trip he made the stage was again attacked, but this time one of the robbers (Jones) was shot dead. A considerable amount of money in greenbacks was lost by the company on the two previous occasions. Sharp was shortly afterward captured, and is now serving a sentence in the State prison, and he states that at the time Jones was killed he (Jones) had a large amount of money concealed about his person. When Jones was buried, however, no money was found on him, and it has recently been brought to light that a man named Rogers, a resident of Smith's Valley, whose

home is near where Jones was killed, took the money from the dead robber as he came by and found the body lying in the road. The money was in bills of large denominations, and the fact that Rogers had lately tried to change some large bills led to his being suspected. It is understood that Rogers admits that he took about \$200 from Jones, and offers to return that amount, but Wells, Fargo & Co. claim that he must have taken in the neighborhood of \$1,800; hence the suit.—*Virginia (Nevada) Enterprise.*

NOTES FROM THE CAPITAL.

Mr. Small, M. P., has introduced a bill to compel any municipality passing the Scott Act to pay compensation to the tavern keepers. There seems no limit to the cool assurance of these liquor sellers!

Mr. Robertson has a bill in hand to subject burglars to imprisonment for life, instead of fourteen years as at present.

Dr. Buckland, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, had a fit in one of the Ottawa streets on Friday evening, and died in the police station to which he was carried.

A report on the fisheries of Canada, presented to Parliament, shows that the fisheries of Nova Scotia last year produced \$8,736,264; New Brunswick \$3,730,453; Quebec, \$1,800,000; British Columbia, \$1,500,000; Ontario, \$1,000,000; Prince Edward Island, \$1,056,004. These figures are about \$1,000,000 higher than those of 1883.

Senator Schultz wants to know whether the time has not come for Manitoba to be represented in the Cabinet, Mr. Shakespeare M.P. makes a similar demand on behalf of British Columbia.

Sir Richard Cartwright, during a discussion on the census, declared that the present system is a deliberate falsification of facts—counting as "inhabitants" the absent members of a family.

Mr. Clegg, a prominent farmer and stock raiser from Manitoba, brought as a witness before the Committee of Immigration and Colonization, testified generally to the wonderful agricultural resources of Manitoba and to the progress in material prosperity which has generally attended all well directed efforts in that country. He stated, however, that the existence of the monopoly clause in the Canadian Pacific Railway charter was seriously objected to by Southern Manitoba farmers especially, who feel that some encouragement should be given to railway lines running out in a south-westerly direction in accordance with the promises which were made to induce settlement in that fertile region.

Mr. Lowe, Secretary of the Department of Agriculture, stated to the committee that 103,824 settlers came to the Dominion last year—slightly less than in the two previous years. They included 1237 Germans, 3451 Scandinavians and 150 Belgians. The total cost to Canada was \$410,991 against \$373,597 in 1883; an average of \$4.44 per head.

Mr. Charlton's bill to prohibit Sunday excursions was quite extinguished on a division.

A CIGAR-MAKER'S GHOST!

The Portland correspondent of the *Lewiston Journal* has got hold of a rather curious story. He says: "Portland has a ghost. Mr. Libby, manager of Toibts Brothers' cigar manufactory, offers \$50 to the man who will spend a night in the manufactory. Mr. Libby, as well as several others, have tried and failed. It seems an employee of the firm by the name of Kelley, who died not long since, during a lingering sickness with consumption often asserted whenever any of the men called to see him that he would come back to the old shop in the spirit, if such a thing were possible. Just before he died he assured his watchers that he would visit the boys after death. The men are convinced he has made good his assurance, and that the nightly groans and rackets are made by Kelley's ghost. Not one of the men can be induced to remain in the room after dark. Last night Portland's lightweight wrestler, champion boxer, and a gentleman recently in the liquor trade, made an attempt to overcome the ghost. All three are invisible to-day."

THE FENIANS are talking; none know better how to talk, and none know better that they are incapable of doing much else. According to a telegram from Buffalo, there is a scheme afoot for another "invasion of Canada." The correspondent says: "At an unknown rendezvous in this city last night, the executive committee of the Irish revolutionary army held a meeting. Most of those present were of Buffalo, but it is claimed that representatives were there from New York, Detroit and Chicago. One or two have been found who have confessed that they were present, but they refuse to give any facts as to what was said and done. They do, however, say that they talked of invading Canada in case Canadian troops are sent to Egypt, and that it was urged that an expedition be fitted out to cross the border from Buffalo. One of the interested parties said that they were supplied with arms, had money enough to carry on a campaign, and could concentrate 30,000 men within a short time. This one claimed that their movements had been decided upon but could not be given out until the time for action comes. The conservative Irish-Americans also held a meeting yesterday, and pledged the national league here to raise funds to support one Parnellite in the English parliament. It is also understood that the Munro County league has done the same."

MR. CLEVELAND and Mr. Hendricks will have been inaugurated President and Vice-President of the United States before this reaches our readers. Mr. Cleveland arrived at Washington safely on Tuesday; he had received a great many threatening letters while at Albany.

HEAVY fighting is reported between the French and Chinese in Tonquin, but no details are allowed to transpire. It is said that the notables of the Chinese Empire have been summoned to a council to decide whether to make terms with the French.

WHAT CAN I DO?

If you cannot from the platform
Make an energetic speech,
Or from sacred desk or pulpit
Gospel sermons ever preach;
You can visit homes where evil
Holds an undisputed sway,
And for Christ's sake you can urge men
From their sins to turn away.

If you have no love of singing
And for music have no ear,
You can enter homes where sorrow
Pain and grief are ever near;
And in tones of tender pity
You can break hearts' console,
Pointing to the only Saviour,
Who can make those spirits whole.

If from meetings of Committee
You would rather stay away,
You can ask the Lord to bless them;
At the meeting when you pray;
And when work has been arranged for
You some humble part can take
Which will prove a thorough pleasure
If 'tis done for Jesus' sake.

If you cannot, then, do great things
There are small ones you can do,
And a sphere of Christian labor
Be assured there is for you.

Get to work then, do your duty
And your sweet reward shall be
In the voice of Jesus saying
"Ye have done it unto me."

—*Berford Adams in British Women's Temperance Journal.*

"SO MUCH TO DO."—A HOME MISSION STORY.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"The dedication of the Granville church is to-morrow, remember," said Parson Hines, as he arose from the breakfast-table one summer's morning, and followed his wife into the untidy kitchen, where she had withdrawn in the martyr-like mood that now-a-days seemed to enshroud her like an unlovely garment.

"Very well, Mr. Hines, I will have your best shirt and vest and your linen ulster freshly done up, never fear." "That is not the point, wife," he said. "You are to accompany me to Granville. It will make no end of talk if you do not go. Every one will ask for you, and when we are all blessed with good health 'so much to do' is not a reasonable excuse for your remaining at home; besides, I shall enjoy having you with me, and the drive will do you good."

"There are a thousand reasons why I should not leave home for a whole day, as much as I have to do. I am in no preparation to go out among folks, but if you insist, I must go about finishing my new dress at once. You will have to put up with the house as it is, and have lunch for dinner; for supper also unless I manage to get around to cook something."

"Where is Lizzie? Set her about the housework."

"Lizzie!" Mrs. Hines ejaculated the name, and casting an undesirable look at her husband, shut her thin lips very close together, and turned to go up stairs.

"When Lizzie's father, your brother, engaged you to board his motherless daughter, he stipulated that you should teach her housekeeping. He has paid her board regularly, and very convenient the money has been, to be sure. She might be a great help to you. When do you intend fulfilling your part of the contract?"

"When she shows a disposition to be useful, and develops a taste for something beside story-reading and singing the plantation melodies she learns of old Aunt Chloe, whose society she evidently prefers over and above that of any one in this house. She is there in Chloe's kitchen, by this time, I will warrant."

"And might be in worse company," muttered the minister as he crossed the green lawn to a pretty little ornamental summer-house in the farthest corner, used during the warm season as a study.

Mrs. Hines closed the door to the breakfast-room, and calling Tommy, the oldest of her half-dozen children, she said to him:

"If you will be good, and keep the little one out of doors until dinner time, so

that I can finish my new dress, I will give you a quart of molasses to make into taffy while we are away to-morrow, attending the dedication at Granville."

"All right, mamma, hurrah!" shouted Tommy, and gathering his brothers and sisters about him, he imparted to them the sweet tidings, and to pass away the time, marshalled them off to the top of "Birch Hill," a charming bit of woodland half a mile across the field.

Breakfast had not been over fifteen minutes, yet the parsonage was to all appearances as utterly deserted as if it was the habitat alone of the flies that hummed and buzzed and made themselves merry over the traces of maple syrup left upon the soiled china.

As a shout from the retreating children was wafted in by a gentle breeze, the curtains were pushed back from the open window, and a bright-faced young girl, the very picture of active health, stepped into the room from the deep stoop where she had fled with her book the moment breakfast was over.

It was the current number of the *Home Mission Monthly*, in which she seemed to be deeply interested, yet she placed it carefully upon a shelf, saying aloud:

"Charity begins at home; and it is high time my disposition for usefulness developed for the benefit of this household. Poor mistaken Aunt Emily! how much help I might have been to her had she not persisted in maintaining the fiction that I made more work than I saved. I wish there was some way to make her look at life in a different way. She seems to be predetermined to be abused, and her chief glory is in making of herself a domestic martyr. She would not allow of my lifting a finger to help if she knew it, and I will give her a surprise for once, just to let her see what I can do if I have the privilege."

All the long, sweet summer morning Mr. Hines, in his cool, airy study, with all the freshness of out-door peeping in at the open windows, scratched away with his stub pen upon the dedication sermon. The children shouted and laughed the perfumed hours away as merry as the birds in the graceful, swaying black birch trees about them, while poor, mistaken Mrs. Hines, oblivious to everything but the discomforts of life, stitched and fretted, and fretted and stitched in the little close attic chamber that she persisted in using as a sewing-room because it was out of the way. As she put the finishing touches to the pretty dress, she mentally went over and over the work, some of it necessary, some of it unnecessary, that must be done in order that she might make a pleasant and profitable day of the morrow outside of her monotonous domestic round, and more than once she said aloud:

"Lizzie! It is exasperating my being constantly reminded that I promise brother John to teach her to work. When I took her into the family I little knew what a care she was to be, nor how quickly she was going to grow up into the great, awkward, helpless girl she is. I am sure that I am heartily tired of being instructed as to my duty concerning her. If I send her away I lose the board money and her cast-off clothes for the children. If I teach her to work, she will right away think herself capable of keeping house for her father and coax him into sending for her. She is a great over-grown, lazy thing, that is what she is—and never will be good for anything in the world but to read and sing and romp. It is a pity, really, for it was her mother's dying wish that she should be useful. Strange that she develops no practical qualities! I'm sure I'm not to blame for it, and I can only slave myself to death for her and the rest, and let things take their course."

All at once the town clock struck twelve, the shop whistles blew, the factory bells rang, and from below came the merry jingle of the dinner-bell, eliciting responsive shouts from the children who were racing across the lawn.

"Well, I declare!" said Mrs. Hines, "how the morning has flown. My dress almost done, too. Who rang that bell I wonder? Oh, Lizzie, of course, half-finished and as thoughtless as usual, and wondering at the non-appearance of dinner. What an appetite the girl has! I must write an John and tell him that we must raise a dollar a week on her board."

Running down she met her husband in

the front hall, walking with the dejected air of a hungry man, who knows he is to sit down in a neglected dining-room to a dinner of mush.

The children, having performed their ablutions at the wild-flag brook as they crossed the field, came shouting:

"What for dinner?"

"Oh, soup!"

"No, a roast!"

"There was, indeed, a savory smell of meat in the air, but Mrs. Hines hastened to say:

"There is not time for the mush, even and we shall have to make out with crackers and milk."

The parson felt savage, but said nothing, enabling himself with a thought of the ordination-dinner on the morrow, as he pushed open the door of the dining-room. The appetizing smell of nicely browned veal-cutlet set the children dancing.

"What! what!" cried the parson, feeling like dancing himself, and with difficulty subduing the impulse as he saw the dining-room in perfect order, the long muslin curtains looped back with roses, a fresh bouquet on the table that was carefully arranged with chairs in place and all ready for the occupants. Through the open kitchen-door may be caught a glimpse of Lizzie in pink dress, white apron, and bare arms, carving knife and fork in hand, flitting around among the pans and pots with the experienced air of a professional cook.

"I thought I would give you a surprise-party, uncle and auntie," she said, with her habitual bright smile, coming forward and placing the temptingly garnished dish upon the table and flanking it with one of mealy potatoes, another of asparagus, these in turn set off by a tray of golden, puffed-up corn cup cakes fairly splitting their sides at the successful combination of cream and eggs and Indian meal.

To the great relief of the hungry children, who were grinning from ear to ear at the novelty of the situation, the parson's grace was very short, and was immediately supplemented by Mrs. Hines saying dolefully:

"We can hardly afford veal cutlet, Lizzie, child; but, of course, you could not be expected to think of the expense."

"I bought the dinner myself, Aunt Emily, even to the quart of corn meal with which I made the cakes, and the stale loaf for the asparagus toast," replied the young girl, with a dignity that at once installed her mistress of the situation. "I should hardly have ventured an experiment with other people's provisions, and it would not have been my party had I not furnished the dinner, or I could not conscientiously have called it so."

"It's the best surprise party ever I went to anywhere," said Tom, with his mouth full.

The parson laughed in a way that gave the young people liberty to keep up the talk, and the meal turned out an unwontedly merry one, even Mrs. Hines' mouth two or three times drawing around in a queer little contortion that would have been a smile had it not been for a thought of the parson's best linen that lay behind it.

"Have you had the fairies in to help you, child?" asked Mr. Hines, as he drew back from the table, having eaten until his pale, pinched face looked warm and ruddy, and his white, thin nose shone rubeicant as if it would do to inflate his lungs with for some time to come.

"Aunt Chloe was the fairy who taught me to cook," said the young girl, as she cleared the table and brought in a desert of stewed prunes. "She has been very lame, you know, but she could be head and let me be hands and feet for her. She used to be head cook at her master's house when she was a slave, you know, and you see, auntie, she has developed in me a taste for something besides plantation melodies, although I like them too. You can finish your dress and do anything else you please. I will do up the work and prepare tea when it is time."

"Thank you," said the surprised auntie, "but there is washing and ironing to be done this afternoon"—as if the girl were to be back upon her familiar ground of "so much to do."

Lizzie pushed open the kitchen door, disclosing a bit of green yard and the parson's linen, starched stiff, dancing upon the clothes-line in a fresh breeze that seemed likely to take all the dignity out of them,

while the yellow-painted floor of the kitchen shone in a way that proved that good use had been made of the suds.

"You know you are safe to trust the ironing to me, auntie. You have often said I ironed my dresses well."

"I don't see how you have accomplished so much," Mrs. Hines condescended to say, as, turning to go upstairs again, she found the sitting-room and her own room in order.

"I have had a long morning," replied Lizzie, "and Aunt Chloe has taught me to successfully keep more than one iron in the fire at a time."

"I shall not be afraid to call on you in the future, now that I know how well you can do," said Mrs. Hines, but Lizzie replied good-humoredly:

"Too late, Aunt Emily. I am every day expecting a summons to go and keep house for papa. That has always been the understanding, you know. I was to go when I was qualified."

"I know a weed when I see it, and I know a flower, too, even if it do grow up tall and rank, and some ways resemble a weed," said the poor colored woman, one evening in the early autumn when the parson and his wife went to make their first call upon her after Lizzie had started for Maryland to live with her father. "I can't do much, but I like to do a little good as I go along, and it only takes a bit of talk and a pinch of patience thrown in to get young folks interested in what is useful; and they are so full of life that they must be all taken up with something good, bad or indifferent."

It was a lesson that Mrs. Hines will never forget. "I was not looking for a flower," she confessed. "I don't know how it was, but for a long time I have seemed to be like a machine running out of gear. I have not done my duty by myself nor by any one else, and Lizzie has shared in the general neglect."

"The Lord sets all things right if we only take them to him," said the aged woman, "and that is what Lizzie has had to do. Don't you see how sweet and bright she is? I think the Lord sent her to me that I might teach her the needs of my poor people—'home missions,' is what she calls it; and how full her great loving heart is of interest and of plans for work! She says her mother's dying prayer was that she might grow up to be a useful woman, and I think it will be granted."

Lizzie is a useful woman. I will tell you where she has found her work. In her leisure, after keeping her father's house, she teaches a little school for colored girls. And such a model school as it is. Her instruction is not confined to books. She teaches them to sew, and knit, and cook, and clean, to be good domestics, and above all, she teaches them that in whatever paths they are led their lives must be sweet and strong, and active in the service of God for his Son's dear sake.

"I love my work," says Lizzie. "I am fond of my girls. I have no color prejudice. The best friend I ever had was Aunt Chloe, a poor, old, lame colored woman. It is hard telling what I should have been to-day had she not interested me in home mission work, and made me understand that I must, fit myself for the small homely duties in life before I should be able to grapple with any of its weightier problems."

People in general, however, in speaking of the young housekeeper and teacher's great executive ability, will say:

"Miss Lizzie had a most excellent bringing-up in a clergyman's family, and was taught, from her childhood, to be useful." From that early experience, however, Lizzie was taught never, in whatever position of life she might be placed, to let inevitable every-day duties shut out the fact that always and everywhere there is for Jesus "so much to do."—*Standard.*

"I DO THIS FOR OTHERS"; OR, THE OLD MAN'S SACRIFICE.

BY REV. H. W. COSANT.

Deacon Jones had been a professed disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ for forty years and more. Everybody knew Deacon Jones for ten or fifteen miles around as the man that owned all the land that joined him," as through economy, self-denial, and hard work he had been able to buy out his neighbors one after another until his possessions extended over many miles of territory.

But he was not a veritable deacon, al-

universal consent because of his religious professions. He was not remarkably good, and by "no manner of means" could he have been called a bad man. He had many most excellent traits of character that endeared him to his family and to the rural community in which he lived. He "set a good table," the farmers said, but it knew very few of what the denizens of great cities call luxuries. Salt meats, occasionally a little fresh meat when he killed a calf, a sheep, a swine, or ox to sell, were found upon his table. The smoking hot corn and the "mealy potatoes" were always present in their season, to say nothing of Indian bread and wheaten biscuit. "Enough for all" was his motto, and his faithful spouse was equal to the duties of her station. Rum, gin, whiskey and brandy the deacon had left out of his supplies more than twenty-five years since, but there was always present on the table or on the shelf a model pitcher filled with "good old cider" for himself, for his workmen, and his numerous callers. Everybody in that vicinity knew two things—the cider "was good" and there was always plenty of it at hand. Why not? He had an abundance of apples, a cider-mill, and wasn't it a great pity to have the apples wasted by rotting on the ground? And wasn't there an opportunity to sell what cider he had to spare? And didn't the income from his sales of cider help him to buy more land?

There had been a temperance meeting in the school-house "hard by the deacon's" on the previous evening, which the deacon had attended, not so much that he had an interest in that movement, but because the minister that spoke was of his persuasion and was therefore a guest at his house. The deacon was interested in the services. Singing hymns, prayer, and a Gospel sermon—only there wasn't any text—secured his attention and made him think. The theme was "total abstinence from alcoholic drinks the privilege of Christian people."

A privilege! Yes, a great privilege, because neither health, labor, personal nor home comfort demanded their use. And what a saving of money, and time, and health, and life even, was effected by it. It was economical. That held him.

A privilege! Yes, because it enabled one to be helpful to others in many ways, but especially in the development of virtue, morality, and religion—essential elements of a good character and a useful life.

It was a help to the young as a safe example. It would save many a youth from ruin to adopt such a course of life, and make him a blessing to the world as well as a servant of God.

It was helpful to those who had fallen victims to appetite, as it taught them a better way and invited them back to virtue. It was a Christ-like virtue to live for others.

There was a nobler position for a Christian man to occupy than to be a post against which drunkards leaned for support.

In the same room with the deacon sat poor old "Jake" who had been and ruined by drink, listening intently to these strange yet sympathetic utterances. It would be difficult to tell which of the two wondered most at what they heard.

It was urged that even in the use of cider, so common a beverage with some good men, there was danger, even ruin. Were there not cider-drunkards in every community? Was it not a privilege to arrest their steps and save them to humanity and heaven? Was it not a Christian duty as well? The deacon leaned forward to hear every word.

The pledge was offered at the close of the service, but no one took it. It was evident that a number were anxious to do so, but none had the heroism to be singular.

The thinking did not stop, though the dim lights were extinguished in that dingy school-room. Even the quiet old deacon was not composed when he had reposed in his arm-chair in the old kitchen, where for so many years he had kept secluded from the outside world.

"John, do you want to sign the pledge?" he asked of a fourteen-year-old orphan that he had given a place of shelter.

"I'd just as lief if you will," promptly responded the grateful and thoughtful boy.

After a short silence the deacon said: "Do you know what it means to sign the pledge, John?"

"It means that I cannot draw any more cider for you," said the boy, in a kind and reverent manner. "Neither will we offer it to others for their use" was the sentence in the pledge that had given the boy more

trouble than the part requiring personal abstinence. Had he not been the boy whose duty it was to see that the cider pitcher was kept full in the house and the jug full in the field? Could he keep that pledge and retain his place in the only home open to him in the wide world? Had not drink ruined and then killed his unnatural parents, and bequeathed to him a legacy of shame? Was he not a drunkard's child, without a friend in the world outside of that family? Could he sign that pledge and be turned out-doors to pillow his head on the cold ground and be a beggar and a tramp for life?

A neighbor called at this moment and interrupted this conversation, but the subject was not changed. "Two misses," he said, "had talked the matter over since the meeting, and with the consent of their parents, had concluded to sign the pledge; if the lecturer would let him take the pledge he would take it to them and bring it back in the morning."

Turning to the deacon, he said: "Old Jake says he'll take the pledge if you will." We will not take the reader's time to recount the thoughtful conversation between this old man and the minister who was his transient guest—an earnest, practical discussion of Christian effort, extending far into the night, and followed by prayer for divine guidance and strength.

Morning dawns bright and beautiful. The autumnal frosts have tinged the foliage of the surrounding forests; the chestnut burrs are beginning to open; the squirrels are beginning to gather their winter's supply of food; the chirp of the fall crickets, and the gathering of the birds at their accustomed rendezvous before their annual migration to their Southern home—all seem to impress the mind with the necessity of seizing upon the present moment to do the work of life.

The table has been spread, and the family have gathered to take their morning meal ere the workmen go out to their harvest fields. The pledge has been returned with the names of the two misses written upon it with a bold hand. The deacon adjusts his spectacles, reads over the pledge, calls for pen and ink, and boldly, yet with a tremulous hand, writes his name upon it; then, passing both pen and pledge across the table to his wife for her signature, said:

"I do this for others."

For whom should he sign it if not for others? Had he not reached fourscore years? Could it be possible that in the winter of his life this cup would ruin him? The good housewife, worn and wrinkled with many years of toil, affixed her name beneath that of her husband, and then wrote the name of the orphan boy, to which he affixed his mark, X. A young man in his employ, twenty-one years of age, himself an orphan, followed their example.

That was a happy morning to the writer. It was an attestation of the power of truth over a human heart when that truth was brought into immediate contact with it.

It was the closing up of one of Satan's strongholds in that community, for the deacon's cider and the deacon's example had been prolific of evil to the bodies and souls of men. It was the inauguration of a new movement in that community; for that young man secured the names of fourteen other young men that he found at an auction-sale that day. Can any human mind measure the results of that twenty-four hours of service in one of the most unpromising fields in our happy New England?—*National Temperance Advocate.*

THE SIGNED AGREEMENT.

I was driving over our rugged hills in a desponding state of mind some time ago, when a man aroused me from my gloomy thoughts by calling out, "Will yer honor give me a lift? I've walked nigh on to twenty miles, and have got eight more afore I get home."

Looking him squarely in the face, and finding him of an open and ingenious countenance, I said, "By all means, my good man, come up into the trap," at the same time inwardly praying I might be able to drop a word by the wayside that should result in his blessing.

"You are a stranger in these parts?" said I. "What brings you over the hills in this weather?" for the wind was bitterly cold.

"I'm going to change houses, or I want to, and as the landlord of the house I want to take lives at H—, and my missus

thought I had better see to it at once, and get the 'greement paper signed, as there's only a fortnight to Christmas."

"So you believe in making things as sure as you can?" said I.

"Well, yes; you see, sir, we had agreed by word o' mouth, but I thought he might run word afore Lady Day, but 'tis all right now 'tis signed to," said he with evident satisfaction.

"What about that other house you have had notice to quit?" I asked.

"Other house?" said the man, with great astonishment. "I don't rent more than one; leastways, I don't live in more than one."

"Oh yes you do," I said. "You live in two houses. One made of bricks and mortar, the other of flesh and blood—your body. Where are you going when you leave that? Have you a building of God, eternal in the heavens?"

"I'm afraid I have not," said he, "that's just what I want, but I'm afraid 'tis too late."

"No," said I, "it is not, I can assure you it is just the right time, for now is the accepted time, the day of salvation. But why do you think it is too late?" I asked.

"Why, sir," he replied, "it was nigh on to eighteen years ago any one spoke to me as you have on the subject, and then my mother lay dying, and she made me promise I would turn to God and meet her in heaven. I promised her but I've never kept it, and I'm afraid 'tis too late," and he seemed deeply moved.

"No," said I, "it's not too late, for 'to-day if ye will hear his voice,' is God's word, and God desires your salvation, and has made every preparation for it, and nothing remains but for you to accept it."

"I wish I could be sure of it," he said.

"How are you sure you are going to live in the new house?" I asked.

"Why, 'tis signed to," said the man, wondering at my apparent ignorance.

"Who signed to it?" I again asked.

"Why, the both of us; leastways I put my mark, as I can't write very well," he replied.

"The landlord agreed to let the house under certain conditions, and signed to it. Was that it?" I asked.

"Yes sir."

"Did his signing make you a tenant?"

"No. I had to sign as well," he replied.

"Just so," said I. "God has agreed to give everlasting life, to certain individuals, because of certain conditions having been fulfilled by His Son, and has signed to it, by raising Him from the dead—for He was 'delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification,' and he has further given proof of His willingness and power by sending the Holy Ghost to convince us of the truth. Now just as your agreement required your signature to put you into possession, so God's agreement requires your signature to give you the benefit, for 'he that hath received His testimony hath set to his seal that God is true,' in other words, he that believeth what God says accepts the gift of salvation, 'that everlasting life.'"

"Is it like that?" said the astonished man, "then by God's help I'll sign to it now!"

And as we drove along the country lane he lifted his eyes to heaven, as the tears coursed down his cheeks, and said aloud, "O God, I do accept Thy blessed Son as my Saviour. I will sign the 'greement. Thou hast promised to give everlasting life to those who believe. I do believe, praise God!" and turning to me he said, "Oh, sir, I never felt so happy in my life. I shall have good news to tell my wife to-night."

I got him to repeat several texts of Scripture ere I parted from him, as he could not read, which he learnt, and on leaving he grasped my hand with both his, saying,

"God bless you, sir, I shall have to thank God to all eternity for my ride in this trap. Believe me, sir, when I put my foot on the step of your trap I felt as I had never felt for eighteen years before. I thought to myself, 'That man's a Christian—like my mother.' My first step on your trap was my first step toward heaven, and if we never meet on earth we shall meet there, sir. And now, sir, I've no fear whenever the notice to quit comes to me"—striking his breast—"I have a better house sure and certain above, for 'tis signed to."

I have never met him since, but I believe I shall meet him in heaven. I need scarcely say I returned that day to the "plants and hedges" with a joy somewhat akin to the "joy among the angels," feeling that, though

but a simple conversion, God could, and did, use it to his glory. Many such souls are to be found all round us; they are just waiting to be spoken with, and pointed to Jesus. If the "potters" but dwell "with the King," will He not give them the right thing to do at the right time? Infinitely better for us to be satisfied to do "the next thing" God gives us than to be deploring our inability to do the thing He sees fit to appoint to our neighbor.

"She hath done what she could" is a memorial that no language can possibly excel, and the opportunity of gaining such a reward lies within the reach of every one of the King's servants. May the Lord help us to "go and do likewise," for

In this "little white" doth it matter,
As we work, and we watch, as if we wait,
If we're filling the place He assigns us,
Be it service small or great?
There's a work for me and a work for you,
Something for each of us now to do.

—W. J. H. Brealey, in *Word and Work.*

PATCH.

"Here comes Rags and Patch. Holloa, rag-man, here's a bargain for you," and the scholars just set free from study hours clustered around a little boy, whose coat was patch upon patch, and a girl whose thin pink calico dress did not keep out the keen March wind.

Dick and Celis Bennett were the children of a man who had set out in life with bright hopes, and for a time he bravely ran his race, but, oh, his love of drink had dimmed all those hopes, made weak the strong arm, and blurred his moral senses. Now, the sunny, cosy home was gone; the father did little but drink and doze; the mother, by washing, barely kept a shelter over their heads, while Dick and Celis often went hungry as well as ragged.

"Arn't they handsome, though? Mabel Rand, don't you want the pattern of that hood?" said Roy Gordon, a boy of twelve.

"Wouldn't they make 'illegant' scarer-crows to keep the birds away from Pat Flynn's berry trees and raspberry bushes? Let's tell the old man to engage them for the season," said another.

The group of well-dressed little girls should have been pitiful toward the shy Celis who stood shivering and cowering in their midst, but they, said to say, helped to tease and torture the children.

"I think they are almost a disgrace to our school. Mother says we ought to be very careful about our playmates," said a haughty little miss.

"Suppose we see what this coat is, or rather was, made of at first," said Roy Gordon, and he thrust his fingers into a rent and coolly tore one of the patches.

"Oh, please don't do that. Mother said up late last night to wash and mend Dick's coat," sobbed little Celis.

"Hain't you better inquire where your most honorable daddy is, and what his occupation is at the present time?" sneered Roy Gordon. At this Dick ceased his sobbing, stood up straight, and looked directly at Roy and Mabel.

"Yes, Roy, perhaps I had better go to your father and ask him where mine is. If he doesn't know I'm sure Mabel can tell me. Many nights have Celis and I gone at midnight to bring him home, for, wretched and poor as he is, our mother loves him yet and sent us to guide him home. We usually go to Mr. Gordon's first. If not there, we always find him at Mr. Rand's. It isn't always easy for me to love my father, 'cause he drinks so hard and lets mother work so hard, but it is said, 'Woe unto him that putteth the bottle unto his neighbors' lips,' Celis and I are ragged, I know, but, thank God, our clothes are not bought with blood-money. I'd rather go hungry and shabby than dress grand with money taken from poor families. My father was a gentleman. Who made him what he is? Mabel Rand and Roy Gordon; I'd rather be Celis and me than either of you," and Master Dick led his sister toward their poor home.

"Bravo!" cried the crowd that had collected, and the well-dressed children were glad to leave the place. When Dick got home his anger was gone. He laid his head on his mother's lap and told his story. Little comfort could the poor woman give. Her poor husband was so weak, and temptations everywhere. Many homes, once happy and blest, are now as desolate as Celis's and Dick's. Shall we not all try to spare the feelings of the drunkard's poor, suffering children; make their woes lighter, if we can?—*Selected.*

The Temperance Worker

SATURDAY, MARCH 7.

PLUCKING THEIR OWN GOOSE.

The liquor dealers have won a dishonorable victory in Minnesota—procuring the defeat in the Senate of a bill to raise the license fee to \$500. One journal gives a report that the liquor dealers' association spent no less than \$20,000 in foul ways to accomplish this result. They have accomplished more than they intended. They have given the prohibitionists another powerful argument against the existence of a legalized drink traffic, and they have forced many who formerly believed in the possibility of "regulating" the business, to see that it must be extinguished altogether unless the whole country is to be "run" in the interests of drunkard-makers. One senator said the prohibitionists had received a very black eye at last fall's election, but now they could come up more smiling than ever. Another senator said if this legislature failed to pass a high license law the prohibitionists would prove a very prominent factor in the nominating conventions of 1886, and a still weightier factor at the election to follow.

A large number of the friends of high license were interviewed by the *Pioneer Press* (a journal which has itself, so far, opposed prohibition), and without exception, although many of them have been avowedly opposed to prohibition in the past, they declared that if it shall become necessary to enact a prohibitory law in order to reach the evil of intemperance, they will be prepared to support even that extreme measure. Indeed, many of them were of the opinion that prohibition will eventually be forced upon the state, in view of the attitude which has been assumed by the liquor interest toward so wise and beneficent a measure as that which has met defeat in the senate.

Bishop Ireland, who has strongly supported the High License Bill, said that he had not been a prohibitionist. "However," said he—"I have always held up to my hearers the principle, *Salus populi suprema lex*, intimating to them that the abuse might one day assume such dreaded proportions and inflict upon morality and liberty such deep wounds that a total removal of the cause of intemperance might be necessary, and that consequently, whatever privation should ensue to individuals, prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicants might be a national duty. HAS THE TIME COME? I put this question to myself in all seriousness. A bill was introduced before the highest legislative body of the state. In all its provisions this bill had but one aim—to confine the liquor traffic within limits where its reckless violation of law might be curbed, its audacious cupidity repressed, its criminal multiplication of temptations reduced. This much and nothing more. Yet the liquor traffic is able to lift up its polluted hand, command the submission of legislators, and doom the bill to silence and to death. Two things we know. Liquor dealers and their agents have, with bold men, walked through the streets of our city, declaring that the high license bill must and shall be killed, and pointing, while they spoke, to their plethoric wallets as the sources of their power and their confidence. Next, the bill was killed." After expressing a hope that the senate would reconsider its decision, the Bishop concluded: "I have yet faith in Minnesota—in the multitude of voters in the state who will rise up in indignant protest and teach effectually the liquor traffic that its day of retribution has

come. The victory, if there is to be a victory for the traffic in the present legislature, will have been dearly purchased."

THROWING UP THE SPONGE.

AN HONEST JUDGE SENDS THE RUMMERS INTO A PANIC—TWENTY-FIVE OF THEM TAKE REFUGE IN GAOL.

The latest statement circulated by the inventive liquor partisans of Kansas is that between April 1883 and July 1884, the convicts in the State penitentiary increased from 644 to 751. Whether the statement is correct or not, we are not now concerned to discover,—merely remarking that no mention is made of those criminals convicted in United States courts, and "boarded round" in various State institutions. What we would call attention to is that the increase is said to be connected with prohibition being the law of the land. Fortunately the reply to this outrageous absurdity completely turns the tables on the liquor advocates. A declaration by the Rev. A. B. Campbell, who was chaplain of the State Penitentiary in October 1882, shows that the number of convicts then in prison was 653, a decrease of 72 in the first eighteen months during which prohibition was law. The total number of convicts received from all parts of Kansas in the year ending June 1880 was 279; in 1881, it was 212; and in 1882, 208. And it appears, from the enemy's own figures, that the number continued to decrease until Governor Glick came into office. Instead of being an argument against prohibition, it is no small proof of its benefits, that while the authorities enforced the law there was a steady decrease in crime, and that at the number of convicts again increased when a Governor was in power who sympathized with and actively protected the law-breaking liquor sellers. The officers of the law became lax in their duties, and the presidential campaign helped to divert public attention from the question of enforcement.

We are glad to see that, the election excitement having subsided, and an honest Governor having been placed in the seat of power, the law is again being enforced with vigor. Mr. A. M. Richardson, writing on the 12th of February, 1885, from Topeka, the State Capital, says:

For the last few months little notice has been taken in our large towns of the law's violation. Judge Martin has opened the campaign, and charged the Grand Jury to indict not only the liquor-sellers, but also the owners of the buildings in which liquor was sold. "Such was the terror caused by this movement, that thirty men left the city on one night train to avoid arrest, and the next day only two saloons could be found open. Twenty-five men are now in gaol for violating the law, and all arrested have been put under bonds from \$1,000 to \$6,300 each, to appear at the next term of the district court. They have also been required to give further bonds not to sell in the future."

The Topeka Journal, under the heading "Throwing up the sponge," tells what confusion this honest judge and jury were able to throw the enemy's ranks into. It says: "The Topeka saloon men seem to have got enough. They will retire from the bar. In an interview with a Journal reporter, Mr. C. R. Jones said:

"I have been told that I am considered the bell wether, and that it was on the bills to close me up at all hazards."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"I have sold out and am going into the cattle business. I have had enough."

"Have you heard any of the other saloon-keepers say what they were going to do?"

"Pete Miller says he will close up his

place at once, and Pependick will close up, and says his property is for sale."

"How about Frank Durein?"

"Frank had made up his mind to buck it through, but he has now come to the conclusion that it will cost more than he can make. He announces that he has sold out. Ed. Mosier's place on Sixth Street is closed, and Ed. is in gaol. J. K. Jones's place on Sixth Street is closed and Jones is in gaol. Charley Jockheck's place is closed, and he too languishes in durance vile."

"How about the wholesale dealers?"

"Blackman is closed and Straub & Co. have sold out. Fred Smith's place is closed up, and Capt. Dowell the notorious north-side politician, was fined \$60 and costs this morning. He says he has got enough, and throws up his hands."

C. R. Jones, mentioned above, was President of "The People's Protective Union," and the leading wholesale dealer in the State. A similar movement in Lawrence has had good results. Several sellers have been fined and others languish in gaol.

THE CHAPLAIN of the Massachusetts State prison, in his report, says:

"Of the 534 men now here, the greater portion would be glad to vote for the prohibitory law, for many of them feel that their safety from the perils of drunkenness depends, in a great degree, on such a law. They realize their weakness and are fearful of themselves, and desire such a law to strengthen them in their resistance to the seductions of the cup, which has been their bane and their curse. When about being discharged, to go out again into the world to combat its varied trials and temptations, in answer to the hope expressed that they will do well, they often say 'I shall do well enough, if I let liquor alone. If I can resist when urged to take a drink, or go to some place where I can't get it, I shall do well enough.'"

ANOTHER KANSAS VICTORY.—The liquor party in the Kansas House of Representatives introduced a resolution to have the Prohibitory amendment again submitted to the people; hoping to obtain a repeal. At the recent election, the liquor men made this one of their leading cries; but the result shows how the will of the people was expressed. The resolution has been "indefinitely postponed," by a vote of 71 to 33. This action, a Kansas correspondent says, may be regarded as finally settling the question.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE of the Prohibition party has issued a long and very able appeal to the people of the United States, setting forth the evils of the liquor traffic, the steady growth of its power, the way in which both the old parties make terms with it, and the necessity of a reform party which will not exist as a "mere organized appetite for office," but to uphold a great moral principle.

JOHN KING, the last survivor of the the "Seven Men of Preston" who formed the first teetotal society in England fifty years ago, has just "gone over to the majority."

CUNNINGHAM AND BURTON are still on trial for causing the London explosions; Burton has been identified as the owner of clothing found in a valise at Charing Cross station a year ago, and containing also gunpowder and something like an infernal machine.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, who is now 65 years old, is at her good old occupation; she is raising a fund to care for sick and wounded British soldiers in the Soudan.

THE WEEK.

GENERAL GRANT has been quite given up by his doctors, owing to the fatal progress of the disease on his tongue. He is finishing his history of the civil war.

THE FENIANS IN PARIS are "planning" a new armed insurrection in Ireland.

THE CROW CREEK RESERVATION, DAKOTA, has been thrown open for settlement, and people are stampeding in.

ELEVEN FARMERS and their families were evicted at Abbeyfeale, Ireland, on Thursday last.

THE EX-EMPRESS EGEGENIE and the Duc de Bassano were thrown from a carriage in which they were riding at Farnborough on Monday. The duke is 82 years of age, and will probably die. The ex-empress is slightly injured.

THE POPE's seventy-fifth birthday was celebrated on Monday. Replying to the congratulations of his cardinals, Leo XIII said that the Papacy was "in the hands of the despoiler," and neither he nor his successors could ever accept this state of affairs.

THE HOUSE COMMITTEE on Foreign affairs at Washington reports the following resolution to Congress: "No prospect of commercial advantage warrants the departure from the traditional policy of this Government, which forbids all entangling alliances with nations of the Old World. The participation of delegates from the United States in the so-called Congo Conference, while, as your Committee believes, carefully guarded in purpose to confine their powers to a consideration of the commercial interests exclusively, is unfortunate, if it should be anywhere recognized as a departure from the policy which forbids the Government of the United States to participate in any political combination or movement outside of the American continent."

THE STEAMER "City of Chester" has been towed into Queenstown, Ireland, in a disabled condition. She met worse storms on her way from New York than her officers had ever experienced. In the last, she was thrown on her beam ends, immense quantities of water poured in and extinguished the engine fires, and the rudder was carried away. When the storm abated, she went on under sail.

CAPTAIN STEWART, of the Stewart ranche, N. W. Territories, says trade is fairly active in the West. There was a heavy snow fall during the winter, but as it did not get crisp on the top the cattle got along admirably, and, notwithstanding that the thermometer registered occasionally 50 below zero, very few of the cattle suffered thereby.

THE IRISH seem likely to receive the Prince and Princess of Wales well on their approaching visit—or, at any rate, not to attempt any positive incivility or violence.

TWENTY-ONE PERSONS have been drowned on board the Swedish steamer "Norden," sunk by a collision with the English steamer "Cumberland."

THE CONGO CONFERENCE has come to an end, all the delegates signing an agreement that the Congo territory shall be considered neutral, and free to the traders of all nations.

THE WOMEN OF BERLIN have held a meeting to protest against their work or working-hours being limited by law.

SIX REVOLUTIONISTS in Cuba have been sentenced by a court-martial to death. The Government has consented to a temporary reprieve.

MARtha BRYAN, a Maryland woman, laughed for fifteen minutes and then dropped dead.

THE MINISTER OF WAR for Chili states that 150 cannon and 25 machine guns were captured in the recent war with Peru, and are all in good order.

TWO THOUSAND Indian Monteneros have been defeated in a fight with four companies of Peruvian government troops and left 300 dead on the field.

MR. O'BRIEN, a Parnellite member of the British Parliament, has been "suspended for a week," on account of unruly conduct and insubordination to the Speaker.

MANY WASHINGTONIANS are very ill from the effects of the weather at the recent inauguration of the Washington monument.

AN IOWA LAWYER, named McMillan, challenges Robert Ingersoll to a discussion at Chicago. Mr. McMillan says he will heal, in the name of Christ, any sick or insane person whom Ingersoll may choose.

THE RUSSIAN import duty on agricultural implements is to be fixed at about \$1 per 100 lbs weight.

THE ARKANSAS farmers who are giving employment to the negro immigrants from south eastern States, have been "ordered" to discharge them by a gang of ruffians. The Governor says he will protect the colored people.

A FREIGHT TRAIN crashed into the rear of the New Orleans passenger train on the Illinois Central on February 25. Two sleeping cars were destroyed, and a passenger from Canada, Mr. McInnis, was killed.

THE POPE, replying to an address sent him by French workmen, traced the evils afflicting the working classes to their abandonment of the principles of religion and to their submitting themselves to the influence of agitators who deceived them with vain promises and flattered them by magnifying their rights and never alluding to their duties. Nothing good could arise from exciting the workmen's hate of proprietors and the rich. The remedy for the evils of the workers' lot was to be found in associations and co-operation and rendering of mutual assistance in cases of sickness, want and old age. Catholics, he said, ought to unite and work in concert in preparing for the church and society a better future.

THE SWISS GOVERNMENT has spread quite a panic among the dynamiters and anarchists by active measures against them. About a score are being prosecuted for conspiring to blow up the Legislature.

SUICIDE FOR A PIGTAIL.—A telegram from Bloomington, Illinois, tells this mournful story: Two Chinese laundrymen committed suicide here last night by taking a paste made of opium and vinegar. Their names were Long On and Louis Sing. The former came here from Chicago about ten days ago on a visit. He had cut off his queue, and was attired in the garments of a pronounced dude, wearing a gold watch and chain and a costly diamond ring. On Chinese New Year's Day On and Sing went on a spree, and On cut off Sing's queue at the request of the latter, who was envious of the splendor of his Americanized friend. On coming to his senses Sing became distracted over the loss of his queue, realizing the disgrace entailed upon him in orthodox Chinese circles. So he and On, rather than face the world and be "cut" by all the laundrymen in town, decided upon suicide. They were buried with their boots on.

AL EXPEDITION to visit the great unexplored Lake Mistassini, between the St. Lawrence and Hudson's Bay, will leave Quebec on the 10th of June. Going up the Saguenay River by steambot, and crossing to Lake St. John by land, the party will get down to Lake Mistassini by bark canoes manned by Indians. Returning by a different route, the expedition will reach Quebec about the 1st of September. Tickets for the round trip are to be bought for \$500.

THE ASSOCIATED CHAMBERS of Commerce, of England, have been discussing the present depression of trade. A proposal to have a Royal Commission of enquiry was rejected. The depression seems to be gradually passing away. The ship-building and marine engineering industries are decidedly waking up, and coal miners are busy. A slight depression in the iron trade will soon pass away, and the boot and shoe trade is more active. The supply of unskilled labor is still greater than the demand; emigration is slack. Trade in Scotland is reported to be very dull.

THE EARL OF DURHAM is trying to get divorced from his wife, on the ground that her insanity was concealed from him by her friends. He could scarcely ever get her to say a word before the marriage; but it is claimed that she was not then insane.

THE QUEBEC GOVERNMENT held an auction sale of timber limits last week, but only four lots were sold, and the Government is disappointed, as it wants money.

WEEDS that are exterminated in some countries are cultivated in others. The London Times says that a considerable impetus has been given in Germany to the artificial growth of the nettle (*urtica dioica*) by a German lady living at Langenschwalbach, who has been studying and systematically experimenting upon it, for the sake of the fibre, which ranks high for tenacity. Not content with cultivating it in the ordinary forest or waste land, she has persuaded several landowners to plant an acre of first-class wheat land with nettles, in order to see how far the qualities of the fibre would be improved.

THE STRIKING carpet-makers of Philadelphia have been engaged in riotous proceedings, and five hundred policemen had to be ordered out to defend one man who remained at his work.

A LADY who was arrested and searched in Macy's dry-goods store, New York, being wrongly suspected of having stolen some small articles, sued the proprietor and has obtained a verdict of \$5,000 damages.

CYPRUS, according to the census just published, ranks as number six among the islands connected with Britain. The population is 186,173, including 3,469 foreigners. There are 95,015 males, and 91,158 females. Turkish is the mother tongue of 4,638, and Greek of 140,793. More than one hundred are centenarians, and ten thousand are over seventy. There is one blind person to every eighty-three of the population, one deaf-mute to every 370, and one imbecile to every 330. The proportion of insanity is less than that of Britain.

A REVOLUTION in Columbia, intended as a protest against the illegal methods of the President, has grown into a serious civil war. The government's troops were defeated in a battle at Barranquilla, with a loss of 60 killed and 200 wounded; the commander and 300 others were taken prisoners. Carthagenia is now besieged by the victorious insurgents. Some British officers have been fired on by government soldiers.

THE COKE INDUSTRY in Pittsburg is looking up.

CYRUS W. FIELD, the capitalist, is suing the New York Herald for libel.

AN ILLINOIS MAN named Henry Digby, who was sentenced to fourteen years imprisonment for killing John Sinkler, has now been proved innocent and released, after spending five years in the penitentiary.

THE BRITISH ARMY is estimated to cost the country \$89,353,500 in the coming year—including the expenses of the Soudan War.

FIRE broke out twice on one night last week in the Ohio Institute for the Blind; it is believed that some discharged employees had a hand in the matter, but no serious damage was done.

A TERRIBLE EXPLOSION occurred last Thursday at the Royal School of Gunnery, Shoeburyness, England. A gunner who was trying to fasten a newly invented fuse into a shell, used a little too much force and the shell went off. The gunner and several other men were killed; Col. Lyon, the inventor, and Col. Strangways, the commandant of the school, were both fearfully wounded and died soon afterwards.

THE UNITED COUNTIES of Northumberland and Durham, Ontario, have given the largest majority (about 2,500) yet obtained by the Scott Prohibitory Act in the whole of Canada.

MR. KRANZ, the one German member of the Canadian Parliament, introduced a resolution affirming the principle that when a prohibitory law is adopted the brewers and distillers and maltsters should receive "equitable compensation." This was supported by most of the government, but was defeated; an amendment moved by Mr. Fisher, a strong prohibitionist, that there will be time enough to discuss the compensation question when the prohibitory law is actually introduced, was carried by 105 to 74. This is a pretty hard blow for the liquor trade of the Dominion.

THE UNITED STATES House of Representatives, by a vote of 150 to 118, has refused to stop the coinage of silver. But Mr. Cleveland, in a very clear and outspoken letter, shows that silver coinage is accumulating too fast and gold coinage is correspondingly decreasing, so that it is wrong to go on coining simply to please the silver producers.

LONG ISLAND has had a visit from a ferocious eagle, it seems. A telegram from Brooklyn says that while Israel Platt and Henry Conklin, of Batylon, Long Island, were in the woods near that village, they saw a large eagle in a high tree. Conklin discharged the contents of both barrels of his gun at it. The eagle with a scream swooped down upon him. Conklin started to run, but his foot caught in a twig and he was thrown to the ground. As he fell, the eagle landed on him and planted its talons in his leg. It then began an attack upon his body with its bill. Conklin tried to get upon his feet, but was knocked down by the wounded bird. It almost stunned him by a blow on the back of his head with its beak. The bird fought desperately for several minutes. Conklin was getting exhausted when Platt came to his aid, and used his gun upon the bird, though at first without any apparent effect. Finally several hard blows knocked the creature senseless, after which it was safely secured with ropes and taken to Conklin's home. There it has been caged. It measures seven feet six inches from tip to tip. Conklin is severely injured.

THREE DESPERADOES came into the office of the Deputy Treasurer of Nebraska last Saturday, and ordered him to "hold up his hands." He passed \$300 out to them, exclaiming "Here it is, help yourselves." At that signal three detectives came out of hiding. The robbers did not obey the call to halt, but one of them was shot dead, another was captured in his flight, and the third escaped.

SENATOR PAYNE, speaking at Cleveland before leaving for Washington, said that if the dispute as to the result of the Presidential election had not been settled by the Electoral Commission, civil war would have been the result, as half a million men were ready to settle the matter by arms.

COWBOYS stopped the Pacific express at Mingsville, Dakota, on Friday, and made the conductor dance a can-can on the platform. They varied the monotony by shooting at his feet. All of them have been since captured.

THE TENNESSEE SENATE has passed a bill prohibiting MORMONS from teaching polygamy in that state.

SIR HENRY V. STONHOUSE, an English baronet, whose title dates back more than 250 years, has died in destitute circumstances in Berkeley county, South Carolina.

TWO SPECIAL TRAINS ran into each other on the Intercolonial Railway last Thursday, through the mistake of a conductor; the engineer and fireman of one train were killed.

SIX NEW "TORPEDO CRUISERS" have been ordered for the British Navy, and the Scotch ship-builders have been asked to make proposals for seven new war-ships.

TWO BELGIANS are being prosecuted at Leipsic for bribing German officers to give them maps and other military information, which were afterwards given to agents of the French government.

A WELL KNOWN DENTIST at Boston, Dr. Shurtleff, has been found dead in his office from the effects of nitrous oxide gas. Whether he committed suicide or died accidentally is not known.

VICTOR HUGO, the famous French poet and novelist, was entertained at a banquet on the 25th February, that being the eve of his 83rd birthday.

THE MICHIGAN SENATE has rejected the motion to have a prohibitory constitutional amendment submitted to a popular vote.

THIRTY PERSONS at West Wheeling, Ohio, have been poisoned by eating turnips that had been "protected" by Paris green during cultivation. One of the victims is dead and several are dangerously ill.

MR. HENDRICKS, the new Vice-President of the United States, had a narrow escape from death by a railway collision in West Virginia. The engineers made desperate efforts to stop the trains, and the collision was slight.

A GREAT FIRE at ALBANY, N. Y., on Sunday, destroyed the immense freight depot of the Albany and Susquehanna railway, containing fifteen loaded cars. One building of the Albany chemical works was also burned. The total loss is about \$325,000.

THE BURMESE have at last succeeded in re-capturing Bhamo from the Chinese.

THE GAMBIA RIVER, in West Africa, has been thrown open to the vessels of all nations. Hitherto, its navigation has been controlled by the French and British.

MR. GLADSTONE is seriously indisposed, in consequence of the great strain put upon him by the political crisis.

SAMUEL CROWTHER, SLAVE BOY AND BISHOP.

Many books have been written showing how from lowly circumstances men have risen to positions of great honor and usefulness. Perhaps you have read "From Poorhouse to Palmit" or "From Cabin to White House." The story we are about to tell might be called "From Slave-pen to Bishopric." It is a wonderful story of high attainments by one of humbled birth.

Some seventy-five years ago, the great supply of slaves for the markets of the world came from the west coast of Africa, and especially from the kingdoms bordering on the Gulf of Guinea. One of these kingdoms is Yoruba, and about a hundred miles inland from what is now the port of Lagos, there lived, in 1821, a family consisting of father and mother and three children, one of them a boy of eleven years, named Adjai. One morning a cry was heard in this rude African village: "The men-stealers are coming!" In the fight which followed, the father fell in defence of his home, and the children and mother were bound together with cords about their necks, and were driven away from their home, which was left a smoking ruin. The mother and baby were allotted to one of the warriors. Adjai and his sister were assigned to a principal chief, but were soon bartered away for a horse. Inasmuch as the horse did not suit the chief, Adjai was taken back, but was subsequently sent in chains to the slave market at Ijaye to be sold. Within a few months he was sold four times, generally being bartered for rum and tobacco. All this time he was in terrible anxiety lest he should be sold to white men and carried off, as so many of the slaves were, to a foreign land. He often purposed to strangle himself, and once actually attempted to throw himself into the river. But God kept him in life, for he had a great use to make of him.

The fourth master of Adjai did sell him to the white men, who put him with the others into the slave barracks, or sheds, where he lay stifling for four weary months. This was at what is now the flourishing town of Lagos. But one night Adjai and his companions, to the number of 187, were carried on board a slave ship, and stowed away in the hold for the purpose of transportation to Cuba or Brazil. Shortly after the slave-ship went to sea she was captured by a British man-of-war which was seeking to suppress the slave trade, and the slaves were taken on board to be carried to Sierra Leone. But of course these poor creatures did not understand the merciful purpose of their deliverers, and when on board the rescuing ship they were filled with horror at seeing joints of pork and cannon balls about the deck, for they had no other thought than that these were the heads and flesh of murdered negroes, and that it would soon be their turn to be thus cut up.

These freed children were placed at Sierra Leone, in a school under the care of young men, and Adjai was so eager to learn that when the first day's school was over he begged a half-penny and bought an alphabet card for himself. In six months he could read the New Testament well. A little girl with whom he was associated in this school, named Asano, afterward became his wife.

After exhibiting marked intelligence and showing evidence of Christian character, Adjai was baptized, in 1825, by the name of Samuel Crowther. He was then taken to England by one of the missionaries, but returned shortly after to Sierra Leone and became a student, and soon an assistant teacher, in what was called the Fourah Bay College of the English Church Missionary Society. He was invited to accompany the celebrated Niger expedition, undertaken by the English Government in 1841, the object of which was to explore that important but then unknown river of Africa. The expedition, though it made valuable discoveries was disastrous in its results, for nearly one third of the hundred and fifty persons connected with it died within two months. Mr. Crowther, however, escaped, and in 1843, just twenty-one years after he was put on board the slave-ship, he was ordained clergyman in connection with the mission of the Church of England. His countrymen marvelled as they heard one of their own race preaching in his native Yoruba, and the whole church rang with the cry of "Ke oh sheh!"—"So let it be."

At this time many of the Yoruba-speaking tribes, after suffering greatly from men-stealing wars, had built a city about a hun-

dred miles from Lagos, calling it Abeokuta, and many of the slaves who had obtained their liberty in various parts of Africa made their way back to their native land. Mr. Crowther was appointed to labor at this city, and went thither with four other Christian Yorubas. In 1846, three weeks after he had reached the city, he met his mother, after a separation of a quarter of a century. In his own journal he makes the following record for August 21, on which day he met her:—

"Thou art the Helper of the fatherless. I have never felt the force of this text more than I did this day, as I have to relate that my mother, from whom I was torn away about five and twenty years ago, came with my brother in quest of me. When she saw me she trembled. She could not believe her own eyes. We grasped one another, looking at each other with silence and great astonishment; big tears rolled down her emaciated cheeks. A large number of people soon came together. She trembled as she held me by the hand, and called me by the familiar names by which I well remembered I used to be called by my grandmother who has sinned in slavery. We could not say much, but sat still, and cast now and then an affectionate look at one another—a look

are not far from enlisting under the banner of Christ."

We have not room to follow the subsequent life of Mr. Crowther in detail. He prepared a grammar and dictionary of the Yoruba language, and was known as a diligent and thorough scholar. He translated the Bible and school-books into his native tongue, and gave himself unweariedly to efforts to elevate his people. He led a second expedition to the Niger, which was a signal success, making important additions to the geographical knowledge of the world. But he was engaged chiefly in the missionary work, and in 1857 the Niger Mission of the English Church Missionary Society was established. When the English bishop died, no one could be found so fitted for the position as Mr. Crowther, and he was consecrated bishop in 1864. The last report of this mission says that "no other mission started so recently as 1857 can show equal visible results in large congregations of professed Christian worshippers." There are nearly four thousand Christian adherents under the care of this bishop, and though the people have suffered much from the heathenish superstitions of their neighbors, they have stood steadfast for the faith. The wife of Bishop Crowther died only



BISHOP SAMUEL CROWTHER.

which violence and oppression have long checked—an affection which had nearly been extinguished by the long space of twenty-five years. My two sisters, who were captured with us, are both with my mother, who takes care of them and her grandchildren, in a small town not far from hence, called Abaka. Thus unsought for, after all search for me had failed, God has brought us together again, and turned our sorrow into joy."

It seems that his mother had long given up all hope of seeing her son, having been in slavery herself more than once, though not taken from Africa. She afterward became one of the first fruits of the mission, and was baptized by the name of Hannah, the mother of Samuel.

In Mr. Crowther's journal of August 3, 1849, is this record:—

"This mission is to-day three years old. What has God wrought during this short interval of conflict between light and darkness? We have five hundred constant attendants on the means of grace, about eighty communicants, and nearly two hundred candidates for baptism. A great number of heathen have ceased worshipping their country gods, others have cast theirs away altogether, and

four years ago, more than fifty years after their marriage, and the good bishop himself is still laboring, an honored and useful man, in his missionary field on the banks of the Niger.—*Missionary Herald.*

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

At the recent convention of Sabbath schools in the province of New Brunswick, the question box was a feature of the Convention. The following are some of the questions that found their way into the box, with the answers given by Mr. S. J. Parsons, to whom was assigned that duty:

Q. Is it proper for the superintendent to be always making "a few remarks"? A. Not if he advertises picnics and tea-meetings and takes up the time of the Sunday-school selling tickets for a bazaar.

Q. What will we do with our unconverted teachers? A. Lead them to Christ.

Q. What is the best means of keeping the old boys in the schools? A. By talking of the Sunday-school as a nursery and teachers' school.

Q. What would you do with a tobacco-using teacher? A. Tenderly and earnestly

seek to turn him from the error of his ways.

Q. Who dug his own grave and where can it be found? A. We do not want any more corn-trunks like this. More searching the Scriptures after truth (and less Chinese puzzles) would be more beneficial for all concerned.

Q. Would you always open the school on the same plan or order of services? A. No; I think they might be varied with advantage.

Q. Am I right in thinking that children take the most interest in the morning Sunday school? A. I think you are. They are then wide awake; though their parents usually embrace the morning hours for a comfortable nap in the pews.

Q. Ought a Sunday-school be closed to attend a funeral held at the same hour? A. The minister conducting the funeral ought in most cases to postpone the event until after school hours.

Q. What should be done with a class if no teacher in the school could get the class interested? A. This question is written wrong. Something should be done with the teachers if they cannot do better than that.

Q. Should the superintendent teach a class? A. Not regularly and perhaps not at all. In any case he will probably have enough to do to entertain classes whose teachers are absent.

Q. Are Sunday-school picnics a help or a hindrance in Sunday-school work? A. Possibly a help if well regulated. I never saw one that was.

Q. How can we induce the scholars to study the lesson at home? A. Ask and expect them to do so.

Q. Would you do without a school in a place if you could get no professed Christian to teach and could get a fairly moral person to take charge of the school or class? A. Depends upon the man. Good judgment, a kind feeling towards children and knowledge of the Bible are, perhaps, as important essentials as a profession of salvation.—*Religious Intelligencer.*

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

Teach the Sunday-school scholar the lesson to-day. Get it into his understanding. Fix it in his memory. Place it where he cannot escape its reminders and reproofs—a beacon to warn, a buoy to guide. Associate the lesson with the facts of his daily life. Attach its ethical principles to the places into which every day he comes—the school, the house, the street, the shop, the play ground.

You are responsible for the teaching, not for the supply of supernatural force. You are to conform to the Divine law in a faithful presentation of the truth to souls for whom it is designed, and to whom, through you, it is divinely sent. When you have done that, you have done your all. Having taught with prayer, it is for you, with prayer, to wait.

But always in Sunday-school teaching keep in mind your pupils' possible life-work. Ask again and again: What will my pupils be to-morrow, and ten years from now, and thirty years? Where will they be likely to live? What will be their peculiar perils? What business will they follow? Then ask: How can I make my teaching tell most effectively on these after years?

They will remember much that you say. And though they forget your words, they will certainly remember the impression your character makes upon them. They will remember any frivolity, any want of earnestness, a winking at skepticism, and everything of the kind. They will remember your sophisms, your attempts to evade the force of any plain teaching of the Scripture, which may happen to condemn you. In manifold ways your life and lesson will go with them up and down, at home and abroad.

It therefore behooves the Sunday-school teacher to keep in mind the possible future, the earthly condition, and the exposures of his scholars; to teach them as minds that are yet to grow to maturity with power of judgment just and severe, and with approvals very vivid, and with a sense of approval or disapproval.

You are teaching the men and women of to-morrow. Do not trust too much to the immaturity, ignorance, and defective judgment, or unlightened conscience, of to-day.—*S. S. Journal.*

AN OLD-FASHIONED REVIVAL.

It was about the year 1830 that a young girl, Elizabeth H—, left her home to go to the village of Great Falls, U. S., to work in a cotton mill, which had been recently erected there. She had become discontented in school, having seen her young friends who had worked in the factory come home with their fine dresses and gold necklaces and shell combs, and she wanted to go away from home and work and procure such things, which seemed so very pleasing to her childish eyes. Her judicious mother urged her to remain, and obtain an education, but she was anxious to go, and her father, who worked in the mill, consented, and came home one time, and said that he had found her a place to work. Her mother wept as she parted with her, but she said:

"Well, Elizabeth, you will go, and your father is willing, and I can only give you into God's hands, and pray for you."

She went to the factory, and entered a boarding-house, where there were one hundred and ten girls, with hardly a Christian among them. They were giddy, wild, and gay, and she heard there what she never had before, oaths and curses from the lips of women.

Elizabeth was a great reader, and having exhausted her stock of novels and romances, she one night went into the adjacent room, occupied by a Methodist girl, to get something to read. The girl loaned her a tract, "Serious Thoughts on Eternity." She read it through in a few minutes, and went to bed. It fastened on her mind, and she got up again and read it over. There was no slumber for her that night, and from that time for three weeks she could hardly eat or sleep. She felt herself the chief of sinners, and knew not the way of escape. She had as a room-mate a backslider, and she once asked her if she would pray with her, if she would kneel down by her side. She reluctantly promised that she would, but before she reached their room the room-mate was in bed, and she was left to struggle with her convictions alone.

Elizabeth was in great distress, and thought that she must have salvation or die. She waited in agony until ten o'clock, when they came to take the lights away from the rooms, she still sat trembling in her chair, in agony of soul, and at length fell on her knees in the darkness and prayed:

"Oh God, if there is a God, either take me out of the world, or give me what the Christian has, to take away the fear of death!"

While on her knees there came to her mind a revelation of the justice of God, and the depth of her own guilt, and Christ was manifested to her as the Saviour of sinners, of whom she was chief. She trusted him to save her, and sprang to her feet, and in the darkness confessed her faith in Christ, praising the Lord for his love and his salvation. Her Methodist friend in the next room was aroused, and hurried into the room, hushing her, and saying:

"You will wake them all up!"

"I want to wake the whole world up!" was the reply.

Her voice rang through the house; the girls came crowding in and filled the room, packing themselves closely about her, weeping with a consciousness of their sins, and the night was spent in praising the Lord for his mercy, and pointing weary, burdened sinners to "the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world."

She went into the mill next day, and it seemed on the way as if she wanted to kiss every blade of grass that grew, because her God had made it. The day was one of joy and gladness, and rest and peace, and on returning to her room at night she found two or three girls already there, kneeling and crying to God. Others came in and filled the room. Night after night they prayed and wept together, until between thirty and forty souls found peace in that room, without any of them attending a single meeting.

The place had been terribly hard and cold. It was a newly-built village, and the religious interest was low. A feeble Methodist Church struggled alone under the guidance of a formal preacher, and such a thing as a revival had not occurred there since the village was built.

About this time a minister in New Hampshire, who knew nothing of these circumstances, had an impression upon his mind, "You must go to Great Falls." He sought in prayer to be released from this impression

but it continued. He was unwilling to go there, wickedness abounded, there was little to attract him, it was a hard and Godless field; and he prayed the Lord to excite him from this service. But all was in vain, he must go to Great Falls and preach the Gospel. Shortly after he attended the annual Conference, when the Bishop assigned the preachers their stations for the year. As the Bishop was calling the roll, and announcing the appointments, he mentioned George S—, naming the place to which he was assigned. Instantly he arose and said:

"Not so, Bishop, the Lord says I must go to Great Falls this year!"

"What God has made known to you I dare not contradict," said the Bishop; "Go."

And so he was assigned to that station. He came there, a tall, spare, vigorous, athletic man, in the prime of life, and with great power, bore witness to the Gospel of Christ, preaching righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. His great plainness of speech offended many, but their complaints made little impression upon him, and to those who desired him to soften his words and smooth his tongue, he replied: "I was not sent here by the Bishop, but by the Lord, and I shall preach to please the Lord, if I preach to bare walls."

There was little likelihood of his preaching to bare walls. The congregation filled the church and crowded it. The young converts from the boarding-house came to hear and rejoice in the good Word of Life. The house of prayer became a Bochim—a place of weeping—sobs and cries were heard throughout the congregation. Scores were converted. The place was too strait for the people, and an overflow meeting was held in the vestry, which was also crowded. The next year two ministers were instead of one, converts were multiplied, and the field of labor grew large, other churches were organized, and houses of worship erected, and though many years have passed since then, the memories of those wonderful meetings do not fade from the minds of those who participated in them. Seed was sown for an immortal harvest and much people were added to the Lord.

A few days since we saw Elizabeth, now a grey-haired grandmother, and heard her tell this story of her conversion, and the great revival which followed. And we remembered a day in the summer of 1879, when we stood by the dying bed of that preacher, an old man of four-score and three years, who had lived through a long life of struggle, conflict, and testimony, by no means free from errors and mistakes, but who had ever held steadfastly the faith of Christ, and who came to his grave in peace and hope, like a shock of corn fully ripe, waiting for the harvest of immortality. And we are glad to record this story as a memorial of the grace of God, and the powerful early ministrations of the late George Storrs, of Brooklyn, New York.—*The Common People.*

"ALMOST THERE."

BY REV. T. D. WITHERSPOON, D. D.

A message lay on my study-table. What pastor would not be startled by its sudden and terrible significance! "Our Katie was taken very ill last night. The doctors say there is no hope. Please come at once." Can it be possible! Katie, the very picture of physical health, the very impersonation of maidenly beauty! Katie the lighthearted, the gleeful, the romping girl, the very life of all our social gatherings! Why, it seems but yesterday that I listened to her ringing laugh, and looked into the merry face that did not seem ever to have been shadowed with a thought of death. How will she dare to face the king of terrors, this young, light-hearted, frolicsome thing! Thus I soliloquized with myself as I hurried to the scene of distress. True it had been just a year now since Katie had stood before the pulpit and made her confession of Christ. True also, in all that time I could recall no instance in which she had in any way compromised her Christian character. She had renounced at some sacrifice the amusements forbidden by the church. She had been punctual and apparently happy in attention to her religious duties. There had never been anything irreligious, or indecorous in her mirth. "May there not have been," I found myself asking as I approached the door, "some deep under-

current of spiritual life of which we who watched her were not fully aware?" May she not after all "be ready for her Lord when he cometh?"

To my first question on entering the house, which was as to her physical condition, the answer of the attending physician was but too decisive. A few hours at most was all that we could hope for. To my second question, addressed to the mother, "Has anything been said to her about preparation for death?" the answer came, "Oh, how could we say anything to her! poor thing, she never thought of dying in her life. It would frighten her to death." "And yet she must know it." "Oh, yes; we want you to tell her; but, oh, do it as gently as you can." So, taking only the mother with me to the bedside, I said in the calmest tone I could command, "How are you this evening, Katie?" A smile of recognition and the softly-whispered words, "Almost there," I could with difficulty restrain the outburst of the mother's anguish, as I replied, "Almost here, Katie?" Another bright smile. "At the end of the journey." "And that end is heaven?" With a bright look upward, "Yes." For one moment I had to soothe the torrent of struggling emotion in the breast of the heroic mother, and then amid the solemn stillness I asked one question more, "And are you ready, Katie?" "I am not only ready, but if it is the Lord's will, I am glad to go."

I will not unveil further the secrets of that chamber which seemed nearer to heaven than to earth, but as I walked away in the calm starlight I thought, What a transcendent power there is in the religion of Christ! What unheralded victories it wins, and what silent but potent influence it is often wielding in hearts that are themselves perhaps all unconscious of its power! How wonderful that this young girl, who had everything to live for, who had never had a reasonable wish denied, in the midst of home, wealth, friends, all that heart could wish, was not only willing, but even glad, to leave all at the Master's call! And how much divine grace is often effecting in young hearts all unknown to us.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloulet's Select Notes.)

March 15.—Acts 26: 1-18.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

Note the political changes. The trial before Festus, its result, and bearing upon Paul's progress to Rome.

The hearing before Agrippa. (1) Picture out the scene. (2) The time and place of the hearing. (3) The audience. (4) The judges, with a brief account of Festus, Agrippa, and Bernice. (5) The prisoner chained to a guard.

The address. It was a great privilege to preach the Gospel to such an audience, especially after being a prisoner for two years. You notice that in defending himself he seems yet almost to forget himself, and makes all he says a preaching of the Gospel. He goes directly to Christ, from whatever place he starts. It should be so with the teacher in his class.

Mark the graceful introduction, how it was true, courteous, adapted to conciliate, and showed a clear conscience. How did Agrippa become an expert in Jewish customs?

The subject—the Gospel proved to be true. I. Because it was the fulfilment of the promises of God, and the hope given to us in the Old Testament. For these promises and hopes, see such passages as Job 19: 26; Dan. 12: 2; Luke 10: 37, 38; reference to the future life; and such as Isa. 9: 7; 60: 1-22; Dan. 7: 9, 10, 14, 27, with regard to the hopes of the Jews. This Gospel, being the fulfilment of the promises and sacrifices and hopes of the Old Testament Scriptures shows it to be from the same divine wisdom and love.

Illustration. The progress of revelation and of God's institution is something like the progress of a plant from a seed. There are changes, but they are the natural development of the original life, not the substitution of another plant.

II. Because it is reasonable (ver. 8.) The whole Gospel scheme of salvation, its

divine Saviour, its future hopes, are all reasonable. Far more easy to believe than the faiths of those who oppose. As a rule, the man who objects to learned doctors will be sure to run after quacks; and the man that cannot believe the Bible will believe some credulous superstition.

III. Because of the wonderful changes it works in individuals (vers. 9-16.) Such as Paul, such as every teacher can point out to his scholars. Here the teacher can dwell more or less, according to circumstances, upon Paul's conversion. But let him especially note the fact that Jesus is living and divine, (1) for Paul saw him; (2) Paul heard him; (3) he makes a wonderful change in Paul's character.

IV. Because of its transforming results in the world (vers. 17, 18.)

Note the four steps in religious progress as given here. Why men need to have their eyes opened.

Illustration. In the Russian mines in Siberia there are children born who live for years knowing no brighter world than those dim torch-lit depths. They see some light, they have a faint idea of color, but nothing of the wonderful and glorious world above. They cannot even conceive of it. They may not even believe it really exists. Christ coming into the soul with his light, is like bringing one of these children into the upper world of light and springtime.

"SHE WILL SURELY COME."—Such was the language of a class recently when the teacher was absent at the moment of beginning the lesson. But why were they so sure? Because she very seldom failed them. She had far to come, and sometimes was necessarily late, but almost always was at the school. True to their expectations, the teacher soon walked in, and the welcome greetings of the class were an ample reward for awakening their confidence in the first place, and then for not disappointing it when awakened. Happy would it be for all classes if they could say of their teacher, "She will surely come."

Question Corner.—No. 5.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1. What evangelist had four daughters which did prophesy?
2. What was Paul's native city?
3. In connection with what act do we first hear of Paul.
4. By whom and to whom was it said "Thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad?"

ACROSTIC.

The initials give a character spoken of by our Lord in a parable. I and J are the same in old English, and are so used here.

- 1. What plants are spoken of in Genesis 3: 18;
2. In Luke 15: 16?
3. What jewel, the color of a plant or of the sea, in Rev. 4: 3?
4. What tree in John 12: 13?
5. What flower in Isaiah 35: 1?
6. What tree in Romans 11: 17?
7. What fruit in 2 Chronicles 31: 5? (Margin.)
8. What tree in 1 Kings 19: 4?
9. What plant in Jonah 4: 6?
10. What nut in Ecclesiastes 12: 5?
11. What flowers in Luke 12: 27?
12. What perfume in John 12: 3?
13. What vegetable in Numbers 11: 5?
14. What pest in Hosea 9: 6?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 3.

- 1. The apostle Paul.
2. He started from Antioch in Syria, visited Seleucia, Salamis and Paphos in Cyprus, Perga in Pamphylia, Antioch in Pisidia, Iconium, Lystra, Derbe, and then returned through the same cities to Antioch and sailed for Antioch. Acts 13 and 14.
3. He made four journeys, the last one being his voyage to Rome. Acts 7, 13, 16, 18.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

C-a-l-e-b
A-s-h-m-o-h-i-t-e
P-e-n-tecost
E-l-j-a-h
E-s-ach-el
N-az-a-r-e-th
A-th-a-l-i-a-h
U-r-b-a-n
M-t-r-i-a-m

PRIMIS—CAPERNAUM. FINIS—BETHLEHEM.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from E. Greene, James A. Clark, Lizzie A. Foose, Jennie E. Hall, and Albert Jesse French.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book)
Studies in the Acts of the Apostles.
LESSON XI.—MARCH 15.
PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA—ACTS 26: 1-13.
COMMIT VERSES—16-28.
GOLDEN TEXT
And I said, Who art thou, Lord? And he said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest.—Acts 26: 15.
CENTRAL TRUTH.
The Gospel is shown to be true by what it does for men.
DAILY READINGS.

M. Acts 25: 13-27.
W. Acts 26: 1-15.
Th. Matt. 17: 1-9.
Fr. Gal. 1: 11-14.
Sa. Luke 1: 1-7.
Su. Isa. 42: 1-12.

INTRODUCTION.—Paul had been in prison at Caesarea when a change was made in gov. rulers. Immediately on his arrival in Jerusalem (July 12) the leading Jews ask the governor to send Paul to Jerusalem intending to kill him. The governor refuses, and summons the Jews to Caesarea. They accuse Paul bitterly. Paul denies the charges, but, fearing lest the governor be persuaded to send him to Jerusalem, he appeals to Caesar, and it is determined to send him to Rome for trial, but Festus can find no charges to send him to Rome. King Agrippa and his sister Bernice attend at this time. Paul and his wife are called before him. It is noted that he, being a Jew by education, may discover some acquaintance.

THE TRIAL SCENE.—(1) THE PLACE.—Herod's judgment-hall or palace. (2) THE PRISONERS.—Paul, and so noted by one hand to a Roman soldier. (3) THE JUDGES.—Festus, of good character, comparatively; Agrippa, a bad, hard man; Bernice, his sister, living with him as his wife. (4) THE ACCUSATION.—The leading people of Caesarea, officials in their rich robes, military officers in gorgeous uniforms and a brilliant assembly.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.
3. EXPERT.—Agrippa was trained as a Jew, and had studied their sacred books. His father, though not a Jew, lived in the Jewish ways. 3. STRAIGHT.—most exact, particular. 7. OUR TWELVE TRIBES.—The nation as a whole. Many of what are called the lost ten tribes were mingled with the tribe of Judah, and the Jews were a conglomerate of all the tribes. 11. COMPELLED.—strive to compel. 14. FEELERS.—goals with which oxen were driven; the more they were kicked against them the worse they were hurt.

QUESTIONS
INTRODUCTORY.—How long did Paul remain in prison at Caesarea? What change was made in the government of Judea? What did the Jews ask of the new governor? Where were they summoned to answer Paul? What was the result of their trial? Why did Paul appeal to Caesar? How was this aiding him in his desire to go to Rome? Who came to visit Paul? What favor did Festus ask of Paul? What trial was now held? Who were the audience? Was this a favorable time to proceed the gospel?
SUBJECT: THE GOSPEL DEPENDENT AND PROVED.

I. BECAUSE IT IS THE FULFILLMENT OF GOD'S PROMISES (vs. 1-7)—How did Paul open his address? What can you tell about Agrippa? What special interest did he have in Paul's case? What does Paul say of his early life? Why does he refer to Luke? What was the promise made by God to the fathers? (Gen. 12: 2-3; Dan. 12: 2-3; Luke 20: 37; Ps. 72: 8-11; Isa. 42: 1; Jer. 31: 31-34; Dan. 9: 19, 24, 25.) How did the Israelites feel toward this promise? How was it "justly serving God day and night"? How was the Gospel a fulfillment of this promise? How does this show the truth of the Gospel?
II. BECAUSE IT IS REASONABLE (vs. 8-18)—How did Paul come now to speak of the resurrection? Why was it not incredible? Had they been raised from the dead? (1 Kings 17: 21, 22; 2 Kings 4: 35-37; 11: 21; see also Luke 20: 37, 38.) Is the Gospel reasonable? Are all its teachings reasonable?

III. BECAUSE OF THE WONDERFUL CHANGES IT WORKS IN INDIVIDUALS (vs. 9-16)—Give a brief account of Paul's conversion? Did he see Jesus in the bright light? What did he hear him say? Was this a proof that Jesus was living, and divine? (v. 16; ch. 9: 17.) Meaning of "hard to kick against the prick"? How did it apply to Paul? How does it apply to you? What change was wrought in Paul? How do the wonderful changes the Gospel works in the character of men prove the truth of the Gospel?
IV. BECAUSE OF ITS RESULTS IN THE WORLD (vs. 16-18)—Why did it seem unfair to Paul? Was he to have new light? How do you see the bearing of the inspiration of his epistles? What was to be the effect of the Gospel? What is the darkness referred to? How does the Gospel bring light? What are the four steps in the Gospel work in v. 18? What is the inheritance of the saint?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.
1. The hopes and promises of the Old Testament fulfilled in the Gospel.
2. The Gospel is proved by the marvellous changes it has wrought in men.
3. It is proved by its purpose and work. Note the results of Christian missions in transforming nations.
4. When God calls us to be converted, he calls us to some worthy work.
5. Christian knowledge and experience is progressive.
6. We should all join with all our hearts in turning men from the kingdom of Satan to the kingdom of God.

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, March. 3, 1885.

The English grain markets are somewhat improved, wheat being slightly better and corn quiet but steady. For spot wheat in Liverpool there is rather more enquiry. Red winter wheat is quoted at 68 9/4; Canadian peas, 58 1/4.

The local grain market is stagnant and prices are nominal. We quote as follows:—Canada Red Winter, 92c to 93c; White Winter, 90c to 91c; Canada Spring No. 2, 90c to 91c; Peas, 72c to 73c; Oats 32c; Rye, 60c to 62c; Barley, 50c to 60c. Corn 53c to 55c per bushel.

FOUR.—This market continues very dull. The quotations are:—Superior Extra, to \$4.05; Extra Superior, \$3.90; Fancy, \$3.75; Spring Extra, \$3.65; to \$3.70; Superfine, \$3.40 to \$3.45; Strong Bakers (Canadian), \$4.00 to \$4.90; Strong Bakers (American), \$4.50 to \$5.00; Fine, \$3.25; Middlings, \$3.00 to \$3.05; Ontario bags, (legs included) Medium, \$1.90 to \$2.00; do Spring Extra, \$1.80 to \$1.85; Superfine, \$1.60 to \$1.70; City Bags, (delivered), \$2.30 to 2.35.

MEALS unchanged.
DAIRY PRODUCE.—Butter is extremely quiet, and prices are somewhat lower than at our last report. We quote:—Creamery, 30c to 25c; Eastern Township, 14c to 18c; Morningstar and Brockville, 12c to 15c; Western, 10c to 14c, as to quality. Cheese, too, is very quiet at 10c to 10 1/2c for full makes in shipping lots, and 11 1/2c to 11 3/4c to the jobbing trade.

Eggs, are quoted at 20c to 22c for fresh stock, and 16 1/2c to 17c for lined.

HOG PRODUCTS are quiet, but steady. We quote:—Western Mess Pork \$15.75; 40c, Short Cut, \$16.00; Canada Short Cut, \$16.25 to \$16.50; Hams, city cured, 12 1/2c to 13c; do, green, 9c; Lard, in pairs, Western, 10 1/2c; do, Canadian, 9c; Bacon, 12c; Tallow, common refined, 5 1/2c to 7c.

ASHES.—First Pots fetch \$3.90 to \$3.95 per 100 lbs.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

The supply of butchers' cattle is rather large for the Lenten season, and, with the reports of a decline in the British Markets, have caused a decline in prices here all round. The best butchers' cattle have lately been selling at about 1 1/2c per lb., with rough steers and fat cows at about 4c do. Leanish stock and milkmen's strippers are also plentiful, and sell at from 3c to 3 1/2c per lb. Calves are offered in increasing numbers, and prices are lower. Good sheep are not plentiful, and prices are rather higher. Common and inferior milk cows are plentiful, but good cows, suitable for milkmen, are rather scarce to supply the present brisk demand; prices of this kind are therefore decidedly higher.

FARMERS' MARKET.

The farmers' market has been abundantly supplied of late with nearly all kinds of seasonable produce, and the prices of most kinds of grain are lower; so, also, are the prices of frozen meat and poultry. Potatoes continue plentiful and cheap; onions and cabbages are advancing in price, owing to the demand for shipment south and west. There are no changes in the prices of butter and eggs, old stock being plentiful and cheap, but fresh laid eggs and good point butter continue pretty high priced. Liberal supplies of hay are being brought to market and prices are easier. Oats are 70c to 80c per bag; peas, 75c to 80c per bushel; beans \$1.25 to \$1.70 do; potatoes 35c to 45c per bag; turnips, carrots, and beets, 40c to 70c per bushel; onions 75c to \$1.00, do.; cabbages 75c to \$1.20 per barrel; butter 14c to 50c per lb; eggs 15c to 40c per dozen; apples \$2.50 to \$3.25 per barrel; dressed hog 6 1/2c to 7c per lb.; mutton carcasses 5 1/2c to 7 1/2c do.; young turkeys 9c to 14c per lb.; geese 7c to 10c do; fowls 8c to 12c do; ducks 12c to 15c do; hay \$5.00 to \$9.00 per 100 bundles.

New York, March 2, 1885.

GRAIN.—Wheat, 90 1/2c Feb.; 90 1/2c Mar.; 93 1/2c April; 93 1/2c May; 94 1/2c June. Corn, 53 1/2c Feb.; 50 1/2c March; 49 1/2c April; 49 1/2c May. Rye, quiet, 63 1/2c. Oats, higher 38 1/2c Feb.; 36 1/2c March; 36 1/2c May. Peas nominal. FLOUR.—We quote:—Spring Wheat—Superfine, \$2.70 to \$2.80; Low Ex-

tra, \$3.05 to \$3.35; Clears, \$3.80 to \$4.75; Straight \$4.00 to \$5.00; Patent, \$4.65 to \$5.75. Winter Wheat—Superfine, \$2.85 to \$3.00; Low Extra, \$3.10 to \$3.30; Clears (R. and A.), \$4.25 to \$4.50; Straight (R. and A.), \$4.25 to \$5.30; Patent, \$4.65 to \$5.65; Straight (White Wheat), \$4.35 to \$5.25; Low Extra (City Mills), \$3.10 to \$3.25; West India, sacks, \$3.40 to \$3.65; West to \$5.40; South America, \$4.75 to \$5.20; Patent \$4.75 to \$5.65. Southern Flour—Extra \$3.50 to \$4.60; Family, \$4.75 to \$5.40; Patent, \$4.75 to \$5.65. Rye Flour—Fine to superfine, \$3.40 to \$3.85.

MEALS.—Cornmeal, \$3.00 to \$3.25 in bbls; oatmeal, \$5.00 to \$5.90 per blr.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Butter unchanged. Creamery, ordinary to fancy 15c to 36c; State Half thirds, ordinary to best 15c to 25c; Western ordinary factory, to choice, imitation creamery, 6c to 26c. Cheese, state factory, fair to fancy, 9 1/2c to 12 1/2c; do, light skims, good to choice, 7 1/2c to 9 1/2c; Ohio flats, ordinary to prime, 5c to 11c; Skims, 1c to 3c.

THE C. O. D. YOUNG MAN.

A fashionable youth, who is of a very economical turn, has the habit, when he sends a note to his girl, of adding this postscript: "Give negro boy a biscuit for carrying this note." Recently the young lady promptly sent the young man quite a number of biscuits, informing him that he could henceforth prepay postage, and when the ration was exhausted to draw on her for more. A cold wave now blows between that young lady and her C. O. D. young man.—Hartwell Citizen.

THE LASSIE "SOLD."

"Dis ye ken whit they're sayin'?" asked a blushing lassie, when he sends a note to his girl, of adding this postscript: "Give negro boy a biscuit for carrying this note." "No; whit let?" "They're sayin' we're gawn to be married." "Are they?" "We'll cheat them," answered the lassie, and the blushing lassie in the fair damsel's cheeks.

ROSSA'S BOST.

"I understand O'Donovan Rossa is out of danger." "Well, that's nothing new. Give him half a chance and he'll always keep out of danger. That Rossa's best hold."—Chicago News.

AN ENTOMOLOGICAL BORE had just begun afresh on the eye of the common house fly, which he declared, considering the size of its owner, to have the largest organ of vision in the whole animal world. "You presume to deny the fact I state," gasped out the astonished man; "why, Buffon, Cuvier,—?" But before he could finish his sentence Sydney Smith was vehemently down on him once more with his "Yes, sir, the weight of tradition, the infallible instinct of poetry, is against you. For what is the verdict of poetry on this very issue? Why, 'I, said the fly, with my little eye, I saw him die.'" At once the table was in a roar, and the discomfited fly fancier lapsed into silence, and suffered the task to become general.

AN EDITOR who had advertised for a man to do clipping for his paper was met by a shy-looking personage who said that he would like to secure the position. "Do you think that you could look over papers and find items of interest?" "Yes, sir." "What is your regular business?" "I am a detective." "Dear me! you wouldn't. You would never find anything."—Arlan's Traveller.

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