

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

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The Temperance Worker

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

There are without doubt many thousands all over the country who would take this paper if they knew that such a comprehensive body of current intelligence and general information could be had at the very low price charged, namely—fifty cents a year, or ten for four dollars, addressed singly or in parcels. The attention of those who see it for the first time is invited to the variety of the paper's contents, and the kind offices of old friends are respectfully solicited to make its qualities better known. Address JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Montreal, Q., in sending orders or in asking for sample copies. News of temperance work in the Dominion is earnestly requested for *The Temperance Worker* pages, from those in a position to give it.

UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

This society was the outcome of a union in 1877 between the British Templars and the British American Templars, but it does not seem to have prospered. The Provincial Lodge met in Sussex, New Brunswick, on the 10th of July, Mr. G. E. Foster, M.P., the President, in the chair. A good financial position was exhibited, but the membership was only eleven hundred. Foremost among the matters of business was a discussion of the advisability of uniting with the Royal Templars of Temperance. This is a body that, originating as recently as 1877, now has a membership of twenty thousand. A resolution was adopted by the Association to amalgamate with that Order. In the evening a very large public meeting was held, the chief speakers being Messrs. G. E. Foster, J. R. Pidgeon and J. R. Babbitt, and Mr. R. G. McLeod presiding. On the following day, agreeably with the resolution adopted, the Lodge merged into the Grand Council of New Brunswick, Royal Templars of Temperance, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—R. T. Babbitt, Grand Councillor; T. P. Taylor, Grand Vice-Coun.; Jacob Pidgeon, Grand Chaplain; S. J. Jenkins, Grand Sec.-Treas.; Wm. Seivewright, Grand Herald; W. C. Burnham, Grand Deputy Herald; C. W. Weyman, Grand Guard; James Thomson, Grand Sentinel; Prof. Geo. E. Foster, Grand Past Coun. E. C. Freeze, J. A. Whelpley and M. McDonald, M. D., were elected the Board of Trustees. The installation was conducted by Prof. Foster. The Grand Councillor, Mr. Babbitt, in his inaugural address spoke in hopeful terms of the prospects of the new order—numbering, as it does, now about 22,000. Among other things it was resolved that each primary lodge should, on application to the Secretary, be supplied with a complete set of Royal Templar stock free. The Grand Council adjourned to meet at Bathurst, N. B., the second week in July, 1884.

FIFTY-FIVE DEATHS by yellow fever occurred in Havana last week.

GOOD TEMPLARS.

Two lodges in Colchester county, N. S.; which have been working since the disruption of 1876 under the English R. W. G. Lodge, have gravitated to the Loyal Grand Lodge—"Athena" Lodge, Economy, the first Lodge of its discarded Order established in Nova Scotia, and one of the largest, and "Victoria" Lodge, Bass River, with a membership of nearly one hundred, and one of the strongest and most active Lodges in the Province.

A new Lodge of the English Order was lately started in Halifax city, named the "Sunbeam" and instituted with over twenty-five charter members. The principal officers are:—R. E. Pentz, W. C. T.; Mrs. C. Dickie, W. V. T.; R. S. Theakston, W. S.; Mrs. Major Theakston, W. Treas.; C. Dickie, Chap.; M. Brooks, Lodge Deputy. The G. W. C. T., Mr. George Knight, presided, and was assisted by the Grand Councillor, G. A. Wilson; P. G. C., J. Overy; G. M., A. H. Blakeney; the R. W. G. Coun., the Rev. W. G. Lane, G. Chap., Major Theakston and others.

The extension campaign inaugurated in the Eastern Townships of Quebec by the Grand Lodge, through the agency of the Rev. J. Kines, has begun successfully. On Monday evening of last week Mr. Kines lectured at Mansonville, Brome county, and resuscitated Victoria Lodge (new No. 150), with Mr. McKay, W. C. T., and the Rev. F. Delong, Lodge Deputy. On the following morning a juvenile temple was established under the supervision of the reorganized Lodge, Mr. Delong being elected Superintendent. A very enthusiastic meeting was held on Tuesday evening at Province Hill, and "Province Hill" Lodge, No. 16, was resuscitated, with nineteen members. Mr. Robert Gardyne was elected W. C. T., and Mr. Charles A. Gardyne, Lodge Deputy. Vail Perkins settlement was visited on Wednesday evening, with "Lakeside" Lodge was organized, with Mr. James Howie as W. C. T., and Mr. A. C. Perkins, Lodge Deputy. This Lodge is characterized by nearly half of its members being heads of families, and some quite aged but nevertheless enthusiastic.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

Galt, Ontario, has for a number of years had a prosperous Division of the Sons of Temperance, and lately the members have carpeted and so renovated their hall that it is now one of the nicest in this part of the country. It pays, too, to have a comfortable hall to meet in, as it is much more attractive and pleasant for all the members, and, besides, a number of other societies in the town meet weekly and the attractiveness of the "Sons'" hall has been a help to its being rented almost every night. I have written to show that it is profitable in every respect for societies to have a really comfortable room to meet in. Last Tuesday evening about thirty of the members of Paris Division paid us a fraternal visit, when a most enjoyable evening was spent. During the short recess for hand-shaking and getting acquainted, a programme was

being arranged, consisting of readings, recitations and singing, also a very interesting address by Bro. Thos. Webster, Grand Scribe. Each selection in the programme was well rendered and there was enough entertainment to keep us till a late hour. The evening was warm and about the middle of the programme a halt was called, when the good sisters of Galt Division announced refreshments in the adjoining room, where tables were loaded with ice-cream, cakes, coffee, &c. Such fraternal visits should be more frequent among temperance societies than they are. Every body enjoys them, and the visitors and visited are benefited. At an early hour in the morning the company broke up, expressing the common sentiment, "Happy to meet, sorry to part, and happy to meet again."

Galt, July 13th, 1883.

NEWS AND NOTES.

The Dominion Alliance Year Book is out, and may be obtained at the rate of eight dollars per hundred for sale or distribution.

Governor Crittenden, of Missouri, says he intends to strictly enforce the new high license law in that State, the Supreme Court having declared it constitutional.

A boy of six or seven in Toronto got at a bottle of whiskey that his father had brought home on Saturday night, and drinking the contents he died from the effects in a few hours.

The Catholic Total Abstinence Union of New Brunswick has issued a fervent address to the Roman Catholics of that Province, exhorting them to take the pledge and to connect themselves with temperance societies.

Dr. Barth, a member of the German Parliament, said the other day that there is but one case on record where trichina was imported by American pork, while in the city of Berlin 623 persons are ruined annually by the use of alcoholic drinks.

A drinking fountain being erected in St. John, New Brunswick, by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union bears this inscription, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst."

Massachusetts law allows an adjoining real estate owner to forbid the granting of a license to sell liquor. In Gloucester a saloon keeper tried to evade this provision by selling to a friendly third party a strip a foot wide from the side of his premises next to the objector, thus creating a new neighbor. But the courts have decided that the trick is of no avail.

A Manitoba paper discovers a weak point in the Dominion License Act, so far as that Province is concerned, in the provision that the license commissioners shall be the mayor of the city or warden of the county, the judge of the county court and a third appointed by the Government, the weakness lying in the fact that in Manitoba there are many districts that have neither a mayor nor a warden.

A printed handbill sent us from Portland Oregon, announces the beginning of Miss Frances E. Willard's work in British Columbia, by holding a public temperance convention of the women of that Province in Victoria on July 3rd and 4th, to be addressed by herself, her private secretary, Miss Gordon, and Mrs. Riggs. Accounts of Miss Willard's efforts in that quarter are awaited with hopeful anticipations of success.

A successful series of meetings has just been held in Argenteuil county, Quebec, by the County Alliance. Meetings were held in Lachute, Lakefield, Grenville and St. Andrews, at each of which Messrs. Baylis and Dougall, of Montreal, represented the Provincial Alliance, the Rev. Geo. H. Wells assisting at Lachute. The local clergy and temperance people in each place took part in the meetings.

The London, England, *Crusade*, in describing the trip of the delegates from the United Kingdom to the R. W. G. Lodge of Good Templars in Halifax, N. S., contains the following account of how they were "diligent in season and out of season," on board the Dominion Line steamer "Sarnia":—"So large a party of thorough-going teetotallers gave a distinctly temperance tone to the various religious services, meetings and entertainments held during the voyage. Among other efforts two Blue Ribbon Gospel Temperance meetings were held on the after-deck, conducted respectively by Bros. Osborn and Insull, the speakers being, besides the conductors, Bros. Rev. E. Franks, Rev. H. J. Boyd, Malins and Rae. Among some striking incidents of the meetings, two deserve to be chronicled. At the first meeting a man who had signed the pledge was reminded by a companion that the brandy he had in his berth would be useless. He at once fetched up the bottle half-full of brandy, and holding his pledge-card up in one hand, exclaimed, 'Here goes the devil into the sea,' threw the bottle of brandy overboard, amid the cheers of those around. After dinner the same evening the chief mate and chief engineer asked to be allowed to sign the pledge, which they did, and greatly to the gratification of the promoters of the meetings, both pinned the blue ribbon on their coats. In all 77 new pledges were taken and 93 blue ribbons distributed, chiefly among the steerage passengers, many of whom it may be hoped will thus begin their new life, in a new country, free from the drink snare."

THE COLORED PRESS ASSOCIATION, lately in session in St. Louis, Missouri, adopted resolutions in favor of having the two races educated together, urging that Negroes should engage in industrial pursuits, demand that colored voters should not be hampered by partisan considerations, and demanding recognition according to their strength from the party with which in future they may be allied, also that the word Negro in future be written with a capital N. According to the analogy of such words as Saxon, Malay, Jew, etc., Negro ought to have a capital initial, and we give it one here.

HOW IT ALL CAME ROUND.

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

CHAPTER I.—THE RICH CHARLOTTE.

The room had three occupants, two were men, the third a woman. The men were middle-aged and gray-haired, the woman on the contrary was in the prime of youth; she was finely made, and well proportioned. Her face was perhaps rather too pale, but the eyes and brow were noble, and the sensitive mouth showed indications of heart as well as intellect.

The girl, or rather young woman, for she was past five-and-twenty, sat by the fire, a book on her knee. The two men had drawn chairs close to a table. The elder of these men bore such an unmistakable likeness to the girl, that even the most casual observer must have guessed the relationship which existed between them. He was a handsome man, handsomer even than his daughter, but the same individualities marked both faces. While, however, in the woman all was a profound serenity and calm, the man had some anxious lines round the mouth, and some expression, now coming, now going, in the fine grey eyes, which betokened a long-felt anxiety.

The other and younger man was shrewd-looking and commonplace; but a very close observer of human nature might have said, "He may be commonplace, but do not feel too certain; he simply possesses one of those faces which express nothing, from which not the cleverest detective in Scotland Yard could extract any secret."

He was a man with plenty to say, and much humor, and at the moment this story opens he was laughing merrily and in a heart-whole way, and his older and graver companion listened with evident enjoyment.

The room in which the three sat bore evidence of wealth. It was a library, and handsome books lay on the tables, and rare old folios could have been found by those who cared to look, within the carefully locked bookcases. Some manuscripts were scattered about, and by the girl's side, on a small table, lay several carefully revised proofs, even now she was bending earnestly over a book of reference.

"Well, Jasper," said the elder man, when the younger paused for an instant in his eager flow of words "we have talked long enough about that fine land you have just come from, for even Australian adventures can keep—I am interested in something nearer home. What do you say to Charlotte there? She was but a baby when you saw her last."

"She was five years old," replied Jasper. "A saucy little imp, bless you! just the kind that would be sure to grow into a fine woman. But to tell the truth I don't much care to look at her, for she makes me feel uncommonly old and shabby."

"You gave me twenty years to grow into a woman, uncle," answered the pleasant voice of Charlotte Harman. "I could not choose but make good use of the time."

"So you have, lass—so you have; I have been growing old and you have been growing beautiful; such is life: but never mind, your turn will come."

"But not for a long long time, Lottie, my pet," interrupted the father. "You need not mind your uncle Jasper. These little speeches were always his way. And I'll tell you something else, Jasper; that girl of mine has a head worth owning on her shoulders, a head she knows how to use. You will not believe me when I say that she writes in this magazine, and this, and she is getting a book ready for the press; ay, and there's another thing. Shall I tell it, Charlotte?"

"Yes father; it is no secret," replied Charlotte.

"It is this, brother Jasper; you have come home in time for a wedding. My girl is going to leave me. I shall miss her, for she is womanly in the best sense of the word, and she is my only one; but there is a comfort—the man she is to marry is worthy of her."

"And there is another comfort, father," said Charlotte; "that though I hope to be married, yet I never mean to leave you. You know that well, I have often told you so," and here this grave young girl came over and kissed her father's forehead.

He smiled back at her, all the care leaving his eyes as he did so. Uncle Jasper had sprung impatiently to his feet.

"As to the lass being married," he said, "that's nothing; all women marry, or if

they don't they ought to. But what was that you said, John, about writing, writing in a printed book? You were joking surely, man."

"No, I was not," answered the father. "Go and show your uncle Jasper that last article of yours, Charlotte."

"Oh, no!" said Uncle Jasper, lacking a pace or two. "I'm willing with all my heart to believe it, if you swear it, but not the article. Don't confront me with the article."

"There's nothing uncommon in my writing for magazines, Uncle Jasper; a great many girls do write now. I have three friends myself who—"

Uncle Jasper's red face had grown positively pathetic in its agitation. "What a place England must have become!" he interrupted with a groan. "Well, lass, I believe you, but I have one request to make. Tell me what you like about your wedding; go into all the raptures you care for over your wedding dress, and even over the lucky individual for whom you will wear it; tell me twenty times a day that he's perfection, that you and you alone have found the eighth wonder of the world, but leave out about the books! Don't mention the unlucky magazines for which you write. Don't breathe to me the thoughts with which you fill them. Oh, if there's an awful creature under the sun 'tis a blue-stocking, and to think I should have come back to England to find such a horror in the person of my own niece!"

CHAPTER II.—THE POOR CHARLOTTE.

While this light and playful scene was being enacted in a wealthy house in Prince's Gate, and Charlotte Harman and her father laughed merrily over the Australian uncle's horror of authors and their works, another Charlotte was going through a very different part, in a different place in the great world's centre.

There could scarcely be a greater contrast than between the small and very shabby house in Kentish Town and the luxurious mansion in Kensington. The parlor of this house, for the drawing-rooms were let to lodgers, was occupied by one woman. She sat by a small shabbily covered table, writing. The whole appearance of the room was shabby; the furniture, the carpet, the dingy window panes, the tiny pretence of a fire in the grate. It was not exactly a dirty room, but it lacked all brightness and freshness. The chimney did not draw well, and now and then a great gust of smoke would come down, causing the busy writer to start and rub her smarting eyes. She was a young woman, as young as Charlotte Harman, with a slight figure and very pale face. There were possibilities of beauty in the face, but the possibilities had come to nothing; the features were too pinched, too underlined, the eyes in themselves dark and heavily fringed, too often dimmed by tears. It was a very cold day, and sleet was beginning to fall, and the smoking chimney had a vindictive way of smoking more than ever, but the young woman wrote on rapidly, as though for bare life. Each page, as she finished it, was flung on one side; some few fell on the floor, but she did not stop even to pick them up.

The short winter daylight had quite faded, and she stood up to light the gas, when the room door was pushed slightly ajar, and one of those little maids-of-all-work, so commonly seen in London, put in her untidy head.

"If you please, 'em, Harold's bin and he stood up to light the gas, when the room door was pushed slightly ajar, and one of those little maids-of-all-work, so commonly seen in London, put in her untidy head.

"I will go up to them, Anne," and you may stay down and lay the cloth for tea—I expect your master in early to-night."

She put her writing materials hastily away and with a light, quick step ran up-stairs. She entered a room which in its size and general shabbiness might better have been called an attic, and found herself in the presence of three small children. The two elder ran to meet her with outstretched arms and glad cries. The baby sat up in his cot and gazed hard at his mother with flushed cheeks and round eyes.

She took the baby in her arms and sat down in a low rocking-chair close to the fire. Harold and Daisy went on their little knees in front of her. Now that mother had come their quarrel was quite over, and the poor baby ceased to fret.

Seated thus, with her little children about her, there was no doubt at all that Charlotte Harman had a pleasant face; the care van-

ished from her eyes as she looked into the innocent eyes of her babies, and as she nursed the seven-months-old infant she began quobling a sweet old song in a true, delicious voice, to which the other two listened with delight;—

"In the days when we went gipsying.
A long time ago."

"What's gipsying mother?" asked Harold, aged six.

"Something like picnicking, darling. People who live in the country, or who are rich,"—here Mrs. Harman sighed—"often, in the bright summer weather, take their dinner or their tea, and they go out into the woods or the green fields and eat there. I have been to gipsy teas; they are great fun. We lit a fire and boiled the kettle over it, and made the tea; it was just the same tea as we had at home, but somehow it tasted much better out-of-doors."

"Was that some time ago, mother?" asked little Daisy.

"It would seem a long, long time ago to you, darling; but it was not so many years ago."

"Mother," asked Harold, "why aren't we rich, or why don't we live in the country?"

A dark cloud, caused by some deeper emotion than the mere fact of being poor, passed over the mother's face.

"We cannot live in the country," she said, because your father has a curacy in this part of London. Your father is a brave man, and he must not desert his post."

"Then why aren't we rich?" persisted the boy.

"Because—because—I cannot answer you that, Harold; and now I must run down-stairs again. Father is coming in earlier than usual to-night, and you and Daisy may come down for a little bit after tea—that is, if you promise to be very good children now, and not to quarrel. See, baby has dropped asleep; who will sit by him and keep him from waking until Anne comes back?"

"I, mother," said Harold, and "I, mother," said Daisy.

"That is best," said the gentle-voiced mother; "you both shall keep him very quiet and safe; Harold shall sit at this side of his little cot and Daisy at the other."

Both children placed themselves, mute as mice, by the baby's side, with the proud look of being trusted on their little faces. The mother kissed them and flew down-stairs. There was no time for quiet or leisurely movement in that little house in the dingy parlor, the gas had now been lighted, and the fire burned better and brighter, and Anne, with most praiseworthy efforts, was endeavoring to make some toast, which, alas! she only succeeded in burning. Mrs. Harman took the toasting-fork out of her hands.

"There, Anne, that will do nicely; I will finish the toast. Now please run away, and take Miss Mitchell's dinner up to her; she is to have a little pie to-night and some baked potatoes; they are all waiting, and hot in the oven, and then please go back to the children."

Anne, a really good-tempered little maid-of-all-work, vanished, and Mrs. Harman made some fresh toast, which she set, brown, hot, and crisp, in the china toast-rack. She then boiled a new-laid egg, and had hardly finished these final preparations before the rattle of the latch-key was heard in the hall-door, and her husband came in. He was a tall man, with a face so colorless that hers looked almost rosy by contrast; his voice, however, had a certain ring about it, which betokened that most rare and happy gift to its possessor, a brave and courageous heart. The way in which he now said, "Ah, Lottie!" and stooped down and kissed her, had a good sound, and the wife's eyes sparkled as she sat down by the tea-tray.

"Must you go out again to-night, Angus?" she said presently.

"Yes, my dear. Poor Mrs. Swift is really dying at last. I promised to look in on her again."

"Ah poor soul! has it really come? And what will those four children do?"

"We must get them into an orphanage; Patterick has interest. I shall speak to him, Lottie."

"Yes, dear."

"Beat up that fresh egg I saw you putting in the cupboard when I came in; beat it up, and add a little milk and a teaspoonful of brandy. I want to take it round with me to little Alice. That child has never left her mother's side for two whole

days and nights, and I believe has scarcely tasted a morsel; I fear she will sink when all is over."

Lottie rose at once and prepared the mixture, placing it, when ready, in a little basket, which her husband seldom went out without; but as she put it in his hand she could not refrain from saying—

"I was keeping that egg for your breakfast, Angus; I do grudge it a little bit."

"And to eat it when little Alice wanted it so sorely would choke me, wife," replied the husband; and then buttoning his thin overcoat tightly about him, he went out into the night.

CHAPTER III.—THE STORY.

The children were at last in bed, the drawing-room lodger had finished her dinner, the welcome "me of lull" in the day's occupations had come, and Mrs. Harman sat by the dining-room fire. A large basket, filled with little garments ready for mending, lay on the floor at her feet, and her working materials were close by; but, for a wonder, the busy fingers were idle. In vain Daisy's frock pleaded for that great rent made yesterday, and Harold's socks showed themselves most discretely uncut at the heels. Charlotte Harman neither put on her thimble or threaded her needle; she sat gazing into the fire, lost in reverie. It was not a very happy or peaceful reverie, to judge from the many changes on her expressive face. The words, "Shall I, or shall I not?" came often to her lips. Many things seemed to tear her judgment in divers ways, most of all the look in her father's eyes when he asked that eager, impatient question, "Mother, why aren't we rich?" But other and older voices than little Harold's said to her, and they spoke pleadingly enough, "Leave this thing alone; God knows what is best for you. As you have gone on all these years, so continue, not troubling about what you cannot understand, but trusting to Him."

"I cannot; I am so tired sometimes," sighed the poor young wife.

She was still undetermined when her husband returned. There was a great contrast in their faces—a greater almost in their voices, in the tone of her despondent, "Well, Angus," and his almost triumphant answer—

"Well, Lottie that hard fight has ended bravely. Thank God!"

"Ah! then the poor soul has gone," said the wife, moving her husband's chair to the warmest corner.

"She has truly gone; I saw her breathe her last. But there is no need to apply the word 'poor' to her; she has done what all that. You know what a weakly, troubled creature she always was, how temptation and doubt seemed to wrap her round like a mist, and prevent her seeing any of the shining blue sky. Well, it all passed away at the last, and there was nothing but a steadfast looking into the very face of her Lord. He came for her, and she just stretched out her arms and went to Him. Thank God for being privileged to witness such a death; it makes life far more easy."

A little weariness did creep perceptibly into the brave voice of the minister as he said these last words. His wife laid her hand sympathizingly on his. They sat silent for a few moments, then he spoke on a different subject.

"Better, I think; the tooth is through at last. He will have rest now for a bit, poor little darling."

"We must be careful to keep him from catching another cold. And how is Anne getting on?"

"As well as we can expect from such an ignorant little mite, and oh! Angus, the nursery is such a cold, draughty room, and I do—I do wish we were rich."

The last words were tumbled out with a great irrepressible burst of tears.

"Why, my Lottie, what has come to you?" said her husband, touched and alarmed by this rare show of feeling. "What is it, dear? You wish we were rich, so do not I; I am quite content. I go among so very much poorer people than myself, Lottie, that it always seems to me I have far more than my fair share of life's good things; but, at any rate, my Lottie, crying won't make us rich, so don't waste your strength over it."

"Yes, dear, it does not help it sometimes, Angus; it goes to my heart to see you shivering in such a great-coat as you have just taken off, and then I know you want better food; you are so tired this moment you can scarcely speak."

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"Come, Lottie, be sensible; we must not begin to repine for what we have not got, and cannot get. Let us think of our mercies."
"You make me ashamed of myself, Angus. But these thoughts don't come to me for nothing; the fact is—yes, I will tell you at last, I have long been making up my mind. The truth is, Angus, I can't look at the children—Lottie look at you and see you all suffering, and hold my peace any longer. We are poor, very—very—dreadfully poor, but we ought to be rich."
"Lottie!"
Such a speech, so uttered, would have called for reproof from Angus Home, had it passed the lips of another. But he knew the woman he had married too well not to believe there was reason in her words.
"I am sorry you have kept a secret from me," he said. "What is this mystery, Lottie?"
"It was my mother, Angus. She begged of me to keep it to myself, and she only told me when she was dying. But may I just tell you all from the very beginning?"
"Yes, dear. If it is a romance, it will just soothe me, for though, I am, I own, tired, I could not sleep for a long time to come."
"First, Angus, I must confess to a little bit of deceit I practised on you."
"Ah, Lottie!" said her husband playfully, "no wonder you cried, with such a heavy burden on your soul; but confess your sins, wife."
"You know how it has always fretted me, our being poor," said Charlotte. "Your income is only just sufficient to put bread into our mouths, and, indeed, we sometimes want even that. I have often lain awake at night wondering how I could make a little money, and this winter, when it set in so very severe, set my thoughts harder to work on this great problem than ever. The children did want so much, Angus—new boots, and little warm dresses—and so—and so—one day about a month ago, Mrs. Lisle, who reads and writes so much, called, and I was very low, and she was kind and sympathizing; somehow, at last out it all came, I did so wish to earn money. She asked me if I could write a good clear hand, a hand easily read. I showed her what I could do, and she was good enough to call it excellent. She said no more then, but the next day she came early. She brought me a MS. written by a friend of hers; very illegible it was. She would not tell me the name of her friend, but she said she was a lady very desirous of seeing herself in print. If I would copy this illegible writing in my own good clear hand, the lady would give me five pounds. I thought of the children's boots and their winter dresses, and I took it over it. I confess now that it was weary work, and tired me more than I cared to own. I finished it to-day; this evening, just before you came in, that task was done; out this morning I did something else. You know Miss Mitchell is always kind enough to let me see the Times. This morning Anne brought it down as usual, and, as I ran my eyes over it I was struck by an advertisement, 'A young lady living at Kensington wished for the services of an amanuensis, for so many hours daily. Remuneration good.' I could not help it, Angus, my heart seemed to leap into my mouth. Then and there I put on my bonnet, and with a specimen of my handwriting in my pocket, went off to answer the advertisement in person. The house was in Prince's Gate, Kensington; the name of the young lady who had advertised for my services was Harman."
"Harman! how strange, wife! your own name before you married."
"Yes, dear; but such a different person from me, so rich, while I am so poor; so very, very beautiful, and graceful, and gracious; she may have been a year or so younger than I, she was not much. She had a thoughtful face, a noble face. I could have drawn tears from her eyes had I described the little children, but I did not. It was delightful to look upon her calm. Not for worlds would I disturb it, and Angus, I found out another thing—her name was not only Harman, but Charlotte Harman."
"There was no doubt at all that the other Charlotte was excited now, the color had come into her cheeks, her eyes sparkled. Her husband watched her with undisguised surprise.
"I made a good thing of it, Angus," she continued. "I am to go to Prince's Gate every morning, I am to be there at ten, and

give my services till one o'clock. I am then to have lunch with the young lady, and for all this, and the enjoyment of a good dinner into the bargain, I am to receive thirty-shillings a week. Does not it sound too good to be true?"
"And that is how we are to be rich, Lottie. Well, go on and prosper. I know what an active little woman you are, and how impossible it is for you to let the grass grow under your feet. I do not object to your trying this thing, if it is not too much for your strength, and if you can safely leave the children."
"I have thought of the children, Angus; this is so much for their real interest, that it would be a pity to throw it away. But, as you say, they must not be neglected. I shall ask that little Alice Martin to come in to look after them until I am back every day; she will be glad to earn half-a-crown a week."
"As much, in proportion, as your thirty shillings is to you—oh, Lottie! See how rich we are in reality."
Mrs. Home sighed, and the bright look left her face. Her husband perceived the change.
"That is not all you have got to tell me," he said.
"No, it is only leading up to what I want to tell you. It is what has set me thinking so hard all day that I can keep it to myself no longer. Angus, prepare for a surprise; that beautiful young lady, who bears the same name I bore before I was married—is—she is my near relation."
"Your near relation, Charlotte? But I never knew you had any near relations."
"No, dear, I never told you; my mother thought it best that you should not know. She only spoke to me of them when she was dying. She was sorry afterwards that she had even done that; she begged of me, unless great necessity arose, not to say anything to you. It is only because it seems to me the necessity has really come that I speak of what gave my mother such pain to mention."
"Yes, dear, you have wealthy relations. I don't know that it matters very greatly. But go on."
"There is more than that, Angus, but I will try to tell you all. You know how poor I was when you found me, and gave me your love and yourself."
"We were both poor, Lottie; so much so that we thought two hundred a year, which was what we had to begin house-keeping on, quite riches."
"Yes, Angus; well, I had been poor all my life, I could never do what rich girls did. I was so accustomed to wearing shabby dresses, and eating plain food, and doing without the amusements which seem to come naturally into the lives of most young girls, that I had ceased to miss them. I was sent to a rather good school, and had lessons in music and painting, and I sometimes wondered how my mother had money even to give me these. Then I met you, and we were married. It was just after our little Harlow was born that my mother died."
"Yes, you went down into Hertfordshire; you were away for six weeks."
"I took Harold with me; mother was so proud of him. Whenever she had an easy moment, she used to like to have him placed on her knee. She told me then that she had a little son older than I, who died, and that our Harold reminded her of him. One night, I remember so well, I was sitting up with her. She had been going through great pain, but towards the morning she was easier. She was more inclined, however, to talk than to sleep. She began again speaking about the likeness between our Harold and my little brother who died."
"I shall give you little Elgar's christening robe for Harold," she said. "I never could bear to part with it before, but I don't mind his having it. Open my wardrobe, Charlotte, and you will find it folded away in a blue paper, in the small wooden box."
"I did so, and took out a costly thing, yellow, it is true, with age, but half covered with most valuable lace."
"Why, mother," I exclaimed, "how did you ever get such a valuable dress as this? Why, this lace would be cheap at a guinea a yard!"
"It cost a great deal more than that," replied mother, stroking down the soft lace and nursing with her thin fingers; "but we were rich then, Lottie."
"Rich!" I said, "rich! I never, never thought that you and I had anything to say to money, mother!"

"You don't remember your father, child?"
"No, mother," I said; "how could I? I was only two years old when he died."
"Mother was silent after that, and I think she went into a doze, but my curiosity and wonder were excited, and I could not help seeking to know more.
"I never knew that we were rich," I said again the next day. "Why did you never tell me before? The next best thing to enjoying riches would be to hear about them."
"I did not want to make you discontented, Lottie, I thought what you had never known or thought of you would miss. I feared, my dear, to make you discontented."
"But I have thought of money," I owned. "I have thought of it lately a great deal. When I look at Angus I long to get him every luxury, and I want my little Harold to grow up surrounded by those things which help to develop a fine and refined character."
"But they don't, Lottie; they don't indeed," answered my dear dying mother. "Riches bring a snare—they debase the character, they don't ennoble it."
"Mother," I said, "I see plainly that you are well acquainted with this subject. You will tell me, mother, what you know?"
"Yes," replied my mother; "it won't do you the least good; but as I have said so much to you I may as well tell the rest."
"Then, Angus, my mother told me the following story; it is not very long.
"She was an orphan and a governess when my father found her and married her—she was my father's second wife. She was much younger than he—he had grown-up sons—two grown-up sons at the time of his marriage; and they were very deeply offended at his thinking of a second marriage. So indignant were they that my father and they came to quite an open quarrel, and mother said that during the five years that my father lived she never saw either of her step-sons until just at the close. She was very happy as my father's wife; he loved her dearly, and as he had plenty of money she wanted for nothing. My father was an old man, as I have said, and he was tired of fuss, and also of much society; so though they were so rich mother lived rather a lonely life—in a large and beautiful place in Hertfordshire. She said the place was called the Hermitage, and was one of the largest and best in the neighborhood. At last my father fell ill, very ill, and the doctors said he must die. Then for the first time there came hastening back to the Hermitage the two elder sons—their names were John and Jasper—the eldest, John, my mother said, was very handsome, and very kind and courteous to her. He was a married man, and he told mother that he had a little daughter, much about my age, who was also called Charlotte. My father and his two sons seemed quite reconciled in these last days. On the evening, however, before he died he had mother and me with him alone. I sat on the bed, a little baby child of two, and my father held mother's hand. He told mother how much he loved her, and he spoke a very little about money matters.
"John will make it all right for you, Daisy," he said. "John knows all about my wishes with regard to you and little Charlotte. I should like this little Charlotte and his to be friends; they are both called after my own mother, the best woman I ever met. You will bring up little Charlotte with every comfort and refinement, dear wife."
"The next day my father died, and John and Jasper went to London. They did not even wait for the funeral, though Jasper came back for it. John he told mother was kept by the sudden dangerous illness of his wife. Jasper said that John felt our father's death most dreadfully. Mother had liked John, who was always very civil to her, but she could not bear Jasper; she said he seemed never could get over a feeling of distrust towards him. The will was never read to my mother, but Jasper came back again from London to tell her of its contents, and then judge of her surprise—her name was not even mentioned, neither her name nor mine. She had been married without settlements, and every farthing of all my father's great wealth was left to his two sons, John and Jasper. Jasper expressed great surprise; he even said it was a monstrously unfair thing of his father to do, and that certainly

he and his brother would rectify it in a measure. He then went back to London, and mother was left alone in the great empty house. She said she felt quite stunned, and was just then in such grief for my father that she scarcely heeded the fact that she was left penniless. Two days afterwards a lawyer from London came down to see her. He came with a message from her two step-sons. They were much concerned for her, and they were willing to help her. They would allow her, between them, as long as she lived the interest on three thousand pounds—on one condition. The condition was this; she was never to claim the very least relationship with them; she was to bring up her daughter as a stranger to them. They had never approved of their father's marrying her; they would allow her the money on condition that all connection between them completely dropped. The day it was renewed by either mother or daughter, on that day the interest on the three thousand pounds would cease to be paid. My mother was too young, too completely inexperienced, and too bowed down with grief, to make the least objection. Only one faint protest did she make. "My husband said," she faltered, "on the very last day of his life, he said that he wished my little Charlotte and that other Charlotte in London to be friends." But the lawyer only shook his head. On this point his clients were firm. "All communication between the families must cease."
"That is the story, Angus," continued Charlotte Home, suddenly changing her voice, and allowing her eyes, which had been lowered during her brief recital, to rise to her husband's face. "My dear mother died a day or two afterwards. She died regretting having to own even what she did, and begging me not to think unkindly of my father, and not to unsettle your mind by telling you what could do no good whatever."
"I do not think unkindly of my father, mother," I answered, "and I will not trouble my husband's mind, at least, not yet, never, perhaps, unless fitting opportunity arises. But I know what I think, mother—what, indeed, I know. That was not my father's real will; my brothers John and Jasper have cheated you. Of this I am very sure."
"Mother, though she was so weak and dying, got quite a color into her cheeks when I said this. 'No, no,' she said, 'don't harbor such a thought in your heart—my darling, my darling. Indeed it is utterly impossible. It was a real, real will. I heard it read, and your brothers they were gentlemen. Don't let so base a thought of them dwell in your heart. It is, I know it is, impossible.'
"I said no more to trouble my dear mother, and shortly afterwards she died. This is six years ago."
To be Continued.

WAS IT A MISTAKE?

An excellent Christian man with whom, not a great while ago, we were conversing on the changes made in management of children within his recollection, related how, when he was a boy, he was obliged every week to commit two verses of a hymn, and ten verses of Scripture, to be recited on Sunday to his Sunday-school teacher; and when Sunday-school was over, he was marched with the other scholars into the main room of the church, to listen to the pastor's sermon.
Looking back upon this old-fashioned and heroic method of dealing with children, the dear good man who was telling us his experience expressed a doubt as to whether that was just the wisest way. And yet this man, whose boyhood was trained in that method, is a stalwart Christian, of one of the noblest type—an honored deacon of one of the foremost churches in America. In spite of the deacon's doubt, we have a notion that he was brought up about right, and that we should have more men like him, if we had more boys brought up like him.—*Baptist Teacher.*
A GOOD old lady, who was asked why she was so early in her seat in church, is said to have replied that it was part of her religion not to disturb the religion of others. And if it were, with all, a part both of courtesy and duty, not to say of religion, never to be unpunctual, they would save time for, as well as annoyance to others, and aid themselves to success and influence in a thousand ways.

The Weekly Messenger.

SATURDAY, JULY 21.

PREPARE FOR ACTION.

It is a wonder that the blue ribbon movement could have been carried on in the United Kingdom so long as it has been, and with remarkable success, and little or none of the enthusiasm that has given it its power and impetus be wafted across the Atlantic, to inspire and stimulate the temperance people all over this continent, so as to send them into the field with unlimited rolls of ribbon wherewith to decorate in advance all who can be persuaded to enlist in the sober army. There is abundance of room for similar campaigns of moral suasion in every district of America, and, although temperance people are probably more alive than ever to the duty of agitating for restrictive laws against the liquor traffic, the progress of temperance will be exceedingly slow unless constant and strenuous effort be maintained to reduce the number of drinkers. Doubtless a great deal is being done in the aggregate, particularly in the line of prevention by enlisting the young people in the temperance ranks before they have formed drinking habits, by the abounding total abstinence organizations. But it is to be feared that even in this quiet way not half as much is being done as might be done. In a very large proportion of divisions and lodges it is the few who do the work both inside and outside the place of meeting. The membership, in too many cases, do not set sufficient store upon the dignity, importance and solemnity of the cause in which they have volunteered. They appear to submit too readily to have their youth or their position despised and their methods subjected to the carping criticism of seniors or superiors, who had infinitely better for themselves, their community and their race be engaged in leading and encouraging those whose efforts they discourage and whose work they depreciate. Probably temperance societies are frequently open to criticism, but it does not lie with those who are idle in this great moral reform to rail at them. Let each organization act in all things so as to earn the respect of the community in which it is situated, and preserve its self-respect, and thus it will be in a position to compel the attention of the public and keep the cause before the people in a way that will make every person show upon which side he or she stands. There is reason to believe that one of the chief reasons why more work of an aggressive nature is not being done by temperance people is that they are waiting to be able to do some great thing, to start a grand movement that shall sweep the whole country round. They would eagerly welcome a Gough or a Murphy to move the multitude with fluent tongue and magnetic sympathy, winning scores of converts to teetotalism daily. This is a serious mistake, and the sooner temperance workers abandon it the nearer will the country be to a total abstinence revolution. It is the little streams trickling down thousands of hillsides that form the mighty river, and a small gain of temperance people wherever an organization exists would make a grand showing in totals at the end of a year. Although this may not be the best season for campaigning work of any sort, it is not too early to prepare for a vigorous and well-organized temperance missionary movement in every community next fall and winter. By the time

committees to be appointed for the purpose of deciding upon a plan of operation, and procure assurance of regular assistance from the best local speaking talent available, the popular season for evening meetings will have arrived. Every movement inaugurated would be noticed by the press, and if even the attempt be made to start a series of meetings in every place the result would be a general movement all over the country that would have a powerful effect upon friend and foe. The foregoing suggestions are earnestly submitted to the membership of every temperance society in the land, in the hope that the ensuing season may see a general rising of the tide of enthusiasm and zeal in the noble cause, which will indelibly score the highest mark ever yet made upon the shore of progress.

IRISH NEWS.

Ten thousand dollars have been received from Australia by the Irish National League.

The Fenian ram "Holland" has been towed into New Haven harbor, Connecticut. Irishmen are dark as to the future services of the vessel.

Mr. Gladstone has admitted in the Commons that some parts of the Irish Land Act required amendment, and intimated the Government might consider the subject when time served.

Rioting occurred at Newry on the twelfth of July, the Orange anniversary, and was renewed next day, the police being powerless. Mobs assaulted all persons supposed to be Orangemen.

Additional arrests have been made of persons suspected of complicity in the murder of Mrs. Smythe, when she was returning from church, in 1882, and one of the prisoners, Patrick Hanlan, has turned informer.

An investigation instituted by the British Government shows that none of the emigrants returned from the United States as paupers were ever in the workhouse. Nevertheless the returned ones are represented as being a wretched class.

Dennis Field, foreman of the Dublin jury that convicted Hynes, is constantly harassed by threatening letters, and his wife and daughters are subjected to insult when they go out. An attempt was lately made to enter his house, but the cowards fled when fired upon.

Incendiaries have burned the ricks on the estate in Cashel of Mr. George Errington, who has been conducting negotiations between the Government and the Vatican. The maliciousness of this outrage is greater in the light of the fact that the Pope has declared that his action in Irish matters was not at all due to Mr. Errington's influence.

The House of Lords committee on the Land Act has reported. It declares the emigration clauses a failure, criticises unfavorably the land valuation scheme and states that under the operations of the Act land in Ireland has become unsalable, capital is kept out of the country, tenants are demoralized, fresh agitation is fanned and bitter feelings against England intensified.

BUSINESS AND INDUSTRY.

The cattle drive of Arkansas is expected to reach six hundred thousand head this year, or double that of last year.

Glanders are very prevalent in Illinois, and the veterinary surgeons cannot kill the affected animals until the Government proclaim the disease epidemic.

Trade has not very materially brightened

in the United States. Last week's failures were a hundred and forty, being more than those of the previous week, and than those of the corresponding week in each of the last two years.

According to the assessment returns there has been a decrease in the number of swine in Iowa this year compared with last, of one hundred and eighty thousand, an increase in horses of twenty thousand, and an increase in cattle of fifty thousand.

Staffordshire miners followed the iron workers in striking against reduction of pay, but both have resumed work. Two thousand weavers at Ashton-under-Lyne, England, have struck. A strike of Western Union telegraph operators is feared in the United States.

Wheat and oats are doing well, but corn and barley have suffered from cold, in Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa. The State entomologist of Illinois reports vast numbers of the Hessian fly in a dormant condition so low down on the stalk that they are left behind when the wheat is cut, and he advises that the stubble be burned at the earliest possible date. An exhaustive report of the crops, based on returns from a thousand points, is published by the *Farmers' Review*, Chicago, from which it appears a general change for the better has occurred within the past three weeks. The July report of the Department of Agriculture is similarly encouraging. Fall wheat in Central Ontario, which had been looking splendidly, was very much damaged by a recent hurricane with rain. In the same district the hay harvest is being delayed by wet weather, all the more serious a matter on account of the heaviness of the crop. Crop reports from England are for the Midland counties most favorable, for the Southern not so good and for the Northern backwardness. Anticipations are favorable in Scotland.

CASUALTY.

Nearly a million dollars of loss was occasioned on the Pacific Coast, California, by fire during the past six months.

David Leeling's house, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, was burned lately and three of his young children perished in the fire.

Mr. James Wilkie McFarlane, editor of the *News*, Pontiac, Quebec, was drowned a few days ago, while heroically trying to save a boy from drowning.

Rostov, a town on the Don River, Russia, with forty-five thousand inhabitants, has been visited by a great fire, of which full particulars have not yet been received.

Very serious damage was done by a hail storm that lately swept north-westward across Iowa and Illinois. A track ten miles long and four wide was devastated near Davenport.

A cyclone at Soldier, Arkansas, wrecked fifteen buildings and played strange freaks. It jumped over two blocks and wrecked four more houses. Ten thousand dollars' loss is figured up.

Forest fires are devastating the country along the Canadian Pacific Railway east of Port Arthur. Several contractors' camps have been burned out, and a man and woman lost their lives.

Serious railway collisions have occurred within a few days in Ontario. One three miles from London resulted in the death of John Potter, a railway works employee, and injury to several others.

A fire at Cakoto, Minnesota, a town without a fire department, destroyed the sugar factory, knitting factory, carding mill,

three elevators and four churches. Three persons were burned to death and many had narrow escapes from a like fate.

At Tottenham, Ontario, Joseph, son of Thomas Moffat, Albion, fell from the unfinished tower of a new church, a distance of sixty feet, and the doctor, had small hopes of him.

Fishermen have lost severely in Newfoundland by a recent gale, which swept away the fishing implements along the southern shore, from Cape Spear to Cape Race, involving in ruin the autumn prospects of the sufferers.

Several showers met on a hill overlooking Springfield, Vermont, making a torrent that, rushing down a narrow valley, carried away bridges, buildings and miscellaneous property, entailing damage of fifty thousand dollars. A similar disaster befell the town of Harrisonburg, Virginia.

By a fire caused by lightning striking the telephone wires, the new department of the Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana—containing the laboratory, library of fifteen thousand volumes and museum, and the famous Owen collection and Dr. Jordan's collection of fishes—was burned, a loss of two hundred thousand dollars, insured for thirty thousand.

Two shooting accidents from playing with firearms lately occurred in one day in Canada. Hetty Beeswanger, a servant girl, Halifax, Nova Scotia, was seriously shot in the head by Charles Gossip, a boy of sixteen, who didn't know the pistol he pointed at her was loaded. Perrin Mollison was fooling with a loaded gun at Ruxton Station, Ontario, and managed to accidentally shoot his sister in the hip, causing grave injury.

An overflow of the Thames River, near London, Ontario, has caused great loss of life and property. Nearly twenty persons are known to have been drowned, according to the following list:—Mrs. Hopkins, Kensington; four children of Mr. R. F. Lacroix, London West; a woman unknown; a year old girl of Mr. Onn, Ann street; three children of George Stratford, Napier street; three children of D. C. McLean, Black Friar street; one child of Wm. Moylan, Ann street; James S. Packman, wife and three-year old boy. Other streams in Ontario have been flooded by unusual rainfalls, and serious washouts on the railways, causing accidents, have been among the results. Losses occurred in Tilsonburg from the flood as follows:—Hamilton & Sons, twelve thousand dollars; Waterhouse, fifteen thousand dollars; Going, five hundred dollars; Tillson, four hundred, a grist mill on Nettle Creek, three hundred dollars.

CRIME.

Five drunken cowboys rode on to the porch of a dance house at Dodge City, Kansas, and fired their revolvers. Officers pursuing them shot one dead, and his friends threaten to kill every officer in the town.

Levi McConley, of Cheever, near Port Henry, New York, killed his wife and wounded his mother-in-law, and then fled. He and his wife had been living apart, and she was at his house for clothing when the tragedy occurred.

Hugh McLean, aged sixteen, a Canadian, shot Henry Newroth in the arm at Watertown, New York, on Sunday and demanded his money. After his victim had delivered up his pocket book he started to run away but a second shot from the youthful scoundrel went through Newroth's back and came out at his breast, passing through the lung. McLean was arrested.

Lately a train load of militiamen were passing Belœil, Quebec, when one or two of them standing in the door of a baggage car threw things at a gang of trackmen. Two of the latter named Chaperon and Lavigne were struck on the head, Chaperon dying soon after and Lavigne becoming deranged. Allan Macaulay was arrested for the wanton deed, and an inquest is being held in Montreal.

Roger Amiraault has been surrendered under extradition proceedings by the Nova Scotia to the Massachusetts authorities, upon the charge of murdering Mrs. Carlton, in Watertown, Massachusetts, in March last. There is an impression, well or ill grounded, that the prisoner's suspicious conduct throughout was caused by insanity, and that it is capable of proof that he was not at Watertown on the date of the murder.

At Elk Horn Grove, Indiana, a desperado named Hardy, arrested for the murder of Clingan, post-master, was taken by a mob to be hanged to a bridge. He made a speech confessing that he and a companion named Crawford had formed a plan to turn robbers, but that the other man had done all the killing. Speaking touchingly of his mother, the culprit begged for justice and a fair trial, whereupon a vote was taken which resulted in a tie as to whether the hanging should proceed. Finally the sheriff was allowed to take the prisoner back to gaol, but at last accounts he was still in imminent peril of lynching.

THE WEEK.

SEVERAL POLISH FAMILIES, paupers, arrived in New York the other day, and were ordered to be sent back to Europe immediately.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND acres of land in the Kootenay district, British Columbia, have been leased by an English company with the object of settling a colony.

A BABY has been born to an Italian navy at Amsterdam, New York, with a perfect set of upper teeth, but in other respects a natural child. The father, instead of rejoicing that the terrors of teething time are saved him, considers the early rose teeth an evil sign and is greatly distressed over the subject.

THE REPUBLICAN STATE COMMITTEE of Pennsylvania has passed a resolution approving of the administration of President Arthur, which it regards as having done much to secure the present happy and prosperous condition of the country. The chairman of the convention said the tariff would be the issue in the next presidential campaign.

TWO BOYS IN QUEBEC found a bottle in an old distillery building, and supposing it to contain liquor began to drink the contents. No sooner had one of them taken a draught than he fell down, and had to be carried home senseless to his parents. A stomach pump was promptly used and the boy's life thereby saved. The liquid was a deadly poison used in the distilling of spirituous liquors.

SOME SENSATION was lately occasioned in Washington by a box that came addressed to Mr. West, the British Minister, which it was feared contained an infernal machine. Tenderly the thing was carried to the dockyard and carefully opened, when the enclosure was revealed as a machine to squeeze the juice out of sugar cane, which the inventor wished Mr. West to examine and recommend.

CHINAMEN are, it is said, being smuggled into Washington Territory from British Columbia, and some have been arrested for this violation of the laws of exclusion.

MR. WALLACE, Conservative, has been elected for Albert County, New Brunswick, for the House of Commons vacancy caused by the Election Court voiding his former return.

NEARLY SIXTY-TWO THOUSAND IMMIGRANTS settled in the Dominion of Canada for the six months ending June 30th, an increase of about twelve thousand over the number for the corresponding period of the previous year.

OVER TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED MILES of railway have been constructed in the United States this year so far, barely more than half the amount built during the same period last year. It is estimated that eight thousand miles will be built within the entire year.

A NATURALIST recently stated that an examination of the crops of a large number of sparrows showed that they fed principally on insects and larvae, although a few grains of oats were found in some, and the conclusion was that the sparrow was useful in farms and gardens.

THE REV. MR. RITCHIE, an Anglican minister in Chicago, is trying how far he can go in adopting Romish Church practices, but he lately caused even half of his ritualistic supporters to walk out of the church by announcing a mass for the repose of the soul of a parishioner drowned some time previously.

AT LIMERICK, Ireland, a man named Hasdon and his wife have been killed by the fall of the back part of a dwelling house, built in the year 1618. The front fell early in the year without hurting anybody, and in the face of the wall that has just fallen was discovered a large marble mantel piece, erected in 1633. This was removed as an article of curiosity, and its removal weakened the wall and probably caused the accident.

A MAN, or the apology for one, at Heywood, Great Britain, became jealous of his wife, and meeting in a beerhouse the man on whose account his suspicions had been aroused, the husband said that if the man wanted his wife he might have her for two-pence. His offer was immediately accepted and the twopence paid down on the spot, and afterward the purchaser notified the woman he had bought of the bargain and she went to live with him thenceforth.

A BURGLAR was caught asleep in a church into which he had broken near Wolverhampton, England. After breaking open the missionary and other boxes, he drank some communion wine and lay down wrapped in surplices to slumber. Upon being remanded to gaol by the magistrate, the culprit was recognized as a returned convict with a long previous record of punishments, all for robbing churches. He began his career of crime in Wolverhampton when a youth.

A SERVANT GIRL in Birmingham, England, who had been reading very intently the account of the executions in Dublin, was found hanging to a hat peg on her bedroom door. The rope was not tied to the peg but slipped round it loosely half a dozen times, and the doctors thought she might not have intended to destroy herself, but have been playing with the rope and fainted when the tension came. In their verdict the jury expressed similar uncertainty as to whether it was a case of suicide or not.

AN INVENTION is announced for cancelling postage stamps by electricity, which, if it comes into use, will put an end to dishonest cleaning of stamps for repeated use.

ONE OF THE MOST COMMENDABLE philanthropies of New York is that of sending children into the country during the hottest part of the summer. Five hundred children left on a recent day, under a scheme of the *Tribune* newspaper, for the Lake Champlain region.

RECENTLY AN INQUEST was held in India on the death of an elephant. A register is kept of all the elephants in the army service, which contains their names, ages and other individual characteristics. One of these animals having died, a *post mortem* examination was made, when it was ascertained that he died from consumption and that his age was fifty years.

VIPERS have so greatly increased in France since their use in the preparation of drugs ceased that in harvest time they are now a nuisance to farmers, giving serious and sometimes fatal bites. To meet the growing evil the authorities are offering a reward for killing the noxious creatures, to be fifty centimes in most departments and one franc in those where the reptiles are exceptionally numerous.

THE PLAGUE OF RABBITS has become so grievous in Australia as to induce the Legislature of New South Wales to pass a new Rabbit Act of severe stringency. Henceforth, any person who shall have in his possession any live rabbit, or even shall introduce into the colony from any other colony or place any rabbit scalps, is liable to a fine not exceeding one hundred pounds, or in default imprisonment for not more than six months.

IN A CONSULTATION of the authorities in Washington over the disposal of the captured Apache Indians, it was decided to place them and all to be captured in future under the charge of the War Department on the San Carlos reservation in New Mexico. It seems the political hacks usually given charge of the Indians by the Interior Department are not henceforth to be trusted with the necessary supplies for subdued Indians.

NAVAL OFFICERS in the Asiatic squadron of the United States are charged by Rear-Admiral Crosby with drunken habits, and in consequence the Secretary of the Navy has ordered home Lieutenant Commander Hitchcock, Pay Inspector Cochran and Master Hotchen. Engineer Entwistle is understood to have been suspended on account of the statement that the loss of the steamer "Ashuelo" with a dozen of lives was attributed to drunkenness of officers. Thorough reform measures are proposed by the Secretary of the Navy.

A REIGN OF TERROR exists in Texas. Recently Judge Haugh, the principal witness in pending election cases in Marion county, was assassinated. Defendants in the cases had threatened that if trial was had of them they would go into court armed, and in the result of conviction would kill everybody connected with the court. It is said that the chief officers of the county are banded together, calling themselves the citizens' committee, and meet to decide who is to be sacrificed, and that at their last meeting they decided upon the death of Judge Haugh as a political necessity. Judges are afraid to hold their courts in Eastern Texas on account of the state of affairs.

A CHINESE WASHERMAN has been fined five or six dollars in Toronto for writing and conveying indecent communications a practice to which his countrymen are somewhat addicted in New York and Chicago.

FRANCE DISCLAIMS INTENTION to subjugate Annam, her only design being to assert her rights in Tonquin. Although it is professed that war with China is improbable, yet Chinese troops are being sent in strong force to the Tonquin frontier.

THE DISCOVERY has been made in Cuba that among the bonds deposited in the Treasury in Havana by the Spanish Bank are sixty-four thousand dollars in counterfeits, and that a larger amount of the same kind of worthless securities lie at the Matanzas Branch of the Treasury, while books with bonds representing half a million have disappeared.

OWING TO SOME MISUNDERSTANDING between the Dominion and Provincial authorities, the new Governor of Nova Scotia was not commissioned as usual to sign marriage licenses, and the supply of those documents in the hands of deputy issuers being limited, those contemplating matrimony are in many cases compelled to postpone the fastening of the nuptial tie until the official tangle is assorted.

BOCKELMAN, a private who was drummed out of the New York State Corps, has sued Colonel Austin, of Brooklyn, for twenty-five thousand dollars' damages. Legal damages appear to be the great bulwark against impositions and tyrannies these days, but the aggrieved party should make sure of two things in seeking that kind of protection—first, that he has been damaged to anything approaching the extent claimed, and, secondly, that he can make it clear as day in court that such has been the case. Otherwise he may, by rushing into litigation, only incur further damage in the shape of legal expenses and an unattractive character exposed to a public that otherwise would never have heard of him.

RELATIONS BETWEEN England and France are in a state of tension owing to the high-handed conduct of the French Admiral Pierre at Tamatave, Madagascar. British subjects have been occasioned much inconvenience and misery through the arbitrary orders of the Admiral, and all foreign consulates were compelled to take down their flags. A Protestant church was burned during the bombardment. British vessels were boarded and inaccurate statements of the position of affairs on shore made to those on board. These and similar alleged indignities caused great excitement in England, and the subject was gravely referred to in Parliament by Mr. Gladstone, who said the Government awaited full information. In France it is claimed England is being exercised by very exaggerated reports, and that there is no unfriendly feeling held by that country toward England. The latest accounts indicate a very critical state of things between British and French naval officers in the Malagasy waters. Desiring to send home despatches by a merchant vessel the acting British Consul, the captain of the British man-of-war "Dryad" who assumed the position after the foreign consuls had departed, was commanded to have the despatches entrusted to the French Admiral's ship. This did not suit the British captain, and he demanded leave to place the mails on the ship chosen by himself. It was not, however, until the British man-of-war was cleared for action that Admiral Pierre acceded to the demand.

IN THE HOLLOW OF HIS HAND.

Hearing a knock at my study door, I cried, "Come in." An elderly man stood before me. He looked feeble and excited. I asked him to be seated, when, to my surprise, he replied, "Not until you answer a question."

Some what taken aback by both the question and the manner of my visitor, I replied, "Well, sir, I can truly say that I am a sinner saved by grace. I am a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. I have come to Him, and He has received me, and His Word assures me that all who believe in Him are children of God—are even now sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. It is not presumption, therefore, on my part when I joyfully confess that, through faith in His name, I am a child of God."

After this unusual introduction he related the following:—"I am now suffering from a disease which will soon terminate my life; I have but a little while to live; and although I have tried to be a Christian for many years, I have no peace. I have earnestly endeavored to find the way, but have no certainty that I am walking in it. And now I appeal to you as one who professes to know that you tell me how to become a child of God."

In our conversation I discovered that his mind was filled with fear, that to him there was a possibility of losing what he might have already known of faith; and this fear of falling away from his hope in Christ so troubled him that his thoughts were diverted from the Lord and His Word, and were occupied with His own feelings and experiences, until his soul was brought into trouble and bondage. With the open Bible on my knee I tried to explain to him the secret of our salvation—how we are kept and preserved in Jesus Christ, "accepted in the Beloved, and made meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints," through the absolute worthiness of the Son of God; I sought to free his mind, and lead him from self to God; from the false foundation of changing experiences to the solid resting-place of infallible Scripture.

At first all was dark before his soul, until I spoke of the strong hand to sustain, in the hollow of which God measures the mighty waters. Immediately his faith grasped that figure, his face became animated and great joy seemed to possess his soul. Reaching out his own left hand, and forming it into a hollow, like a bowl, and dropping the forefinger of his right hand into it, and remarked, "If you should not see me again before I am called away, I want now to say that I have perfect assurance in my soul, that I am safe in the hollow of His hand, that my name is engraved on the palm of His hand, and that His sheep can never perish, for none can pluck them out of His hand." Good-bye, sir," said he; "I am safe in the hollow of His hand."

Some days after, a messenger summoned me to the house of this man, who was evidently dying. On my arrival I found the wife and two daughters around his bed, engaged in singing. "Just as I am, without one plea," He instantly recognized me, and before I had time to salute him he reached forward his left hand, and dropped the finger of the right hand into it, saying, "Safe in the hollow still."

After prayer and conversation, I found my new-made friend peacefully trusting in the Lord, and filled with sweet anticipations of the better land.

In about two days after I was again sent for, and when I entered the room I saw by his wasted form that he was sinking very rapidly. His wife and daughters greeted me with the news that he was very happy but wished to see me. He seemed to be in a stupor, but my voice suddenly aroused him; and reaching out his left hand, doubling up his fingers as he had done before, he dropped the finger of the right hand into the hollow palm, saying in a very feeble voice, "Safe in the hollow! He hides me still!"

The next day I met the doctor in the room, who said, "Our patient has been unconscious for the last few hours." The wife and daughters were weeping. I sat at

the foot of the bed, and looked at the face of this dying believer, not knowing but he was dead already; but on approaching the bed-head I could hear him breathe, and knew he was still with us. His wife, bending over him, spoke parsing words, but there was no apparent recognition of her voice; there was no movement or response on his part. However, with her mouth over his ear, as she spoke my name, I saw a tremor of the eyelids, and noticed a movement underneath the bed-clothes which covered him. His lips moved, but there was no utterance. Finally he opened his eyes, turned them toward me, and drawing out his hands until he stretched them over the coverlet, he dropped the forefinger of the right upon the palm of the left hand; a sweet smile broke over his whole features, and after a few feeble gasps he passed away. His last act was a stronger testimony than any spoken words, and we were filled with comfort that our aged friend was delivered from all his fears, and kept in peace until the last moment, "Safe in the hollow of His hand."—*Word and Work.*

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes)

July 29.—Joshua 8: 30-35.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. This lesson can be illustrated by the choice offered by the people of Israel in Ahab's time by Elijah, when, before the altar on Mount Carmel, whose fire was kindled from Heaven, he entreated them, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve (1 Kings 18: 21-40.)"

II. Life has in it all the possibilities of good and evil. It is like the South American yuca,—bread or poison according as we use it. "The poisonous cassava or yuca furnishes the bread of the country. Life and death are contained in this root. Thirty-six drops of its juice are enough in six minutes to kill a condemned prisoner, yet the mealy substance supplies the only flour of the country, the well-known tapioca and tapioca farina of commerce."

III. Pythagoras compares life to the letter Y, because early in life the two ways appear before us, and we must make our choice of life and death.

PRACTICAL.

1. Vers. 30, 31. The real history of man is the history of religion: the wonderful ways by which the different families of the human race advanced toward a truer knowledge and a deeper love to God. This is the foundation that underlies all profane history; it is the light, the soul, and the life of history.—*Max Muller.*

2. Religion is before morality. There should be religious worship, sorrow for sin, consecration to God, before every great and solemn duty.

3. We should obey with the closest fidelity every command of God.

4. Ver. 32. God's law is written on all nature as well as on our hearts.

5. Vers. 33-35. God sets as clearly as possible before us the two ways, of life or death, of blessing or cursing. He would deceive no one. But words and examples and the teachings of nature are all used to make all see the two ways which lie before us.

6. Each one of us must make the choice.

7. We usually make that choice in the beginning of our active life, as we set out to take possession of what God offers us.

8. No one directly chooses cursing and death, but only disobedience, whose necessary fruit is cursing.

9. Our own consciences say amen to the blessings and cursings.

10. Older people stand before the young as either on mount Elal or on Gerizim, as warnings or as examples.

11. This law is our law; these blessings are to be our reward; and these curses our doom, according as we obey or disobey this law of our own holy Lord God!—*Coates.*

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

This can be made a most impressive lesson. All the children stand before the two ways—the way of life and blessing, the way of death and cursing; and the object of the lesson is to persuade them to choose right.

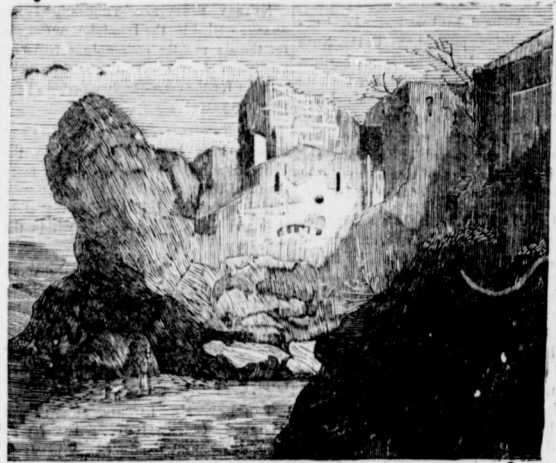
(1) The command of Moses (in Deut. 27). Show the reasons for this command. (2) Preparations for the great ceremony (vers. 30-32). The altar and its worship. The law written on the rocks before the people. The fitness of the place for this observance. (3) The two ways clearly set before them (vers. 33-35). This whole ceremony is more fully given in Deut. 27 and 28. Illustrate the two ways, and the certainty of the fulfillment of the blessings and the cursings, by the after history of the Israelites themselves. Show how it will be true of us all.

PUZZLES.

NAMES OF BIRDS.

- To steal, and a preposition. A mineral, and a line. A vegetable, and the male of domestic fowls. To study and a means of exit. A girl's name, and an article of food. A portion, and an elevation of land.

A PUZZLE PICTURE.



THE SUPERINTENDENT'S WORK.

1. Before the lesson: To be present ten minutes before the time of opening. To greet the teachers and scholars before school. To provide substitutes for absent teachers. To have the parts of the programme filled out, appropriate hymns selected, etc. To make the opening exercises short, and vary them occasionally. To call for the text of the morning sermon, and where it is found.

2. During the lesson: Avoid walking about and interfering with the teachers. Have an eye to order. See how the work is being done. Keep everybody away from the classes. Watch for good appointments for new teachers. Gently tap the bell five minutes before the close of the lesson. Note any indications of special spiritual interest in any class.

3. After the lesson: As soon as attention is secured, be ready to proceed. Review the lesson briefly, but pointedly, using questions, previously prepared, calculated to elicit ready answers. Seek to impress the truth taught by the teacher, rather than to dissipate it by striking or sensational efforts, which display the superintendent's abilities as a blackboardist or otherwise. As far as possible, let the closing hymn be positional in its character, and in harmony with the teachings of the lessons. The superintendent, having carefully observed during the teaching of the lesson any special interest in any case, or special lack of it, should endeavor to speak sympathizingly and helpfully with the teacher before leaving the room. The superintendent ought to observe and speak appreciatively to those who have made special efforts to be present. See that the spirit of reverence is maintained by every one up to the moment of leaving the room.—*R. W. Woodward.*

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DELICATE INDIAN PUDDING.—One quart of milk, scalded, two heaping tablespoonfuls of meal, cook twelve minutes, stir into this one tablespoonful of butter, then beat three eggs with four tablespoonfuls of sugar, mix all thoroughly, and ginger, salt to taste, mix all thoroughly, and bake one hour. Try it.

CHEAM FOR CAKE.—Half a pint of sweet milk, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of starch, two tablespoonfuls of flour, and flavor to taste. Scald the milk, beat the eggs (yolks and whites separately), sugar, starch and flour together, boil until it forms a custard, and spread between the layers.

"Let clans and families all join the deed, This ancient house will never want a head."

EASY SPELLING LESSON.

- 1. Keevo. 2. Tarcue. 3. Tarcurec. 4. Trincee. 5. Nopode. 6. Lentilosse. 7. Tresten. 8. Aankert. 9. Fittensy. 10. Itcaner. 11. Sensenserta. 12. Gengentena. 13. Eeclar. 14. Saleree. 15. Lipsaeel. 16. Titimena.

LITERARY ENIGMA: 79 LETTERS.

My 9, 6, 3, 25, 4, 64, 23, 48, 20, 21, 11, 47, 14, 22, 40, 15, 19, 17, 26, 51, 12, 13, 76, is the title of the poem from which my whole is a quotation.

My 8, 30, 44, 24, 36, 76, 18, 27, 39, 28, 32, 41, 2, 51, 10, was the author of "The Old Oaken Bucket."

My 76, 65, 39, 31, 1, 69, 2, 34, 35, was the author of "Child Harold."

My 16, 25, 48, 39, 46, 56, 57, 38, 67, 69, 53, 65, 78, was the author of "Locksley Hall."

My 23, 76, 55, 74, 29, 39, 66, 75, 67, 79, 75, 76, 25, 23, 65, 76, 63, 7, 60, was the author of a poem entitled, "The End of the Great Rebellion."

My 70, 50, 72, 42, 54, 67, 43, 46, 47, 49, 71, 66, 52, 52, 65, 39, 67, 75, was an American novelist.

My 37, 43, 31, 4, was an Italian poet.

My 32, 58, 59, 72, 5, 61, 75, 39, was the author of "Snow-bound."

My 62, 64, 56, 70, 75, 69, 45, 68, 73, 57, 49, was an eminent clergyman in England at the beginning of the present century.

My 72, 77, 53, 45, 65, was the author of "Jerusalem Delivered."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

PUZZLE PICTURE.—Swine, Stag, W-easel, G-osis, D-rill, Bear, B-ear, M-inr, Fox.

WORD-PUZZLE.—Dome.

CHARADE, Caprice (Cap-ric).

REMAINDERS.—Hale, ale, Neptune, tunc, Rice, ice, Stare, tare.

ENIGMA.—1. Sparrow; 2. Parrot; 3. Pea; 4. Pea; 5. Apple; 6. E. [See, mean].

IN A CERTAIN manufacturing town, an employe one Saturday paid to his workmen \$700 in crisp new bills that had been secretly marked. On Monday \$450 of those identical bills were deposited in the bank by the saloon-keepers. When the fact was made known, the workmen were so startled by it that they helped to make the place a no-license town. The times would not be so "hard" for the workmen if the saloons did not take in so much of their wages. If they would organize a strike against the saloons, they would find the result to be better than an increase of wages; and to include an increase of savings.

THE LAND OF THE FEZ.

BY HELEN S. CONANT.

It is not often that the people of Europe and America follow the fashions of the East, but one little article of wearing apparel has come to us from this distant part of the world that is certainly very attractive. No rosy cheeked school-boy skating or coasting over wide fields of ice and snow ever makes so bright an appearance as when his curly head is surmounted by the jaunty crimson "fez." He becomes a picturesque figure in the landscape, and we follow the bright bit of color with its waving tassel thinking how very, very much prettier it is than the dull cloth cap.

I wonder how many of you that wear your crimson head-coverings with such pleasure ever think anything about Morocco, the land which they come, or about the strange people that inhabit it? What sort of a costume is the jaunty fez usually worn above, and who are the people who wear it? Let us see if we can find out a few facts about them.

The country of Morocco of which Fez and Morocco are the two largest cities, lies along the coast of North-western Africa, and at the foot of the great Atlas Mountains. The inhabitants are Arabs, Moors, Jews and negroes, very few Europeans being contented to make their homes in this strange and distant land. Many of these people are well educated, however, and some of them are very rich. As in every country, the Jews are a merchant class, and those who are successful in business live in a very luxurious way.

Our girl readers will be interested in the beautiful portrait of "A Jewish Maid of Morocco" given on this page. These Jewish maidens are very beautiful, and while they preserve the peculiar features of their race, they are remarkable for their delicate light brown complexion and large dark eyes.

The young girls of every country, I fancy, are fond of dress. Indeed it would be quite an unnatural little person who would not like to look pretty, and have people around her admire her costumes; but some of the girls of Morocco are positively splendid in their attire. If they are at all wealthy, the amount and variety of their jewellery is quite marvellous. Diamonds are not much in use; but rubies, emeralds (generally uncut), and pearls are scattered about in profusion. They love those glittering things dearly; and on various occasions wear finger-rings of gold set with precious stones, necklaces of amber and coral, massive bracelets of gold, and armlets and anklets of silver inlaid with gold.

Let me see if I can describe to you the articles that the pretty maiden whose portrait we have here would wear on a state occasion. First there would be the fine embroidered shirt (*kumja*), fastened down the breast by numerous small buttons and loops and a pair of very loose trousers. Over the shirt is a jacket (*caffan*), usually buttoned in front, with loose flowing sleeves, and made of silk or satin, heavily embroidered in bright colors.

The hair of the Jewish maid is worn uncovered, but after she is married she will hide it carefully away under a handkerchief of black silk, over which another of gay colors is tastefully arranged. Her little feet would be incased in red slippers embroidered with gold. Then would be added the wonderful masses of jewellery I have told you about.

For outdoor wear there is one article which no maid or married lady of Morocco would dream of being seen without. This is the *haik*, or veil, common in nearly all Eastern countries. It consists of a wide piece of thin cotton, woolen, or sometimes of silk material about six yards in length. It is arranged about the head and also the body in a wonderful series of artistic folds. The girls of Morocco have a dainty way of bringing the haik over their faces, so that nothing but one of their bright eyes can be seen.

One or two things we have to record about these pretty African maidens that seem very objectionable. They have a habit of staining their finger tips a bright red with the juice of a plant called *hemla*, and their olive cheeks are frequently covered with rouge. In addition to this they further disfigure their fair faces by dyeing their eyelashes and eyelids with a black substance rightly named *kohl*.

There is another custom, however, whereby the maids of Morocco try to increase their

beauty which seems even more horrible than the painting of cheeks and eyelids. In this part of the world a young girl is not considered beautiful unless she is not only plump, but what we should call positively fat. In order to produce this flesh she is made to keep quite still, and forced to eat all kinds of fattening things. Bread is broken into crumbs and these are moulded into pellets which are forced into the throat, and must be swallowed even though the poor girl turns from them in disgust. The name for these pellets is *harrah*, and they are about the size of a common cannon shot. A seed called *fenugreek* is also made use of in great quantities for the same purpose. We should think our little and active girls utterly spoiled by all this superfluous flesh but in Morocco a woman cannot be too fat.

The Moors are a lazy people, and as for the women they be said never to walk at all. No Moorish maiden would know what to make of a party of merry school-girls racing home after a day spent over their books. She would think they were quite crazy. Indeed, it is from the Moors that we get the absurd adage.

"Never sit when you can lie,
Never stand when you can sit,
Never walk when you can stand,
Never run when you can walk."
—Harper's Young People.

public conveyance in which I found myself freely resorted to alcoholic drinks. I did not, and I am bound to say that I came out of the ordeal as well as most of them. It was my misfortune some six years ago to be one of a number who suffered most severely from a case of blood-poisoning. I was almost in *extremis*. Thank God, I was in London where the best medical skill was available. A most critical operation was performed. The operation was critical in itself, but, as I learned afterwards, it was far more critical in what might happen afterwards. Within the short space of three days and four nights, I had arrived at the stage which, in similar cases, occupies sometimes weeks and sometimes months, and the medical men distinctly assured me that, under God, I owed my life to the fact of my having been a total abstainer for so many years. They told me that had I been a brewer's drayman, my life would have been scarcely worth an hour's purchase.—*Sir John Cook.*

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

A good quarterly review is like an apple, it takes three months to ripen! Under the hot house pressure, a fair review may be gotten up in a comparatively short time;



A JEWISH MAID OF MOROCCO.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

On one occasion for several successive days I was on the move eighteen hours out of the twenty four, and at the end of that time the three other gentlemen who were with me, who were not total abstainers, were a long way behind me in strength and power of endurance when we arrived at our destination. I have gone through all sorts of changes of climate. On one occasion I was walking, in the middle of the day, in the snow on top of the Sierra Nevada, and on the next day I travelled across the burning plains of California under a July sun—and there are burning plains there, I can tell you. I said to my travelling companions, "I really never experienced anything like this in all my life; it is just like driving before a burning furnace." It happened a few days after that I learned what I was ignorant of then, that the name "California" is derived from two Spanish words, either really mean "burning furnace." Having driven a whole day across that hot plain, after the day before being in the snows of the Sierra Nevada, everybody else in the

but the solidity and flavor of three months of maturation cannot be expected from the concentrated heat and fervor and hurry of a week's forcing progress. To be enjoyable and profitable in the highest degree, it must begin with the first Sunday of the quarter, and continue through to the end.

The questions should not be too minute. Care should be taken to ask such questions as can be answered in from one to three or four words. When put in such a way as to require a whole sentence for answer, the result usually is an embarrassing silence, the reason being that few children have boldness to make what seems to them almost a speech. Let the questions be clear and concise; and then, the more rapidly they are put, the more exhilarating will be the review.

Interest in Review Sunday may be considerably increased by preparing songs especially suitable for the occasion, either sung by a quartette or by some of the scholars, care being taken, however, not to take the singing in any great measure away from the school. Also, introduce three or

four recitations of poems that are relevant to some of the most prominent of the events of the lesson. But do not let the time run over an hour and a half, at the farthest.—*S. S. Times.*

NOT ONE.

"Alas! there is not one!"—A Sunday-school teacher in France was answering a note just received from his pastor. There seemed some difficulty in the matter, for he tore up sheet after sheet just begun. At last he wrote: "Alas! there is not one!"—and he sent this as his answer.

The pastor's note ran thus: "Please tell me, as nearly as you can, how many scholars in your class are in earnest as to the way of salvation; and how many have found peace with God these two past years."

There followed a sharp conflict—a season of bitter humiliation in that teacher's heart. He had taken great pride in his large class of bright learners warmly attached to him; and given his whole mind to his Sunday teaching. Only the Sunday before, Solomon's temple being his subject, he had studied every available book concerning it, illustrated his lessons with engravings, learned by heart an eloquent application, entitled in his copious notes, "My peroration." And now across his review of three years' earnest toil there fell the eclipsing shadow of those sad words—"Alas! there is not one!"

Sunday came round once more. Haidly had Mr. C.'s scholars withdrawn to their class room after the general school prayer, when he felt constrained to ask them again to join in prayer for a special blessing on their Scripture reading; this was Acts xvii. 16-40. "A Sunday before," says Mr.—, "I should have enlarged on the history of Philippi, on divination, earthquakes, prison discipline, Roman citizenship. But that day every topic paled in interest before the gaoler's inquiry. 'What must I do to be saved?' I was conscious that some of my most intelligent scholars viewed my lesson as a failure; what mattered! 'Not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord' was to be henceforth my watchword.

"And God gave the increase. Some of my class in pride of intellect, left me; these I pursued with letters, visits, prayers. Of the rest, several yielded themselves to God. After a time some of the deserters returned, one of whom became in due time an earnest preacher of Christ. When eighteen months later, I was called elsewhere, I had the joy of knowing that for that period at least my labor had not been in vain in the Lord."—*Episcopal Record.*

A SCENE FROM LIFE.

A young man entered the bar of a village tavern, and called for a drink. "No," said the landlord; "you have had too much already. You have had delirium tremens once, and I cannot sell you any more." He stepped aside to make room for a couple of young men who had just entered, and the landlord waited upon them very politely. The other had stood by, silent and stollen; and when they had finished he walked up to the landlord and thus addressed him: "Six years ago, at their age, I stood where those young men now are. I was a man with fair prospects. Now, at the age of twenty-eight, I am a wreck, body and mind. You led me to drink. In this place I formed the habit that has been my ruin. Now sell me a few glasses more, and your work will be done! I shall soon be out of the way; there is no hope for me. But they can be saved; they may be men again. Do not sell it to them. Sell to me, and let me die, and the world will be rid of me; but for Heaven's sake sell no more to them!" The landlord listened, pale and trembling. Setting down his decanter, he exclaimed, "God helping me, that is the last drop I will ever sell to any one." And he kept his word.—*Christian Words.*

THREE GRADES of prizes have been offered in Lincoln, Va., by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union for the best essay on the physiological effect of intoxicating drinks.

MR. SPURGEON says "some quarrelsome members of the churches help to scour the other vessels, to keep them from becoming rusty through being peaceful."

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, July 18th, 1883.

The only change in the grain market this week was the doing of enough business to fix prices which are nominally 3 or 4 cents lower than last week, but they represent values a good deal better. There is no change to report in the local grain market. We quote, Canada Red Winter Wheat, at \$1.12 to \$1.13; Canada White at \$1.09 to \$1.13; Canada Spring, \$1.10; Corn, 60c per bushel; Peas, 95c; Oats, 36c to 38c; Hye, 65c to 66c.

FLOUR.—The market is a good deal firmer and brisker this week, a moderately good business being done. Prices are fully 5c to 10c a barrel higher this week, and sales have been mainly at outside prices, and of greater quantities. We quote Superior Extra, \$5.05 to \$5.10; Extra Superfine, \$4.85 to \$4.90; Fancy, nominal; Spring Extra, \$4.70; Superfine, \$4.00 to \$4.10; Strong Bakers, Canadian, \$5.10 to \$5.25 do.; American, \$6.25 to \$6.75; Fine, \$3.60 to \$3.75; Middlings, \$3.40 to \$3.50; Pollards, \$3.25 to \$3.35; Ontario lags, medium, \$2.40 to \$2.50; do. Spring Extra, \$2.39 to \$2.35; do., Superfine, \$2.25 to \$2.30; City Bags, delivered, \$3.05 to \$3.10.

MEALS unchanged. Cornmeal, \$3.50 to \$3.70; Oatmeal, ordinary \$5.45 to \$5.55 granulated \$5.75 to 8.00.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.—Both butter and cheese are very quiet and a cent or two weaker than last quotations.—Butter—is quoted, Creamery 18c to 19c, Eastern Townships 10c to 17c, Western 15c to 17c. Cheese is steady 9c to 9 1/2c. No change in public cable this week.

Eggs, are steady at 17c.

HOG PRODUCTS.—A rather better feeling prevails, but there is no change in prices. We quote:—Canada short cut, \$21 to \$21.50; Western, \$19.50 to \$20.00; Hams, city cured, 14c to 14 1/2c, canvassed 15c; Bacon, 13c to 14c; Lard, in pails, 12 1/2c to 12 3/4c; Tallow, refined, 8 1/2c to 9c.

ASHES are quiet at \$4.70 to \$4.80 for Pots.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Owing to more liberal supplies, the prices of butchers' cattle have a downward tendency, while there is less demand for shipping stock. Ordinary to good butchers' cattle bring from 4 1/2c to 5 1/2c per lb., but nearly all the sales are made by bulk and not by weight. Small leanish stock are rather plentiful and bring from \$18 to \$25 each, or 3 1/2c to 4c per lb. There is still a pretty liberal supply of calves, but only the best animals are in demand from the butchers, who pay from \$5 to \$15 for good veals according to size and condition. Common calves sell at about \$3.50 each. The supply of sheep and lambs is getting plentiful and prices have a downward tendency, except for the best animals. Some very fine lambs have been sold on this market lately at over \$5 each, but the general prices of good lambs are from \$3.50 to \$4.25 each, and of common lambs \$2.50 to \$3.00 each. Good fat sheep are being bought by shippers at from \$7 to \$8 each, and butchers are paying from \$4 to \$6 for common animals. Fat hogs sell at from 6 1/2c to 7c per lb. Milch cows are dull of sale and considerably lower in price.

FARMERS' MARKET.

Liberal supplies of nearly all kinds of reasonable farm produce are being brought to market and prices are easier all round. Old potatoes are nearly unsalable, as the new crop has nearly superseded them. There are very large quantities of green peas and beans offered by farmers at pretty low rates. Inferior tub butter is plentiful at moderate rates, which are probably fully as much as the stuff is worth. Packed eggs are plentiful and so also are the complaints of those who purchase them, owing to the numbers that are soured. Fresh laid eggs are in active demand. The fruit market is crowded with small fruits such as raspberries, strawberries, blueberries, currants and cherries. There are also a good many gooseberries brought to the market already, and the amount of this fruit grown in this vicinity the present season is more than double the quantity ever grown in this vicinity in any previous season. The supply of hay is not so large

this week as the farmers are too busy in the hay-fields to spare the time to bring much of it to market. Oats are from 90c to \$1.00 per bag; peas 90c to \$1.10 per bushel; potatoes 30c to 50c per bag for old; new potatoes 50c to 85c per bushel; tub butter 15c to 20c per lb.; prints 18c to 20c do.; eggs, 17c to 25c per dozen; apples \$3 to \$5 per barrel; oranges \$13 per case; lemons \$7.50 per box; strawberries 8c to 15c per box; raspberries 75c to 90c the pail; red currants 80c to \$1 do.; hay \$6.00 to \$10.00 per 100 bundles of 15 lbs; straw \$3 to \$5 per 100 bundles of 12 lbs.

BY A VOTE of two hundred and thirty-two to sixty-five, the House of Commons has resolved that Mr. Bradlaugh, the member elect for Northampton, be excluded from the House until he engaged not to disturb the proceedings. Mr. Bradlaugh is now eager to be allowed to take the member's oath, which some time ago he declared had no meaning for him in its appeal to a Supreme Deity, he being an atheist. Not only did the House from that moment forbid him to take the oath, but rejected a bill providing for the swearing in of members similarly destitute of religious belief. The real secret of the House's course is probably the dislike of a majority of the members for Mr. Bradlaugh, who, besides being an atheist, is in bad favor from a moral point of view.

A RAILWAY COMPANY defended itself in St. Paul, Minnesota against damages claimed by a woman who was hurt in falling between cars, by the plea that the plaintiff wore a pull-back dress that hampered her movements and so contributed to the accident, and the judge upheld the plea as well-taken.

SEVENTY-FIVE THOUSAND EMIGRANTS arrived in the United States during June against eighty-four thousand the previous June. Five hundred and ninety-nine thousand arrived during the past fiscal year, which was hundred and eighty-nine thousand and less than in the preceding year.

A STRANGE DISEASE has broken out among Chinese lately landed in British Columbia, caused it is said, by an impure diet of decayed vegetables. The malady shows itself first in the feet and spreads all over the victim's system, until finally blood-poisoning and death ensue.

FATHER O'HORAN, of St. Mary's Catholic Church, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, has given command that young people will not be allowed to wear bangs and frizzes in church.

NEW YORK CITY'S mortality rose last week from ten hundred and fifty-one to eleven hundred and ten, which is regarded as very high, notwithstanding the temperature.

APACHE INDIANS are again ravaging in Mexico, killing whites and stealing all the property they can get hold of.

DEAD.

General More, American Consul at Callao, Peru, died of yellow fever.

Mark Alexander, oldest member of the United States Congress, aged ninety-two years, was buried last week at Scotland Neck, North Carolina. He was Congressman from Virginia from 1819 to 1833.

Charles Heywood Stratton, known all over the world as "General Tom Thumb," died suddenly at Middleboro, Massachusetts, the other day, aged forty-five. Mr. Barnum, the showman, who was in Montreal at the time, telegraphed his condolence to the widow, who like her late husband is a little mite of humanity. Both of them

were first exhibited to the world by Mr. Barnum.

[For the Messenger.

AN INTERESTING PAMPHLET.

A few days ago the thirteenth report of the United Kingdom Alliance came into my hands, and as I looked through it noting paragraph after paragraph of thrilling import, enthusiasm grew to white heat. No fiction can touch the heart like this plain record of facts. Every worker for temperance ought to read and ponder, and read again this unpretending pamphlet. Look at the list of officers, Sir Wilfrid Lawson is President. He has been laboring in Parliament for "the total legal suppression of the liquor traffic in Great Britain" since his election in 1864, and year by year the number of his supporters, small indeed at first, has increased. Upon the list of Vice Presidents is a Wilberforce, a name in past years the very synonym of unwearying and undaunted philanthropy, and here it finds a befitting place. Among those many honorable names we find Cardinal Manning, the Very Rev. Dr. Payne Smith, Dean of Canterbury, Canon Farrar, and others less widely known, yet high in Church and State. The great and the gifted no longer sneer at the Temperance reform. They are coming to recognize it as the chief moral and social question of the age. Some, who a few years ago looked on with languid indifference, have had their hearts and consciences aroused, and have flung themselves into the thickest of the fight.

Very suggestive is a table of divisions in the House of Commons, on the Permissive bill, from 1864 to 1878. Year by year the minority has gained, with now and then a retrogression. In 1864 it stood, for 40, against 297; in 1878 it won, for 106, against 300; in 1881 the majority is on the side of local option, and the division stands, for 231, against 189.

This pamphlet shows that in every part of the British Empire there has been a great advance during the past year. Good news comes from New Zealand, New South Wales even from India. Largely through the efforts of Mr. J. J. MacLaren Q. C., "the constitutionality of the Canada Temperance Act has been settled by the highest legal Authority, and there is no doubt that the Act will be rapidly and widely adopted and energetically enforced. In almost every county where the Act has been submitted to the popular vote it has been adopted, and generally by large majorities. Though it was only passed in 1878 it has already been adopted by a large part of the Dominion, namely, by Prince Edward's Island, one half of Nova Scotia, one half of New Brunswick and several counties in Manitoba. In the north western territories of the Dominion Government absolute prohibition prevails."

Is it not largely in our power to decide whether or not the Province of Quebec shall adopt it? Women do not need the ballot in order to exert a determining influence upon Legislation by virtue of their influence over their husbands, sons, brothers and lovers. Women now hold the balance of power. They do not yet realize this, but some day their eyes will be opened, and then the license liquor traffic will end. What are the women of England doing? Here is one thing: On the 11th of July a deputation from the British Women's Temperance Union waited upon Mr. Stevenson of the House of Commons, and handed him a petition for presentation to Parliament, supporting the Sunday Closing Bill, which he had presented and earnestly advocated. The petition contained nearly 160,000 signatures of English women, only Cornwall was not canvassed, or it was petitioning separately. The last signature was that of the Countess of Aberdeen. The bill was withdrawn after being strongly contested, but who can doubt that it will finally be passed? These are but a few of the many items that I would gladly quote.

Dear friends, there is a Dominion Alliance Year Book forthcoming. While we are enjoying our summer rest let us spare an hour or two now and then from the pleasant literature of leisure days, and study the record of the past year's work in our own land.

If we do we are sure in the autumn to take up this work with a lively sense of our own responsibility and with fresh courage and enthusiasm.

W. C. T. U.

"Pay as you go" is a good motto, but if some men should go as they pay, they would never get anywhere.

Charity obliges us not to distrust a man; prudence not to trust him before we know him.

A man is known by the company he declines to keep.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON V.

July 29, 1883. [Josh. 8: 30-35]

THE READING OF THE LAW.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 33-35.

30. Then Joshua built an altar unto the Lord God of Israel in Mount Ebal,

31. As Moses the servant of the Lord commanded the children of Israel, as it is written in the book of the law of Moses, an altar of whole stones, over which no man hath lift up any iron: and they offered thereon burnt offerings unto the Lord, and sacrificed peace offerings.

32. And he wrote there upon the stones a copy of the law of Moses, which he wrote in the presence of the children of Israel.

33. And all Israel, and their elders, and officers, and their judges, stood on this side the ark and on that side before the priests the Levites, which bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord, as well as the strangers, as he that was born among them: half of them over against mount Gerizim, and half of them over against mount Ebal; as Moses the servant of the Lord had commanded before, that they should bless the people of Israel.

34. And afterward he read all the words of the law, the blessings and cursings, according to all that is written in the book of the law.

35. There was not a word of all that Moses commanded, which Joshua read not before all the congregation of Israel, with the women, and the little ones, and the strangers that were conversant among them.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing."—Deut. 30: 19.

TOPIC.—The Renewal of the Covenant.

LESSON PLAN.—1. THE ALTAR BUILT, vs. 30, 31. 2. THE LAW WRITTEN, v. 32. 3. THE BLESSING AND THE CURSING, vs. 33-35.

Time.—Act, 15L. Text.—Mounts Ebal and Gerizim, near Shechem.

INTRODUCTORY.

After the punishment of Achan the Lord commanded Joshua to renew the attack upon Ai, and the city was taken and destroyed. Joshua then took advantage of the terror which the success of his arms had occasioned to carry out the command of Moses (Deut. 27) to ratify the law at Ebal and Gerizim with solemn ceremonies. Some suppose that our lesson-passage is out of its proper place and should be put at the end of ch. 11, and that the event that it records occurred after the conquest and just before the division of the land. Others think that the passage is in its proper place. The directions of Moses (Deut. 27: 2, 3) imply that the observance should be as early as possible and before the conquest was completed. The object in this instance, as always, acted on the principle that religious duties should be first attended to, and at all hazards.

LESSON NOTES.

V. 30. MOUNT EBAL—this was in obedience to the command given. Deut. 27: 2, 3. Ebal and Gerizim are mountains facing each other and enclosing a valley which runs east and west. In this valley was the city of Shechem, now Nablous, about twenty miles distant from Gilgal. V. 31. WHOLE STONES—unhewn stones, so the law required in general (Ex. 29: 25), and it has been specially commanded in this case. Deut. 27: 3, 8. This was done by the carving of images on stone; (2) to distinguish the altar of Jehovah from heathen altars, which were commonly made of such stones. V. 32. WROTE ON THE STONES—not the stones of the altar, but the plastered stones (that is, stones cemented with mortar) placed by its side. Deut. 27: 24, 8. V. 33. STOOD ON THAT SIDE THE ARK AND ON THAT SIDE—ONE HALF OF ISRAEL WAS STOOD ON GERIZIM AND THE OTHER HALF ON EBAL, along the sides and the base of each on Mount Ebal (the mountain on the north of the valley), the tribes of Simeon, Levi, Judah, Issachar, Joseph, Benjamin; on Mount Gerizim, Reuben, Gad, Asher, Zebulun, Dan, Naphtali. BEFORE THE PRIESTS AND LEVITES—in full view of them as they, with the ark stood in the narrow valley between the two mountains. BLESS THE PEOPLE—and curse also, though this is not expressly mentioned. (See Deut. 27: 13.) The priests in the valley read the blessings and the cursings of the law, to the former the six tribes on Gerizim responded with a loud Amen, and to the latter those on Ebal in a similar response. The valley was so narrow that all could hear distinctly, as modern travellers have proved by experiment.

V. 34. HE READ—either Joshua himself, or the priests of Levites at Mount Ebal. V. 35. THE CONGREGATION—the heads of households, the women, the children, and the strangers who were with them. And as well as a renewal of the covenant with Jehovah, made at Mount Sinai.

TEACHINGS:

- 1. We should promptly obey the commands of God, even at great inconvenience.
2. God's law has penalties as well as blessings.
3. He would have his law clearly proclaimed, that all may understand and obey.
4. Children and all the household should study and know the word of God.
5. Everybody must choose between life and death. (Golden Text.)

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