

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

VOL. IV. No. 27.

MONTREAL & NEW YORK, FOR THE WEEK ENDING, MAY 30, 1885.

FIFTY CENTS A YEAR.

The Weekly Messenger.

THE LATE VICTOR HUGO.

Those who have read his works will feel that the death of the great French novelist, Victor Hugo, which took place a week ago, has deprived them of a friend. He was a perfect master of descriptive language, much of the force of which is lost in its translation into English. He was very radical and was a thorough communist at heart. His violent writings have raised many in enmity against him, but he never seemed to enjoy writing more than when he was defending a down-trodden class, or attacking some one who was thought eminently respectable. He was born in 1802, his father being a colonel in the French army. When twenty years of age, a volume of his "Odes and Ballads" was published, and seven years later appeared the "Last Days of a Condemned Criminal," the terrific interest of which secured it immense success. All his writings were full of violations of the rules laid down by the French Academy for the use of the French language. It was some time, therefore, before he was admitted as a member of the Academy. His clear-cut sentences were a thorough revolution against the labored writings of the time, and were such as could be understood by the common people. The Academy went so far as to lay a complaint against these innovations which they feared would become so popular that they would in a great measure supplant the heavy literature which they would have had the people read. The complaint was laid before Charles X. who refused to do anything to suppress M. Hugo's writings. The king said that he himself was no more than a private person in matters of art. Victor Hugo was exiled in 1852 to the Channel Islands. He returned to his native country, France, on the fall of the Empire, and entered heartily into the Republican movement. He went to Brussels after having resigned his seat in the French National Assembly because the Assembly would not hear him. The Belgian Government alarmed at his violent writings and his avowed sympathy with the communists, expelled him from the country. The chief of his works is the "Notre Dame de Paris" which is known in English as the "Hunchback of Notre Dame." The esteem in which the dead writer is held by people is shown by the fact that the Chamber of Deputies almost unanimously adopted a motion to grant \$4,000 to pay the ordinary expenses of the funeral, and also by the crowds of people who gather round his house, waiting for hours to get a chance to sign their names on the list. M. Hugo wished that his body be buried beside the remains of his wife and daughter in the graveyard of the parish church of

Ville Quier, halfway between Rouen and Havre. This wish will be carried out unless the Government decide to inter the poet's remains in the Pantheon. He also wished that he might have a pauper funeral, but this, one of his last requests, will not likely be granted. On this page we give a picture of the poet as he looked recently.

THE SOUDAN AND THE NEW CONGO STATE.

The British evacuation of the Soudan has

hand. The French seem anxious to get a footing in the Soudan, and it is believed that a revolt which was raised at Cairo was fomented by French agents to afford a pretext for landing French troops in Egypt. It looks a little as though many of the European nations were combining against British influence in Egypt, and this is taken into account by the English Government who have decided to leave quite a number of troops in possession of the Red Sea ports. Over 3,000 English troops will be left in Suakin to aid the Italians to keep that place.

Congo State. Tipu Taib has a very strong army, three thousand of whom are well armed with modern rifles. This new mahdi of the Congo declares that the Congo territory belongs to the Sultan of Zanzibar, and says he will suppress all opposition offered to his taking possession of it for that Sultan. He has already done some massacring and pillaging.

IN A PARIS GRAVE-YARD, called Pere la Chaise, there has been a serious riot raised by Communists and Anarchists. The Communists were decorating the graves of their comrade killed in the rebellion of 1871. An Anarchist association then marched into the cemetery with band playing, a red flag flying and with a red banner. The police appeared and ordered the Anarchists to give up the flag; they refused and made a sudden rush at the police. A lively fight ensued; police reinforcement arrived, also a battalion of the Garde Republicaine, who dashed into the crowd. The Anarchists retreated, jumping over tombstones and dodging behind graves and monuments, soldiers and police following at the charge. The scene was most exciting. Gravestones, sculpture and metallic wreaths were smashed into a thousand fragments. The Anarchists finally made a stand among some newly dug graves, near which were large piles of stones for paving the tombs. A perfect shower of stones fell among the soldiers and police. Carnet, a lieutenant of police had his head smashed open and fell almost lifeless; another lieutenant had his jaw fractured. Another detachment of police took the Anarchists in rear, dashing into them with drawn swords, cutting and smashing right and left, and so compelled the Anarchists to retreat. The enemy's red standard was captured. By this time half the garrison of Paris was under arms, and dragoons and the Garde Republicaine patrolled all the approaches to Pere la Chaise. Fifty Anarchists and thirty soldiers and police were wounded in the melee. Most of the wounds were mere bruises. The Anarchists' blood is now aroused, and it is expected the coming week will be a lively one.

On the following day another fight occurred between the police and Anarchists. A large party of the latter went to Pere la Chaise Cemetery to inter the remains of a revolutionist. They entered the cemetery quietly, but became excited by violent orations delivered over the grave. They sallied out with a red flag flying, and the police made a rush to capture the flag. A desperate fight ensued in which knives were freely used. Several were wounded on both sides and many arrests made. In the riot the previous day thirty persons were wounded but none killed.



VICTOR HUGO.

begun and merchants are leaving, fearing to remain after the departure of the troops. At Suakin and Berber the thermometer often registers 115° in the shade and half of the soldiers are sick. There are frequent warm breezes which are very enervating. The Italian ministry have received word that the Italian troops holding Massowah have been surrounded on the land side, and that typhus fever has attacked them. The Italians find they have a heavy task on

News has come from the Upper Congo that the large Mohammedan population inhabiting that region have been very much excited by tales regarding the wonderful feats of the Soudan Mahdi. Tipu Taib, who conducted one of the Stanley expeditions across the continent, witnessed the immense ivory trade that might be carried on with the natives of the interior, and has lately been stirring up the Mohammedans to make matters hot for the settlers of the

COMPETITIVE WORKMEN.

BY FAYE HUNTINGTON.

CHAPTER IV.

Helena St. John was dying. Of all Philip Stuart's pupils, Helena St. John was perhaps the most promising. She had always been fond of study, but this winter her mind had awakened to a new activity. The St. Johns were the nearest neighbors to the Wilsons. They had the poorest farm in the neighborhood, tilled in the most unskillful manner. Everything about their home evinced a lack of thrift. Mrs. St. John was the daughter of a wealthy farmer. She had been a pretty, romantic girl, and had for the romance of the thing married her father's farm-hand—a young fellow with no other recommendation than his good looks. The romance soon wore off, and the poor woman settled down into a very commonplace sort of life. She lost her prettiness and grew fat and blowy. Her husband lost his good looks, and became a thriftless, lazy, cider-drinking lounger. What sort of a home would two people of such a stamp make for their children? It was a tumble-down house, with broken shutters, dilapidated doorstep, and falling chimneys. To those who knew them, and who knew of the discomforts of the interior of that house, it was a marvel how those children managed to present so creditable an appearance at school. Flavius, the oldest, might appear in the shabbiest of coats and the most battered of hats, but he always showed a spotless collar and the whitest of cuffs. He was a very precise youth, and always said "can not," and "do not," where others would say "can't" and "don't." He had a sort of courtly grace which, backed by more money, would have given him the entrée to the best circles of society. Flavius, with the two next in order of age, Helena and Josephine, and their brother Claude, were among Mr. Stuart's pupils, and that gentleman often dropped in at an evening to encourage and help the young people in their lessons.

It was about the middle of the winter that Helena, always delicate, took a heavy cold, and for a few days was alarmingly ill; then she seemed to be recovering; but having rallied just so that their fears subsided, she seemed to get no further. And it was while they were thinking that she was gaining very slowly, but were not at all fearing anything more serious than a slow recovery, that Dr. Clarke, finding Mr. St. John in the yard one morning as he left the house, after visiting the patient, said:

"Mr. St. John, I am afraid that you are not prepared for what must come very soon."

In great surprise Mr. St. John asked:

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that your daughter's days are numbered. That is now only a matter of a very few days, more or less."

The man fairly staggered under the unexpected blow.

"Do you mean to say,"—and his voice was unsteady, "that Helena is going to die?"

Dr. Clarke laid his hand soothingly upon the man's shoulder:

"My friend, Helena is dying. You must be strong; tell your wife and the rest of them, so that they may not be unprepared for what must come soon."

It was a fearful shock to them all. Even the mother's eye had not discerned the truth. When they had all had a little time to recover themselves, some one asked:

"Who will tell Helena?"

"Why need anybody tell her?" asked her father. "Just be cheerful, all of you, and she need not know. The doctor said she'd likely go off easy, and what's the use of her knowing?"

The St. Johns were not at all religious; they had never taught their children the need of a preparation for death; they had never taught them to pray. I do not know that they could be said to have any views. They held a sort of belief that awfully wicked people, as murderers and thieves, would be punished, but the people who didn't do anything very bad would be well enough off. And they could not see that it would be of any use to tell Helena that she was dying. But Josephine insisted that Helena ought to know. She said, almost indignantly:

"It is not right, if I were in her place I should want to know. She may want to say things to us."

At 1 then Josephine ran away to shed bitter tears, which she had restrained before

her parents. Just then Mr. Stuart, having heard from Dr. Clarke that Helena St. John was dying, made his appearance, and the stricken mother said:

"Oh, Mr. Stuart! Josie says she thinks Lena ought to be told. Do you think so? And will you tell her? None of us can."

And Philip Stuart, who had no personal Saviour himself, who did not know of the love that could light the dark valley, undertook to guide this soul on its way. He had no need to tell her she was dying. She had noticed the grave looks of Dr. Clarke, and, with the sharpened ear of sickness, she had heard enough to tell her the truth. And as her beloved teacher took her wasted hand in his own, she said:

"Mr. Stuart, I want you to tell me, do you think I have need to be afraid? I know that I am going to die, and I don't know what is beyond. But you are wiser; do you think there is anything to be afraid of?"

What should he say? He had by his life taught this child that Jesus Christ was a myth; that prayer was but the incense of a pure heart ascending in every holy wish and desire; that to be upright and moral was all the religion needed. He had taken occasion to present his views in a debate, not many weeks previous, and no doubt it was to this very exposition of his ideas that Helena's thoughts recurred as she asked the question. Strange that to him should come words of Scripture as best expressing what he would say to her. Strange that he should use the words of one whom he rejected.

"Helena," he said, "you remember, 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.' Does not that satisfy you?"

A violent fit of coughing interrupted the conversation for that time, but later in the day Mr. Stuart was sent for. As he came to her side, Helena said:

"Mr. Stuart, you answered me in the words of the Bible this morning. Now I am sure that somewhere in the Bible are words like these: 'There is no other way whereby ye can be saved,' and I think it refers to Jesus Christ; and according to that a pure heart is not enough. Can you tell me how to settle the question?"

"Helena, my child, I cannot!"

"Oh, dear! Who will tell me? I never thought I would be afraid to die, but I am!"

Mr. Stuart's efforts to calm her were in vain. At last she said, suddenly:

"Isn't Fritz Hettinger a Christian?"

"I believe he is what they call a Christian," replied Philip, almost coldly. And so he was to be set aside in his office of comforter to the dying girl, for an ignorant boy.

"I wish you'd go and bring him here," said Helena; "perhaps he can tell me what I want to know."

Mr. Stuart was vexed at himself for what he called his momentary weakness. He said to himself that he had failed where he ought to have been strong. His regard for his pupil, and his grief at the prospect of losing her, had unnerfed him, and forced from him that unfortunate "I cannot." He attempted to regain her confidence, but she insisted upon seeing Fritz, and Fritz was sent for.

CHAPTER V.

When, in response to Helena's request, Fritz Hettinger was admitted into the room where she sat, or rather lay in the great arm-chair, propped up with pillows, he was shocked at her changed appearance. He had seen her often since he came to live at the Wilsons'. In that country place the chore-boy was not considered, socially, so very far below the farmer's sons and daughters; and there was that about Fritz Hettinger which ought to have given him a place beside the grandest of the land. He was a true soul; pure in heart as he was pure in speech; his coat might be shabby, and his hair begrimed with toil, but his character was stainless. His opinions were clear upon all subjects which he had looked into, and he expressed himself in simple but well-put terms. He had never been called upon to pilot a dying soul through the dark waters, but he had studied the great chart so faithfully, and listened so willingly to the teachings of the Spirit of God, that he had no hesitation now, though he seemed to stand in the very presence of the Messenger that was calling the timid, trembling soul into the presence of the King of kings.

"Fritz," said Helena, "Mr. Stuart has taught me many things. He led me out into a new life of knowledge and beauty. But he cannot teach me what I want to know now, what

I must learn quickly. He says a pure and blameless life, such as he thinks I have lived, is all the preparation necessary that one may meet God in peace. I cannot rest on that assurance. I did at first. I thought he ought to know. He is so wise, and knows so many things. But thinking it over and over, as I have been here so still and alone, thoughts came to me which shake my trust. Tell me, Fritz, what your belief says about the future. It is all so dark!" This last sentence burst out with as sudden a wave of anguish.

"I am the light of the world," Fritz said, softly.

"But how shall I find it?" said the poor girl. "I see no light!"

"The spirit of truth will guide you into all truth!" And Fritz went on repeating precious promises and invitations from the word of God.

It was strange how few words of his own Fritz used in all that interview. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." "He is able to save them to the uttermost all that come unto God by him." "He gave himself a ransom for all." "He will be very gracious unto them at the voice of thy cry. When he shall hear it he will answer thee." "We have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace." "It shall come to pass that whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."

"Does it say that?" asked Helena, eagerly.

"Yes," said Fritz, "it says that, and it says: 'The Lord shall give thee rest from thy sorrow and from thy fear.' You have only to rest upon him. There is no goodness or purity in us upon which we can depend about us as a cover for all that is unholiness in us; and he says, 'Blessed is he whose sin is covered.'"

At the end of the talk, Helena said:

"I think I see the truth, dimly, perhaps, but I can accept it. Fritz, will you pray now before you go?"

Without a moment's hesitation Fritz knelt down, and these were the words he used:

"Dear Saviour, wilt thou light up the dark valley for my friend? Thou art calling her to pass over from time into eternity. May she be able to say, 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me.' Dear Saviour, may she realize that it is spiritual blindness that shuts her away from the light. May she know certainly that there is light even in the hour of death. May she, like Bartimeus, cast away every hindering thing, and come to Jesus, that her eyes may be opened so that she may see the beauty of the Lord Jesus Christ. May she put away all hopes because of her pure life. May she not depend upon her own righteousness. May she come now and be made to see, Dear Jesus, she comes! I bring her on the wings of faith! Let the light into her soul now, dear Saviour, just now! and light up the path all along, until she stands before the throne, redeemed."

Rising from his knees, Fritz only waited to say:

"Seek him that turneth the shadow of death into the morning. The Lord is his name."

When Mr. Stuart came again, Helena thanked him for all he had done for her:

"You showed me a new world," she said, "I was asleep, intellectually, until you came and awakened me. Those three months of study under your teaching were worth more to me than all the years of school I had before. You helped to fit me for the higher enjoyment of heaven. But, oh! Mr. Stuart, you left out the most important part; you did not show me how to gain heaven. I have learned within the last two or three days that education with religion is everything—that without religion it is nothing. I do hope you will add to your grand education a knowledge of the Christian's faith. Mr. Stuart, it is beautiful; and beside it everything else is nothing! You may think now that you can depend upon your own goodness; but when you come to stand face to face with death, you will find your goodness and purity will not cover the evil that all at once springs up and threatens to overwhelm you. Oh, it was so dark until I came to Christ, and he opened my eyes to see the light, and now it is so bright!"

She lay back exhausted, and Mr. Stuart having no word to say in reply, slipped away, and came no more for several days.

Helena grew weaker, day after day. Until the last morning she sat pillowed in an easy chair and saw her friends. She would have it so, though she could talk but little. She said to the family: "It cannot make much difference to me. I shall not go much, if any sooner, if I do get tired; and I want to see whoever calls, until the last." So they came, and the sick room was the brightest in the house; yes I think it was the brightest room in the neighborhood.

Meantime, school went on as usual. The scholars were subdued and quiet. Mr. Stuart looked pale and wearied. He had no feeling of resentment; but in spite of his goodness he felt hurt at being set aside, in the office of teacher and comforter, for Fritz Hettinger. He called himself a fool, in that he had failed so miserably in being a help to Helena. To Flavius he said:

"I suppose it will do no real harm for her to indulge such a delusion. Yet I would rather that she should have died bravely holding on to the truth. It would have been such a blow to fanaticism to have seen one so young and so brilliant going down to the grave calm and fearless, carrying her own pure and unsullied character as a passport into the other world. Her trusting as she does in a myth, will not take away from her that which will be her real dependence—the unmarred purity of her beautiful soul."

Now Flavius St. John might have listened to the coarse blasphemy of the most noted infidel lecturer of his generation without being impressed with his views, for everything coarse was repulsive to the boy; but this talk of sweetness and beauty, purity of soul and unsullied images, and unmarried lives captivated his fancy, and made him a willing listener to this teacher of the most pernicious theories. And thus while Fritz, the earnest-hearted Christian boy, was smoothing Helena's path, leading her into the light of perfect day, Philip Stuart, the unbeliever, was leading Flavius into a maze of error from which he should find no way out for long weary years. He had given the boy a lift, intellectually; as he had led Helena into new and untrodden paths of knowledge, so he had awakened the slumbering powers of her brother. Indeed, Philip Stuart had set in motion agencies which were to lift the whole family out of a wretched state of indolence and poverty. A great work, surely, yet it needed to be supplemented.

As Helena lingered from day to day, her growth in grace and in the knowledge and love of the Lord Jesus Christ was marked. Mr. Fisher, learning through Fritz of her illness, came to visit her. Coming out from the sick room, he said:

"The Great Teacher has been with her. She has fathomed greater mysteries than many of us older Christians have reached. I count it a great privilege to have seen and talked with her. I have learned something in there."

Now had Mr. Fisher aimed at making Mr. St. John his friend, he could not have spoken better words. He was not capable of understanding them. What might be the mysteries of which the minister had spoken, or what he might have learned from the dying girl, he could not comprehend; but the words sounded to him like praise of Helena, of his daughter. He felt as if in some way an honor reflected upon himself and the rest of his family. Poor man, while he was truly almost heart-broken at the thought of losing Helena, he was in danger of growing proud. Never before had the family at the little tumble-down house received so many calls or so many kindnesses at the hands of their neighbors. There was no lack of comforts for the invalid, no lack of the tenderest nursing. Mr. St. John stayed more at home, lounging less at the hotel, and drinking less cider. Every morning before he went into Helena's room, he made an attempt at making himself look more respectable; he shaved oftener, and his hair began to show familiarity with a comb. He grew less crabbed and morose. The presence of sickness and death in the house was softening him, and one day, when he had spoken gently to Josephine, even tenderly, she said to herself, as he turned away:

"If father were always like that! I believe if he would let cider alone, he would be pleasanter. If Lena thought of it, maybe she could get him to promise; but it might trouble her if I spoke of it."

The St. John children had never known that there was a great difference in fathers or in homes. They had never been much, if any, away from home, and did not know

that there were fathers who never spoke a sharp word to their children; they did not know that there were mothers who never appeared in a muddy dress. Lately, it had dawned upon them that there was a difference, and that it was not altogether being poor that made them unlike other people; and since they had joined the new society, and learned some of the effects of cider, and been drinking upon the physical nature, and upon the intellectual and moral as well, they began to understand why they had such a miserable home.

One day Helena and her father had a long interview. No one knew what the girl sought with earnest pleading, nor what the man promised; but Josephine, watching for developments, saw her father go to the cellar with a heavy heart, but as he came up without the customary pitcher of cider, she stole down to investigate, and found the tap of the cider barrel cut off close to the head.

When Philip Stuart heard of it, he said: "The circle has closed around me at last. All winter I have been trying to reach Harvey St. John. It was seeing the discomfort of that home that first made me think of our little society; but I had almost given him up."

Mr. Stuart was, as you see, very ready to take to himself the credit of rescuing Mr. S. John, and it is true, he had begun the work—he had started the chain of events which had led to the cutting off of the tap of that cider barrel; but he forgot to take into account the fact that Fritz and Helena had circled the poor man about with their prayers; or, if he had remembered, he would have scoffed at the idea of prayer as one of the agencies in bringing about the desirable result. This was Helena's last work. A day or two later she quietly closed her eyes upon earth.

(To be Continued.)

THE MYSTERIOUS RIVER AND THE NEGLECTED BRIDGE.

There was once a beautiful city which stood upon the slope of a hill; it could be seen from a great distance, and the fame of it was such that many people came from far to admire it as well as to talk with its inhabitants, who were said to be a very wise race of men. One evening, a long time ago, a stranger came to this city. The more he saw, the more he was delighted. The stranger thought this such a pleasant city that he wished to remain in it for a while, that he might observe the manners of the people, and how they employed themselves. "This town of yours seems a very good place to live in," he said, one day, to a man who was weaving a basket.

"So it would be," said the man, looking up thoughtfully, "if it were not for the river." "What river?" asked the stranger. "I have not seen or heard of any river."

"Why, no," replied the man, "I dare say not, for it runs a little way out of the city, and we have planted some trees in that direction that we may not see it; you will not often hear it mentioned, for in fact we do not consider it good breeding to allude to it." "But what harm does it do to the town?" asked the stranger. "I don't wish to say much about it," replied the man, "it is a very painful subject; but the truth is, our King, whom you have heard of, lives a long way off, on the other side of the river, and sooner or later he sends for all here to cross over. We shall certainly have to cross before long. The King sends messengers for us; there is scarcely a day in which some one is not sent for." "But are they obliged to go?" asked the stranger. "Oh yes, they must go," replied the man, "for our King is very powerful. If he were to send for me to-day, I could not wait even to finish my work. Sometimes he sends for our wives and our children, and the messenger never waits till we are ready."

"What sort of a country is it on the other side of the river?" asked the stranger. "Is it as pleasant as it is here?" "The river is so wide that we cannot see across it distinctly," said the man, "and when our friends and relations are once gone over, they never come back to tell us how it fares with them there. But yet every one here is agreed that the country across the river is a far better one than this. The air is so pure that it heals all their diseases; besides, there is no such thing as poverty or trouble, and the King is very good to them, and so is his son."

"Well, then," said the stranger, "if the country is so fine, I do not see why you should think it such a misfortune to have to go to it, particularly as you are to see there your parents, and children, and friends who have gone before you. Why are you so much afraid to cross the river?"

The man did not answer at first; he seemed to be thinking of his work; at length he looked up and said—"When any of our friends are sent for, we always say they are gone over in that beautiful country; but, to tell you the truth, this river is so extremely deep and wide, and it rushes along so swiftly—"

"Well?" said the stranger.

"I don't mind telling you," replied the man, "as you do not know much of these parts, that I think it very doubtful whether many of those who have to plunge in can get to the opposite side at all. I am afraid the strong tide carries some of them down till they are lost. Besides, sometimes they are sent for in the dark, and, as I said before, the messenger never waits till we are ready." "Indeed!" said the stranger, "in that case, so far from envying these peo-

ple, when my time comes, I shall get across as well as my neighbors."

So the stranger went up to the man who had been pointed out to him, and inquired whether he could tell him anything about the dreadful river.

"Certainly," said the man, "I shall be very glad to tell you anything you wish to know. It is my duty. I am one of the ambassadors of the King's Son. If you will come with me a little way out of the town, I will show you the river." So he led him over several green hills, and down into the deep valley, till they came to the edge of a whirling, hurrying torrent, deep and swollen. It moved along with such a thundering noise, that the stranger shuddered and said:

"I hope, sir, it is not true that all the people in the city are obliged to cross this river?" "Yes, it is quite true," answered the man. "Poor people!" said the stranger, "none of them can strive against such a stream as this; no doubt they are borne away by the force of the torrent. Do you think any man could swim over here in safety?" "No," said the man,

time in telling them of the goodness of the King's Son, and how neither he nor his Father is willing that any should perish—but their pride is very great." "What! so great that they would rather die than use the bridge?" asked the stranger in astonishment.

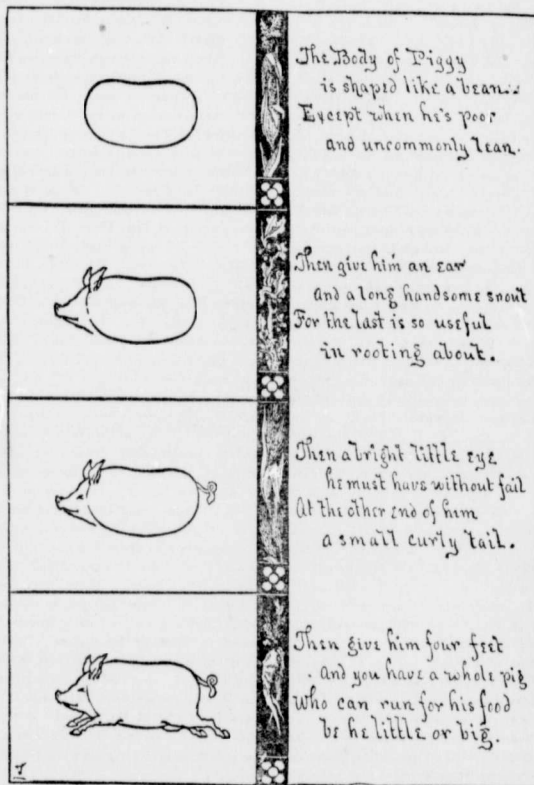
"Some of them have built up works of their own," replied the man, "which they think are strong enough to bear them over to the King's country; others say they do not believe there is but one way of getting over, and some men throw themselves headlong into the flood, saying they do not believe there is such a provision, or at least that it was not meant for them. But, as I told you, it is perfectly free, and the voice of the King's Son may be heard calling to the people over the flood, and inviting them to come to him; for, strange as it may seem to you, he loves them, though they are so backward to believe that he means them well." "What!" interrupted the stranger, "does not the King's Son repent of what he has done; is he not sorry that he built a bridge for such a thankless race?" "No," said the man, "though they slight his offers of safety, he still sends ambassadors to call them to him, even at the very brink of the river. Nay, he often himself visits them, and by night, when all is still, he comes to the doors and knocks; if any man will open to him, he will enter and sup with him. He will tell him how he has loved our nation, and what he has done for our sake; for, indeed, it cost him very dear to build that bridge, but now it stands stronger than a rock."

Now, when the stranger heard this, he wondered greatly at the ingratitude and foolishness of these people; and as he turned away, I went up to the ambassador, and ventured to ask him the name of that city, and the country it stood in. But it startled me beyond measure when he told the name of that country; for it had the same name as my own!—*Jean Ingelow.*

TEMPERANCE IN SUMMER-TIME.

It is summer-time. The world is off its guard, and the fiend is busy; it is vacation time, it is a time when people are apt to take a vacation in morals and let up a little on the religious vigor of the winter. The denizens of the heated cities are pouring into the country, to the sea-shore or the mountains. The rural districts are receiving them and carefully noting the customs of the town. The worship of God is largely abandoned by both hosts and guests. Christian people again stack their arms and lie down to unprotected slumber on the old battle-fields where Satan has won so many victories. They are seen at the bars of saloons and hotels. Claret and beer bottles find their way into their picnic baskets; and cards, tobacco, liquor and Sabbath desecration obliterate all moral distinctions in the minds of many lookers-on, when multitudes of so-called temperance people so act as at once to weakly dribble away their self-respect and the confidence of the world in temperance professions. Amid the rest and recreations of the season, it should be remembered that the devil and death take no vacations, and have insidious summer ways against which all should be on their guard. The demon of drink has a peculiarly guileless look under the shade of a tree, by the music of the waves, or in the freedom of the mountains. In fact, he has the innocent air of one of nature's aids, whose good offices it would be discourtesy to refuse. It is sorrowful to see a man or woman destroy the self respect and moral power of a whole year by the weakness of a month. Do nothing, imitate nothing, countenance nothing in August, which you would remember with regret standing by a frozen drunkard in January, listening to his children crying.—*Rev. W. A. McGinley.*

CHICKEN SALAD.—Equal to full grown chicken, boiled tender and cold; two heads lettuce, one cup boiling water, one spoonful corn starch wet with cold water; one great spoonful fat, skimmed from the liquor in which the fowls were boiled; one-half spoonful oil, one-half cup vinegar, one tea-spoonful mixed mustard, one raw egg, whipped white, two hard-boiled eggs, one-half spoonful powdered sugar. Season to suit. Omit fat and skin of fowl. To boiling water add the corn starch, and stir in and skim from cold liquid. Remove from fire, whip in the beaten egg and garnish it.



DRAWING LESSON FOR VERY LITTLE FOLKS.

ple, I wonder to see them so happy and unconcerned. I should have thought they would have been so anxious lest the messenger should come. Pray, cannot your friends help you over?" The man shook his head. "Then," said the stranger, "are there no ships to convey you over, must you needs plunge alone and unhelped into those dark, deep waters?" "I am not learned in these matters," said the man, evidently uneasy, "and I do not pretend to be wiser than my betters, who generally think this a disagreeable subject, and one that we should not trouble ourselves about more than we can help." "But if you must all go," said the stranger—"I am a working man," replied the basket maker, interrupting him, "and I really have no time to talk to you any further. If you want to know anything more about this, you had better go and speak to that man you see talking to that group of children. It is his business to teach people how to get over the river, but I have not time to attend to him. I dare

looking very sorrowful, "it is quite impossible, and we should be all lost if it were not for the bridge." "The bridge!" exclaimed the stranger, much surprised. "No one told me there was a bridge." "Oh yes," replied the man, "there is a bridge a short distance higher up; it was built by the King's Son, and by means of it we can pass in perfect safety." "What! may you all pass?" asked the stranger eagerly. "Yes, all. The bridge is perfectly free, and is the only way of reaching the country beyond. All who try to swim over, or cross any other way will certainly be lost for ever." "Sir," said the stranger, "if this be the case, I must hasten back to the city, and tell the people, that no more of them be lost in these swelling waters." "You may certainly do so if you please," replied the man, "but know first that all the people have been duly informed of the bridge. My brethren and myself spend nearly all our

*Hebrews, ii, 3.

BRINGING WAR TO AN END.

In our last week's report we left the troops in the North-West exulting over their defeat of the rebels at Batoche's and over their capture of that village. We left Riel in General Middleton's hands, very much frightened lest he should be shot by some of those whom he had held as prisoners, and whom he had threatened to massacre before Gen. Middleton had attacked his rifle-pits at Batoche's. As might be expected, these persons who had suffered at his hands bore no friendly feelings toward him, and he had cause to fear for the safety of his life even whilst in Gen. Middleton's camp. Riel is coatless, having left his outer garment in a bush. He has moccasins for his feet, a black slouch hat for head gear, a hickory shirt, a grey and dirty vest and trousers. His hair and beard are decidedly dirty, as is his person. He has a most courteous manner; his voice is rather effeminate and his gestures graceful. While declaring that every man has a mission and that his was to bring about practical results, he vehemently denies that he was the leader of the rebellion or that he wished to influence the half-breeds to take up arms in defence of their rights. We must hope that he has accomplished good practical results and that the half-breeds and Indians will be dealt with more truly in the future by those who govern them. At the same time it must be remembered that Riel is guilty of high treason and is largely responsible for the loss of three hundred lives which this war has occasioned. Riel took an active part late in 1882, or early in 1883, in the Montana territorial elections, having become an American citizen there. He created considerable excitement in the elections referred to, being an active worker for the Republicans. After the election was over he was prosecuted, being accused of having induced several half-breeds to vote, though they had not the necessary qualifications, but before the prosecution had got fairly under way he fled to his old home at St. Vital, near St. Boniface, Manitoba. He afterwards returned to Montana on a flying visit. Then, in the fall of 1883, he went up to the Saskatchewan country, where he has been ever since. He now declares that he can prove that at the beginning of the present insurrection he wanted to go back to the United States and attempted to do so but was prevented. From his books which have fallen into the hands of Gen. Middleton, the arch-rebel claims that he can prove his innocence of heading the rebellion. Notwithstanding his proclamations he expects to be hung and spends most of his time in fasting and praying. He turns everything to a religious subject, and says that the Almighty directed the fight at Batoche's. He is thought to be a religious monomaniac and Gen. Middleton himself holds this opinion concerning him. It is very generally believed that Riel was not at all insane while in the Beaufort Lunatic Asylum at Quebec and that he was taken to the United States from the asylum at his own request in order that he might escape punishment. He has been taken to Regina, capital of the North-West Territories, to be tried there and two Quebec lawyers are going to defend him. One of these lawyers has become known for having had the death sentence of the murderers, Mrs. Boutet, commuted into imprisonment for life. The defence in the case of Riel will be based on a plea of insanity. It was feared that an attempt might be made to rescue him while being escorted to Regina. In case of any such attempt he was to be immediately shot. There was no attempt made and he arrived in safety. Indeed, from reports of the feel-

ings of the half-breeds toward Riel, it would seem that his former followers are as anxious as anyone to see him punished and would not attempt to get him into their hands except to kill him. They feel vexed at having been led into such an enterprise as they have been, only to be defeated with great loss of life, and talk of petitioning the Government to hand him over to them. A large band of scouts are scouring the country in search of Dumont, who is even more desired by the troops than Riel himself. A half-breed story which is generally believed, states that after the Duck Lake fight Dumont boasted that he himself had killed seven out of the eleven of the other side killed. An evidence of his brutality is given in the following incident: After the first firing, Dumont went up to two of the Prince Albert volunteers—whose names the officer who relates the story has forgotten—both of whom were badly wounded. Dumont stirred up one with his foot and, pointing his revolver in his face, told him he was going to kill him. The poor fellow pleaded that he was not mortally wounded, that he had a wife and children of whom he was the sole support, and might recover although he would be a cripple. Dumont, with a malignant leer, applied some offensive epithet and blew his brains out, despatching the second man in a similar manner. The story has so fired the men that they would sooner shoot Dumont than Riel. A couple of hours after the capture of Riel, his lieutenant, Maxime Lepine, came into Gen. Middleton's camp and delivered himself up. He is a big, rough-looking man and pretended to be very much disgusted with the rebellion, as well he might be after the turn it had taken. Gen. Middleton asked him two questions: "Were you in the fight at Batoche?" and "Were you one of Riel's councillors?" To both of these Lepine simply answered "Yes."

The situation at Battleford was somewhat uncomfortable after Poundmaker's capture of the supply waggons, for that chief, encouraged by the stores he had seized, came closer to the barracks at Battleford and set fire to the prairie in several places not far from the town. About two hundred Indians rode round in the vicinity and their actions gave rise to the fear of a night attack. Steps were immediately taken to meet it, and forces were gathered in and around the barracks and the town put in a position of defence. It is thought that Col. Otter would have attacked these Indians and forced them to a pitched battle if he had not been so severely criticised by Gen. Middleton for having attacked Poundmaker. The General seemed to consider the attack on Poundmaker quite unnecessary, and very much to be deplored as it forced the Indians into a rebellious war which might, he thought, have been confined to Riel and his followers. The expected attack on Battleford was not made and the garrison of that place burned the bush around the town so that the Indians might find no lurking place within range. Shortly after Poundmaker and his band, amounting to about five hundred braves, had captured the train of supply waggons, they discovered a bag of newspapers which gave the news of Riel's defeat, and it was this news which deterred them from further hostilities. Poundmaker was very polite to the captured teamsters who were well treated by the Indians. On Thursday evening last week the greatest rejoicing was caused at Qu'Appelle by the arrival of a white flag from Chief Poundmaker and the hostile under-chiefs who are with him. With the flag came a large number of prisoners, and amongst them, all the captured teamsters. They stated that when within what they

considered safe distance of Battleford they were surprised by the Indians, and before they had time to do anything, were surrounded by a band of a hundred Indians and half-breeds. A letter from Poundmaker was carried to Col. Otter by one of the prisoners and in it the chief asked on what terms he would be allowed to surrender. Col. Otter told him he must treat with Gen. Middleton and accordingly Poundmaker sent to the General. He received a message in reply that he and his followers must surrender unconditionally to Col. Otter and that it would be decided afterwards what would be done with them. There is a report that Poundmaker has accepted Gen. Middleton's terms and notified Col. Otter that he would surrender unconditionally. It turns out that Little Poplar was not with Poundmaker at Cut Knife Creek and that the richly decorated and plumed horse which was captured at that battle by the volunteers belonged to another chief. Little Poplar has been with Big Bear almost from the beginning of the rebellion. Big Bear is still north of the North Saskatchewan River near Frog Lake and many young men from other tribes are joining his band. He has now eight hundred warriors under him all of whom are fairly well armed. Poundmaker before his defeat at Cut Knife Creek had sent three or four messages to Big Bear asking that chief to join him. None of these messages were answered. After the defeat of the Indians by Col. Otter, Poundmaker wished that the whole band should retire westward to the Rocky Mountains, but the chiefs of the Stoney Indians would not hear of such a thing, and were determined to try and join Riel. Now, Poundmaker, and the half-breeds who joined him at Riel's order, blame the Stoney Indians for all the trouble caused by the Indians. It is thought that Big Bear may yet cause trouble, but he has very large stores of provisions and many women and children so that he will have to stand on the defensive. He talks of putting the large number of prisoners whom he has in his hands in front of his men so that the volunteers cannot fire on his braves without killing the prisoners. Among the prisoners who are in the hands of this dreaded chief is Mrs. Delaney of Hull, in the Province of Quebec. There have been numerous reports that this person was most horribly treated by the Indians and was then hacked to pieces by the squaws. Though this report is most likely true there is some doubt about it. Another of the prisoners Mrs. Gowanlock is said to have been taken as a wife by one of the Indians. A white courier who has escaped from Big Bear says that that chief is treating his white prisoners well.

The troops in General Middleton's column are anticipating a speedy end to the troubles in the North West and are already thinking of the return home. The volunteers left a sorry sight behind them when they left Batoche's for Prince Albert. The former place presents a desolate appearance, the houses being torn to pieces with shells. White flags are hoisted in many places over broken-in roofs. There was a great deal of woe-mourning at the fear shown by the Prince Albert people who had a garrison of four hundred to protect them. The Indians north of Prince Albert, it is true, were unquiet, but Gen. Middleton was 100 thirty miles away. It is generally thought among the volunteers that the police are a cowardly set, although there are brave ones among them. It is questioned why the two hundred police lying idle at Prince Albert did not ride down and help Gen. Middleton in his fight against Riel. Gen. Middleton will require Col. Irvine, who was in charge of the police, to account for his remaining at

Prince Albert while fighting was going on for four days at Batoche's. The next movement to be taken against the rebels who are still in arms is to cut off their retreat. To do this Gen. Middleton has decided to gather as large a body of horse as possible and ride down on Big Bear and Beardsy unless these chiefs surrender. He intended to have attacked Poundmaker, but that chief has surrendered in good time. Bands of half-breeds are constantly surrendering, and the main trouble is to avoid feeding such a number of them. A great many are let off with a lecture after their names have been taken. Twenty-five prisoners, most of whom are Riel's councillors, are kept in the camp at Batoche's. Riel says the rebels lost 76 killed and 140 wounded in the last battle. The total number of volunteers killed at the battles of Fish Creek and Batoche was eighteen, while the rebels lost nearly a hundred. In the two battles there were eighty-three loyal wounded and the rebels had over two hundred wounded. Several guns taken out of the batteries will be left in the North-West for purposes of defence after the termination of the present campaign. It will also be necessary for a large force to remain at least a year to give confidence to settlers. The half-breed Commissioners are settling the claims of half-breeds to land. The latter receive scrip which gives them a right to a portion of land, but when drunk they are often persuaded to sell their scrip very cheaply to brokers and are afterwards dissatisfied.

PERILOUS SEA ADVENTURES.

This year there seems to be more danger from icebergs than usual to ships bound from England to Halifax. The number of large icebergs encountered near the Newfoundland Banks is something quite extraordinary. The new Thomson line steamer "Dracons" arrived at Halifax a week ago with her bow badly smashed. On a dark and cloudy night the steamer was going along at full speed. The watch suddenly saw what appeared to him to be a fog bank. On suspicion of danger the engines were reversed and the ship headed in a different direction. She kept on, and before there had been time to materially lessen her speed crashed into a large iceberg. The captain thinking she must surely sink, ordered the life boats out. While the steamer was slowly drifting back from the glittering ice mountain, the captain noticed that the new steel plates had only been crushed in and that there was little water entering the hold. The ship was anchored until daylight when it was found that there were icebergs on every side, making a most majestic scene.

The crew of the barque "Orion," which was bound from Havre, in France, to Halifax, had a most perilous adventure on their journey across the Atlantic. All went well till the evening of the 1st of May when the vessel collided with an immense iceberg towering out of the water as high as the ship's masts. The ship having been firmly jammed into the ice, the boats were got out to save life. Twelve men got into the first boat which was pulled away from the sinking vessel. Six of the crew who still remained attempted to get off in a second boat which, however, was filled with water as soon as it had been launched. The sailors, who had already escaped to some distance, put back as near the barque as they could on seeing the perilous position of their comrades. When they were within a short distance of the barque a rope was thrown to them and was caught. With the help of this all of those who remained on the vessel save one were saved. The captain, who was

the last to leave the ship, having lost his hold on the rope fell some distance into the sea but was picked up again after some trouble notwithstanding the darkness and the roughness of the sea. They had scarcely got clear away from the ship after having picked up their captain when the iceberg toppled over on the ship, crushing it. After being in the boat some twenty-four hours without food and laddly clothed, as they had no time to save anything, they began to realize their forlorn position, their sufferings being added to by the cold, wet weather. But fortunately, relief was at hand, and they were picked up and kindly treated by a Norwegian ship.

The steamer "City of Berlin" struck an iceberg on the 19th inst. There were 1,252 passengers on board out of whom gives this account of the catastrophe: "All went well until approaching the banks of Newfoundland, when a thick fog set in on Monday the 18th inst., which continued until the 20th. The ship was run at half speed during the fog and the steam whistles were kept blowing. On Tuesday morning about 2.30, the ship came in collision with an immense iceberg which carried away the jibboom, bow spirit, figure-head and all the gear attached; stove in the bow, breaking the iron plates, deck planking, iron railing, etc. Many tons of ice fell upon the forecastle deck, breaking it through and going down into the hold. Two men on the lookout had a narrow escape with their lives. The fog being so thick they could not see the iceberg until it came tumbling on the forward deck where they were standing, causing them to run for their lives. At the time of the shock chief officer Tarleton and second officer Barker were on duty on the bridge and with great promptness Barker rushed to the bow to ascertain whether the ship was cut through below the water-line, at the same time giving orders to cut away the lashings of the life rafts and boats, and prepare them for lowering in case the ship would sink. Two of the boats were swung out and others were being put in readiness when it was discovered that the ship was not making water and the order was countermanded. The passengers were all asleep in their berths at the time of the collision, but being awakened by the shock, they immediately sought the deck and ran to and fro screaming and praying, not knowing but that they would go down with the ship in a few moments.

OPPRESSIVE UNCERTAINTY.

All manner of hostile actions are rumored between England and Russia and there seems to be some serious hitch in the peace negotiations. Mr. Gladstone says that no one has yet been chosen arbitrator, and that the Government will consider any advance of Russian troops towards Herat as a sufficient cause of war. Russia on her part has disclaimed any menacing intentions regarding Herat. The Government is, therefore inclined to consider the question of the Afghan boundary as satisfactorily settled to both countries, at least temporarily.

Gen. Komaroff and his first officer have each received the gift of a sword with a gold hilt and scabbard set with diamonds. This was in reward for their behavior at Pendjeh and at the later battle at Dash Kepri.

War preparations on a small scale are being continued by both of the disputants. The English Admiralty has decided to have a sham naval battle on a very large scale, when torpedo experiments of all sorts will be tried. The exhibition is to take place in Bantry Bay, Ireland.

WEATHER AND CROP REPORT.

Another week of genial spring weather has nearly completed seeding operations all over the country except in a few backward localities. Refreshing showers have been general and in a few places in the Western States very heavy rains have flooded low-lying districts, but in some places the want of rain is much felt to moisten the soil sufficiently to give the seed a good start, and in some fields of heavy clay where there is still no ploughing done, rain is needed to make it more mellow. Reports from the Western States indicate that a very large area of land has been seeded with grain and planted with corn this spring and though somewhat backward as yet, still the prospects are good for an abundant harvest. Swarms of young chinch bugs are appearing in some sections of Illinois threatening the wheat plant with destruction, and in some parts of California the grasshoppers are very destructive to vineyards and grain-fields. Grass in most places looks well though rather more backward than usual. There is an improved demand for good beef cattle to ship to Britain, but rough and leanish beef creatures are difficult to sell even at the unusually low prices which have prevailed lately. The prospects for dairying operations this season are not of the brightest, for although the product is not large yet prices are very low.

THE JURY in the case of Burton and Cunningham, accused of having caused the explosion in the Parliament building and the Tower of London after the Judge's charge on Monday, retired and remained out fifteen minutes, returning with a verdict of guilty against both prisoners. The court at once sentenced both men to penal servitude for life. The announcement was received by the spectators with applause, which the court suppressed. Cunningham maintained his self-composure, but Burton broke down and sobbed when the verdict was rendered. When the prisoners were asked if they had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon them, Cunningham protested that he was innocent. He said he was willing to accept penal servitude for life, but they could not touch his soul. Burton simply declared he was innocent. The judge, in charging the jury, said the prisoners had been ably defended and their trials had been fairly conducted. The bag and coat found at Charing Cross station had been identified beyond question as the property of Burton. Burton's statement, in which he admitted buying two bags at South Hampton, was inconsistent with the statement of the defence, which denied that Burton had been at Southampton at the time or had brought the bags. Burton's explanation of how he had come into possession of Cunningham's trunk was unsatisfactory. It was a remarkable circumstance that the prisoners had both informed their respective landlords that a friend was coming for the trunk. The strength of the case against Cunningham was his presence in the Tower at the time of the explosion, coupled with the discovery of the detonator in his trunk. In sentencing the prisoners the judge said they had been convicted of a crime as bad, cruel and wicked as had ever entered the heart of man. It could not be too well known that neither the Queen nor her advisers could be intimidated by any such means. The humanity of those in charge of the prosecution alone prevented them from indicting the prisoners for high treason, on conviction for which their lives would have been forfeited. Cunningham and Burton maintained a cheerful appearance after being taken back to prison, and

chatted freely with the wardens. They still insist they are innocent. While in Baltimore, Burton used to visit a mulatto woman very frequently and one day this woman was found dead, having been shot in some mysterious way. Suspicion rested on Burton and his friends.

GERMAN FAMILIES who had settled in Russia are leaving that country for America. They complain that there is a strong and growing anti-German feeling in Russia.

EIGHT POINTS of the ten in the proposed treaty of peace between France and China have been agreed upon. The other two points have been rejected by China.

THE REV. DR. GORDON, pastor of Clarendon street Baptist Church, Boston, Mr. H. Hastings, the well-known publisher of religious works, and a dozen others have been arrested for holding religious service on the Boston Common on Sunday. The police say they violated the city ordinance. The church people declare they will hold meetings as usual, and have a hundred ministers present willing to be arrested if necessary. When the trial of the fourteen prisoners came off, the court-house was thronged. The Rev. Mr. Hastings was arraigned and pleaded not guilty, but the Judge said as the defendant did not get a permit to preach he should fine him, as well as the others, \$10, without costs. The case will be appealed.

CHOLERA is again cropping up in France and just lately two deaths have occurred at Marseilles.

SPAIN HAS SMALL colonies on the gulf of Guinea. These have been seized by France and the French flag has been hoisted. The excitement in Madrid over the seizure is intense and the Spanish Government is preparing a protest against the action, France having offered no explanation. The territory seized is operated by a Spanish commercial society.

IT IS AGAIN REMOVED that Mr. Gladstone is going to resign this fall, and his own statement that his being in office was a matter of weeks rather than of months seems to give color to the rumor. Moreover his friends in the House of Commons have chosen another candidate to represent the Midlothian district for which Mr. Gladstone is at present the representative. This would indicate either that they know that Mr. Gladstone is determined to retire before the fall election, or that they are arranging to have him stand for some other constituency. The latter is most improbable.

THE FRENCH COMMITTEE OF DEPUTIES has refused to consider a proposal to impeach the Ferry Ministry which was lately turned out of office on account of their aggressive colonial policy.

IN MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA, two flouring mills, having a combined daily capacity of 2,000 bbls., shut down recently. It is said that before very many days several other mills will follow suit. The cause assigned is lack of orders. A leading miller said: "We are piling up the flour, but are absolutely unable to dispose of it at the present prices. Nearly all that is being shipped east is sent for storage. Our hope lies in the reported short wheat crop."

MR. JOHN BRIGHT, in answer to a letter from an American friend, asking if England will return to the policy of protection, writes: "Not until the United States return to slavery. England's present danger is in its foreign policy. The Tories and Liberals are equally blamable for the lunatic policy of adding millions to the military expenses of the nation whilst trade is depressed and the poor badly housed."

THE LONDON AUTHORITIES are to send a medical commission to Spain to investigate the cases of cholera inoculation by Dr. Ferran at Valencia. The epidemic is disappearing in the Province of Valencia, owing to Dr. Ferran's efforts.

MONOPOLY in Boston has enabled the Bell Telephone Company to charge four times the cost of the instruments for their yearly rent. The legislative investigation into the company's affairs shows that they could have paid a seventeen percent dividend last year.

A TERRIBLE FIRE occurred in Cincinnati, Ohio, last week. Seventeen persons were either burned to death or were killed by jumping from the upper windows. The fire was occasioned by the explosion of a gasoline stove, and the flames quickly swept up the elevator, cutting off all chance of escape. It was at first thought that the few persons who had been killed by jumping from the windows were the only ones in the burning building, but one man saved the lives of two women by getting on the roof of the house and letting down a rope. Before he could himself reach the ground the rope was burned through and he fell and was instantly killed. This man was John Sullivan, brother to the proprietor of the printing establishment where the fire had originated. The large mass of telegraph and telephone wires which lined the street where the fire occurred, had a great deal to do with preventing the firemen from saving the lives of those within. The scenes at the undertaking establishment where the bodies of the dead were taken for identification, were heartrending. A policeman recognized the mutilated bodies of two sisters, and a mother found the bodies of three daughters. Preparations were made for the relief of the bereaved families, most of whom were dependent on the support of the victims to the fire.

SINGULAR STORIES of piracy on the Harlem river have reached the New York police. Three men attired in the costume of United States soldiers have waylaid several boating parties, and levied blackmail on them. The police are looking for the men.

H. S. STRONG, an Englishman, aged about 50, presented letters of credit for \$7,000 on the Canadian Bank of Commerce in Chicago and had them cashed. They proved to be worthless. Strong probably belongs to a gang which has been operating on Canadian citizens. Several members of the gang were detected while trying to pass forged notes in Montreal and are now on trial.

WHILE A GREAT MEETING of the Salvation Army was being held in Sacramento, California, several hundred men and boys mobbed it, wrecked the church and injured a number of members. The entire police force had to be called out to disperse the mob.

THE PROPRIETOR of the Toronto Daily News, Mr. E. E. Sheppard, has been arrested for criminal libel of the 65th Battalion of Montreal which is now in the North-West. Charges of drunkenness and filthiness were made against officers and men of the regiment. Mr. Sheppard was afterwards released on bail.

THE SENTRY of the ship "Garnet" has been sentenced to forty-two days' imprisonment for neglect of duty in not preventing Captain Boyton attaching the torpedo to the ship while in New York. Lieutenant Gardner will be formally tried by court-martial for not having detained Boyton when he had been captured.



War Notes.

FLAGS HOISTED IN 1885.



TWO OF THE PASSAGES in Proverbs relating to wine have been altered in the Revised Bible. Proverbs xxii., reads "Wine is a mocker, strong drink arawler, and whose ever ereth (or reeth) thereby is not wise." Proverbs xxiii. 31, reads, "Look not thou upon the wine—when it goeth down smoothly."

THE FAVORITE FICTION that the vine-growing countries have no drunkenness ought to get its end in the temperance agitation in Switzerland, where brandy drinking is on the increase, and a poverty-stricken country, with the area of Maryland and a population of Ohio, spends \$30,000,000 a year on liquor.—Philadelphia Press.

I SAY THAT THAT MAN is the worse for drink whose head is hot, and whose cheek is flushed, whose pulse is quickened, and whose brief brisk excitement is due to the stimulants he has taken. It may be perfectly true that no jury in England would find him to be intoxicated, but he is the worse for drink for all that.—Bishop of Oxford.

LARGE PREPARATIONS are being made in Chatham, Ont., for the great temperance demonstration which is to be held there on the 2nd of next month, under the auspices of the County of Kent Temperance Association. Arrangements are being made for special trains at excursion rates from Sarnia, London, St. Thomas, Windsor and all intermediate points.

VICTORY IN FRONTENAC.—The Scott Act was voted upon in the county of Frontenac on Thursday last week. We have not yet received the full returns but it is certain that the Act has passed by a majority of over 100. Every sub-division recorded but one on Wolfe Island gave a majority for the Act.—Bedford No. 3, for 8, against 4; Garden Island, for 51, against 5; Kennebec, for 44, against 9; Kingston township, for 241, against 37; Pittsburg, for 32, against 20; Portland, for 101, against 85; Portsmouth, for 67, against 55; Sherrington, for 34, against 7; Wolfe Island, for 24, against 37. There was great excitement throughout the county as the contest was considered a close one.

HURON.—Several hotel-keepers in Wingham continue to advertise "Choice Liquors" notwithstanding that the Scott Act is in force in the County of Huron. The advertising of liquor in the State of Maine is deemed an offence against the prohibitory law and papers have been forbidden to ad-

vertise intoxicating drinks. This is as it should be, and before long like measures will be adopted in Canada where the Scott Act has passed.

A correspondent writing to the *Kincardine Standard* says: "The effects of the Scott Act are already apparent in this locality. Men who used to spend the most of their time around hotels are now to be seen around their homes and farms fixing up fences, taking out stumps, digging ditches and improving their property in a great many other ways."

KINGSTON.—In Kingston city the total vote polled in the Scott Act contest of Thursday last week was 786 for the Act and 839 against. At many polling places ladies were in the vicinity distributing Scott Act literature. The temperance workers in Kingston were forestalled by the liquor dealers who had obtained all the large public halls in the city before it was generally known on what date the Act was to be submitted. This in itself would go a long way in giving them the small majority of 53 votes which they obtained. If as much enthusiasm had been put into the temperance work in Kingston city as was shown in the county the result would likely have been different. Considering the great odds the temperance people had to contend against in Kingston they did well, and in three years from now may renew the struggle with the assurance that they will win.

MIDDLESEX.—A large representation from the different parts of the county were present at a meeting of the Middlesex Alliance. The Rev. W. Johnston, President, was in the chair. The meeting was most enthusiastic. Steps were taken to complete the organization throughout the county in view of thorough work being done between now and the day named for voting—June 18th. It was resolved to secure the best talent of the country to take the platform during the campaign. Several influential persons were added to the Executive Committee. On motion it was unanimously resolved: "That we, the members of the Middlesex Co. Alliance assembled, beg to submit their protest against the action of the Senate in exempting wines and beer from the operation of the Canada Temperance Act; and beg further to express the wish that the said amendment may not receive the sanction of the House of Commons."

DANGER TO THE SCOTT ACT.

Many meetings have been held in Scott Act counties to protest against the Senate's amendment to the Scott Act, which exempts light wines and beer from prohibitory measures. The Senate seems to think that they have a chance of passing this amendment despite the fact that similar amendments have before been rejected by large majorities in the House of Commons. The liquor men boast that they have bought over some of the members and that they are bound to get light wines and beer exempted from prohibition. A large meeting was held in Ottawa where resolutions were adopted which, after reciting the history of temperance legislation in Canada for the past fifteen years, declares that the action of the Senate in lessening the prohibitory character of the Scott Act and otherwise increasing the difficulty of its adoption and enforcement is not only unjustified by the evidence officially received by the Senate during the past decade or by any facts and considerations yet known to the public, but is directly opposed to the rapidly developing public opinion of this great Dominion, and is such a disregard and defiance of the popular will as declared through constitutional methods as is calculated to alarm the people and excite their distrust of so-called representative government. The petitioners earnestly requested the Senate to reconsider its action and assist the House of Commons in giving effect to the prayers of its numerous petitioners by increasing the efficiency of the Canada Temperance Act. Those present pledged themselves to withhold their support from any candidate at the next general election who will not pledge himself to support prohibition.

A large and representative meeting of the friends of the Scott Act was held in Alexandria, Ont. Resolutions were passed condemning the recent action of the Senate in their bold attempt to destroy the object of the Scott Act in these counties where the

people have unanimously voted for the Act; as in Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry; also a resolution urging upon the House of Commons to reject the Senate amendment.

THE SCOTT ACT WORKING.

The number of counties in which the Scott Act came into force on the first of this month, have already been greatly benefited by its working. Taking the County of Simcoe as an example, we give the following extracts from local papers in that county showing how the Act has been received:

The Scott Act having come into operation on the first of May, the bars in all our hotels have been closed, and from appearances, the act is very well observed. A "celebration" was held on the last night under the license law, and quite a number of very "full" individuals were seen staggering home under the load of stimulants they were carrying—mostly inside of them.—Parry Sound Star.

On the 1st of May the Scott Act came into force in the County of Simcoe and a great portion of the district of Parry Sound. An earnest attempt is being made to strictly enforce the law, and the County of Simcoe Temperance Association is offering a reward of \$10 for each information that will lead to the conviction of the offenders.—Huntsville Forester.

There were two distinct types of casual drinkers in Barrie, for several weeks prior to the first of May. One adopted the "tapering off" process, and accepted with even tempered grace the new order of things on Friday morning. The other set continued to drink their accustomed daily allowance up to the evening of Thursday, and then indulged in a violent "blow out." It is needless to add that the "tapering off" men were the most satisfied on Friday morning, whatever they may have thought the night before.—Examiner.

We are pleased to note the manner in which the Scott Act was accepted by the hotelmen here. They fought the Act and did all in their power to prevent its passing, but their efforts were fruitless. The Act was carried in this County by an immense majority, and on May 1st came into operation. On the morning of that day the hotel-keepers removed all their liquors of every description from the bars, and "not a drop" could be had from them. Many a poor impecuniate thirsty one pleaded hard for a drink, but pleaded in vain. "No," was the answer to all their supplications, "we have gone out of the business." For the first day or two the bars presented a cold, cheerless, uninviting appearance, but they have been fitted up and now look quite nice. Our hotelmen are evidently determined to do the best under the circumstances they can. Of course, in order to keep up the general excellence of their houses a slight rise in the tariff was necessary. This the public must accept, as the hotel-keepers did adopt the Act—of a necessity.—Pentony Herald.

Two weeks' experience under the Scott Act has already passed with beneficial results. Perfect sobriety so far reigns supreme. No dissipation and drunken brawls on the streets. No drunken bloats lounging about bar-rooms, spending their change that was earned to make home comfortable and keep the wolf from the door. Business at the police court has decreased. In fact the whole population seems to be attending to their own business in a sober, thoughtful way. It is to be hoped that the Senate composed of old fogies will be foiled in their attempt to render useless the Scott Act which the whole country have carried by such overwhelming majority.—Gazette.

We have very favorable accounts from other counties, and it is noticeable that those papers which were bitterly opposed to the carrying of the Scott Act have considerably toned down in their attacks against it.

HOW CAN BUSY WOMEN WORK FOR TEMPERANCE?

MARY G. DOLE.

What can we do? Oh, so much, so very much, though our name is on the roll of no temperance organization, and our face is rarely seen at their conventions. First and foremost we can live consistent temperance and temperate lives. We can so array ourselves on the side of this great cause, that neither husband, nor son, nor neighbor, need ever have cause to doubt where we stand. There is never a woman too busy for that, never a woman too busy to order all her

household economy on strict temperance principles. More than all other influences combined, I believe to be, in this work, the quiet, unwavering, consistent work of a temperance woman, in kitchen and parlor, by the bedside of her children, in the every day round of her work. I have long had a firm belief, ever, though it sounds like treason to long established sentiment, that the downfall of so many of our sons when they go out from under the roof-tree to work their way in the world, is due not only to baneful influences encountered in the society they meet among strangers, but also, may God forgive the mothers! to the wrong ideas instilled through the long, impressive years of childhood and youth.

I believe more and more firmly, the longer I live, that the cider barrel that is a part of the furnishings of so many of our New England cellars, is the direct cause of more drunkenness than the whiskey barrel of the rumrunner. It is a strong statement, I know, and it is only a belief founded on observation, for there is no way to obtain statistics upon such a subject.

But the love of cider, and the habit of drinking it freely has been so universal among our New England farmers and villagers, that the line where the grown-up farmer boy begins to substitute, on a cold day when he goes to the town, the half glass of vile whiskey, or the whole glass of cheap manufactured wine, for the glass of cider he would go down cellar and draw if he were at home, is not very plainly drawn, and many and many who habitually drink whiskey to-day, if he would speak the whole truth, would say that the liking for its stimulous came from the stimulous, the good feeling, which came from the cider in his father's cellar. I think there are few mothers but have this matter virtually under their own control. There are few husbands and fathers who would not be amenable to the right sort of influence in this direction, and the cider could be, as it should be, converted into vinegar.

It has been said that the most thorough test of a good husband is that he never, in all his life, quotes "mother's cooking" to the woman he has married. Only think of it then, mothers! all these boys, whose boots clatter so noisily across your floors, and stretch unweary and restlessly under your tables looking so anxiously on the table "to see what mother has got for dinner this time," what a responsibility rests upon the wisest of us, that we form a taste and liking for temperate living in those boys, who are going to remember the taste of your pies and puddings, and quote them as models, all their lives. We have no right, it is a sin and a shame to us, if we dare to cultivate in the appetites of those boys, a taste for wine in pudding sauces, and brandy in mince-pies. Yes, I know it is the old argument.

You tell me that alcohol vaporizes at—deg., and that, therefore, there is no alcohol left in the pies after baking, or the sauce after it is boiled. But you know, and I know, that there is a taste of wine and brandy left that the pure, unfermented juice of fruits will never give, that the taste, if not the exhilarating effect is in the cooking, and that the boys learn to love that taste and to miss it if it is omitted. So there is another plain work for us busy women who cannot attend public temperance meetings. We can extract and can pure juices from our native fruits and berries, preserving them free from alcoholic taint, for use in flavoring our pies and sauces so that we may never, in the years to come, hear our sons say, "I first learned to love the taste of wine and brandy by eating mother's pies and puddings." Then, too, there is another work so closely connected with this that it may be all done together. The woman who adds to her store of pure fruit juices, properly secured from fermentation, enough to supply, or to supply her share with others who may join her, the table of our Lord at the church where she may worship with wine which cannot bring a reproach to that table, or to the service of the God she worships, is doing noble temperance work, even if she can never find time to attend one of our pleasant meetings.

Mothers can think about all these things, they can persuade the father to think, too. They can prepare for their families plain, healthy food, which will not stimulate the appetite for alcohol, and may work for temperance in the kitchen as faithfully and, it may be, more effectually, than on the rostrum.—Union Signal.

SABBATH SCHOOLS AND FOREIGN MISSIONS.

BY PROFESSOR HENRY DRUMMOND.

It is not easy to interest in foreign missions men in middle life, with their sum of interests already made up and the romance driven out of them long ago by the prose of business. But with children this problem scarcely exists. They are not yet rooted in the environment of any country. It is really only as we grow up that we become provincial. The child is the true cosmopolitan, has the universal mind, and India and Malabar are as real to it as the next parish. The Sabbath-school teacher will do well to mark this characteristic, and take advantage of it. Anything which makes foreign countries real is a contribution to the missionary cause.

Picture-books of wild animals, missionary adventures and travels, descriptions of the manners and customs of savage races—these have a most important function in preparing the mind to realize missions. Moreover, these are the most tempting of all themes to a boy or a girl—for there are no more voracious readers of boys' books than girls—so that this preliminary missionary education can be carried on without the possibility of prejudicing the scholar by the dryness of his task. A Sunday-school superintendent might do much worse occasionally than take his whole school to a menagerie, and a good paper might be written for next conference on the missionary function of Noah's ark.

No man, in fact, has a finer chance in any department of Christian work than the teacher who would interest the young in missions. While every other class of work is handicapped by difficulties of the most hopeless kind, this stands out as an almost solitary exception—an exception which would become the rule if men grew into the higher aspects of religion in childhood, instead of striving to free themselves into them in maturer years.

But, wholly apart from the religious nature, there is an appeal in missions to the instincts of the young, which affords an enormous leverage to those who would interest children in the missionary's work. Between the wondering adventurous spirit of the boy and the heroic career of the missionary there is a natural sympathy, and the question reduces itself mainly to this: Grant the preparation of the boy, grant the surpassing interest and fascination of the facts, how are we to bring the one in contact with the other? This is really the whole problem. The facts will make all the impression, create all the interest, enlist all the scholars, if they are only known. The teacher should know them. But the majority of teachers are simply ignorant of missions. I have lately returned from a visit to one of the best known missions in the world, an ideal mission which has been before the public in many ways, and whose romantic story, one would think, must have given it a place in the hearts and interests of many. I have been moving among the people most likely to have shown that interest, and yet I have not found more than three persons who could ask an intelligent question about it.

I have been asked by intelligent people if I went to Lake Nyassa by the Congo, and a dozen times I have had to change the conversation in despair on being asked if I had seen anything of General Gordon. It is a teacher's duty to qualify himself for his work by a knowledge of foreign missions. With regard to the information to be brought under the notice of the Sunday-school, the main thing is definiteness. The ordinary appeal for collections for India, or China, or Lebanon or the New Hebrides, is comparatively useless. The box goes round as a matter of mere routine, and, as a rule, the child sees no further than the hole into which it vacantly drops the reluctant copper. In many schools there is no more unintelligent part of the service than the missionary collection, whereas, if wisely managed, it might become one of the brightest interests of the school.

The proper method consists in singling out some specific object, person, or place, and fixing it in the mind as a living interest. When a new steamboat is wanted for a missionary, half the schools in the country should be asked to put a plate in it. One large school should be asked to supply the funnel, another the compass, a third the

screw, a fourth the anchor, others between them should pay the captain's salary, and there should be a competition open to all the mission schools in the country for the post of cabin boy. If a medicine-chest is wanted for the South Sea Islands, a hundred schools should furnish a bottle each for it; and in many such ways the fact that missions do not only exist on paper will be driven into the mind.

Another application of this principle consists in the singling out by a school of a certain person in the foreign field—a certain heathen to be taught, a certain native catechist to be maintained, a certain orphan to be educated in some missionary institution. Acting upon this principle, the United Presbyterian Church, after the Indian famine, had four or five hundred orphans distributed over the schools of this country. In many cases, the better to interest the home school in their welfare, these orphans received the name of their superintendent, or of the minister, or of the minister's wife, or of some leading teacher. This, by the way, I think a mistake, as well as an error in taste—Siamesa and Chipitula are much more picturesque than Norman McLeod or John Cairns.

In a similarly lively vein Mr. Drummond advised that every school should be equipped with a good set of maps. When a band of missionaries start for the foreign field the fact should be announced in every school, and their route traced with the pointer. With regard to collections, the traditional box might be laid on the shelf for a month or two, say at Christmas time, and a neat card for home use put in its place. The senior girls might make the cards themselves illuminating them nicely with a text and the collector's name. The wide circulation of good missionary records and lives of missionaries, can scarcely be too much insisted upon. The chief duty here is to see that the literature is really of first-class quality, and especially that the narratives given are all rightly true. One of the most efficient ways also of exciting missionary interest is the frequent exhibition of curiosities from missionary lands. These can now be had almost for the trouble of collecting, and few things are more stimulating to the mind of the child. Equally, if not more valuable, are magic-lantern exhibitions with missionary slides. The churches might do worse than have one or two lanterns, with competent professional lectures, in steady circulation, and a desideratum for the future to supply might be a carefully-projected, first-class, well painted missionary panorama.

Only one influence remains to be noted, but that the most important of all—the living voice of the living missionary. There is such a thing as a dead missionary—and when one thinks where they spend their lives, and the few privileges they enjoy, the wonder is there are not more. I would never let a dead missionary speak to a living child. No one feels the touch of death like a child, and its instincts will not be deceived. There are also weak missionaries, dyspeptic missionaries, soured and discouraged missionaries, unempathetic, scolding missionaries. I would not have their voices heard in any Sunday-school. But when you can get the real man, at any cost bring him. The tale of self-denial, quietly told, will make its mark; long after the day is past and the story of his life forgotten, his personality will abide in the hearts of the best in the school as an ever-living power. If they cannot be got, let some one go where they are and catch their fire, and bring back words, for a single echo from a living voice is eloquence.

Interesting scholars to become missionaries is the highest department of our work, and the one most of all neglected. It is not enough to watch among the scholars for an interest in missions. We must watch for the dawn of the missionary spirit, and direct the picked few who manifest it by solemn and careful steps. The missionary spirit steals into the mind at a very tender age. It is too great a thing to come late—it has to bear too much strain to be of any growth. It seed must be in the virgin soil of the heart, and it must mature from the beginning of active growth. The few missionaries whom I have ventured to sound upon this matter have unanimously testified that the call came to them when very young; and I am inclined to place the usual time of impression at about the age of twelve years. This fact gives a new impulse to all of the missionary work of the Sabbath-school.—*The Christian.*

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

June 7.—Heb. 1: 1-18; 2: 1-4.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

It is surprising sometimes how little our scholars know of Scripture facts. Therefore test their knowledge of who the Hebrews were. (Well very briefly on what is known as the Epistle to the Hebrews.

The subject is, God's message by his Son, as given in the title of the lesson. The divisions may be the six given in the Notes or the three below.

I. The revelation by Jesus Christ superior to all former messages from God (vers. 1, 2). (1) The former revelations were given in portions, here a little, there a little. Christ's was a perfect whole.

II. Illustration. The rays of light when divided into various colors by a prism, and the same when united in one perfect ray of white light.

(2) The former were given through prophets, an imperfect medium; the latter by the infinite, all-knowing Son of God.

(3) It was given in the most perfect way, by word, by example, by atoning love.

III. Because of the superiority of Christ Himself (vers. 2-8). There are many difficult things in this part of the lesson, which it is well for the teacher to understand as perfectly as possible, but for the younger scholars the great facts are enough. These should be made clear and plain.

(1) Being divine, he knows all, and can make no mistakes.

(2) He as Creator is an all-powerful Saviour.

(3) As the image of God, he reveals God's character.

(4) By his atonement for our sins he reveals the love of God.

(5) He is now a living Saviour at the right hand of God.

(6) He should be honored and worshipped.

(7) His kingdom is righteous and eternal.

III. The duty of giving heed to his message (vers. 1-4). Letting them slip or drift away.

Illustration. As a boat in the river, and unfastened, drifts away with the tide.

The word of angels was steadfast. Illustrate from some of the facts in the Old Testament; the history of the Jews as a nation; the facts we see around us in life; the laws of nature.

Illustrate the danger of neglect from any facts known to your scholars; a little fire, a small leak, a boat in the river drifting towards the falls, and other illustrations given in the notes above.

Dwell on the greatness of the salvation as a reason why we should give the most earnest heed, and on the miracles and the work of the Holy Spirit, as God's endorsement of the truth of the Gospel.

Illustration. A German writer illustrates the greatness of our salvation after this manner. A gentleman, after the most exemplary life, died. The gate of heaven was opened, and he was welcomed as an heir of glory. One of the glorious ones was commissioned to be his conductor and teacher. First he took him to a point where he could see the most fearful representation of sin in its fruits of misery. The objects of horror made him shudder. Then his guide bade him look farther and farther down in the dismal vault, and he saw the most hideous and terrible of beings, the fruit of sin. "That," said his guide, "is what in the ages of eternity you would have been had you gone on in sin." His guide next took him to a point from which could be seen the glories of the redeemed. He saw rank after rank of angels, seraphim, and cherubim, dwelling in ineffable glory. He bade him look beyond these; and in the far distance he beheld a being transcendently more radiant and glorious, around whom floated the soft music of unspeakable sweetness and joy. "That," said the guide, "is yourself many ages hence. Behold the glory and bliss which the salvation of Jesus will bring you."—P.

ONE SUNDAY NIGHT not long ago 22,000 children were counted in public-houses in Manchester alone. On one Monday morning twenty boys and girls, all under seven years, were brought before the Liverpool magistrate as having been taken up out of the streets on the Sunday night so drunk as to be unable to take care of themselves.

PUZZLES.

BURIED POEMS.

The titles of thirty-one poems will be found buried in the following lines; and the initials of three successive words, in the last line, are the initials of the name of their author, who was born on Feb. 27, 1807.

This morn I watched the sunrise on the hills,
And saw the woods in Winter diamond-strewn.

Anon the song of Hiawatha thrills
Me, sitting by the fireside alone.

Now, while the light of stars the sky-dome fills,
A psalm of life the wintry wind doth moan.

Evangeline—a tale of Acadie—please tell,
Thou callest it the happiest land for thee.

I've heard thee trill the glad song of the bell
That once hung in the castle by the sea,

Where thou, in blithe young maidenhood,
Didst dwell

Close to the river Charles, that floweth free.

Reveal to me the secret of the sea,
Describe to me the building of the ship—

The phantom ship, that sailed so fast and free.

Why, child! 'Is't weariness that droops
thy lip?

Or is it something left undone that saddens
thee?

Beware! The old clock on the stairs
doth click.

The child asleep? Even so. She listens
now

The soft song of the silent land once more.

'Tis well. The day is done. We knew not
how

Footsteps of angels, treading o'er the floor
Bring consolation with calm sleep. I trow

They send a shadow—twilight—on before.

Night, to a child, brings perfect, sweet repose.

Then, was it strange three friends of mine
should sing

Each his hymn to the night? And one of
those

You know full well. The bells of Lynn
did ring

A mournful chime, when he had reached
life's close

His words live still—words of a poet-king.

DIAMOND.

Increasing and diminishing words.

*

1. A consonant; 2, placed; 3, number two increased to a glossy silk; 4, number three decreased to a metal; 5, consonant.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. Transpose an article of furniture and have a tree.

2. Transpose an article of furniture and have the cry of a sheep.

3. Transpose a part and have to cut.

4. Transpose a part of a mile and have a part of a house.

5. Transpose an animal and have an article of food.

6. Transpose a city in Italy, and have carpenter's tools; and again, have part of a door.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

VARIATIONS.—1, Stale, 2, Steel, 3, Least, 4, Slate, 5, Tales, 6, Teals, 7, Leats.

SPECTULAR CROSS-WORD PUZZLES.—Bismarck PRUSSIAN MINISTER.

ANAGRAMS.

1, impatient; 2, signature; 3, immediately; 4, insubordinate; 5, unanswerable; 6, exclamation; 7, transubstantiation; 8, melancholy; 9, impatient.

HALF-WORD-SQUARE.

S H A R E
H A R E
A H E
H E
E

THE COW should be treated to the best the land affords. Her milk forms a large percentage of human food, and is very much affected by the food and surroundings of the cow. How important this is, then, is for each one to judge for himself. If he wishes his family to have pure milk, the cow must have pure food, pure water, good treatment, and never be allowed to suffer in the least.—*Christian at Work.*

