

Weekly Messenger

VOL. II.

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No. 4.

THE WEEKLY MESSENGER.

It is with regret that we have to announce the cutting off of two thousand subscribers this week who have neglected to pay in advance. Yet we regard the five thousand remaining as a good beginning of the second year of this paper's existence, and hope many if not most of our first-year friends may return to the list. The prospects of the paper are largely dependent upon the good offices of its readers in making known its merits and its cheapness to others, and we respectfully solicit such aid as our present friends can give in that respect. We know of no paper receiving so much attention or containing so much matter issued at less than double its price. Price, fifty cents for one copy, and forty cents each for five ordered at once. Address JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Montreal, Q.

FRANCE.

[A mistake of the printer in making up a page last week mixed up the article under the above head so as to make it unintelligible. All the matter between the twenty-fourth and the thirty-seventh lines should be read between the forty-ninth and fiftieth lines. A pencil mark drawn after the twenty-fourth, the thirty-sixth and the forty-ninth lines will show two blocks of print that are in each other's places, and the first must be read after the second.]

The manifesto of Prince Jerome Bonaparte, following the death of Gambetta, the ablest statesman of the Republic, has led to a very grave state of affairs in France. The motion made in the Chamber of Deputies by M. Floquet, mentioned last week, which was for the expulsion from the country of all members of former French dynasties, proves to be favored by a majority of the members of that house and has therefore seriously embarrassed the Government, that was in favor of more lenient measures. The Government introduced a bill dealing with pretenders to the throne, into the Chamber of Deputies. It authorizes the President of the Republic, by decree, to expel all members of former reigning families whose presence in France threatens the safety of the state, and to have those returning imprisoned for five years, and it allows princes now in the army to be placed on the retired list. The latter provision caused an uproar in the Chamber, a majority of which evidently were in favor of having the princes summarily turned adrift without any provision for their future. The Cabinet itself, however, was divided upon the proper course to pursue in the crisis, some being for the extreme measures to quench monarchical usurpation, but the greater number looking upon such a policy as characterized by cowardice and tyranny. The difficulty of the Government was increased by an unmistakable preference shown for Mr. Floquet's proposal over its bill in the striking of committees in the Chamber. The result was that the Minister of War and the Minister of Marine resigned, after the resignations of the whole Cabinet had been withdrawn by urgent request of the President, M. Grevy. It is said to be certain that M. Floquet's motion will be carried, that is, of course, if the Government meets the legislature at all. The whole country is disturbed, and public

securities are being thrown upon the market through fears of revolution. It is said that the aristocracy of the country, called the *bourgeois* class, are tired of "the reign of doctors and journalists" and would welcome a war that might restore what they would regard as the "good old times" of the monarchy under which they were nurtured. An organization is alleged to exist in the west and centre of France, which is aided by Catholic workmen's clubs and has for its object civil war to restore the Empire and its protectorate of the Roman Church. The conspiracy is called "The Catholic Alliance" and is said to have at command thirty-three legions of a thousand each, and several officers in the army are alleged to be implicated. The Bonapartist family is holding numerous councils, and in the midst of the crisis the Empress Eugenie returns to Paris, and defiantly affects to treat the Government of the Republic with contempt. She says her visit is not a political but a family one, that she comes to sympathize with Napoleon in prison and comfort the Princess Mathilde, and would make no political manifestation in the presence of a Government of which she knows nothing. The situation is very grave, and truly, as often it could be said before, no one knows what a day may bring forth in France.

BUSINESS NEWS.

The striking workmen of the Caledonia Railway in Scotland have been assured that the company would receive no aid from English workmen. The strike has extended in different directions, but it is reported that the strikers are becoming disunited. The latest news is that two thousand men have gone back to work. The men employed at the Hope iron works, Somerset, Massachusetts, did not go to work on the day a reduction of fifteen percent went into effect. The workmen at the iron works in Fall River, same State, accepted a similar reduction. A strike of shoemakers is feared at Burlington, New Jersey, where three thousand men, women and children are employed in the trade, because the employers have ordered out the members of a union lately formed. James Smyth & Co., makers of cottons and gingham in Philadelphia, who lately failed, have liabilities of over half a million dollars, more than covered by assets, and a settlement for full payment in five years will likely be made. The Jersey City Bank, New Jersey, that has been ruined by the dishonesty of its officers, owes its depositors a hundred and sixty-eight thousand dollars instead of sixty thousand as at first stated. The officers are known to have taken ninety thousand dollars, the bank's assets are about sixty thousand and it is believed the stockholders can be made to pay twenty thousand. E. T. Smith, tanner, East Randolph, New York, has assigned with liabilities of a hundred thousand dollars. Messrs. Cooper, Hall & Co., merchants and bankers, of London, England, have failed with liabilities of two millions, the cause given being capital locked up and heavy railway obligations in Brazil and Canada. Potter & Co., stove manufacturers, Troy, New York, who failed recently for over six hundred thousand dollars, have been granted an extension by their credi-

tors. Alfred Kino, a tailor of London, England, has failed for three hundred and twenty thousand dollars. All the collieries in the Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, district will suspend work three days in the week until March. The towns of Emerson and West Lynne, Manitoba, will build the railway bridge, subsidized fifty thousand dollars by the Dominion, over the Red River separating the two, and then present the Canadian Pacific Railway Company with the structure and right of way through the towns. The first railway enterprise ever started by colored men alone is one to run a line from Wilmington, North Carolina, into the eastern counties of that State. A large number of colored gentlemen attended the preliminary meeting and subscribed several thousand dollars, and the road is like to be built. The National Board of Trade of the United States has voted in favor of terminating the commercial treaty with the Hawaiian Kingdom, which has been found to open the door to too much competition for the sugar refiners and growers of the Eastern States. The People's Twenty-Five Cent Savings Bank at Bath, Maine, had forty-two thousand dollars in the broken Pacific National Bank, of Boston, which gave rise to so much apprehension on the part of its own depositors as to cause a run upon it. The managers of the savings bank had to suspend payment until the excitement abated, but it is officially stated the bank is sound with a surplus of fifteen thousand dollars. General trade is reported fairly active for the week in the West but dull in the South and the East of the United States. Coal has fallen in price and the production has therefore been lessened. Three hundred and seventeen failures in the United States during the week are twenty-five less than the previous week and one hundred and seven more than in corresponding week of last year, and one hundred and forty-seven more than in the like week of 1881.

IRISH AFFAIRS.

The authorities seem to be rapidly getting at the fountain head of most of the outrage and murder that have disgraced the "Emerald Isle" for years. It is known to a certainty that two secret societies exist in Dublin, one having for its object open war with the Government, and the other treacherous murder. An investigation, that is likely to take weeks, is going on in that city, the Government having a large number of informers to examine, and it is believed that within a few weeks every man implicated in recent murders of jurymen and policemen, and plots against high officials, will be in custody. Evidence is also positively stated to be in the Government's possession which will secure the conviction of all those who had any part in the murder of Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke in Phoenix Park last spring who are yet alive and in the country. A man who lately died in a lunatic asylum while in delirium tremens was heard to rave about that crime and is believed to have been one of the murderers. Earl Spencer, Lord Lieutenant, received an address from the people of Port Arlington, in which they praised his wise and meritorious administration of the law, and in his

reply he said that after the events of recent years crime could not be put down at once but would require constant, anxious watching for some time to come, and the Government relied greatly upon the support of such loyal inhabitants as themselves to maintain order. The Marquis of Hartington, brother of the murdered Lord Cavendish, in a recent speech, spoke of the grave position of affairs in Ireland from the operations of secret societies, and said the evil must be grappled with, and the law strengthened, and everybody shown that murder would meet its just reward. The Marquis said home rule would never be permitted in Ireland, and he expressed himself as opposed to paying out the hard-earned funds in the English Treasury to purchase the land for the Irish people, unless they could be shown to be capable and willing to work. The Board of Guardians in Galway have received five hundred applications for assisted emigration. Lady Florence Dixie, who raised a quarter of a million dollars for the famine-stricken people in the West, has refused to accept a testimonial for her services. She has thus given a needed rebuke to the disposition of the Irish people to be carried away by hero-worship.

ARTHUR PAYNE and Thomas Foster, colored men, have been indicted in Washington for corruptly endeavoring to influence a juror in one of the Star Route trials. A fair idea of the magnitude of the Star Route frauds may be obtained from a comparison between the cost of carrying the mails on some of the so-called Star Routes before the game was exposed and since. Thirty-one routes that cost over seven hundred thousand dollars then, now cost a good deal less than three hundred thousand. With one or two exceptions the trips are the same, and the distance has not been reduced a hundred miles. The name given these routes is due to the offices on them being marked in postal reports with a star (*) signifying that they were not within reach of railways.

COFFEE HOUSES, where victuals are served at all hours but no intoxicating drink can be had, and where young men are free to assemble for rest and social intercourse, are becoming an established institution in Canada. Montreal, Toronto and St. John each have one in successful operation, and they are being much appreciated by those who have to take their midday meal from home as well as by young men in the evenings. A public meeting has been held in Ottawa, the capital, to promote the establishment of a coffee house there. It is to be hoped it will be near enough to the Parliament houses to have a good effect upon the law-makers of the country.

THE LEGISLATURE OF QUEBEC is in session. Some change in the liquor law of the Province is foreshadowed in the Governor's speech. Mr. Joly, for many years leader of the Liberals, has resigned that position and Mr. Mercier has been appointed by the party to take his place. The retirement of Mr. Joly is generally regretted by good citizens, as he was one of the most upright statesmen ever known.

"A BAND OF THREE."

BY L. T. MEADE,

Author of "Mother Herring's Chicken,"
"Water Gipsies," Etc.CHAPTER XXIII.—A RECIPE FOR MAKING
BEEF-TEA.

Meanwhile Peachy, with much importance in her step and mien, ascended the stairs with the first beef she had ever purchased in all her life, hid away in a little basket under her arm. She met old Harper descending. He stopped her to say—

"Now, my dear, take right good care o' yer sister, and don't forget as tis me as is going to pay fur the doctor."

Peachy's face flushed high with pleasure and gratitude.

"Oh, Mr. Harper!" she exclaimed impulsively, "how ye three little gals did misjudge yer! I think as yer the very kindest old man as I ever seed."

"Well, tell it to Dulcie; tell it to Dulcie, my dear," said old Harper, chuckling, and patting her under the chin. He thought Peachy's words the sweetest he had heard for many a day.

Peachy, thinking many good things of him also, softly entered their room, closed the door, and set about, with some indescribable heart-beatings, the making of her beef-tea. Dulcie was still asleep. She would get it all ready, and have a cup of it for her to drink the very moment she awoke. Peachy had not the least manner of doubt that anything so highly nourishing and supporting as beef-tea would effect Dulcie's cure almost instantly. Yes; she must not lose a minute in getting the beef-tea into order; but how was it to be made? Certainly Peachy had not the least idea. She stood perfectly still, clasping her hands before her, as the full difficulty confronted her. Hitherto she had considered that the only thing in the way of Dulcie having beef-tea, which the parish doctor had ordered so long ago, was the absence of the beef. But now here was beef—delicious, juicy beef—which she had seen the butcher cut with his own hands. Yes; but beef was not beef-tea. For a moment or two Peachy blossomed felt quite overcome. Then she smiled, as a brilliant and most simple solution of her difficulties occurred to her. What a silly little girl she had been! Did not the very words, "beef-tea," show her how the thing was done? How was tea made as a rule? It was put into the old, cracked teapot, and boiling water poured on it, and then it was left to draw on the hob. The longer it was left to draw, the blacker and better it tasted and looked. Of course all other was made on the same plan.

Peachy felt quite cheerful. She went to the fire-place, relit the fire, for it had gone out, and set the kettle on to boil. Then she scalded the teapot as carefully as Dulcie or even mother had done it long ago, and with trembling, eager fingers, placed the beef in the bottom of the teapot. She then filled it up to the brim with boiling water, and set it on the hob to draw. Yes, what a comfort! the beef-tea was made at last, and all ready for Dulcie to drink and get well on when she awoke.

In about a quarter of an hour the sick girl stirred and opened her eyes. In a moment Peachy had sprung to her feet and fetched a cup and saucer, and taking the teapot off the hob, she poured out a cup of the contents. Well, certainly it did not look very tempting; it had an ugly, red look, and there were particles of under-done fat floating about on it.

Peachy, however, had no misgivings. No doubt it tasted extremely delicious. She just raised the brimming cup to her lips to take one tiny sip. Well! no; she did not feel encouraged to try another. What a fuss people made about beef-tea! If that was all, it was a poor stuff, rather nasty than otherwise. She had no doubt, however, that, like medicine, the virtue lay beneath. So, still with full confidence in its healing powers, she approached poor Dulcie's bed with the cup of greasy water.

"Yere's real beef-tea at last, Dulcie. Yere's the stuff as the doctor says as you've got ter take to be made quite well again."

"Beef-tea, is it?" said Dulcie. "I never tasted beef in h'any way. Let me have a sip, Peachy."

Peachy put her hand under her head and raised her up, and Dulcie took a long sip. She did not try another, however. She said, a trifle faintly—

"I don't think as 'tis werry good. I'd a

deal rather have h'our common black tea. Please lay me back again, Peachy; and I think as I'd like ter have a drink o' cold water."

Poor Peachy! the tears filled her eyes. "Oh, Dulcimer! won't you try and drink it. The doctor said, indeed he said, that if you hadn't real beef-tea as you'd die."

"Well, I'll try it again arter a bit, darlin'; but it do make me so sick. Oh, Peach! is that an orange that I sees? Oh, how I should like a bit of one!"

Peachy almost screamed. "Why, there ere six o' 'em!" she said; "so big, and sech beauties! Perhaps it wor the doctor as left 'em yere. I'll peel one fur yer straight away, Dulcimer."

Peachy seated herself on the side of the bed, and Dulcie watched her with half-closed eyes as she prepared the fragrant fruit.

"Do you know what I ha' bin thinkin' on h'all day!" she said "so often."

"Oh, no, Dulcie. I thought as you were asleep and wor'n't thinkin' o' nothink."

"No; I wor'n't exact asleep, Peach-blossom. It seemed somehow as though I wor half-asleep and half-awake. I wor werry peaceful; I hadn't never a care. Only one thing come over me and over me—I kep' thinkin' o' jist a few words as mother said when she wor a-dying."

"Wot words?" asked Peachy.

"She said as she wor real glad to have the arms o' Jesus round her. Do you know who Jesus 'is, Peachy? Maybe 'tis cause I'm so weak, but I can't no way remember havin' h'e'ver heered o' him 'cept jist that once when mother wor a-dying."

Peachy shook her head. "I never heerd o' him at all," she said, "never, never. Maybe 'tis about him in the old book as mother used to read out o' so often."

"I wish I knew," said Dulcie.

She closed her eyes again with a faint, weak sigh.

Peachy looked at her in some perplexity. Somehow Dulcie's words, manner, and look sent a keen pang of anxiety to her heart. Was Dulcie really very ill? so ill that she might go away, go quite away as mother had gone away three years ago? Peachy did not like her words. She did not like her referring to what their mother had said when she was dying. For aught Peachy knew to the contrary, all dying people said the same things. But what puzzled and grieved poor Peachy most of all was Dulcie saying that she was peaceful; that she had no care; that nothing troubled her. This was so very unlike her anxious-minded sister, that Peachy feared that some very great and terrible change had come over her. Dulcie peaceful! Peaceful now when their little Angel was away! when their own precious little Angel was absolutely lost!

It tore Peachy's heart even to think of Angel, and yet Dulcie—Dulcie who had loved her so devotedly, in whose care their dying mother left her—could say calmly that she had never a care. Peachy wished she would rouse herself to drink that beef-tea. Though nasty, it must be nourishing. She wished she would do anything but lie so motionless, with her dark lashes hiding her sunken eyes.

CHAPTER XXIV.—MRS. GENTLE.

Dulcie lay most of the afternoon in a kind of stupor, and Peachy sat on the side of the bed, her elbows resting on her knees, her hands supporting her chin. Once there was a quick run up the stairs, followed by a rather impatient tap at their door. When Peach-blossom opened it a boy stood without with medicine.

"Can you read?" he enquired of Peachy.

"No—never a line," answered Peachy.

Then he told her she was to give half the contents of the bottle to Dulcie when she awoke, but she was on no account to disturb her to take it, and with a nod he vanished.

Peachy sat down again on the side of the bed, with the bottle of medicine clasped in her hand. That medicine comforted her very much, and partly made up, in the assurance with which it filled her mind, for the failure of the beef-tea. She sat on, too listless and unhappy to care to exert herself in any way, until it began to grow dusk; then there came another tap at the door. It was a very faint and timid tap this time, and it came without any perceptible forerunner of footsteps, so that Peachy, sitting in the dark, felt for a moment half afraid to attend to it; but when the knock came a second time, a little more firmly, fearing that it might continue and disturb Dulcie,

she rose softly, crept to the door, and open-

ed it about an inch. A woman was standing without—a tall, pale woman, dressed in rusty black. Dark as it was growing, Peachy had some difficulty in suppressing a little scream at sight of her. She was the woman who, on the day their little Angel was lost, had given her a farthing, and had told her about the happy lambs who feed in green pastures.

"Oh, come in! come in!" gasped Peachy, coloring high, and with she knew not what undefined hope at her heart. "I remember quite well who you ere. We ha' come through a deal o' trouble since we seed you out in the street, ma'am; yere's Dulcie as ill as h'e'ver wor, and h'our little Angel as spoke to you so pretty—why, she's lost. We don't know nothink 'bout our darlin' little Angel—she's gone quite away, same as your little gal went quite away."

"No, not so far as that," answered the woman; "not quite so far, nor so complete away as that. Ain't it strange, now my dear, but I had a dream as you had yer pretty little dear. Don't you never fret, my love, children like your little Angel is allers took good care on by Almighty God. But wot's the matter wid this 'ere gal?"

"That's Dulcimer," said Peach-blossom; "she ha' bin werry bad h'e'ver since our little Angel wor lost, and to-day I'm mortal feared as she's real bad, she do talk so strange, and she won't h'eat nothink—not even my beef-tea, and the doctor did say o' she didn't drink up that 'ere beef-tea as she'd die."

"I don't think as she'll die," said the woman. She knelt down as she spoke, and passed her hand very softly over Dulcie's forehead. She listened for a moment to her breathing, and pushed back her heavy, dark hair. Then she got up, saying as she removed her bonnet and shawl, "The gal is havin' as nice a sleep as h'e'ver wor, and is quite cool, and there's a little moisture on her skin. She won't die, my dear, she'll do real well; we won't disturb her, but you and me 'ull get ready the beef-tea to give her when she wakes."

"'Tis h'all ready," said Peachy, whose little anxious heart was filled by this time with she knew not what measure of comfort and relief. "'Tis h'all ready, please ma'am. I'm feared as it may be a bit cold, but I made the beef-tea long ago, and there's more in the teapot."

"In the teapot, child? Jest you show me wot you made."

Peachy brought over the cup of cold and greasy water. The woman in black tasted it; she did not smile, her face grew a little sadder and more pitiful. "Well," she said, "if it wor'n't a good thing as I come h'in this afternoon. Why, my poor little honey, this ain't beef-tea at all; yer sister 'ud only be made worse by sech bad, sickening stuff as this. You get me one of yer saucepans, Peachy, and make it werry clean, and I'll show you, deary, how to make it right—see ef Dulcie won't drink it up when it is made right."

The next half-hour was one of great happiness to Peachy. She watched the cutting up of the beef, and saw it, with the same water she had poured over it, turned into the saucepan, and a little salt added; and then the saucepan was put upon the fire, and the woman in black explained to Peachy how beef-tea must just boil, and keep just boiling, but never quite boil, which was altogether an inexplicable mystery to so ignorant a little cook. Presently from under the lid of the saucepan issued forth a most fragrant smell, at which Peachy smacked her lips and tried to live over in imagination the delightful moment for Dulcie when she would be drinking up Peachy's very hungry beef-tea. Poor Peachy was very happy herself, which, doubtless, made her appreciation of Dulcie's coming enjoyment all the keener.

"Please, ma'am," she said at last, "yer a werry kind woman, and I'm more obligated to you than h'any words can say, but I'd like real well to know yer name. You know h'all 'our names, ma'am, even mine, though I can't tell how h'e'ver you guessed it; but I don't know how I'm to call you, ma'am."

Had there been light enough to see by, Peachy would have noticed a faint flush come over the sad woman's face; she did not speak at all for a moment, then she said in a faltering, rather apologetic kind of tone, "I'm allers rare and quick at picking up names, and I never heered little gals called by sech pretty ones as you three!"

"Yes, but wot's your name, ma'am? I know a Mrs. Jones, and I did know dear

Mrs. Price. Be you called Mrs. Jones or Mrs. Price, please, ma'am?"

"No, honey, neither o' they. You may call me—call me, if you like, Mrs. Gentle, Peach-blossom."

"Gentle!" repeated Peachy; "I like that name real well, and I think as you look like that. Please, Mrs. Gentle, ma'am, may I give you a kiss?"

Instantly Mrs. Gentle's thin, yet most motherly arms, were put round the child, and she felt herself, for the first time since her mother's death, gathered into the comforting embrace of a loving woman; but when Mrs. Gentle kissed her she left some tears on her cheek. After that they busied themselves over the beef-tea and toast, until Dulcie awoke. It was quite dark by that time, and though the fire-light shed a warm glow over the centre which immediately surrounded it, it was far too dark for Dulcie to notice the strange woman who knelt by the hearth. She called to her sister, who approached her almost trembling with excitement, and bearing in her hand a steaming and delicious cup of real, strong beef-tea.

"Dulcie, please—'tis better now—please have another sip of the beef-tea."

Dulcie allowed her head to be raised, and the fragrant smell encouraging her, she took a sip; one sip, and yet another, did she take, until the good nourishing food, toast and all, had disappeared, and Peachy, flushed and triumphant, sat down on the side of the bed.

"Peachy," said Dulcie, and already her voice was stronger and more natural in its tone, "I'd real like of you were to sing me 'Home, sweet Home.'"

Peachy started at this request; she felt her heart failing her, and something like a lump rising in her throat.

"Do sing 'Home, sweet Home,'" repeated Dulcie.

Still Peachy hesitated. "Home, sweet Home" was her favorite song—the song she sang best, the song she felt, now that Angel was gone, she could never, never bear to sing or hear again, for little Angel had loved it so, and was beginning to join her own dear little tiny voice so very prettily in the chorus. Peachy began to feel all her fears for Dulcie reviving, when she made so strange a request; for Dulcie knew well what this song had been to Angel, what it had been to them all. Yes, Dulcie must really be dying when she asked for this song. But when a third time she begged, in a slightly fretful key, that Peachy would sing that, cost her what it might, she must make the attempt. Trembling all over, her voice husky with the effort after self-control, she commenced; but her own perfect knowledge of the tune gave her confidence, and sweet and full the exquisite, bird-like voice took up the second part of the first verse—

"A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek thro' the world is ne'er met with elsewhere,
Home! home! sweet, sweet, home!
There's no place like home—"

A cry from the bed suddenly broke on her ear; Dulcie had started forward.

"Oh, Peachy, Peachy!" she gasped through a whole torrent of choking sobs, "there'll never, never be no more sweet home for us. Oh, my little Angel—my little Angel!"

It was the first time since she had lain down on her sick-bed that Dulcie had mentioned Angel; it was the first time her head had come to her eyes. Now the full torrent of tears came with such an agony that it almost seemed as if it must rend the weak, frail life away. Peachy was terrified; but Mrs. Gentle knew what to do. She took the weeping, exhausted girl in her arms, and laid her head on her shoulder, and told her to cry her fill. "Don't be frightened, honey," she said; "cry as long as you like, and as hard as h'e'ver you like. 'T'll do you a real power o' good." She also found time and opportunity to whisper to Peachy that these tears had taken the pressure off the poor child's brain, and in all probability had saved her life.

"My little Angel—my little lost, lost little Angel!" sobbed the poor girl. It was not until these cries had soothed themselves down, and from their very force were exhausted, that Mrs. Gentle, still holding Dulcie clasped to her bosom, began her task of comforter.

"I wouldn't fret about the little Angel; his safe, and no harm can happen to the little dear."

"Oh! she is!"

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1 Mrs. Jones or hey. You may ke, Mrs. Gentle, ay; "I like that as you look like ma'am, may I thin, yet most round the child, e first time since d into the com- g woman; but er she left some that they busied a and toast, un- diked back by that gh shed a warm ich immediately o dark for Dul- oman who knelt to her sister, who embling with ex- er hand a steam- real, strong beed- tter now—please f-tea." to be raised, and g her, she took then, did she take, ood, toast and all, uly, flushed and beside of the bed, and already her ore natural in its u were to sing me quest; she felt her thing like a lump Home," repeated "Home, sweet e song—the song he felt, now that I never, never bear r little Angel had inning to join her so very prettily in an to feel all her when she made so Dulcie knew well a to Angel, what it Yes, Dulcie mist as she begged, in a Peachy would sing the little girl felt ght, she must make z over, her voice ter self-control, she a perfect knowledge ndence, and sweet bird-like voice took : first verse— a seems to hallow us orid is ne'er met with t, sweet, home! e home— suddenly broke on ted forward. hy?" she gasped nd of choking sobs, be no more sweet y little Angel—my : since she had lain hat Dulcie had men- the first time a tear . Now the fall tor- h such an agony that t must need the weak, y was terrified; but at to do. She took d girl in her arms, er shoulder, and told Don't be frightened, y as long as you like, y you like. It'll do od." She also found to whisper to Peachy ken the pressure of and in all probability -my little lost, lost the poor girl. It was d spoiled themselves r very force were ex- utive, still holding Dul- oman, began her task of bout the little Angel; n can happen to the

"Oh," said Dulcie, "do you know where she is?" "I know she's safe, my love; you may believe me. I say as little Angel is safe; you may believe me, Dulcimer, for I had a little child o' my h'own. It ain't like as I, who have lost a child, 'ud tell a lie about another little child. Your Angel is quite safe."

"Do you think," asked Peachy, "as the good kind man wot took your little lamb away tuck h'our little Angel up too to the green pastures?"

"I know as He has her safe," said the woman; "He has her folded up in His arms. Little Angel is as safe as possible."

"I'm real, real glad o' that," said Dulcie. "The bitter had to do with 'out her; but I'm real glad as she's so safe."

A smile broke over the thin, wasted face as she spoke.

"Wot's the name o' the kind man?" asked Peachy.

"Oh, He have heaps and heaps o' names, honey. He's called the Good Shepherd—that's the name as seems most to suit Him, when you think o' Him wid the lambs; but His other name is Jesus, our blessed Saviour. I think, though, since he tuk my little lamb away, and is so kind to little Angel, as I like to think on Him by His name of the 'Good Shepherd' best of all."

"Do you think," asked Peachy, "as Jesus, the Good Shepherd, 'ull ever be so werry kind as to let us have our little Angel back again?"

"Oh, my darlin', I wishes as I knew. I'm —I'm not werry, werry sure but I'll ask Him, and I'll show you how to ask Him. Maybe He will, ef we ask Him."

"Oh yes; let's ask Him," said Peachy; "lets go to Him, and ask Him straight away. When shall we go, Mrs. Gentle?"

"I'll come again to-morrow and tell you," said Mrs. Gentle. "But now Dulcie must tuk her medicine and go to sleep, and you mustn't talk no more."

CHAPTER XXV.—HOW NANCY DIED.

Dulcie had taken her medicine, and had sunk into a sleep even longer and deeper, and more healing than her first sleep, before Mrs. Gentle left the children.

She went softly down the stairs, and when she came outside old Harper's door she even took off her shoes in her effort to move quietly. Her cares, however, were unavailing, for the old man, who seemed always now to be hiding behind his door, came, and with some force and roughness took the woman by her shoulder.

"I watched yer a-going h'up Mrs. Skeggs. Now you jest come in yere fur a minute." Mrs. Skeggs (for it was she) could not grow any paler, but a terrified look came into her timid dark eyes. She clasped her hands and said in a voice of entreaty—

"Oh! Mr. Harper, you won't tell my husband, you won't be so bitter unkind as to tell my husband; he'd beat me so awful. See yere! the last time as I went agen him, and it wotn't half nor quarter as much as this, he gav me these marks, they ain't near gone yet." She pulled up her black sleeve as she spoke, and showed some ugly marks on her arm.

"But wot did yer want a-creeping h'up to see them children fur?" asked Harper. "You're the wife o' Skeggs, and you know as well as I do as Skeggs has interest in keeping away from them children. Ain't it dreadful mean o' you to go agen yer husband like that?"

"No, Mr. Harper, ef you'll believe me, I ain't gone agen him, indeed, indeed I ain't. I didn't tell them children nothink, nothink wotn't ever. It wot jest as my heart hungered to know how they were. It wot no light thing to steal a pretty little love like Angel away from them. I feared much as they'd take it to heart most bitter, and I found as I wot right, fur it ha' near killed the elder gal."

Harper was silent, longing to hear Mrs. Skeggs's true opinion of Dulcie, and yet afraid to inquire. She looked at him for a moment, her courage reviving as he did not speak.

"I give Skeggs back the ten pound," she continued. "I give it him back, but he had got little Angel by that time, and nothink nor nobody 'ud make him let go on her. He jest put the ten pound in his pocket and laughed and said as he had got her fur nothink now, and that you could do nothink, fur he had it h'all in your writing as you give him Angel fur ten pounds, and he could punish you ef you went agen him."

Oh! Mr. Harper, why did you put it in his head?"

"I wish I hadn't and that's the truth," said Harper. "Yer husband is a real mean man, Mrs. Skeggs."

"It's the love o' gold," said Mrs. Skeggs. "He wor kind enough, and good enough afore he tuk up that 'ere passion fur gold. Why, I remember when h'our little Nancy wor born, how real pleased he wor, and how he used to play w'd her. We was happy enough, and he wotn't werry unkind to me until our Nancy—one day he found h'out as our Nancy could dance, real well. A fairy on the stage taught her and she did it; not so wonderful pretty as Angel, but werry near. Then he would have her—baby as she wor—to go on the stage, and he taught her to walk on the tight-rope. She wor a pretty little thing and real smart, but she wor afear'd of her dad, and timid, and she didn't like the bright light nor the lots o' people. She wor not four years old, and not over strong, and it wot real, drefle bad fur her to be up till midnight. She faded and faded, and her father, he could see nothink, and never noticed how thin a.d white she wor growing. I used to stand behind the stage, and the werry moment she came out, I'd clasp her in my arms and off wid her to bed, and she'd lie in my arms h'all night long afterward. But one night, one drefle night, they brought her out to me in a dead faint; she had turned giddy and fallen off the tight-rope, and arter that she never held up her head again, and she died in my arms."

Harper said nothing; Mrs. Skeggs was looking straight before her, her eyes fixed mournfully on where her thoughts were, nothing outward was at that moment visible to her.

"It'll be the same with Angel," she said after that short pause for thought. "No little child can stand so hard a life. I take all the care I can on her, I put her into my Nancy's place, and h'every night she lies in my arms. But she'll die same as Nancy died; 'tis the late hours and the foul air as does it."

Now Harper was not interested in Angel. Neither the fate of the dead Nancy, nor the possible fate of the living Angel had power to affect him in the least. He did not believe in the stage having these injurious effects. He thought the life a very good one. Angel had pronounced no curse on him. Angel neither in life nor death could greatly affect him. But Dulcie! with Dulcimer it was vastly different.

"Look yere," he said, coming up close to Mrs. Skeggs. "I want ter know how you left that 'ere gal up-stairs."

"She may be a shade better now," said Mrs. Skeggs, "but she wor near enough to death when I come h'in. Yes, it wor a real Providence as I went to see them poor children. She wor werry near death when I weng h'in."

Harper shuddered.

"Look you yere, Mrs. Skeggs," he continued, "you needn't have no manner o' fear o' my telling on you to yer husband. I wouldn't be so mean. I'm real, real glad as you ha' come to see and tend that 'ere young gal. I don't want that gal to die. No, no; she musn't die. Why, I ha' sent fur a doctor fur her to-day. I'm goin' to pay him. He's a werry, werry clever doctor. You don't think as there's the least chance o' her dying, do you?"

"The cleverest doctor—no, not the cleverest doctor as h'ever was, can't keep 'em, when God says as they're to go," weng Mrs. Skeggs very solemnly.

"But, holy father Abraham! you don't think as the gal is goin' to die, Mrs. Skeggs? Speak h'out, woman, and tell the truth."

"I can't say, indeed, sir. I think as she's werry weak and ill, but she wor a shade better, or so I fancied, when I left her to-night."

"Then go back to her again, Mrs. Skeggs; go back, and spend the night wid her. Ain't it cruel to leave a sick gal all alone, like that?"

"No, sir; she don't want me, and she ha' Peachy. Peachy 'ull do wot she wants to-night. I can't stay away from little Angel. Angel 'ud cry all night through ef I hadn't her close h'up to me, and my arms tight round her."

"And the gal may die?" said Harper gloomily.

"Yes, sir; 'tis werry like as Dulcie 'ull die. She ha' got a most dreadful shock."

(to be Continued.)

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CUR-RFNT LESSONS.

(From Peloubets Select Notes.)
February 4.—Acts 3: 12-21.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. "Peter directing men's thoughts away from himself to Christ. It is said that when Leonardo da Vinci had finished his celebrated picture of the Last Supper which still stands on the wall of a convent in the city of Milan, he introduced a friend to inspect the work privately, and give his judgment regarding it. "Exquisite!" exclaimed his friend; "that wine-cup seems to stand out from the table as solid glittering silver." Thereupon the artist quietly took a brush and blotted out the cup saying, "I meant that the figure of Christ should first and mainly attract the observer's eye, and what-ever detracts attention from him must be blotted out."—Arnot.

II. "Christ the restorer." "Macaulay tells of a poor apprentice who made a cathedral window entirely out of pieces of glass that the master had condemned and thrown away. But when completed the window won the admiration of all. The master's boasted work was rejected, and the window made by the unknown artist from condemned material was given the place of honor in the great cathedral." So Christ takes fallen and sinful human souls, and is constructing out of them a beautiful temple of the Holy Ghost; and his glory and love shining through them, as the sun through pictured windows, makes them radiant with divine beauty.

PRACTICAL.

- 1. Verse 12. The true teacher always hides behind Christ, calling attention not to himself, but to his Master.
- 2. Very useful men must see to it that they are very humble.—Henry.
- 3. Verses 13-15. The best things are often rejected, because they come in such unexpected ways that we do not recognize them.
- 4. Like all true teachers, Peter was very plain spoken and charged the people directly with their sins.
- 5. Verse 15. Our Saviour is not a dead but a living Saviour, and proves that he is living by the works he does.
- 6. All who are healed bodily or spiritually are witnesses of the resurrection of Christ, that he is now alive and present with us.
- 7. Verse 16. Faith is the power of salvation for ourselves and others.
- 8. Verse 17. The apostles, though plain spoken, are kind and gentle, making all possible palliations for the sins of others.
- 9. Sins of ignorance can more easily be escaped than sins of wilfulness.
- 10. Verse 18. God is never disappointed or thwarted in his plans, but uses even the wickedness of his enemies to carry out his own purposes.
- 11. Verse 19. The first duty of men is repentance.
- 12. The two fruits of repentance are (1) forgiveness of sins, (2) times of refreshing, and the coming of Jesus to abide in the soul.
- 13. Verse 21. Jesus is the restorer of the soul and of the world, making a new and glorious temple of the living God out of the ruins of humanity.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

Peter's sermon is a model for all teachers; (1) he presented Christ, and not himself; (2) he was direct and pointed; (3) he was kind and palliating; (4) he appealed to them to do their duty; (5) he showed them God's promises if they would obey. The subject is the promised Redeemer of the world. I. Rejected of men, verses 13-15, 17. Note Peter's palliation. Show why sins of ignorance can be forgiven more readily than wilful sins. II. Glorified by God, verses 13, 15-18. Especially in the proof that Christ was raised again by the wonderful deeds he was doing. Dead people have no such power. III. The restorer of the soul and of the world, verses 19-21, by repentance and conversion.

CHICAGO is convinced that most of the crime in that city is caused by intemperance, and will therefore raise the price of liquor licenses sufficiently to support an increase of her police force. A novel provision in the proposed scheme varies the cost of licenses according to the distances of the bars from the City Hall, the fee increasing as that point is neared.

PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

My first is a worthless fellow,
My second is empty talk;
My whole's a delicious walk
That grows by the garden walk.

- BEHEADINGS.
- 1. I am a decoration of nature; behead me, and I am not the highest.
 - 2. I am the seed of a much-prized tree; behead me, and I am a grain.
 - 3. I am a knavish fellow; behead me, and I am a collection of tents.
 - 4. I am a pit; behead me, and I am delirious.
 - 5. I am a fireplace; behead me, and I am a planet.

AN OLD RIDDLE.

I'm found in most countries, yet not in earth or sea;
I am in all timber, yet not in any tree;
I am in all metals, yet I am told
I'm not in lead, iron, brass, silver, or gold;
I'm not in England, yet thus I can say,
I'm to be found in Westminster every day.

- HIDDEN PLACES IN ONTARIO.
- 1. Philip, Em broke a dish.
 - 2. Owen sounded the bell yesterday.
 - 3. There is cold water on the table.
 - 4. It is going to rain, Hamilton.
 - 5. Good woad is dear.
 - 6. There is a new market in the city.
 - 7. Phyllis, towels are cheap.
 - 8. It was on the moor Emma fell.
EMMA NURSE.

ANAGRAMS.

The one blank is one word. The two blanks are two words made from that by arranging the letters in different order.

- 1. How it made poor ——— as she took a big swallow of the strong
- 2. My mother was very careful to ——— not to soil or tear my ———
- 3. He was a rough and wild boy; but he was sure his ——— always loved ———
- 4. Here poor ——— tumbling down from the top of that high ——— tree.
- 5. John has been gathering ——— from the tree; that accounts for these ———
- 6. We want a man of ———, who can enter ——— of lions.
- 7. Yes, ——— through that man's dishonesty ——— all her property.
- 8. As ——— in the kitchen, it pained us to see Bridget's careless ———.

WORD-SQUARES.

Kind of nail; to run swiftly; measure, as of land; a ruminant animal.

A historic garden; a kind of fruit; a girl's name; not far from.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

(Quadrupeds and Bipedes.)
1. -n-o-o-t-n. 2. -h-n-c-r-s. 3. -a-g-r-o.
4. -l-m-n-o. 5. -h-a-a-t. 6. M-s-o-o-o.
7. -i-p-p-t-m-s. 8. -r-m-d-r. 9. -e-r. 10. -a-f. 11. R-o-o. 12. -y-n-

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

NEW HEADS.— Bear, Bear, Bear, Bear, Bear, Bear, Bear.

DROP LETTER PUZZLE.— Oh! how stupendous was the power, That raised me with a word And every day and every hour I lean upon the Lord.

HIDDEN BIRDS.— 1, Dove, 2, Finch, 3, Lark, 4, Hawk, 5, Weaver, 6, Cuckoo, 7, Martin.

QUADRUPLE ACROSTIC.— FISH HILLASH, ECHO BILORA, A TROPICAST, RICHIE KASE

CHARADE.— Put-put-you-al-perpetual. CHENOA.— Lillian A. Greene.

THE COMBINED WEALTH of the members of the California Senate is about twenty million dollars. The Senate is composed of four editors, eight farmers, one miner, four capitalists, two merchants, five mechanics, one contractor, one physician, one viticulturist and fourteen lawyers.

A LITTLE three-year-old girl, while her mother was trying to get her to sleep, became interested in some outside noise. She was told that it was caused by a cricket, when she sagely observed: "Mamma, I think it ought to be oiled."

CRIME.

A travelling cancer doctor in Pennsylvania has fled, after causing the death of at least one lady and leaving another in a critical condition. Mrs. Stillwell, of Ohio, who recently confessed on her deathbed that she murdered both her parents, husband and child, and a stranger, has died, and her weird confessions are not generally believed to be true. One hundred thousand dollars in gold was recently shipped from the sub-treasury in New York to the United States fleet on the Pacific, but when the treasure came to be delivered at Aspinwall one of the two kegs containing it was missing, and although several persons were arrested nothing was ascertained that would lead to conviction of the thieves or recovery of the money. Burglars continue to make their disagreeable presence known in towns in Ontario. In Leamington they entered the post-office and took three to four hundred dollars in cash and stamps, which they got by cutting and bursting open the safe, and also the establishment of Messrs. E. M. Bee & Co., merchants, where they also wrecked a safe and carried off fifteen hundred dollars in cash and about two hundred dollars' worth of jewellery and silk, besides commercial paper that is useless for want of endorsement. Three burglars, young men of about twenty-three, have been caught in Stratford, and are in prison in Strathroy. George W. Matthews, station agent on the New York, Ontario & Western Railway at Morrisville, has absconded, a defaulter for eight thousand dollars. The Planters' House fire in St. Louis, Missouri, is now charged to burglars, as many valuables belonging to guests are known to have been carried off. A notorious robber nicknamed "Billy the Kid" was lately shot while swimming a river in Montana to escape vigilants, and his body lost. All his known associates were given twenty-four hours to leave the town of Wekeville. Michael Vanderburg and Matthew Woodlock recently turned out at the advice of friends, to settle a dispute with shot guns at twenty paces. Vanderburg had his eyes put out and Woodlock was fatally wounded, and it is said a large crowd witnessed and enjoyed the occurrence. A man named Corey, who has for a long time been doing a brisk and bad business in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick with counterfeit money, was lately detected and arrested. Boice, the defaulting treasurer of the Jersey City Bank, acted the part of a hypocrite previous to his crime coming out, by assuring the directors that the blessing of God rested on the bank and asking them to return thanks to the Almighty for its prosperity. John H. Moore, ferry master of the New York Ferry Company, was lately arrested on a charge of embezzling forty thousand dollars. After sixteen years in the company's service, beginning as gateman, he owns real estate valued at twenty thousand dollars and has sixteen thousand dollars in bank. He has been discharged for want of evidence. It is said the Ferry Company has been systematically robbed by its employees to the amount of two hundred thousand dollars. Four notorious burglars—Walker Crestline (otherwise Shaw Clark), a Canadian gaoled bird, John Donahue, of Ohio, and William Healy and Richard Punch, residents of Rochester, New York, have been arrested in the latter city just as they were about to commit another of a long chain of burglaries from Buffalo to Rochester. Roderick Howell, seventy years of age, is in gaol in Prince Edward Island, awaiting trial for the murder of William Wallace, whom he shot in a quarrel about some fence poles in the settlement of Malpeque. There is strong

evidence against Scheller, the barkeeper of the Newhall House, Milwaukee, for having set that building on fire, and he has to be strongly guarded in gaol to save him from the vengeance of citizens. Charles Wagner, who defaulted with the funds of a Presbyterian Church of which he was Treasurer in Port Stanley, Ontario, was arrested in London, in that Province, a few weeks after his return from a trip to Europe and while he was feigning sickness to avoid being taken. Francis Bransfield obtained about fifteen hundred dollars by false pretences in St. John's, Newfoundland, and eloped with a young girl, but was arrested immediately upon his arrival by steamer at Halifax. About six hundred dollars were found with him, and he wept when taken to the police station, saying drink had caused his folly, and he was held until he could be sent back to Newfoundland. Mr. William Nesbitt, a prosperous farmer of Longue Pointe, near Montreal, was the victim of a desperate attempt at murder on Friday of last week by a man named Milloy, whom he had discharged from his service a few days previously. Milloy, a British army pensioner, met Mr. Nesbitt in the stable early in the morning, and after a few words shot him in the neck from an old-fashioned pistol, and then clubbed him with a heavy wooden shovel, breaking it in pieces over his head. The wounded man managed to get into his house, where he was followed by his assailant, who, however, was driven off by Mrs. Nesbitt armed with a heavy poker, probably saving her own life as well as her husband's. The miscreant retreated to the stable and, saddling the best horse, rode off, but let the horse go upon reaching the main road, and was soon in the hands of the police. The wounded man has been ever since in a very critical condition, but hopes are entertained while this is being written that he will recover. Harvey Taylor, of Richfield Springs, New York, killed his wife and mother-in-law and then hung himself. Philadelphia is said to have been swindled out of forty-one thousand dollars in 1881 by sales of tar. Alonzo Lynch and Isola Abbey, both of good social position, were lately married at Bowling Green, Virginia, and were just going on board a train for their wedding tour when they were arrested for stealing one thousand dollars from an uncle of the bride, and the money was recovered, some of it being hidden in the bride's hair. John Landenberger a Philadelphia merchant who is said to have absconded with one hundred thousand dollars belonging to his friends, has been traced to Toronto.

CASUALTY.

Miss Brown, daughter of Sylvanus Brown of Pickering, Ontario, was lately thrown out of a sleigh, and, it was feared, fatally injured. The British ship "Pride of the Ocean," from Hamburg for New York, was lately lost off the English coast, and judging from the fine pieces in which the wreckage came ashore it is believed the vessel was shattered by an explosion of dynamite. Numerous earthquakes have recently been felt in Austria and Spain, in Murcia in the latter country many houses being destroyed. Mr. Patrick Nulty, of Rawdon, Quebec, was lately crushed under the falling roof of his barn and died in a few hours after being taken out by the almost superhuman efforts of his wife and her young brother. The managers of the circus at Berditschev, Russia, which was burned recently with a loss of a hundred and fifty lives, if not many more, have been arrested for having laid nailed up the side doors of the place, against which were piled fifty corpses of people who had tried to get out of the flames by them.

A freight train lately went through a bridge over the Hoosic River, on the Troy & Boston Railway, the hands saving their lives by jumping. It is awful to think what the results would have been of a similar accident to a passenger train, as eight freight cars were smashed and piled in the river. Jacob Schriever, of Fredericksburg, Texas, and eight children were lately poisoned by eating pork, three children dying soon and the others not being expected to live. Charles Sauvage, an industrious lad of seventeen living with and helping to support his parents at St. Henri, a suburb of Montreal, tried a few days ago in a blinding snow-storm to get on a locomotive to ride to his work in the city, as he had been accustomed to do, but he was caught by a part of the engine and literally cut to pieces on the track. The village of Marais, in the valley of Faverge, Switzerland, has been overwhelmed by a landslide, that came on slowly enough to allow the inhabitants to escape. The steamer "Josephine" blew up in Port Sasa Bay, Washington Territory, on the seventeenth, killing or drowning about six of the crew and several passengers, and injuring others. Half of the boat floated and sixteen persons escaped without injury. The explosion of a calcium light machine in an opera house in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, caused mortal wounds to two men on the stage and severe injury to others, and a disastrous panic among the audience was only averted by the cool exertions of some of those present. The explosion of a gunpowder factory at Minden, Holland, killed twelve workmen and damaged much surrounding property. The steamer "Canina," running between New York, Halifax and Newfoundland, on a late trip ran down and sunk the brig "Posie Peaseley," and the boat in which the captain and four men escaped was swamped and only one man saved himself, while two who went back to the cabin to get their money were carried down by the vessel. The steamship "Cimbria," from Hamburg, Germany, for New York, with three hundred and eighty passengers and a crew of a hundred and ten, collided with the steamer "Sultan" during a fog off Borkum Island in the North Sea. The officers of the "Cimbria," knowing that she must sink almost immediately, made every effort to save life, but the work was difficult owing to the vessel listing badly, and only half of the eight boats on board could be lowered. The first boat launched upset at once, drowning most of those in it, and less than one hundred persons are known to be saved. Severe reflections are being cast upon the "Sultan" for steaming off without affording any assistance, but the captain asserts his vessel remained in the neighborhood for many hours but heard no more of the "Cimbria," and he was surprised on reaching Hamburg to hear that she had foundered. Mrs. Sarah Daker, a bookseller at Annapolis, Nova Scotia, a niece of a late Governor of the Province, the Hon. Joseph Howe, lately went out for a moonlight airing and not returning it is feared she fell over one of the wharves, that are very high at that place to suit the Bay of Fundy tides. The total loss of life by the burning of the Newhall House, Milwaukee, is now definitely known to have been seventy-five. The eastward bound Overland Express on the Pacific Railway ran away backward down a steep grade of a hundred and twenty feet in the mile, near Tehacapi, California, at midnight of the nineteenth instant, and jumping the track after a fearful flight of four miles two sleeping cars and the mail, baggage and express cars ran off the track and were piled in a shattered heap at the foot of an embankment, where they took fire and were con-

sumed. Twenty-one persons perished by mauling and burning and many others were badly injured.

FIRES.

The safe works of Messrs. Bain, West & McLean, Toronto, were destroyed by fire last week. They were insured for forty thousand dollars, which will cover all losses. A fire in the Elba iron works, Franktown, Pennsylvania, caused a loss of forty thousand dollars. The Tweedle Hall, Albany, New York, has been ruined by a fire starting in a music store beneath it. In Neenah, Wisconsin, a fire broke out in the Russell House, burning it down and also the National Bank of Neenah, the Post-office, Kemberley & Elwer's drug store, Lauberg's notion store, Paine's restaurant, Seave's drug store, O'Shler's market, Bellstein's hide house, Clousen & Gram's dry goods and other buildings, causing a total loss of about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, on which there was fifty thousand dollars' insurance. Cobourg, Ontario, has had a two thousand dollar fire, the principal loser being F. P. Meehan, soda water maker. Sanford's cotton mills, Amsterdam, New York, have sustained damages of fifty thousand dollars by fire, largely covered with insurance. The Quincy House, Quincy, Illinois, was burned on the morning of the nineteenth. Nearly all of sixty-five guests and forty-two servants lost all they had, and several persons were injured. The owner's loss is thirty thousand and the keeper's fifteen thousand dollars. The Key City block, that cost forty thousand dollars, was burned in Moorhead, Minnesota, last week. Forty persons living in the block got out safely but with some narrow escapes. Four business firms lost their entire stocks. Messrs. C. W. Bourne & Co., warehousemen, London, England, lost four hundred thousand dollars by a fire in their establishment. A great portion of the city of Kherzon, Russia, has been destroyed by fire, supposed to be incendiary. Backley's slaughter and wool house, Amherst Nova Scotia, where meat was prepared for shipment to England, has been burned; loss six thousand five hundred dollars. The flouring mills of Mr. Charles Smith, at Campbellford, Ontario, have been burned with thousands of bushels of grain; loss forty-five thousand dollars, partly insured. Messrs. Rankin & Blackmore's iron foundry, Greenock, Scotland, has been burned—a great loss. Mr. Reuben Weagle, Milton, Nova Scotia, had his house burned, and his brother Isaac lost two thousand dollars and a valuable gold watch in the fire.

THE WEEK.

THE SEA is cutting away the beach at Sandy Hook, New Jersey, and has undermined the Government buildings.

THE MAYOR OF BALTIMORE, Maryland, reports small-pox under control in that city, and the number of cases reduced to four hundred and sixty-three.

THE CITIZENS of Cambridge, Massachusetts, have presented Howard College with a quarter of a million dollars, with which to extend the dormitories of the institution, which must be rented at not more than fifty dollars a year.

MR. MORRIS, Collector of Customs at Sitka, Alaska, has retracted the charges he made some time ago against Commander Pearson, of the Navy, of having refused medicine and medical attendants to the natives during an epidemic.

SMALL-POX exists in several districts of the Province of Ontario.

THE SUPREME COURT having decided that liquor cannot be sold in Boston within four hundred feet of a school house, one hundred and fifty dealers in that city have been suddenly compelled to close their shops.

IN A SUIT for breach of promise of marriage in Toronto, the plaintiff secured a verdict for two thousand dollars, and in one tried in Brooklyn, New York, a verdict for seventy-five thousand dollars, the full amount claimed, was given the lady.

MR. W. C. ANDERSON, a young man at Lachine, Quebec, has been left seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and his cousin, Michael Nott Anderson, who is supposed to live somewhere in Canada, has been left about nine million dollars, by the death of an uncle abroad.

THE WARREN LINE of steamers, running out of Boston, has adopted a system of ventilation on their cattle ships which has proved very successful. Of nearly eight thousand sheep and over three thousand head of cattle carried to Liverpool in six trips, only nine cattle were lost on passage.

THE PRINCE OF WALES, heir to the throne of the British Empire, will visit Canada in the spring of 1884, and be present in Montreal at the opening of the annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, the first time that body shall ever have met off the British Islands.

THE AMENDMENT to the constitution of Iowa, adopted by the popular vote of the State last June, which prohibited the making or selling of liquor, has been declared invalid by the Supreme Court, upon what grounds we have not seen stated. It is a pity if the people cannot get rid of a business that they do not want among them at all.

THE TRIAL of ANARCHISTS in Lyons, France, resulted in Prince Krapotkin, the Russian Nihilist, being sentenced to five years' imprisonment and to pay a fine of two thousand francs, about three hundred and sixty dollars. Many others were convicted with the prince of having incited to anarchy, and were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment, and led off amid the despairing shrieks of their female relatives.

MR. ALEXANDER McLEOD, who amassed a large fortune chiefly in the wholesale grocery and liquor trade, died lately in Halifax, Nova Scotia, and besides liberal portions to friends and relatives, he willed large amounts to many religious and benevolent objects, the residue, that is expected to amount to one or two hundred thousand dollars, to go to Dalhousie College in that city, on condition that it continue to be an unsectarian institution.

A LIBEL SUIT of a peculiar sort has been tried in Victoria, British Columbia. The publisher of a local paper testified that the author of a libel against one of the Provincial Judges, Mr. Gray, was Mr. Hett, Attorney-General of the Province. The Chief-Justice referred to the publisher and the author of the libel as scoundrels and fined the publisher two hundred and fifty dollars and costs. The conduct of the Attorney-General is generally condemned, but it is not known what proceedings will be taken in his case.

MAYOR PALMER, of Boston, is trying heroically to break up the practice of smoking in the City Hall, and has given orders that any one found thus offending in the building shall be ejected.

THE CHINESE still superstitiously resist the building of telegraph lines.

AN INHERITANCE.

An inheritance used to be thought to consist exclusively of material possessions. Houses, lands, titles, stocks, falling by the course of nature from parent to child, were said to constitute his inheritance, and much of the consideration and esteem in which the youth was held depended upon the amount and value of the property thus left to him. Of late, however, partly through the increasing intelligence of the community, and still more through the discoveries of science, another and deeper meaning has come to be attached to the word. It is now fully recognized that more subtle and enduring things than wealth are handed down from one generation to another. Qualities of mind and heart, capacities of various kinds, feelings, desires, habits of thought, tendencies to action are more truly a man's inheritance than silver or gold. The elements that combine to form character are transmitted in their germs to each individual, and it is in these that his chief inheritance consists.

Now, a good inheritance is a good thing, and yet it has its dangers. When young people get to rely upon it to do the work that properly belongs to them to do, it may be a great snare. This is seen repeatedly in the case of inherited wealth. Property that has been assiduously gathered together by labor and frugality, ability and success, passes into the hands of young people who know nothing of what it stands for. Its presence takes away the incentives to exertion that animated their parents, and, unless these can be supplied from other sources, they are in great danger of living idle and valueless lives. Thus it happens that wealth rarely continues in the same family for several generations. The parents have gained the habit of acquiring, the children soon learn that of spending. The necessities that appealed to the former so urgently, and developed their power to the utmost, are quite unknown to the latter, and the lack of motive is enervating.

In the same way, even the inheritance of a noble character and an honorable name, priceless blessing though it is, may be so used as to almost nullify its value. Directly the youth comes to rely upon it and to relax personal effort he will begin to sink. There are two factors at work in every character—the inherent tendencies and inclinations received at birth, and the influence constantly brought to bear upon these tendencies. The former is always being shaped by the latter; sometimes developed, sometimes restrained. There are children of worthy parents who turn out utterly different from what might reasonably be expected. The father may have been the soul of integrity, the son, perhaps, cheats his employer or decamps with trust funds. The parents may have been temperate and self-denying, the son falls a victim to sensual pleasures. The mother may be diligent and painstaking, the daughter idle and shiftless. Various things may have contributed to this result, but prominent among them stands the habit of relying on antecedents. The boy growing up in an honorable family, seeing the strictest rectitude and never dreaming of any deviation from it, is, even by this very confidence, sometimes thrown off his guard. He does not believe in the power of temptation, so when it comes it takes him unawares. He lacks the force to battle with it, and it triumphs over him.

This force of individual character is what needs developing above all things in every young person. Whatever his advantages in the way of parentage, birth and circumstances, if he lack personal force, he will prove a failure. He may have virtuous inclinations, good desires, right tendencies, generous impulses, warm feelings, and yet they may amount to nothing for the want of a master hand to direct and control them. "Personal exertion," says a late writer, "is the first, the second, and the third virtue. Nothing great or excellent can be acquired without it. A good name will not come without being sought. All the virtues of which it is composed are the result of untiring application and industry. Nothing can be more fatal to the attainments of a good character than a treacherous confidence in external advantages. These, if not seconded by your own endeavors, will drop you midway, or, perhaps, you will not have started when the diligent traveller will have run the race."

The same thing may be seen in national character. One generation may be lacking

in education, refinement, manners, but sturdily and self-reliant, carving out for themselves a character and a name in spite of all disadvantages. The succeeding one inherits all that the elder had labored to procure, but lacks the force that has procured it. One age is enthused with an idea or a principle—the people work for it, sacrifice for it, if need be, die for it. At length they establish it and hand it down as a proud inheritance to their successors. They in turn possess it, but, unlike their fathers, they are not possessed by it; it is accepted and boasted of, but it is no longer an inspiration, a vital spark, illuminating their powers and developing their energies. We venerate the names and recount the deeds of great men, and suppose that because we hold the views for which they have struggled or the principles for which they have fought, we are therefore on a level with them, when in truth we have no portion of the spirit or the fervor which enabled them to struggle or to fight. It is a favorite saying, that we stand upon the shoulders of a past generation and so we do in material advantages, in intellectual advancement, in correct opinions—in a thousand things to which they have helped to lift us—but, unless we infuse into our higher civilization and our truer knowledge an equally vital force and earnestness—unless we exercise the same will power and put forth the same personal exertion, we can never be worthy of their name, much less have cause to exult ourselves about them. It does not signify so much whereabouts we are upon the ladder of life, but whether we are steadily and resolutely climbing; not so much what we inherit, as whether we are worthy of our inheritance.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

A JAPANESE CURIOSITY

A Japanese lamp, supposed to be twelve hundred years old, in the collection of the Mikado of Japan, is described by Dr. Christopher Dresser in his book on Japan. "In this lamp, the oil is stored in the body of a rat, which sits upon the top of a pole. Half way down the pole and resting on a projecting bracket is a saucer, in the centre of which is a pin that connects it with the bracket on which it rests. In this saucer, and leaning over its side, is a wick. When the saucer is filled with oil and the wick is lit we have a lamp which exhibits no peculiar qualities till most of the oil has been consumed. Then suddenly a stream which suffices to replenish the now nearly exhausted saucer, issues from the mouth of the rat. The saucer being full, no more oil is discharged from the rat's mouth till it is again nearly empty, when the hind creature sitting 'up aloft' yields a further supply, and so on till its store of oil is exhausted. The manner in which this is achieved is simple, although the effect produced is curious, for it is only an application of the principle of the vent-peg or pipet, whereby fluid cannot run from a vessel unless air is admitted to take its place. The peg which rises in the centre of the saucer and attaches it to the support on which it rests terminates in a knob or cap; but the peg is hollow, and is connected with the body of the rat by a tube which runs along the bracket, and then ascends through the stand to the upper portion of the rat's body. The pin which stands in the centre of the saucer, it should be noticed, is perforated immediately below its cap, or about half an inch above the bottom of the saucer. It is obvious, then, that when the oil sinks to a point at which this hole is exposed, air will enter, and thus allow the oil to run out of the rat's mouth; but when this hole is again covered by oil, no further air is admitted, and, therefore, no more oil can run from the rat's mouth."

A WONDERFUL TIMBER REGION.

Very far west indeed, in a lovely country which once belonged to England, but which was ceded to the United States in 1846, there grows the finest body of timber in the world. Fir and pine, oak and cedar, of unsurpassed quality, and practically unlimited in quantity, clothe the mountains, overhang the rivers, and shadow the plains of the Puget Sound district, in Washington Territory. On a moderate estimate it is calculated that this region will yield the enormous and unimaginable quantity of one hundred and sixty billion feet of valuable timber. The trees attain a remarkable development, both of height and beauty. The yellow fir is frequently found growing to a height of two hundred and fifty feet; the white

cedar to one hundred feet, with a girth of over sixty feet; and the white oak to seventy feet; whilst ordinary-sized specimens of the sugar pine yield from six thousand to eight thousand feet of lumber each. For long after its discovery the marvellous store of timber remained undisturbed, its primeval quietness unbroken by the sound of the woodman's axe. But in 1851 a saw mill was built on Puget Sound, and thenceforward continually increasing intrusions were made upon the forests, until to-day no less than fifteen such mills are at work upon it. The largest of these has a cutting capacity of two hundred thousand feet per diem. During the year 1881 the export of lumber from Puget Sound amounted to 174,176,700 feet, valued at nearly two million dollars, and it is calculated that since the establishment of the first saw mill about two billion five hundred million feet have been cut. Yet in spite of this great tax upon them we are told that the forest remains, for the most part, in virgin condition, except for a short distance from the banks of the streams and estuaries. It is, of course, too late for regrets, but one cannot help reflecting that the loss of this magnificent region was indeed a serious one to the British Empire.—*Colonist and India.*

TIME TO FELL TREES.

Mr. Edmund HERSHEY, a farmer of exceptional intelligence and practical culture, says observation of the changes in the living productions of the earth has been a continual source of joy to him, though able to comprehend little of the marvellous teaching. His investigations have been especially directed to forestry and wood-craft during a considerable part of his life, cutting, seasoning and working up various kinds of timber in the different months, sometimes to the extent of nearly a thousand cords a year. The chemical laboratories of nature, so minute yet so wonderfully efficient, are not open to him, he simply contemplates results as disclosed to "eyes that are hidden." These, so far as they relate to the subject of our head-line, he condenses as follows in the *Massachusetts Ploughman*:

"For strength, beauty and durability I have found August, September and October the best, and February, March and April the worst months to cut wood. A red maple cut in September will keep in a round log perfectly white and sound until the next August, while one cut in March will begin to blacken and decay by the middle or last of June. This is not copied from any scientific work, but is what I have found to be a fact by many practical tests. Gray birch cut in September will keep in good condition until the next September if left in the woods, cut in four-foot lengths; while if cut in March and left in the same way it will be nearly worthless by the first of August; at least such is the result on my land. White pine, like the red maple, keeps white much longer if cut in September than if cut in March, and is not injured by the worms as much. I have found that wood dried slowly in a cool place is better than that dried quickly in a hot sun, even though cut in summer. May this not, in a measure, account for wood being better cut in autumn, it having the long cold winter to dry in?"

CZAR ALEXANDER III., of Russia, makes a hobby of police and military uniforms. He has changed the costume of the St. Petersburg police three times since his accession, and carefully examines the minutest details of all new styles, sometimes taking hours to decide upon the pattern of a button.

A BRILLIANT meteor was seen in San Francisco at half-past four o'clock on the afternoon of the third instant. It seemed to be falling quite perpendicularly, and is described as far more brilliant than white-hot iron, and throwing off large fiery masses of many colors in profusion.

A SUBTERRANEAN telegraph wire is being laid between Paris and Marseilles. Nearly three hundred workmen are employed on the undertaking, which will cost eight million dollars. The wire is to be connected with the Atlantic and Mediterranean cables.

ACCORDING to the recent German Imperia Budget, Prince Bismarck receives a salary of about thirteen thousand dollars, and the free use of the palace where he resides. About five thousand dollars additional is allowed for repairs, servants, furniture and linen.

DR. CLOVERBOBS AND HIS PUPILS.

Dr. Cloverbobs was a fine old gentleman who kept an academy for boys in the west of England and his scholars loved him very much. But his housekeeper took a very deep interest in the doctor's welfare and never allowed the boys any little luxuries such as they thought they should have. For example, there was in the cellar a huge store of apples which had been gathered from the fine orchard belonging to the school grounds.

Now Dr. Cloverbobs had promised the boys that if they did not destroy the apple trees by throwing sticks into them to knock down the apples, or pick them before they were ripe, they should be rewarded by a full share when they were ripe and stored away. To this the boys consented and they kept their word, and it was a sore disappointment when Mrs. Savage, the matron, kept the key of the door securely in her pocket and never even mentioned the word apples to the boys.

One day in playing hide and seek one of the boys discovered a hatchway at his feet and opening it discovered below him Mrs. Savage's store room and in the corner, neatly arranged, the barrels containing the coveted apples.

A consultation was called, pulleys securely screwed into the rafters above the hatchway, ropes passed over it and fastened to a basket and a small boy let down into the room below. From that time the boys ceased to complain of the scarcity of fruit, and the contents of the barrels decreased in a manner unaccountable to Mrs. Savage.

Of course she complained to Dr. Cloverbobs who suggested mice and cats and other animals which are said to devour all kinds of good things, but she was not satisfied and asked the old gentleman just to look at the room and the destruction that had been done. The Doctor went and looked, and asked for the key.

That evening after school hours he slyly hid himself in the store room and not long after was rewarded by seeing the hatchway open above him and a boy slowly descend in a basket. As soon as the boy had alighted the doctor caught him by the shoulder and cautioned him not to make any noise, and after a few moments' delay got into the basket and asked the little fellow to give the signal to haul up.

As he reached the top he heard one of the boys remarking that there was a good lot this time, that it was the heaviest basketful they ever had, but when he saw the Doctor's hat appearing above the floor he would have let go had not the Doctor's voice been heard commanding them keep on.

On his arrival safe and sound in the attic he heard their complaints and acknowledged the justness of them, but expressed his surprise at the manner they had gone to work to remedy it. If they had mentioned the matter to him, he said, there would have been no cause of complaint and they had done wrong to steal. They acknowledged the truth of what their teacher said and after that time there was no cause of complaint on either side.

ASKING AND ANSWERING QUESTIONS.

A writer in a Sabbath-school magazine gives the following illustration of a style of questioning not altogether uncommon:

"In these days came John the Baptist preaching" &c. What times were they of which the text speaks? Those days! Ah, yes, those days, those days, those days! Well, what person is spoken of in those days? John. Ah, yes, John—John—very true; remember that it was JOHN. Well, what John was this? John the Baptist. "Yes,

right—John the Baptist—JOHN THE BAPTIST—you see that it was JOHN—THE BAPTIST. Well, next, what did John the Baptist do? He came. True, true, he came, you see. He wasn't there, and he came there; and did he do anything else? Yes, he came preaching. That's right—preaching, preaching, PREACHING.

It is evident that a class so conducted would soon leave the task of both asking and answering questions to the teacher alone.

ROBERT'S CERTIFICATE.

"Have you a recommendation?" "Yes, sir."

Robert had been seeking a situation for almost a week; and, now that he had at last met with something that promised success, he was as nervous as a boy can be. His hand went down in his jacket pocket—a handkerchief, a strap, but no recommendation. He emptied another pocket and another and another without success. "Ah, there it is, I suppose; you have dropped it on the floor," said the gentleman who was

thirty years chewing and smoking, and from the time the habit firmly got hold of me, until I finally quit its use, there was not a day that I was not sorry that I ever took it up, but I thought I could not give it up, or, at all events, I never half tried to do so, until the 30th of last September, when I made up my mind that, by the grace of God assisting me I would at once cease using it, and the victory was won, then and there. Any one wishing to give it up must make up his mind to do so at once; and the few discomforts occasioned by its disuse are vastly outweighed by the benefits to the whole system that soon follow. I suppose that for a month after I ceased using tobacco, there was not a night that I did not suddenly spring up from my sleep four or five times before twelve or one o'clock with heart palpitating, and in a state of nervous terror; but I considered that all the more reason for giving it up, and that trouble soon ceased. I am in a large tobacco house, but I have now no craving for it, and my bodily condition is now, and has been since the first month of its discontinuance, so much better than formerly that nothing could induce me to use it again.—E. E. C. in N. Y. Witness.



standing by, waiting, as a bit of paper fluttered to the floor.

"No, sir; that's only my pledge," Robert answered, stooping to pick up the paper.

"Your pledge?"

"Yes, sir. My temperance pledge."

"May I see it?"

Robert handed it to him, and continued his search for the missing paper, growing more nervous as the search proceeded. "Never mind, my boy. I don't need any further reference," said the gentleman, after reading the pledge. "I am willing to trust a boy who puts his name to a promise like this. That boy is his own reference."—Royal Road.

THE TOBACCO HABIT.

MR. EDITOR,—I noticed in a recent edition of your paper a letter requesting information as to the experience of some one who had given up the use of tobacco. In reply to that letter, I would say that my experience is, that there is no other way to conquer the habit, or subdue the craving for it, but to entirely discontinue the use of it in any form. I used tobacco for upward of

"DIRECTLY I GAVE UP THE BURDEN WENT."

BY W. J. H. BREALEY.

I had walked a distance to a Gospel meeting, calling on the way at a neat cottage, where resided a retired farmer, his wife and grown-up son. The evening had darkened suddenly, and, preferring company, I had persuaded Richard Galton to accompany me to the chapel. Our conversation at first was of a general kind, but soon it took a serious turn, and for nearly a mile we were engaged in an earnest talk on the matters of the soul and eternity.

For some months previous, I had frequently spoken with him on the same subjects, and had known the anxiety he felt on his unsaved condition; but so—night he appeared more anxious than ever, yet something seemed to hinder his decision. "I know I am guilty and lost, and I am as miserable as a man can be at times," he said; "but 'tis so hard to give up—'tis so hard to believe."

"What do you mean?" said I; "so hard to give up what? so hard to believe whom?" "Oh, 'tis so hard to give up one's self and to believe," he replied.

"Hard to give up one's self and to believe? To whom is it hard to give up? Whom is it hard to believe?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "I scarcely know what to say, for after all I don't know why it should be hard to believe God, but yet I feel it so."

The clouds had broken up and the stars were shining brightly between them as we walked on. "Richard," I said, "look up; who made those stars?"

"God, of course," said he.

"And do you mean to say," I asked, "as those stars are looking down upon you, telling of the mighty power and glory of their Maker, that you cannot or will not trust his promise? Are you not afraid of making Him a liar? Think of it, and answer the question to your own satisfaction and to God's."

We had reached the chapel by this time, and I left him. The service was not long; some stayed for conversation and prayer, Richard among them. I spent some time in private with him, and he was happily led into peace and rest; his joy was very deep and full. On my way homeward I overtook him, and his first words were, "Oh, sir, I shouldn't have believed it if I hadn't known it; but directly I gave up the burden went! 'Twas like this. You showed me in Rom. vii. 19, that I was 'guilty before God,' and that I was 'without hope,' but that Jesus Christ, God's Son, had taken the place of the guilty. I think you read Isaiah liii., and then also in Acts xiii. 38, God said He was preaching forgiveness of sins by Jesus Christ to every one who believed. Now I knew all this before; but somehow I never seemed to give up to it till to-night. And when I said to God on my knees, 'O Lord, I will believe Thy message to me, I must believe it, for Thou canst not lie,' directly I gave up the burden went."

I have seen Richard many times since then, and he always has the same story to tell me. "The burden is gone, for I just gave up to God and trusted Him!" Give up the sins to Him; give up the will to his word, and trust the promise here given from the Book of God, and with you, as with Richard Galton, the burden will go. Trust Him now, simply, heartily, fully, and you will be able to sing—

"I left it all with Jesus long ago;

All my sin I brought Him and my woe;

When by faith I saw Him on the tree,

Heard His still, small whisper, 'Tis for thee,

From my heart the burden rolled away,

Happy day!"

Blackdown Hills. —Herald of Mercy.

IT IS NOTORIOUS that, while working men can be easily induced to defend their Sabbath rights, only a certain class, of slight consideration and influence, can be prevailed upon to join this crusade against the Lord's day. Indeed, there never was a time when the friends of the working classes could show a truer sympathy and perform a more useful service, than it is in their power now to render by taking united action against the Sabbath oppression that already exists.—Ez.

LET NOT MERCY and truth forsake thee; bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart.—Prov. iii. 3.

HE THAT IS SLOW to wrath is of great understanding; but he that is hasty of spirit exalteth folly.—Prov. xiv. 29.

THE POWER of a man's virtue should not be measured by his special efforts, but by his ordinary doing.—Pascal.

BLACKBOARD TEMPERANCE LESSON.

BY MRS. W. F. CRAFTS.



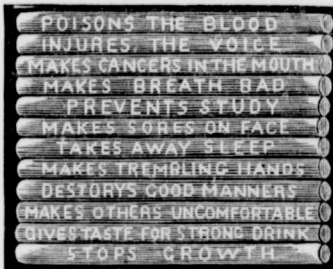
Boys and girls have seen all kinds of signs—large and small ones, funny ones and handsome ones, wooden ones, tin ones, paper ones, cloth ones, netted ones, moving ones; signs of all colors—red, blue, green yellow, white, black. Many interesting things are to be learned from signs. But in all that have ever attracted my attention the one which pleased me more than all others is the one of which I have given you a picture.

I found it in a drug-store one day when I had a long time to wait, and had nothing to do but to read the names on the bottles and the signs hung about the store.

I did not ask who had printed the sign, but I made up my mind that it must have been done by Mr. Solomon Wiseman.

"How many cigarettes can you buy for ten cents, boys?"

"Twelve." Well, I will make a picture of them and leave you to judge whether you can get the worth of your money.



These things are not printed on cigarettes as they are in my picture. Would that they were! for then I think boys would be afraid to buy them. But they are badly mixed, in a small quantity, in each cigarette.

A boy who has never seen a cigarette made, probably does not know how so much harm can be rolled up in a little piece of paper, so he must be told about it. Some cigarettes are made of the stub-ends of cigars which have been smoked by men whose mouths are filthy and diseased. Others have in them a poison called opium. The best of them are made from miserable tobacco, not fit to be put in cigars. The paper covering of the cigarette looks harmless, but it has mixed with it one of the worst of poisons, called "white lead." It is this which makes sores on the face and lips, and spoils the teeth.

Now, boys and girls, something

must be done, and right away, to break up cigarette-smoking. The girls must help, too, for there are girls who smoke cigarettes! This little sum will show you how fast boys and girls, and men too, are learning to use cigarettes:

"In one year 1,000,000 were smoked. In the next year 408,000,000 were smoked."

Not all of the druggists will put up the sign "No cigarettes sold to boys." Neither will all street-car conductors do as one I heard about. Two very small boys smoking cigarettes stopped the car one day and got on. They each offered the conductor half fare. "No," said he, "if you are large enough to smoke cigarettes you've got to pay full fare." And so they did.

"Well," I hear a boy say, "if cigarettes are such bad things, I will save my money and buy cigars." But cigars are dangerous, too. Senator Carpenter was in the habit of smoking twenty cigars a day, and it killed him. Senator Hill died only a short time ago with a cancer in his tongue that was brought on by always having a cigar in his mouth. Mr. Delmonico, a well-known restaurateur in New York, died within two years from smoking. Hundreds, yes, thousands, of similar cases might be mentioned. — *Youth's Temperance Banner.*

THE TIME FOR REVENGE.

An Eastern story tells of the haughty favorite of an Oriental monarch, who, as he was passing, threw a stone at a poor dervish or priest. The dervish did not dare to throw it back at the man who had thus insulted him, for he knew the favorite was very powerful. So he picked up the stone, and put it carefully in his pocket, saying to himself, "the time for revenge will by-and-by come, and then I will repay him for it."

Not long afterward, this same dervish, in walking through the city, saw a great crowd coming toward him. He hastened to see what was the matter, and found to his astonishment, that his enemy, the favorite, who had fallen into disgrace with the king, was being paraded through the principal streets, on a camel, exposed to the jests and insults of the populace.

The dervish seeing all this, hastily grasped at the stone which he still carried in his pocket, saying to himself, "the time for my revenge has now come, and I will repay him for his insulting conduct?" But after considering for a moment, he threw the stone

away, saying, "The time for revenge never comes! For if our enemy is powerful, revenge is dangerous as well as foolish; and if he is weak and wretched, then revenge is worse than foolish, it is mean and cruel. And in all cases it is forbidden and wicked."

A better rule still is given by the Apostle in his letter to the Romans; "Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath, for it is written, vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord. Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome with evil; but overcome evil with good." — *Child's Paper.*

A WISE MOTHER.

I owe much to my mother's early instruction in truth and honesty. Lying, stealing, and drunkenness were crimes of which she impressed me with the utmost horror and disgust.

A poor boy, engaged in carrying a gentleman's letter-bag in our neighborhood, stole a letter with some money in it. I remember listening to the conversation of my father and mother on this subject; the grief and disgrace they painted in their description of the theft made a great impression on me.

I well remember, also, a circumstance which was of the greatest importance to me, and ever inspired me with gratitude to my mother. One day I entered our home eating a cake; my mother's quick eye fell upon it—she observed, too, that I made some attempt at concealment—so she questioned me:

"Who gave you that?" I answered, "The woman in the street who sells cakes."

She went into the corner of the room, where a rod was kept, then took me by the hand and led me to the woman.

"Did you give this little boy a cake?"

"No."

Whereupon the rod was vigorously applied in the presence of the people in the street who were looking on. My mistress was great.

At evening prayers my father,

who had been informed of my disgrace, dwelt in a solemn manner on the sin I had committed—the great crime of theft and lies. That was my first theft, and my last, — *Life of John Gibson, R. A.*

"LET ME GO!"

Our old chief, Hnaisline Maré, who up to thirty years of age was a savage and a cannibal is dead. He died June 17th, 1881, very happily, after a painful illness of eight weeks. He continually exhorted his people, as they came around his dying bed, to cleave to the Word of God, and to help in every way they could both their missionary and their native pastors. Bula, the chief of Lifu, came to visit him. He called him and his son together, being two young men, and said, "Don't let the world deceive you, neither set your hearts upon wealth; cleave to the Word of God; that alone can establish you in your chieftainship." As he lay upon his bed, he was seen to be continually engaged in prayer. When prayer was being offered for him that he might recover, he said, "Why do you, the Lord's people, try to draw me back to earth? The Lord is drawing me up to Himself, and you are holding me back with your prayers, just like a rope drawn at both ends. Oh, let me go, that I may be at rest!" He said to his son, "I am going to leave you to fill my place; the Lord Jesus has come to call me." — *Rev. John Jones, Mare Island, South Seas.*

A USEFUL GANDER.—In a little village in Germany a gander used to lead a blind old woman to church every Sunday, dragging her along and holding her gown in its beak. As soon as she was seated in her pew the old fellow walked into the church-yard, where he stayed until the service was over: then he appeared at the door, ready to lead his mistress home. One day a friend called on the old lady, and was surprised to find that she had gone out. "Oh," said her little grandchild, "there is nothing to fear; the gander will take care of her."



COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, Jan. 24th, 1883.

The wheat market has been strengthening all week. Sales on this market have not been larger but the advance has been steady. We quote: Canada White Winter \$1.08 to \$1.10; Canada Red \$1.12 to \$1.14; Canada Spring \$1.08 to \$1.09. Peas, 80c per 60 lbs. Barley, 55c to 65c per bushel. Oats, 35c to 36c. Rye, no sales.

FLOUR.—The market for flour is also stronger in union with wheat. The advance however has not been so pronounced. Owing to this being Carnival week, however, the business done has not been large. Quotations are as follows:—Superior Extra, \$4.90 to \$5; Extra Superfine, \$4.75 to \$4.80; Fancy, nominal; Spring Extra, \$4.65 to \$4.70; Superfine, \$4.40 to \$4.50; Strong Bakers', Canadian, \$5.00 to \$5.40; Strong Bakers', American, \$6.25 to \$6.75; Fine, \$3.90 to \$4; Middlings, \$3.70 to \$3.80; Pollards, \$3.50; Ontario bags, medium, \$2.25 to \$2.30; do. Spring Extra, \$2.15 to \$2.20; do. Superfine, \$2.10 to \$2.15; City Bags, delivered, \$3.10.

BEEF.—Market still very dull. We quote: \$11 for plain mess; \$12 to \$13 for extra mess; \$12.50 to \$13 for plate; \$14 for extra plate; \$25 to \$27.50 for city extra India mess and \$15 to \$15.50 for packet.

BEEF HAMS.—Steady market at \$18.00 to \$19. Small sales.

BACON.—The Chicago market prices are, loose long clear, \$8.75; short clear, \$9.15; short rib, \$8.55; shoulders, 6.50; boxed clear, 9c per lb; short clear, \$9.35; short rib, 9.00; shoulders, 6.75.

CUTMEATS.—Demand better than last week. We quote: 9½ to 10c for pickled bellies; 8c to 8½c for pickled shoulders; 11½ to 12c for pickled hams; 9c for smoked shoulders; 13½ to 13¾ for smoked hams.

DRESSED HOGS.—Hogs at 8½c to 8¾c and market pigs at 8½c.

PORK.—Higher prices all round. \$18.50 to \$19.00 for new mess; \$14.50 to \$15 for extra prime, \$18 to \$19 for family.

LARD.—Prices little changed. Sales still small. We quote 11c for Western steam, and 10½c for city.

STEARINE.—We quote 11 to 11½. Oleo-margarine, 9½ to 10c.

TALLOW.—We quote 8½ to 8¾ for prime. Sales of 60,000 tons reported.

MEAT STOCK.—Western heavy wethers, 6½ to 6¾ per lb; Jersey and near-by 5c to 6c. Spring lambs, 6c to 7½c. Live calves, State, fair to prime, 8c to 10c; Jersey, &c., 10c to 10½c; butter-milk fed, 5c to 6½c; grassers, 4½c to 4¾c. Dressed veals, from 10c to 11c for poor to fair, to 13c to 14c for choice.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

An unusually large number of rough and half-fatted beef cattle have been offered on the markets here of late, and prices of these kinds are slightly lower, although there seems to be an active demand for lean stock in some departments of the city trade. Good butchers' cattle continue to sell at from 5½c to 5¾c per lb, with an occasional sale at 5¾c; Large fat cows and pretty good steers bring 4½c to 5c do., and ordinary dry cows in fair condition 3½c to 4c do. A lot of thirteen lean dry cows were sold on Monday at \$23 each, or less than 2c per lb. The calves offered are all of small size and some of them pretty lean in flesh. A few lots of common and inferior sheep and lambs are offered, but do not meet with a ready sale and prices in general are from \$3 to \$4 per head, with an occasional good sheep \$6 or \$7. There have been no live hogs offered here lately as the weather is too cold. Dressed hogs are sold at from \$8.50 to \$8.75 per 100 lbs.

FARMERS' MARKET.

The weather has been rather cold and boisterous for the farmers to bring their produce from any distance to market. Hay and oats are the only kinds of produce which are plentifully supplied, and prices of these continue without material change. Dressed poultry and beef quarters continue scarce and high priced. The butter trade is nearly all in the hands of dealers and the quality is none of the best. There is an abundant supply of old eggs, but fresh laid eggs are scarce and high priced. The fruit market is dull, with very little doing and prices are unchanged. Oats and potatoes

are 75c to 90c per bag; peas 55c to \$1 per bushel; beans \$1.50 to \$2.25 do. Dressed hogs \$8.50 to \$9. per 100 lbs; beef fore-quarters, \$4.50 to \$6 do.; do. hind-quarters, \$6 to \$8 do. Turkeys 1½ to 16c per lb; geese 10c to 14c do.; ducks 14c to 20c do.; fowls 10c to 14c do. Old eggs 25c to 35c per dozen; fresh laid eggs 45c to 60c do.; frozen milk in cakes 2c per lb; frozen cream 15c to 20c do. Apples \$2.50 to \$5 per barrel; oranges \$5.50 per case; lemons \$4 per box; Cape Cod cranberries \$20 per barrel.

NEW YORK, Jan. 23th, 1883.

GRAIN.—Following are the closing prices for future delivery to-day:—Wheat, \$1.15 Jan., \$1.15½ Feb., \$1.17½ March, \$1.20 April, \$1.20½ May. Corn 7½c cash, 7½c Jan., 6½c Feb., 6½c May. Oats, 49c cash, 49c Jan., 49c Feb., 49c March, 49c May.

Rye, no sales. Western, 75¢ afloat. We quote: Canada, in bond, no sales; State, 75 to 76c. Peas—Canada field, 80c to 90c; green peas, \$1.35; black-eyed Southern, \$2.90 to \$3.00 per two bushel bag. Buckwheat, 74c.

FLOUR.—Low Extra, \$4.00 to \$4.40; Superfine, \$3.15 to \$3.20 Spring, \$3.50 to \$4.00 for Winter; Western Spring Clear Extra, \$5.25 to \$5.70; Poor to Choice Fancy, \$5.75 to \$7.25; Inferior Clear Extra, \$5.30 to \$6.05; Straight Extra, \$5.55 to \$6.15, up to \$6.55 for Choice, and \$6.55 to \$6.65 for Choice to Fancy; Patent Extra, \$6.30 to \$7.75; Choice Fancy Family Extra, \$6.40 to \$6.80; Buckwheat flour, \$2.90 to \$3.25 per 100 lbs. Sales 300 bags.

MEALS.—Oatmeal, \$4.75 to \$5.00. Corn-meal, \$3.90 to \$4.10.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Butter.—The market shows no change and is quiet. Quotations:—Creamery, fresh made, fine flavored, extra, 26c to 27c; do., good to fine, 23c to 25c; Eastern Townships, 20c to 22½; Morrisburg, 18c to 21c; Brookville, 17c to 20c; Western, 15c to 18c. Add 2c per lb. to all of the above for the jobbing trade. Cheese firm, but small business—10½ to 11½ for August, and 13c to 14c for choice September and October; common grades, 7c to 9c.

MEALS.—Oatmeal, Western fine, \$5.50 to \$6.50; Coarse, \$5.75 to \$7.10 per brl. Corn-meal, Brandywine \$3.75 to \$3.90; City Sacked, coarse, per 100 lbs, \$1.28 to \$1.30; Fine white, and yellow, \$1.50 to \$1.53, no sales. Corn flour, \$4.46 to \$5.00. Grits \$4.45 to \$5.00.

FEED.—100 lbs. or sharps, \$22 to \$23; 100 lbs. or No. 1 middlings, \$19 to \$20; 80 lbs. or No. 2 middlings, \$18; 60 lbs. or No. 1 feed, \$17.50 to \$18; 60 lbs. or medium feed, \$17.50 to \$18; 40 lbs. or No. 2 feed, \$17.50 to \$18; rye feed at \$19 per ton; barley feed, \$22.

SEEDS.—Clover seed, per lb, prime, 14½c; fancy, 14½ to 15c; timothy, \$2.30 to \$2.50 per bushel; domestic flaxseed, \$1.28 to \$1.30; Calcutta, linseed, \$1.80 \$1.85.

EGGS.—Quiet at 24c to 25c per dozen for limed and 27c to 28c for fresh.

DRESSED HOGS, \$8.50 to \$8.65 per 100 lbs. DRESSED POULTRY AND GAME.—The season is about over. We quote:—Turkeys, 11c to 14c; fowls, 7c to 9c.

ASHES.—Pots, firm at \$5.05 to \$5.15.

RATS IN MINES.

Old miners, says the Enterprise, of Virginia City, Nevada, have a great respect for the rats of the lower levels. They neither kill the rats nor suffer them to be killed by green hands. In the first place, were there no other reason, a dead rat left underground would scent up a whole level, and, in the second place, the living rats devour any bones, scraps of meat, or fragments of other food left in the mines, which would, by their decay, vitiate the air, generally hot and unpleasant at best. Rats also give warning when a cave is about to occur. They feel the pressure of the settling ground, even before the cracking of the timber is heard, and come forth upon the floor and scamper uneasily about by scores. For these and other reasons the miners have a friendly feeling toward the rats, feeding and protecting them. In nearly every mine the men have one or more of the little animals as pets, and these are quite tame, coming out of their holes to be fed at lunch time. When rats come into a new drift or crosscut it is considered a good sign—is thought to mean that the mine will strike ore. The

other day when the men were at work on the face of a new crosscut on the two thousand seven hundred level of the Sierra Nevada mine a rat came in to them, traveling along the line of the compressed-air pipe. When the little rodent was seen some of the new hands wanted to kill it, but the old miners would not allow it to be hurt. They said it would bring luck to the crosscut. So they fixed up in the roof of the drift a box as a house for the rat and placed food near him at hand, in order that it might find its new quarters profitable as well as comfortable. There is much talk among the miners about the coming of this rat, and men in the new crosscut are very proud of it and have high hopes on account of its presence. We unto the man who shall intentionally kill that Sierra Nevada rat!

HOW WOOD WILL LAST.

The following testimony to the durability of wood is published: Charred wood, or charcoal, is almost indestructible, whether exposed to the air, buried in the ground or placed under water. Wood, in its natural state, well seasoned and kept dry, may be eaten by worms; if wet and dry alternately, it rots; if kept wet all the time it lasts a very long time—though how long nobody knows. One of the piles of a bridge built across the River Danube by the Emperor Trajan, when taken up in recent times, was found to be entrenched to the depth of three-fourths of an inch, but the rest of the wood was little different from its ordinary state, though it had been driven more than sixteen centuries. The oldest wood bearing the marks of human labor is said to have been found in some of the tombs at Thebes, and comprised two wooden statues a little larger than life. The oldest timber afloat is probably in a ship now sailing from Holland, that was built in 1563, when the Prince of Orange was fighting Philip II., of Spain. In digging away the foundation of old Savoy Palace, which was built nearly seven hundred years ago, the whole of the piles, consisting of oak, elm, beech and chestnut, was found in a state of perfect soundness, and was also the planking which covered the pile heads.—Ez.

FACE POWDERS.

It is necessary to raise a warning cry against a most mischievous statement which has recently been circulated and has already done harm, to the effect that "arsenic in small doses is good for the complexion." It is not difficult to imagine the risks women will incur to preserve or improve their "good looks." No more ingenious device for recommending a drug can be hit upon than that which the authors of this most baneful prescription of "arsenic for the complexion" have adopted. Suffice it to recall the fact that for many years chemists and sanitarians have been laboring to discover means of eliminating the arsenical salts from the coloring matter of wall-papers and certain dyes once largely used for certain articles of clothing. It is most unfortunate that this hopelessly antagonistic recommendation of arsenic to improve the complexion should have found its way into print. Those who employ the drug are advised—and there are many either already using it or contemplating the rash act—that they will do so at their peril. So far as they are able, however, it will be the duty of medical men to warn the public against this pernicious practice, which is only too likely to be carried on secretly. It is not without reason that we speak thus pointedly, and urge practitioners to be on the *qui vive* in anomalous or obscure cases.—The Lancet.

NOTICE.

Subscribers to this paper will find the date their subscription terminates printed after the name. Those whose subscriptions expire at the end of the present month will please have the remittances mailed in time.

MR. MATYER has laid before the French Academy of Sciences a new mode of burial, viz., glass coffins, the air pumped out, and filled with antiseptic gas. Thus, he claims, the body could be indefinitely kept uncorrupted.

IT IS REPORTED that the hotelkeepers in Portland, Maine, are threatening to close their houses because of the sudden activity of the Sheriff and the police in vigorously executing the prohibitory liquor law.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Our subscribers throughout the United States who cannot procure the international Post Office orders at their Post Office, can get instead a Post Office order, payable to Rouse's Point, N. Y., which will prevent much inconvenience both to ourselves and subscribers.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON V.

Feb. 4, 1883. [Acts 3:12-21.]

THE PRINCE OF LIFE.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 13-14.

(Revised Version.)

And when Peter saw it, he answered unto the people, Ye men of Israel, why marvel ye at this man? or why say ye now, as though by our own power or godliness we had made him to walk? The God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, who is the God of our Fathers, hath glorified his servant Jesus; whom ye delivered up, and denied before the face of Pilate, when he had desired to release him. But ye denied the Holy and Righteous One, and asked for a murderer to be granted unto you, and killed the Prince of Life; whom God raised from the dead; whereof we are witnesses. And by faith in his name 16 hath this man made his name strong, whom ye behold and know, for he is the same Jesus which is through him hath given him this perfect soundness in the presence of you all. And ye brethren, if I wot that in ignorance ye did it, as did also your rulers: But the things which God fore- 15 showed by the mouth of all the prophets, that his Christ should suffer, he thus fulfilled. Re- 10 pent ye therefore, and turn again, that your sins may be blotted out, that so there may come seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord; and that he may send the Christ 20 who hath been appointed for you, even Jesus; whom the heaven must receive until the 21 times of restoration of all things, whereof God spake by the mouth of his holy prophets, which have been since the world began.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"In him was life; and the life was the light of men."—John 1:4.

TOPIC.—Light and Life in Christ.

LESSON PLAN.—1. THE REJECTED MESSIAH, VS. 12-15. 2. THE NAME OF POWER, VS. 16. 3. THE HOPE OF SALVATION, VS. 17-21.

Time.—A. D. 30, immediately after the last lesson. Place.—The temple in Jerusalem.

INTRODUCTORY.

The scene is still in the temple. The people gathered about Peter and John, whose "Porch," "greatly wondering" at the miracle they had just witnessed, and disposed to attribute it to the power or holiness of the apostles. Peter, seeing this, addressed to them the words of to-day's lesson, proving that Jesus, by whose power the miracle had been wrought, was the Messiah, and calling on them to repent of their sin in rejecting and murdering him.

LESSON NOTES.

V. 12. BY OUR OWN POWER—neither the might nor the merit of the cure is due to us; we are nothing but the instrument of his work. V. 13. HATH GLORIFIED—hath put great honor on him by his resurrection and the miracles wrought in his name. His Son, Jesus Christ, whom, "his Servant," as the same word is rendered in Matt. 12:18; not in the mental or inferior sense, but in the high sense in which Isaiah applies it to the Messiah. Isa. 42:1; 60:1. V. 14. IN THE PRESENCE OF PILATE—see Mark 15:6-14; Luke 23:10-25. V. 15. DENIED THE HOLY ONE—refused to receive him as the promised Messiah. MURDERED—Barabbas, V. 15. KILLED THE PRINCE OF LIFE—they had chosen a destroyer of life to be set free, while they killed the Author of life. The blood of the Son of God was on their heads. Matt. 27:25. V. 16. HIS NAME—his power. THROUGH FAITH IN HIS NAME—faith was the means. Peter the instrument. Christ the worker of the cure. THE FAITH WHICH IS BY HIM—Jesus Christ was alike the worker of the miracle and the worker of the faith through which the miracle was wrought. V. 17. I WOT—I KNOW. THROUGH IGNORANCE—with no distinct knowledge that Jesus was the Messiah. V. 18. THAT CHRIST SHOULD SUFFER—Ps. 16:10; 112:1; 136:1; Dan. 9:26. God fulfilled by their wicked hands his purpose, which all the prophets had predicted, that Christ should suffer. Luke 24:26, 27. V. 19. HE CONVERTED—turn from your sins to the love and service of God. BLOTTED OUT—pardoned, remembered no more. WHEN THE TIMES—Revised Version, "the season"—in order that the times, V. 20. AND HE SHALL SEND—Revised Version, "that he may send." He makes the times of Christ in glory to hinge on their repentance. The sooner Israel returned to Jesus, he sooner would Jesus return to Israel. WHICH BEFORE WAS PROMISED—Revised Version, "who hath been appointed for you"—that is, ordained as your Messiah. I Pet. 1:20. V. 21. TIMES OF RESTORATION—when Christ shall appear in his glory and reward every man according to his work. Matt. 25:31-45.

- TEACHINGS: 1. Religion makes the weak strong and the timid bold. 2. God has great compassion on those, who sin ignorantly. 3. The name of Jesus has power to save as well as power to heal. 4. He is the Prince of Life, the only Saviour. 5. If we turn away from him, we must perish.

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