

# Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

VOL. III.

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No. 49.

## The Weekly Messenger

WE COMMEND our readers' particular attention to the prospectus of all our publications, which we publish in another column.

### PRESIDENT ARTHUR'S MESSAGE.

President Arthur on Monday sent his annual message on the opening of the United States Congress. He refers to the praiseworthy conduct of peace-loving citizens in the recent elections, but says it is necessary to provide more definite rules for counting the votes. The relations of the United States with all other countries continue friendly. A convention with Belgium has been signed, by which the citizens of each country obtain more equal privileges with those of the other. A convention is to be negotiated with Chili, to settle the claims of American citizens for injury received during the recent war in Peru. The hostilities between France and China continue to embarrass the eastern relations of the United States. The Chinese government has promptly paid the claims of Americans whose property was destroyed in the riots at Canton. The President says the Chinese immigration question will have to be again considered: as some Chinese who left the country with certificates to allow them to return, under the old law, have been prevented by the new law from landing. The commercial importance of the United States, says the message, has been considerably increased by the purchase of a large Chinese trading fleet.

The President advocates an extradition treaty with Germany, expresses pleasure at the continued friendly relations with Britain, and suggests an international copyright law. He announces that the reciprocity treaty with Hawaii has been renewed for seven years to come. The most courageous and praiseworthy recommendation of the whole message is that the neutrality law should be changed so as not to protect dynamites and filibusters.

Among the other questions which receive attention, says the message, are the defence of the cities on the coast, the new steel-clad cruisers of the navy, the restoration of the navy to its former efficiency, and the prevention and punishment of polygamy.

A correspondent of the *New York Times* says that very little work is expected to be done at this session of Congress.

### THE CHINESE DIFFICULTY.

In the Chinese Chamber of Deputies, Prime-Minister Ferry has declared that he had accepted England's offer of mediation, stipulating that France should occupy Kelung and Tamsui for a certain number of years. China, however, had demanded that France should leave Annam, and had forbidden the importation of French goods into Chinese provinces. The premier therefore asked the Chamber to vote \$8,000,000 extra for warlike operations in Tonquin during the first half of 1885. This was greeted with loud cheers, and the motion

was granted by a vote of 351 to 179. The chamber had already voted \$3,200,000. Ships and men are consequently being prepared with great energy for service in China.

Until the reinforcements arrive, we are not likely to hear of any great fights. On the 14th November the French tried to drive the Chinese from a hill near Kelung, but were repulsed with a loss of twenty men; two days later, the bodies were recovered.

The French fleet does not succeed in keeping steamers and junks from running the blockade at Formosa. Fourteen of the crew of the French war ship "Rigault Genouilly," doing duty on the Formosa coast, have been killed by the bursting of a boiler.

The Catholic mission at Hong Kong has advised that the viceroys of Canton has closed all the chapels there and razed the entire Catholic settlement to the ground. A missionary, who arrived at Canton from the interior, states that Christians in the western provinces are fugitives in the the wilds of Tonquin. He says the Chinese authorities in the northern provinces issued a decree ordering the expulsion of all missionaries. Upon appeal to the higher authorities at Peking the decree was reversed and the missionaries were taken under the protection of the Chinese Imperial government.

### THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

The great event of the week has been the conclusion of peace between the Government and the Opposition leaders. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury, accompanied by other leading men on each side, have had a conference, and agreed upon a Redistribution Bill more or less satisfactory to both parties.—Lord Salisbury promising to pass the Franchise Bill at once through the house of Lords.

The new Redistribution Bill, as introduced by Mr. Gladstone on Monday, makes some great changes. For one thing, all towns of less than 15,000 inhabitants will no longer have separate representatives as at present; the inhabitants of these towns will vote in the counties, which will be divided into districts of equal population, each district having one representative. By this stroke, no less than 98 towns will be wiped out, depriving 106 of the present members (61 Liberals and Home Rulers and 45 Conservatives) without seats.

By this scheme, Wales and Ireland will have the same number of members as now; England will have six more, and Scotland will have an additional twelve. London, which has now 22 members of parliament, will have 59; Liverpool will send nine instead of three; sixteen additional members will be given to Yorkshire, and fifteen to Lancashire.

This Bill will be referred to a committee to report after the Christmas Holidays.

A DEPUTATION from the Associated Chambers of Commerce in Britain has asked Sir John A. Macdonald to pass a bankruptcy law in Canada, or in some other way put an end to the fraudulent preferences given to creditors. Sir John said he would lay the matter before parliament when he got home.

HERR BEBEL, the leader of the Socialist members of the German Reichstag, made a stir at last Friday's session, by denouncing the present military system. He declared that there were fourteen times more suicides in the army than out of it, and he stated as the cause of the deficient revenue that the country was deprived of the work of men forced to serve in the army. He demanded a decrease in the length of service. During the same debate, Prince Bismarck said that it would not be wise to tamper with the army, which largely gives Germany her position among the nations. The members, bye-the-bye, want to receive payment for their services; Prince Bismarck opposed this, and also attacked the members for travelling all over the Empire on their free railway passes,—but he was defeated on a vote.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, who wants to become leader of the British Conservative Party at some time in the future, declares himself in favor of protection to farmers by putting a duty on food. Perhaps he will gain some votes in the country by this dodge, but the towns will turn against him. Lord Randolph is going for a tour through America, Australia, Egypt and India; perhaps he will be a little wiser when he returns home. He will find almost as great distress in America as in England, with the additional circumstance that in England living is much cheaper, and he will find the one free-trade colony in Australia going far ahead of those which remain in protective swaddling-clothes.

A REPORT FROM INDIA states that trouble is feared from the discontent of some of the natives. If the natives are really excited against England, it is probably because the English officials in India have shown so little consideration for the rights of the natives. But we learn that immense demonstrations have been held in honor of Lord Ripon, the departing Viceroy. He has done much to show that Britain really desires to govern India for India's good; and Lord Dufferin, his successor, may be depended on to strengthen the good feeling by his good policy.

ALCOHOL IN DISEASE.—Dr. E. Symes Thompson, of London, England, in a recent lecture, said: "Judged by the immediate effect upon the symptoms, the value of alcohol was unmistakable, but when judged by its ultimate effect, and comparing the 'natural history' of similar cases without it, his experience was against its use. Coming to its use in chronic cases of disease, he would take those cases of chronic lung disease of which he, as senior physician to the Brompton Hospital for Consumption, saw so much. He had come to the conclusion, after fourteen years' experience with 'in-patients,' that the results were at least as good when alcohol was not administered, and in this conclusion the resident medical officers, who saw the cases treated under all plans and methods, were, he believed, quite in accord with him."

THERE ARE SIGNS that the strike of miners in Hocking Valley is coming to an end; it has lasted for six months.

THE LEGISLATURE OF VERMONT has upheld prohibition by a vote of 123 to 72, on a proposal to allow localities to vote for licenses. Prohibition has been only partially enforced in Vermont, but more than half the towns are absolutely free from the liquor trade, and the absence of public saloons has had so good an effect that the law is only changed from time to time to make it stronger.

THE CONGO CONFERENCE at Berlin is not yet over, but it has practically decided to allow absolute freedom of trade in the Congo district. Unfortunately, a proposal to tax spirits does not seem to have been well received, as the Germans are large exporters of the fire-water. The African International Association has been recognized as controlling the district, and offers Mr. Stanley \$10,000 a year as its representative. The Association, it seems, imports instruments used in the slave-trade; and Mr. Stanley says that, though the slave trade may be abolished, domestic slavery cannot. With whiskey and slavery, the Association is not likely to be very successful in "civilizing" Africa.

A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER who has just been through the plague-stricken district in Eastern Kentucky, describes the state of affairs as something frightful. Whole neighborhoods were depopulated, and the last man, after burying his family and friends, lay down to die without burial. A thousand deaths are said to have occurred in two weeks,—largely through starvation. The people are almost cut off from communication with the outside world, and when the crops fall there is intense suffering. There has now been some rain; the people will no longer have to drink the poisonous liquids found in the earth, and the plague is believed to be at an end.

UP THE NILE go the troops, Canadian boatmen and all, and their speed is greater than was expected. Still, the progress is slow, and Lord Wolsley has issued a general order urging the men,—almost appealing to them,—to push on and save Gordon. All the news we have from Khartoum is somewhat old; so far as it goes, it shows that Gordon continues to make the Mahdi keep at a respectful distance. Gordon is reported to have captured Shendi and Berber.

A "CLEVELAND JUBILEE" has been held at Atlanta, Georgia, Tennessee, North and South Carolina and Alabama were represented. Mr. S. J. Randall said the Democratic party would be equal to the responsibility which came with victory. There was not a right of white men or colored men that would not be sacredly protected.

THE OTEO INDIANS were last year cheated of about \$20,000 by "white" land speculators, and a grand jury in Omaha has returned fifteen indictments for fraud committed at an auction sale of the land in question.

THE QUEEN and her daughter-in-law, the Duchess of Albany, are going together to visit Cannes on the 25th March, the first anniversary of the Duke of Albany's death there.

"RED DAVE";

Or, "What wilt Thou have me to do?"

(From the Family Friend.)

CHAPTER IV.

DR. MEADOWS.

"Davie, I want you to go up to Sunnyside this morning, with this new medicine for Master Wilfred. His father has consented to try it at last, but he ought to take it before dinner, so make haste."

"Yes, sir; I've left all the medicine you put out in the surgery."

"That's a good boy; and I find you mixed those powders as well as I could have done them myself. I shall make a doctor of you yet."

"You'd make anything of anybody," said Davie, with something like a sob in his voice; "there ain't not a boy in the market-place would know me now."

"No, you don't look much like the little chap I found lying asleep under the glare of the policeman's bull's-eye."

"He were a-going to take me to the work's, weren't he?"

"Yes, but I told him that I could get you into the Royal Home, so he gave you up to me, but the Home was full, and I could not turn you adrift, so I had to trust you as my errand-boy, and I shall trust you no longer unless you hurry now to Sunnyside."

Davie rushed off with the bottle; he loved going to Sunnyside, for little Wilfred was quite a hero to him, and the strong, healthy boy was no less a wonder in the eyes of poor Wilfred.

When Dr. Joyce's partner, Dr. Meadows, brought the outcast into the surgery at Mereham, and told how he had found him asleep beside a dead woman on the bridge, Dr. Joyce at once declared he was a gaol-bird, and said he should not be employed in that surgery.

But Dr. Meadows had taken a fancy to the little red-haired fellow, which was not at all surprising, since he always did take a fancy to anything or anybody helpless, and he declared he meant to befriend the lad.

"Since we share the surgery," said he, "let him do his work at my end, and you can get another lad to carry out your prescriptions."

Davie, however, had been at his post more than a year, and both partners knew him now as a sharp, trustworthy boy; Doctor Joyce had ceased to treat him slightly, and though always stern, he sometimes praised his quickness and ability.

But Dr. and Mrs. Meadows—he said it was his wife, and his wife said it must be the baby—between them had done a Christ-like work towards the little outcast. Who would have recognized in their smart, bright-faced "buttons" the little gaol-bird who looked to the darkened sky and said, "Our Father?"

Doctor Meadows believed in Davie's innocence of the theft, and Davie knew he believed it. This was the first source of the great influence he possessed with the child; in Davie's eyes, Doctor Meadows was nearly perfect. He it was who clothed, fed, and housed him when the managers of the Boys' Home found their rooms so crowded that they were compelled to refuse another inmate; he it was who conquered Davie's fear of Dr. Joyce, and who taught the lad to read, write, and work sums for an hour every evening; he it was above all who gave Davie a place in his Sunday-school class, and by word and example led him to the Saviour who had shown him the evil of his past, and taken all Davie's

and Master Willie was so feared of the coffin."

"No talk of coffins here, and no talk of Jesus," said the doctor, striking his fist on the table, and making Davie shake in his shoes. "I don't believe in Him, and I don't choose to have religion brought into my house. You must not go near my lad unless you promise to avoid the subject altogether."

"Not talk of Jesus, sir!" cried Davie, blankly.

"Not a word."

"But, please, sir, I must; I loves Him best of all."

"See here, Davie—the boy frets after you—it's only a little thing I ask. And if you please me in this, I'll give you half a crown."

Now Davie had tried long to



"AND NOW THE HYMN, DAVIE DEAR."

poor little heart for His own forever and ever.

When the boy reached Sunnyside, he was told that Wilfred was so ill as to be in bed, and he was turning sadly away, when the doctor called him saying, "Willie likes to chat with you; go up and have dinner with him; I'll tel Meadows I kept you."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" cried the boy in great delight.

"But mind, not one word of church talk; I hear you've been putting all sorts of notions into my lad's head, about things that will frighten him to death."

"No, indeed, sir; I wouldn't frighten him for all the world. I only told him as how Jesus wouldn't never let us keep in the coffin if we trust in Him. Doctor Meadows says we go to heaven;

purchase a pair of tiny blue shoes for Dr. Meadows' baby girl, but was yet some distance short of the price; the money therefore seemed a temptation at first, but only for a moment.

"Please, sir,—it's no good promising—I couldn't help talking about Jesus. And Master Wilfred—I does love him, too—suppose he was to get lost, and me know it was for the want of me telling him?"

"You telling him! you teach a gentleman's son!"

"I know he's a gentleman, sir, but nobody hain't told him about Jesus."

"You are an impudent fellow; get out of the house."

"Please, sir," said the frightened voice, "I didn't go for to be imp'dent, please, sir."

Away down the garden he went, but ere he reached the gate, the doctor's voice came after him. "Here, you young chatter-box, go and keep my lad company, while I see my patients, and don't let him push off the bed-clothes."

A happy boy was Davie when Wilfred's little white hands lay in his own after dinner, and the child learnt from him some of the texts that the doctor had taught him at the Sunday-school.

Willie never talked now of getting well; he understood better than any one else did that he would soon leave his dear home of Sunnyside; but now that he had heard of the Friend "beyond all others," his little voice framed many a secret prayer to the Lord who was able to take care of him all along the dark valley.

"And now the hymn, Davie dear," said he; "I showed father the hymn-book you gave me, and all he said was, 'Don't sing too much—it will hurt your chest!' But what do you think? Mother had a Bible, like yours, for auntie has been keeping it all this time; I heard her talking about it to papa, and he says I may have any book of hers I like, so I'll have a Bible of my own."

"And you can read so beautiful, Master Willie! I wish I could read like you."

"Oh, you can do lots more than I can, but I'll be strong when I go to Jesus, won't I Davie? Now do sing to me once before you go;" and the doctor, opening the door of his consulting-room, heard two boyish voices, one strong and clear, and the other, oh, how feeble! blended in the lov. sweet hymn—

"There is a green hill far away,  
Without a city wall,  
Where the dear Lord was crucified,  
Who died to save us all.

He died that we might be forgiven,  
He died to make us good,  
That we might go at last to heaven,  
Saved by His precious blood."

CHAPTER V.

GOING HOME.

It was a beautiful afternoon in early spring; the river danced in the sunlight, the trees were budding into sweet, fresh green, and the sky was of a deep cloudless blue.

By the river-bank went Davie, whistling for gladness of heart; good Dr. Meadows sent him every day now, when his morning work was done, to the Board School at Bankside, and though at present in a very low class, the master said that if he continued to work as well as he was doing at present, he should soon be quite proud of him as a pupil. The Board School was not very far from Sunnyside; Willie could hear the boys shouting in the play-ground, and the voice of the master who drilled them. He lay listening to the sounds of life and health very patiently on his bed; this mild, fair weather had made no change in little Willie's health.

Every one—save Dr. Joyce—could see that the darling of the house was "wearing away to the land of the leal"; but the doctor himself either could not or would not admit that Wilfred was worse. He sent for an eminent physician from London, besides getting Dr. Meadows every day to see the boy, for, skilled doctor though he was, he would not trust his own ability alone for his son. Dr. Meadows had long since told him very gently that lung disease had set in hopelessly, and all the physician said was, "While there is life, there is hope." But Dr. Joyce called them a pair of croakers, and bade his sister keep up Willie's strength with jelly and beef-tea and new-laid eggs; she noticed, however, that he hung about the boy with a very anxious face, and he would suffer none but himself to undertake the night-nursing of the little invalid.

As the school was so near, Davie often called to ask after Willie, who never failed to invite him to stay to tea; he liked to hear of the boys' classes and games, but oh! how much more eagerly did the dying boy drink in the sound of the "Name to sinners dear."

This afternoon Miss Joyce was watching at the garden gate for him. "Doctor Joyce is in Mereham," she said, speaking in an agitated voice; "do find him for us, Davie. He went to some patient who has had an operation in the workhouse infirmary, but he may have gone elsewhere now. Run, Davie—Willie is so ill."

The whistling stopped, and tears filled Davie's eyes, as he rushed forward as though possessed of wings; he loved Willie so dearly that he had often felt as though he would like to bear his weary pain so as to give him ease.

The infirmary was at the other end of Mereham, and to Davie's relief, the doctor's carriage was standing at the door.

"I must not frighten him," he thought, trying to frame his message gently; but just then the doctor came out, and seeing the breathless boy, his face went ghastly white.

"Willie!" was all he could say; and Davie nodded, for the doctor's agitation frightened him out of speech.

The doctor tore a leaf from his pocket-book, and wrote on it.

"Dr. Meadows is in there," said he; "give this to him; when he is done with the young man, he must come at once."

The carriage rolled away, and Davie asking for Dr. Meadows was shown into a large ward, where the doctor stood beside the bed of a youth, whose leg was to have been removed, but the doctors had found to-day that there was hope of saving it.

"He ain't of much account," said one of the male nurses in a whisper to Davie, whom he knew well by this time: "hurt himself

in breaking into a house; he ought to be in the prison infirmary by rights, but it was an old lady's house, and she wouldn't prosecute him 'cause of his leg being wounded."

Davie gave the note to Dr. Meadows, and turned towards the patient. Their eyes met. Jarvis did not recognize the doctor's page, but Davie knew him directly. Davie had prayed for this; ever since he had learnt to love Jesus, he had prayed for Jarvis, as the one who had "despitefully" used him, and he longed to do good to the evil associates of the life from which he had been rescued. Many a little wanderer had Davie brought within the influence of the ragged-school and Sunday-school, but he

nurse; I'd knock down, ten of you, but for this leg."

"Does it hurt you very much, Jarvis?"

"Why! its 'Red Dave,' I declare; to think of seeing 'Carrots' in buttons; your master don't know as how you was in the lock-up, do he?"

"Yes, he does, Jarvis; I'm Dr. Meadows' boy, and he knows all about it!"

"Blessed if he does! you don't know all about it!"

"I think I do, Jarvis; but won't you have a drink of this milk?"

Jarvis drank it feverishly. "Something queer has come over you, Davie; I suppose you're too grand to go to the 'penny gaff' now?"

"Grand, Jarvis! Fancy call-

"Oh yes, I know her, it's Mrs. Bryant, a great friend of my mistress. I'm so glad, dear Jarvis; and oh! so glad you confessed about the purse. I knew you must have done it, and I have asked Jesus to forgive you."

"Don't you feel like punching my head, though?"

"No, Jarvis; but do ask Jesus to forgive you."

"What's the good? It ain't only that—I've done a sight of bad things; it's only one like you as could forgive me."

"But, Jarvis, Jarvis, I forgive you because I want to be like Jesus; oh, do try Him! There ain't nobody forgives like Jesus."

"They learnt me about Him when I was a little chap, and lived with grandfather; but when he died I was turned out in the streets, and I've forgot everything, I think. Oh dear! how this leg hurts—"

"Shall I ask Jesus to make it better, Jarvis? There ain't nobody minding us."

"Tain't no use, lad; Jesus'd think it served me well right; the bobbies said so when they picked me up."

"Jesus never says that," said Davie; "it ain't in the Bible nowhere; I believe He pities you all the time, and I'm a-going to tell Him all about it," and putting his head down beside the pillow of the astonished Jarvis, Davie whispered—"Saviour, our Saviour, save Jarvis, and make Him sorry he has done wrong things, and take this pain away, and show him how Thou dost forgive him, much more than I do—and I forgive him with all my heart—for Thy Name's sake. Please Jarvis, say 'Amen.'"

"Amen," said Jarvis; but nobody didn't listen to you. How could God hear you a-whispering like that?"

"I don't know how He can, but He does," said Davie firmly; "I feels it inside my heart."

Here the dresser came up to attend to Jarvis, who looked at Davie eagerly, and said, "Come and see a chap sometimes won't you?"

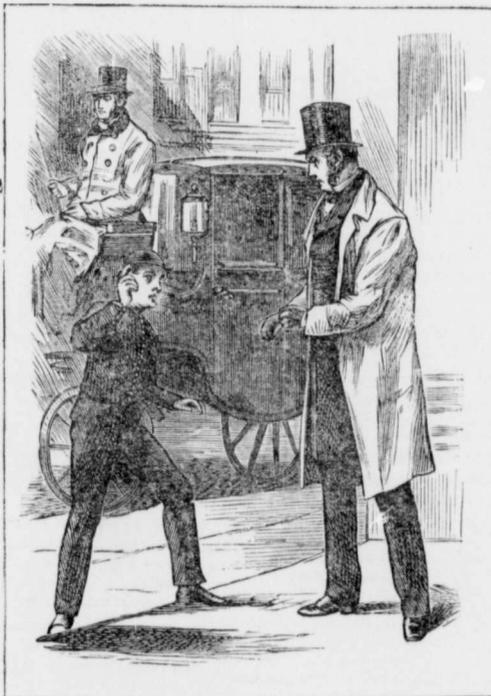
"Indeed I will, whenever master can spare me. And I'll tell mistress what ward you are in; she brings the children here sometimes. I wish you could see our baby, little Miss Daisy. Good-bye, Jarvis; I hope your leg will leave off hurting you."

But ere he left the ward he returned, and laid silently on Jarvis' bed his chief treasure—a little Testament that had been found in the basket of the old woman who died on the bridge, and that Dr. Meadows had secured for him, writing the names of the two outcasts together, first "Betty" and then "Davie."

It was very hard to part from it, but very sweet to give up something precious for Jesus Christ's sake

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(To be continued.)



DAVIE ACCOSTING DR. JOYCE.

had never been able to see Ben Jarvis, though he had even sought for him once in the "penny gaff."

"Doctor," said he, "it's Jarvis."

"Eh, what? he gave his name as Jones."

"Well, it is Jarvis," whispered Davie, "and he don't know me."

"You can remain here with him awhile if you like; I don't want him to sleep just yet, for his wounds are to be dressed when Mr. Drew comes round. I must go up to Sunnyside; don't you come there, for Willie will want to see you, and he ought to keep quiet."

The doctor moved away, and Davie sat down quietly by the bed.

"I say, young buttons!" cried Jarvis, peevishly, "you're a nice

ing me grand! No; but, Jarvis I never go there. I've signed a paper never to touch strong drink, and that's about all they does there. But I did go once—I wanted to find you out."

"Look here," said Jarvis, suddenly, "if it will make you squarer with your master, you can tell him as how I knows you never took that purse. I slipped it into your jacket, Dave; but I didn't feel like being locked up. They've caught me twice since then, though, and if that old girl hadn't begged me off, I'd have been in prison now. Ain't she a brick, Dave? Blessed if she didn't send me some sponge cakes and oranges yesterday. The folks say as how she comes and reads to them here once a week."

## The Temperance Worker

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6.

### THE SCOTT ACT CAMPAIGN.

The next Scott Act contest to be decided at the polls is a double one. Brantford, city and Brant county, vote on Thursday next, 11th of December. On the following Thursday the united counties of Leeds and Grenville vote. Let the temperance men and women do their best, and pray God to do the rest.

In Brantford, out of 2,000 voters, 955 have pledged themselves to vote for the Act. There are about 30 hotel-keepers in the city, however, and their influence is of course considerable.

The campaign has been fairly opened in Kingston city. During this month Mrs. Baxter and the Rev. W. W. McKay will speak, Mr. R. Clark and Col. Bain in January, the Hon. J. B. Finch in February, and Mrs. McLaughlin in March. The contest is likely to be a hard one in the city, but in the county (Frontenac) the Act is almost sure to carry.

The petition from the city of Guelph has been passed by the Minister of Justice, and a polling day will soon be fixed.

Some objections having been made to the Lennox and Addington petition, these counties are waiting patiently till the matter is decided, and hope that a polling day will soon be fixed.

The hotel-keepers in Prescott have formed an association to fight the Scott Act, and every hotel-keeper who does not subscribe his \$4.00 will be boycotted by the rest.

Mr. William Burgess, who has been speaking for the cause in Middlesex, says that there are more breweries in that county than in any other; however, all the churches,—including Catholic and Episcopalian,—are thoroughly united, and the prospect of carrying the Act is by no means bad.

A Scott Act campaign has been opened in Guysborough county, Nova Scotia.

COMPTON has, by a majority of about 450, decided to continue under the liquor traffic. It is only fair to this county to say that if the vote had been taken simply on the question "liquor-traffic or no liquor traffic," the result would have been very different. But unfortunately there was another element introduced into the contest,—the influence of certain individuals in high places, with the control of both money and men. The liquor party succeeded in converting the matter into a political issue, and by the grossest falsehoods and misrepresentations deceived the more unread portion of the electorate. The recent election will long remain a stain upon the record of Compton. But the dark cloud is not without its silver lining. The temperance people worked well, and they were assisted by the more enlightened of those who would probably not care to be called temperance people. Senator Cochrane publicly declared his intention of voting for the Act, and the township in which he lives gave a splendid majority on the right side. But the liquor traffic has gained a reprieve of three more years; and men and women who would have given their very lives to save loved ones from the accursed temptation of the drink shop are mourning over the defeat.

IN WEST VIRGINIA, petitions for a constitutional amendment prohibiting the liquor-traffic are being signed by the voters.

### THE CURSE OF THE STATES.

IN GEORGIA, the Oglethorpe county grand jury has requested the stoppage of liquor licenses: "Leaving the moral aspect of the question out of view, it is the sense of this body that more money would be saved to the treasury by the suppression of liquor-shops than goes into it by the sale of licenses to them." An attempt has been made to repeal the local-option law in McDuffie county, but has been defeated by 539 against 386. A bill for State Prohibition has been introduced in the Legislature.

THE TEACHERS in Erie County, Pennsylvania, have decided in favor of making temperance a part of the Common-school education. All the other counties are likely to follow suit.

DAKOTA.—Eleven counties in Dakota are now free from licenses, and the legislature is to be petitioned to prohibit saloons within one mile of those counties' borders. The Methodist Episcopal Conference, at its annual meeting, has pledged its members to help elect total abstainers and prohibitionists to public offices, as the liquor party had resolved to vote for no one in any way disposed towards total abstinence.

CALIFORNIA has one saloon to every 100 people; San Francisco has one saloon to every 11 voters. The liquor traders have obtained the repeal of the Sunday laws. The wine-trade of the state is becoming very powerful. The Presbyterian Synod of the Pacific has adopted a report saying that the hardest battle will be fought in this state, and earnestly recommending the officers and members of churches to avoid all complicity with the wine traffic by growing grapes for wine.

THE MICHIGAN Baptist State Convention has recommended strong efforts in favor of the constitutional prohibitory amendment, which the Republican party proposes to submit to a vote.

IN NINETEEN COUNTIES of Indiana there are 1,132 saloons; in nine counties there are none. In the saloon counties there is one prisoner to every 72 voters; in the others there is only one prisoner to every 720. Draw your own conclusions.

IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—The Rev. C. H. Mead, sending to the National Temperance Advocate his account of a tour in the South, writes thus of Spartanburg, South Carolina: "This is a town of nearly 4,000 inhabitants, and for two years the drink-traffic has been voted out, and a man who says 'prohibition does not prohibit' cannot be found in the place. Intelligent men of both races bear abundant testimony to the efficacy of the law, and of the improved condition of both the morals and business of the community. The arrests for drunkenness ran down from 185 to 13 in a single year, and, whereas under license the streets were full of staggering men, such a thing as a drunken man is now rarely ever seen. They vote again upon it on the 29th of November, and the law has recently been changed so that the vote hereafter will be taken once in two years instead of annually."

WHILE OTHER BUSINESSES in the United States are in as dull and depressed a state as can well be, while factories are closing up or working on short time, while men are unemployed or having their wages reduced,—the liquor business, with its claws struck firmly into the body of the nation, continues to fatten on the life-blood and money that the nation can now spare less than ever. In the last financial year, the revenue from distilled spirits has increased by \$2,536,610 over that of 1883, and fermented liquors also show an increase of \$1,184,338.

### THE WEEK.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT, on receiving Lord Northbrook's report about the finances of Egypt, has drawn up a plan by which a new loan of \$25,000,000 will be raised and guaranteed by England, and the interest on the public debt will be reduced to half of one percent. The other European powers are asked to agree to this.

MRS. BOUTER, sentenced to death at Quebec for murder, has had her sentence commuted to imprisonment for life.

A MAN named Charles Nevil, who has been married to eight women in New York, Michigan, Canada, Detroit, etc., has been arrested at Toledo. He tried to commit suicide in jail, and the doctors say that he is an epileptic who is not responsible for his actions.

MADAME HUGUES, wife of a member of the French Chamber of Deputies, shot one Morin because she believed he had been slandering her. He declares his innocence. A law journal of Paris says that the increase of crimes like this, and the failure of juries to punish them, show that French manners are going back into barbarism.

A STATUE of the late George Brown has been unveiled at Toronto. Complimentary speeches were gracefully made by prominent Conservatives as well as Liberals.

"FIFTY YEARS IMPRISONMENT" is the sentence passed upon Samuel Wannamaker, at Youngstown, for forging notes for \$25,000. He is fifty years old, and is now dying.

THE MILLS AT FALL RIVER, MASS., have started work again.

EARTHQUAKE SHOCKS were felt in the south of France last Friday.

SEVERAL RAILWAYS have amalgamated and called themselves the Eastern and Western Air Line Company. Their railway will be built through Iowa, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio.

A NEW ANÆSTHETIC, hydrochlorate of cocaine, has been successfully tried in an operation at Portland, Maine. Whether it is expected to take the place of chloroform and ether, we are not told.

THE GREAT WINTER CARNIVAL, to be held at Montreal in the end of January, is to be of great magnificence. A deputation has gone to the President-elect, Governor Cleveland, to ask him to be present.

DIGGING FOR ROOTS on an island in the Suquehanna, near Danville, Pa., two men found a box containing \$47,000 worth of old Spanish and Mexican coins.

THE NATIONALISTS boast of a great increase to the "Young Ireland" societies in Dublin. At their public meetings in other parts of the country, they display Irish, American, French and Boer flags.

THE SPANISH GOVERNMENT is at loggerheads with the Madrid university students, who are not as loyal as they might be. Troops were sent into the university, with hardly any provocation; the City Council passed resolutions of sympathy with the students, and now the government talks of suspending the Council.

MANY PORCUPINES have appeared in Orange and Sullivan counties, N.Y., this fall. Coon hunters have several times been attacked by them, and valuable dogs have been quite disabled by the sharp spines.

THE LUMBER shipped from Quebec this year was valued at \$5,632,578, 10¢ including large quantities sent from Cape Rouge and other places to South America.

MR. HARRISON, once known as the "boy preacher," is holding services in Toronto.

LORD WOLSELEY, it is stated, has forbidden the Canadian boatmen to send correspondence to newspapers, as many of them were doing.

MRS. LYNAM, who has for so long been confined in the Lunatic Asylum near Montreal, and whose case was brought into the courts lately, has at last been examined by a doctor appointed by the court, and has been declared sane enough to be liberated.

THE YOUNG MEN of Britain train themselves in politics and public speaking by forming "mock parliaments," and having exactly the same procedure there as in the real House of Commons at Westminster. A mock parliament has now been formed at Montreal, another at Point St. Charles, and a third at Quebec.

ARCHBISHOP TASCHEREAU returned to Quebec from Rome on Sunday, and was welcomed by a great demonstration of thousands of people, to whom he gave the "Papal benediction." What with processions, decorations and illuminations, a king could not receive greater honor.

THE READING RAILWAY, to get money enough to pay interest on loans, proposed to cut down salaries and discharge men.

THE MUNICIPAL COUNCIL of Leeds, the fifth largest town in England, consists of 64 members, and 25 of them are now teetotallers. In the recent elections, five candidates were liquor-sellers, and four were defeated; the fifth is said to be himself a teetotaller.

MR. JAMES LAING, the celebrated ship-builder of Sunderland, England, says it is not difficult to show that the present distress is due to drink; there are 157 licensed liquor-shops in that town, taking in at least \$750,000 a year.

THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT in Ottawa has made great strides lately, many of the churches starting temperance organizations. The Church of England, the Methodists and the Catholics of the Federal Capital are all active.

MR. STEPHEN, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is said to be making arrangements for a steamship line between British Columbia and Japan.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT has stopped the military and police expedition on its way to Skye, as quiet has been restored among the crofters.

JOHN GENDRON died at Arkansas, Wisconsin, at the age of 121, last Saturday. He was born near Montreal.

MANY SUGAR PLANTERS in the Southern States are said to be preparing to grow rice instead, as the sugar trade has not very bright prospects.

THE LUMBER CUT in the mills on the Ottawa this year amounted to 625,000,000 feet, a good average, worth about \$7,500,000. Eddy's mill, at Hull, heads the list with 70,000,000 feet.

EIGHT HUNDRED AND SIX deaths are stated to have been caused by cholera during its short visit to Paris. There are still a few cases in the dirtier suburbs.

THE ITALIAN HOUSE OF DEPUTIES has sent a deputation to King Humbert, to thank him for his heroism in going among the cholera patients at Naples.

MR. CHILDERS, Chancellor of the British Exchequer, is likely to retire, from ill health. Mr. Goschen, who is probably the best financier in England after Gladstone, is spoken of as his successor.

JAMES R. DAVIES, of the new York Custom House, who is charged with taking bribes from Boston tea importers, defends himself by saying that the money was used "to get a bill through Congress" creating his present office.

THREE NEWSPAPERS have been suppressed by the German ruler of Alsace because of their French sympathies.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR, eldest son of the Prince of Wales, will come of age on the 8th of January; after celebrating the occasion he will leave on a tour in the United States and Canada.

MR. ALEXANDER BUNTIN, one of the richest men in Montreal, has been sent to gaol for ten days. As before stated, Mr. Buntin used his position as a director of the insolvent Exchange Bank to withdraw \$10,000 of a deposit, thus criminally giving himself a preference over other depositors. He returned the money when a lawsuit was brought against him.

AN ATTEMPT has been made to blow up Royston Town Hall, Lancashire, England, but little damage was done.

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD has been telling the people of England of Canada's great loyalty to the mother country. The connection, he said, ought to be closer. Sir John has been staying at Windsor Castle, the guest of Queen Victoria.

THE PROHIBITIONISTS in several places who voted for St. John in the recent Presidential election are being persecuted by those whose political spite was provoked thereby.

A STAMP TAX of ten cents on every document in legal proceedings, which has yielded much revenue to the government of Quebec province, has been finally declared unconstitutional by the Privy Council in England.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY has decided to have its British Columbian terminus at Coal Harbor, Burrard Inlet.

SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT, ex-Finance Minister of Canada, made a great speech in Montreal on Thursday. He unmercifully picked to pieces the theory of protection, and also declared in favor of getting Canada the right to negotiate her own treaties. At the same time, he looked forward to a grand alliance of all the Anglo-Saxon peoples. The Hon. Wilfred Laurier, who also spoke, declared himself for out and out Independence.

THE TROUBLE in BECHUANALAND, it is said, has been ended. The freebooting Boers have promised to leave the lands they took from the natives, and the disputed territory will be annexed to Cape Colony.

JEAN BAPTISTE POITRAS has been arrested at Hull, Quebec, for coining spurious fifty-cent pieces.

THE OUTBREAK OF SMALLPOX in Hastings county, Ontario, is abating. The disease was reported to have entered Belleville, but that is denied by the mayor.

A THOUSAND SOCIALISTS assembled in Chicago on Thanksgiving Day and made speeches to show why they would not give thanks. The denunciations were of the fiercest sort.

SERIOUS CHARGES against two members of the Quebec Provincial Government have been laid before the Lieutenant-Governor, and are now under consideration.

A STEAMER, the "Drango," has been sunk in a collision near Dunkirk, France, and thirty persons were drowned.

THRASHING AN EGYPTIAN.

One of the special correspondents of the London *Daily News*, describing a journey beyond Dongola on board a nuggah, in company with the Morocco merchant known as Abd-el-Kader, narrates the following incident, which occurred about six miles from Dongola. "We were," he says, "by a sakieh-wheel, which was watering several large fields of dhoura, and there were several slaves at work. To our surprise, three or four of these hurled after us, in lieu of stones, huge pieces of earth. Abd-el-Kader at once jumped ashore with his servant and the Reis of the boat. The blacks, of course, at once took to their heels, but one was caught. The chief man of the village was brought up and made to administer a severe chastisement with a pretty stout twig of mimosa. After this the scene was comic in its way. The released slave at once went to a fellow-laborer who had given evidence. He in his turn thrashed two others who had declared him to be one of the culprits. In time they all began to fight with each other, a crowd of women, very simply attired, standing round and backing up the respective members of their families. Though vexed at the delay, I could not help thinking that Abd-el-Kader was right in thus promptly noticing the insult. Seeing him in his robes and silver-headed, broad-bladed sword the Patriarch of the village at once supposed him to be one of the Mudir of Dongola's officials, and treated him with the greatest deference. My friend said it was the sight of the European costume which I wore that raised the spleen of these people. Very probably they will shortly be favoured with the sight of more European costumes. Half an hour was lost in teaching the natives to respect the pale face. I must observe that at Dongola the natives, as a rule, are both civil and respectful in their demeanor, with some exceptions. 'Kelp' and 'Ghaour' are called after one sometimes, and bits of earth have been known to be flung at Europeans; but these little indignities are, I believe, perpetrated only by boys and hobblerchoys, and the offender, if caught, receives his due without stint."

THIRTY YEARS AGO, Mrs. Jane Patterson of Ringola, Pa., mother of twenty children, was bitten by a rattlesnake. Now, says a telegram, she is dying from the effects of that bite.

LORD DUFFERIN, the new Viceroy of India, has passed Suez on his way to that country, and is expected to arrive at Bombay on Tuesday next.

AN EXPLOSION, last Thursday night, under the house of Mr. Hussey, an Irish landlord near Tralee, did much damage but injured no person. Mr. Hussey claims \$15,000 from the district as compensation. He had already made up his mind to leave.

A SOCIALIST SOCIETY, with branches in all parts of the Austrian Empire, has been discovered by the Vienna police. Several arrests have been made.

TEN THOUSAND ROUNDS of ammunition for field guns have been safely received in the interior of Madagascar. The people are ready to fight hard for their independence if the French try to march on the capital.

AN ARAB SHEIK, named Said, is reported to have sold his land on the Gulf of Aden to Germany.

EIGHTY CASES of hydrophobia are reported in Vienna.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1885.

In issuing once again our Prospectus of the *Witness* publications, we ask the friends of temperance to take hold of them, and try to enlist everybody as a subscriber, and, if possible, as a worker in the cause. There is first

THE WITNESS,

which has now reached figures of circulation which show the growth of right sentiments in the country and whose recent increase suggests the possibility of further rapid progress.

THE WEEKLY WITNESS, (\$1.00 per annum.)

which was started in the winter of 1845-6, has now a circulation of 40,900. In our last prospectus we asked for an increase of 5,000. Our present figures show an increase of 8,800 over those when we issued our Prospectus for 1884. Some of the new names, it is true, are short time subscribers. We hope that they will not only renew their subscriptions but become advocates of the paper like their older fellow-subscribers. This being so promising a season, we boldly ask our friends to try to make the subscription list up to 50,000.

THE DAILY WITNESS (\$3.00 per annum)

has at present 13,000 subscribers, which number, for a paper that opposes many things that are popular, is a marvellous one. The *Witness* does not, of course, confine itself to the advocacy of temperance. It is a newspaper of the first rank, keeping its readers thoroughly informed on all departments of current thought and events, among which temperance holds no more than its place. Moreover, it speaks the mind of its conductors on all subjects.

THE MESSENGER

which is now in its nineteenth year as a semi-monthly and its third as a weekly.

THE WEEKLY MESSENGER (50 cents per annum)

already has a circulation of 7,600 all over the continent, and gives the news and abundant good reading, along with the Sunday-school lessons and a diligent advocacy of the temperance cause.

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER (30 Cents per annum.)

twice a month, gives the family reading and the Sunday-school lessons, and is largely circulated through Sunday-schools.

Lastly, for the Scott Act campaign within Canada, for the advocacy of Prohibition and nothing else, we recommend for distribution

WAR NOTES

(\$1 for 20 copies weekly for three months.)

The good work done by this lively little paper, we are glad to learn from many sources, is already great. In its columns all the arguments for and against the liquor-traffic are dealt with, and the temperance worker finds *War Notes* one of his best helps.

CLUBBING.

Our clubbing arrangements have, during the past two years, proved so satisfactory that we again repeat them. They are as follows:—

The price of the WEEKLY WITNESS is \$1.00 a year, postage paid. When THREE subscriptions are sent together in one envelope the price will be EIGHTY CENTS each, or

\$2.40 in all—a deduction of one-fifth. When FOUR subscriptions are sent together in one envelope the price to each will be SEVENTY FIVE CENTS, or \$3.00 in all—a deduction of one-fourth. When TEN subscriptions are sent together in one envelope the price will be SEVENTY CENTS each, or \$7 in all—a deduction of one third.

The price of the DAILY WITNESS is \$3 per annum, free of postage; TWO subscriptions sent together \$5.50; Three sent together, \$8.

A single copy of the WEEKLY MESSENGER will be sent for 50c a year, or FIVE copies subscribed for at one time for TWO DOLLARS.

Copies of the NORTHERN MESSENGER are 30c each per annum; TEN copies to one address \$2.50; TWENTY-FIVE copies, \$6; FIFTY copies, \$11.50; ONE HUNDRED copies \$22.

In addition to the above deductions we will present to any person sending us TWENTY subscriptions to the *Weekly Witness* at 70 cents each; SIX subscriptions to the *Daily Witness*, at \$2.65 each; TWENTY-FIVE subscriptions to the *Weekly Messenger*, at 40c each, or FIFTY subscriptions to the *Northern Messenger* at 25c each.

A PRIZE of a handsome group of the portraits of the LEADING JOURNALISTS OF CANADA, with signatures, and *fac similes* of their respective papers. This fine picture is by Root & Tinker, of New York, and is a splendid work of art and certain to be greatly appreciated. When sending in names of subscribers our workers should head their lists with the words "For Picture." We hope our friends will be so energetic as to compel us to send away some thousands of copies of this interesting picture.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

All subscribers to the *Daily* or *Weekly Witness*, who renew their subscriptions before they expire, or become new subscribers between now and December 31st, are to be presented this year with A FINE ART-TYPE PICTURE OF THE FOUNDER OF THIS PAPER, who is, we believe, the oldest of Canadian journalists, and whose labors in the cause of religious liberty, temperance, and every other reform were well known to a past generation, and his likeness will be greeted by our older subscribers as that of an old friend. It is now approaching forty years since Mr. Dougall started the *Witness* as an independent defender of true religion and good morals without denominational preference, and of civil and religious liberty without party bias or bondage. On these lines, it is needless to say, it has unswervingly acted ever since, giving its own views on every public question at whatever cost of popularity or of favor from parties, churches, social bodies or classes of men. Mr. Dougall has for the past fifteen years, been doing a like work in the United States, whither he was drawn by crying needs of the city populations in view of the degraded character of the cheaper newspapers. While not succeeding, so far, in the special aim of supplying the masses in cities with an elevating daily press, his paper, the *New York Witness*, has attained an enormous circulation and has become the centre of the temperance movement which is gaining ground so rapidly, and of much of the earnest Christian life of the United States. To any subscriber who may prefer it, we will send, instead of the portrait of Mr. Dougall, A FIRST CLASS ENGRAVING of that fine painting of Gabriel Max's—"THE LION'S BRIDE," a PORTRAIT OF ROBERT BURNS, Scotland's great poet, or a PORTRAIT OF GENERAL GORDON, the hero of the Sudan. All the above mentioned pictures will be on fine plate paper, and be worthy of a place in any house in Canada. The picture chosen will be sent to all old subscribers who renew promptly—that is, before their subscriptions run out,—and to every new subscriber who sends in his or her name before the 31st of December. We hope that all our friends will send in their subscriptions in time and thus receive a picture.

## OUR MESSIAH.

"Lo! He came, the Lord of glory,  
Born and cradled in a stall,  
Sure He had but scanty welcome,  
Seeing He was Lord of all.

"Yet, in sooth, He sought no other;  
Nor to earth for homage came;  
Here He took the form of servant,  
Here He bared the cheek to shame.

"Not of this world was His kingdom,  
He lived not at monarch's cost,  
He sought not the known and honored,  
But he came to seek the lost."

—E.

## MRS. ALDEN'S HOME.

As we traverse the neatly kept walk, leading from the highway to the front door, we see on each side those small delicate flowers such as pansies, daisies, etc., which denote at once both culture and taste in the owners. The wide porch over the door is neatly trellised on each side, upon which is trained and kept well trimmed a woodbine, which through the hot summer months with its thick screen of dark green leaves, makes the broad hallway inside delightfully dim and cool, as we can see, for the door stands invitingly open.

Mrs. Alden smilingly answers our ring and courteously invites us in. Several chairs, one of them a sewing rocker, are comfortably arranged on one side, not set against the wall like sentinels erect at their posts of duty.

Here we seat ourselves by invitation, with our hostess, who is very ladylike and entertaining. We chat pleasantly for a short time, when a man's step is heard in the room at the upper end of the hall, and a voice says:

"Julia, are you in the front hall?"

"Yes, James, come in, we have lady callers and I invited them to stop here because it is so much cooler here where the sun does not strike the house," Mrs. Alden answers.

She does not leave the room, or seem to feel embarrassed at all to invite him in, although he has been at work on the farm all day, and may not feel like helping to entertain callers, if he is like a great many farmers. But we are soon at our ease with Mr. Alden, for he comes in genial and smiling, in plain clothes to be sure, as fits his employment, yet neat and whole. He is very agreeable, but is less of a talker than his wife is.

While we sit talking, the sound of children's voices is heard outside as they come from school. The Alden children leave the others at the gate, and come into the house. They are three in number, and the two boys seem inclined to dispute.

Mr. Alden rises from his seat, and bowing to us, leaves the room, evidently to quell the childish quarrelling in the next room. We listen to hear if he will speak harshly to them, for we can hardly believe he will, after what we have seen of his pleasant manner, and he does not disappoint us. He addresses them in this way:

"Come, children, do not dispute like this. What is it all about, any way? Will, you seem to have started it, what were you arguing with Harry about? Let me hear all about it, and I will see if I can help you settle it."

"I told him that Jim Lake's new pup that his father brought home to him from New York, last week, was a hound, and he says it isn't, it is a spaniel like Eddie Wilder's, but I know better than that."

"Well, the best thing for you both to do, is to leave it all to me to decide upon. I will go over and call on Mr. Lake after tea, and I can see the little dog, and you know I am something of a judge of canines, and I think I can settle it satisfactorily for you, if you will both abide by my decision."

The matter was at once dropped between the two boys, and we, at the same time, signified our intended departure by rising from our seats.

We were invited to remain longer, but my friend declined on our part, as it was nearing her tea time, and she had no one at home to prepare it for her, as she did her work herself. But before we left, Mrs. Alden invited Mr. and Mrs. Alden to come and take tea while I remained a guest with her, on the coming Wednesday.

The invitation was graciously accepted by them both, Mr. Alden having returned to his good-day.

The tea party proved a pleasant affair as

such parties always are, other neighbors being invited as well as the Aldens.

Mr. and Mrs. Alden, and myself, were invited to each neighbor's house, who had visited them, in turn; invitations which we accepted, and returned visits at a later day. And at no place did we find discipline exercised with the children so firm and at the same time, so kindly, as we did at Mr. Alden's. At table they did not reach to help themselves, but asked politely to be helped to what they wanted, and we could see at once that it was not "company manners" with any of the family, and it was not a stiff and formal meal as it was at some places.

The father and mother spoke politely to each other always, thus setting an example of politeness before their children, which we could plainly see by a little judicious training they were learning to follow, and which would, in time to come, make of them lovable and useful men and women, as they were now sweet and engaging children. Maud, the youngest of all, was a sweet little five-year-old, and as pretty as a picture, with golden hair, and rosy cheeks, and a shy bashful way of approaching strangers.

After tea we were all invited to go over the house which had lately been remodelled inside. We noted all the modern conveniences of a comfortable farm house. They consisted of a bath and washroom combined; with a stationary kettle for boiling clothes, and stationary tubs, also a bath tub; two sleeping rooms on the lower floor instead of one, as we usually find it, and a pantry so arranged that food and dishes could be passed through it by means of a wicket, from the kitchen to the dining room, without opening doors. Gems of fancy articles were also to be seen in the sitting room and parlor, which were now thrown into one room by the opening of folding doors.—*Household.*

## "ON EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN."

BY ELIZABETH F. ALLAN.

Joseph was not in a very good humor that Sunday, though it was her birthday, her tenth birthday.

In the first place, a Sunday birthday was a dull sort of thing, she thought, and then baby Fritz had been so sick that mamma had not had a chance to get any little present ready for her. It is true that was only put off; the present was to come, but still Joseph felt out of sorts.

And when mamma called her to get her Bible verses, she broken into a regular pout, and grumbled out that it was a hard case she couldn't have any fun at all on her birthday, not even a holiday from Bible verses.

Mamma at once shut the Bible and laid it on the table.

"I can't let you learn your verses while you are in a bad humor, daughter," she said, "so I will preach you a little sermon instead."

"Once there was a little boy who used to beg his father every morning to keep him away from the bees, but instead of helping his father to help him, he went straight out and played with their hives, and of course they stung him again."

"Well, what next?" asked the little listener.

"That's all," said mamma.

"All! Why, I don't call that a sermon," "but it is a short one, and it has my little daughter for a text."

"Now, mamma, you know I never do anything like that!" exclaimed Joseph.

"I think I can show you that you do something very much like that every morning. When you are repeating the Lord's Prayer, what do you say after 'Thy kingdom come'?"

"They will be done on earth as it is in Heaven," repeated the little girl, briskly.

"That is, you ask God to make you do His will, just as the angels do it. How do you suppose the angels do God's will?"

"I don't know," said her listener, slowly.

"Of course we don't know exactly, but of some things we may feel confident. I am sure they do it promptly; I am sure they do it perfectly."

"The angels know just what God's will is, but I don't," answered Joseph, who felt as if she needed somehow to defend herself. Her mother pointed to an illuminated text hanging on the nursery wall: "Children, obey your parents."

There was a long, quiet time then, in

which mamma drew her little girl to her knee, and kissed her tenderly.

"I won't give you any verses to get today," she said gently, "but I give you this little sermon to 'learn by heart.' Every time you say, 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven,' remember that you are asking God to make you do what you are told—promptly, cheerfully, perfectly. And then you must help the Lord to answer this prayer."—*Churchman.*

## PAUL THOMPSON—A TRUE STORY.

One afternoon, a few weeks since, while passing through one of the principal business streets of a large city, we came upon a crowd of school-boys standing in front of a saloon. The boys had come out of a school-house only a few moments before, and had their books, slates, etc., in their hands. They were a company of bright, intelligent, happy-looking lads, but they all seemed deeply interested in something that was going on inside of that saloon. As they opened their ranks to make way for us to pass, we stopped and asked what it was that had attracted such a large crowd of boys.

"Paul Thomson's been in a fight in the saloon there, and a policeman has just gone in to arrest him," said one of the boys.

While he was speaking, a large, blue-coated, brass-buttoned officer came out leading a man, or rather jerking him, by the coat collar. The man in custody was young, with slight form and delicate features, and as we looked into his face we saw traces of intelligence and cultivation.

"He is drunk," said another boy, "and when he's drunk he is always ugly and wants to fight. This isn't the first time he has been taken, either."

The crowd of boys followed the policeman and the prisoner, and we soon lost sight of them. As we passed on, we noticed the public-school building was only a short distance from the saloon; many of the scholars had to pass by it every day. The same proprietor had been in possession of the building for ten years past. Only six years before Paul Thomson had graduated from the High School. He was a scholar of high standing, too. But he had been in the habit of passing this dangerous corner for years before he graduated. He had been attracted to it in his boyhood, as the boys just spoken of had been, by some similar occurrence. He began by looking in to see what was going on behind the green screen-doors. Then he stepped inside to hear what the men were talking about. The saloon-keeper noticed him, for he had a manly bearing, and belonged to a family in high standing. He encouraged the boy's high opinion with pleasant, flattering words, and one day he gave him a glass of beer to drink. Paul thought it was manly to take the offered glass, but he could only drink a part of it; he did not like the taste, it was bitter; but the saloon-man patted him on the shoulder, and told him to drink as much as he could, and it would make a man of him. Paul knew it was wrong, and when he went home he felt ashamed to stay in the presence of a good, sweet mother. He could not look her in the face; every smile she gave him, and every kind word, made him feel more and more guilty. He resolved never to pass by the saloon again, but to go home another way although it was much farther. But somehow he did not go the other way but a few times. There seemed to be a fascination about that saloon, and he would linger around it. That was the beginning. Now we see Paul Thomson a constant frequenter of the same saloon. He had been going down, down, from bad to worse for six years or more. The very years, too, of his life which were the most important to him—the time when he ought to have been acquiring a true, honorable, manly character. His mother used to love to hear his step on the walk, and his cheerful, boyish whistle when he came bounding home from school, so happy and light-hearted. But now that dear mother listens and listens night after night for his step with an anxious heart. She is weary and worn with the late watching. She has pleaded with prayers and tears for his reform; but she "hasn't begun in cobwebs has ended in iron chains." He is a slave to liquor. We trust his good mother's prayers will be heard, and that, through the mercy and strength of the Lord Jesus Christ, he may

break those iron chains. But we see where he is to-day. Now boys, this case of Paul Thomson's is a great warning to all of you. Don't stop at saloons, even to look in. Cross over on the other side, and shun those terrible places where so many have lost their manhood and their soul. Remember that every poor, miserable drunkard began his downward career when he took his first glass.—*Evangelist.*

## A "WEEK OF PUDDINGS."

MONDAY.—*Steamed Pudding*.—Three cups of flour, two small teaspoonfuls of baking powder, or cream of tartar and soda, one and one-half cups of milk, or water, salt, two table-spoonfuls of butter, one egg if you have it, if not another half cup of flour. Steam an hour. Eat with sweet sauce or cream. Dried berries or cranberries make a nice addition to this pudding.

TUESDAY.—*Boiled Indian Pudding*.—To each quart of milk add nearly a pint of apples cut in pieces, not slices, eight table-spoonfuls of meal, and a little salt. Boil in a covered pail or pudding dish three hours. This is nice cooked with the old fashioned "boiled victuals." To be eaten with cream or sauce. Dried berries are a good substitute for apple or it is good with neither.

WEDNESDAY.—*Molassa Pudding*.—Two and one-half cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, salt, two-thirds cup of molasses, one cup of milk, two table-spoonfuls of butter or lard, and one teaspoonful of spice. Raisins make an improvement. Steam one and one-fourth hours. Eat with cream or sour sauce.

THURSDAY.—*Baked Indian Pudding*.—Place the quantity of milk you wish to use in your pudding-dish on the stove. While it is heating pare and cut into it in pieces, not slices, several apples, sweet or sour. Add salt and sugar according to taste and the sweetness of your apples, and when scalding hot stir in meal in nearly the proportion of seven table-spoonfuls to each quart of milk. As there is a great difference in corn meal, it is necessary to try it after it has baked an hour or two, and add milk or meal as it is too thick or too thin. Bake not less than four or five hours.

FRIDAY.—*Bread Pudding*.—Cover the bottom of the pudding dish with bread crumbs, then slice on a layer of apples, sprinkle on dried currants if you have them, sugar, salt, and spice, then another layer of bread, and so on till the dish is nearly full, then over the top place very thin slices of bread and cover with milk. Bake an hour and a half.

SATURDAY.—*Harry Pudding*.—Heat a quart or more of milk, if it is not plenty use half water, and add salt. When boiling stir in dry flour till thick enough to not run, then set on the back of the stove and let it cook slowly ten minutes. Eat with melted sugar. Graham is excellent, used instead of fine flour, and raisins make it better, but we think cream necessary to eat with it.

SUNDAY.—*Suet Pudding*.—Mix together one cup of suet chopped fine, one cup of raisins, one cup of molasses, then add one cup of sour milk and two teaspoonfuls of soda mixed in a handful of flour, stir till it foams, then add flour to make a stiff batter. Steam one and one-half hours. This is especially nice for Sunday as it can be made in the week and re-heated when desired. Indeed it can be kept for weeks. It is nice eaten with a sauce of butter and sugar, but is best with cream, as are nearly all these puddings, and as I succeed in saving some cream from three pints of milk a day, and don't skim my baby's milk either, I think it is not unattainable to most people.—*Household.*

A PRACTICAL and simple help, for strengthening and invigorating the body is found in the exercise received in sawing wood. Surely no country boy should complain if he can do this, for it is an excellent thing, and there is hardly an apparatus named which can compete with it. It develops the back, chest, and arms and produces a most delightful sense of invigoration, giving tone to the entire body. I have known sons of wealthy men led to solely for the physical benefit to be derived therefrom.—*Household.*

SLOW POISON.

It is not, when we look into the matter, a surprising thing that so many people die yearly in the country villages of forms of disease more or less malarious, who, we might think, at first and superficial observation, were living under every condition of health, with exercise, sunshine, and fresh air in the greatest abundance. But a second glance and the conclusions drawn from the premises it affords, and the premises it surveys as well, give us plenty of reason for this illness and death, where there ought to be only robustness and long life. In many of the country houses of our acquaintance the house cellar is filled every autumn with a crop of promiscuous vegetables; if it is a good dry cellar, the immediate decay is small, although there is surely some decay; if it is a damp cellar, the decay is large, and the vapors of the fermenting stuff, seldom picked over and purified, are slowly accumulating, ready to rise and do a deadly work. This cellar, in the usual instance, is rarely or never whitewashed with a view to any disinfecting power of lime, nor is it ever ventilated, except as an open door now and then lets into it some air that never finds its way out, and does nothing, while becoming foul itself, but help push upward into the house the foul air already in the cellar, and even that air comes most frequently from the barn-yard, the outer cellar door or bulk-head opening generally on the barn-yard side of the house. Sometimes, too, although not very often, the cellar is used as a sort of wood-shed, where the sawdust and fine chips gather themselves together, and only wait for moisture to create their own poison. If, added to this, any of the hens and chickens are brought into the cellar for better protection in case of early hatching or illness, as has been done, there only needs one thing more, besides the absence of light, to complete its poisonous character—and that is the presence of a spring of water, a spring usually thought to be a treasure, and stoned in and curbed to preserve it. When now we remember that in the near neighborhood of the house, also, there is usually what is called the barn-yard heap, fostering the year round, a necessary thing, not to be reckoned as an evil in the long-run, except when near the house or the well, that this is always emitting a noxious breath of its own to load the neighboring air, and that with the chill of night succeeds the sun and warmth of every day this noxious breath of organic decay falls with all the other heavy particles of the air to the ground, and makes a stratum like that stratum of mist which one standing on a hill sees in almost any valley—if we remember all this, and recollect, too, that the room in which, as a rule, the master and mistress of this country house take their night's rest is on the ground-floor, we shall have no good cause for wondering that diphtheria and typhus and scarlet fevers and all the long train of zymotic diseases are generated in their system.

This bedroom, in most cases, we say, is a room on the ground floor, and generally opens out of the kitchen; it is usually small, and is so handily placed that it is a species of catch-all for old clothes and the odds and ends of family use; it is not often that the windows are left open at night; in a righteous dread of insects, thieves, marauders, and night air, they are generally so close that they might as well be battened; and there is a stout chimney-board lest any ventilation possibly occur and give colds and rheumatism by diluting the lukewarmness of the air already bottled up in the place; the door into the kitchen is perhaps left open, but as cooking has been going on there all day, perhaps woolen clothes steaming and drying, perhaps several pipes smoking, the air is hardly an open question.

Laborious, weary people sleep well, and the little malarious fiends do their deadly work as well. Are there any hereditary germs of disease in their system that might under other circumstances escape fostering and never come to light? The vitiated and weakened blood lets them loose in consumption and scrofula and cancer. While, be they the healthiest people born on earth, inheriting no taint, the air they breathe in these close nights above their collars can do no less than give them deadly dysenteries and burning fevers. Wars and famines and earthquakes, great plagues of cholera and the like, doubtless slay their thousands every year, but tens of thousands of people, who never learned the delights of airy upper-story sleeping-rooms, where the first ray of

morning comes like a gay awakening friend, are slain in quiet, unobtrusive ways every year by the ground-floor bedroom in the country farm-house over the unventilated cellar.—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE SNAKE STORE.

"There was once a man who came into a certain town and opened a store. He sold a kind of goods different from what his neighbors sold. One of his neighbors kept a grocery; you all know what a grocery store is, where they sell sugar, coffee, tea, soap, and many other articles for family use. You know what dry goods stores are, and hardware stores, and clothing stores and milliner's shops, where they sell many things that are very good and useful. Some of you have seen bird stores in the large cities, where they sell canary birds, parrots and other birds whose sweet song or beautiful feathers make them desirable. Some of you have seen horse markets or cattle markets, where people might buy these animals for food or service. But this man did not have any such useful thing.

He had a snake store! Nothing but snakes, every one of them poisonous, was to be seen there. There were monstrous serpents coiled up in high barrels; there were the rattle-snakes and the cobras and theadders and the asps, of all sizes and colors. Many of them lived in long, narrow glass houses, with a hole in the top where they might crawl out. On the front of their glass house was printed a gorgeous label bearing the name of the snake within. There were beautiful labels, but behind every one of them were the gleaming eyes of the poisonous serpent, with the sharp fangs ready to bite. Bottled snakes stood in long rows on the shelves, or lay in their barrels and boxes and casks all about the store."

"But do you really mean to say, Mr. Lathrop, that the man really sold those horrid snakes to the people?"

"Yes, that's just what I mean. Every snake had its own price, and any one who chose could come in there and buy one, or as many as he wanted."

"But didn't they take out the poisonous fangs, before they were sold?"

"No, not a bit of it. People seemed to like their biting. Men and boys would take the snakes and play with them, even putting them into their mouths and let them run down their stomachs, where they would always bite. So they kept getting poisoned, and seemed to like it. They would get red and purple in the face, and their eyes would get glassy, and their speech thick, and they would become dizzy, and would stagger and reel all about, and sometimes fall down in a fit. Oh, how many were bitten! Old men and young boys, and sometimes even women, seemed to enjoy handling the smooth, slippery serpents, and they would always put them in their mouths. Many men died from the poison, and others would get terribly sick and thought they saw snakes in their boots, and on their beds, and in the air, writhing and twisting about them everywhere. Some were so fond of the snakes that they would sell their clothes, their Bibles, their food, and everything they had, so they might get bitten again by these reptiles. The people became poorer, and more miserable, while the snake stores flourished and multiplied. We have nearly one hundred of them in Macon."

"Oh, I know what they are! You mean liquor saloons!"

"That's it, my boy. Keep away from those evil places. All liquor has snakes in it. Alcohol is a poison. "At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."—*The Helping Hand.*

GOOD WORK FOR CHILDREN.—Let your daughter, with a little advice, cut up a few yards of calico, and make aprons, dresses and bed-quilts, even if there be a little waste and poor fits. She will be likely to see her mistakes and profit by them. Let her make some cake and bread, and broil some meat and some corn, no matter if she does have to throw some of it into the swill-pail. It is better to make a few mistakes while young in acquiring an education, than to grow up without experience. They must learn some things or make great blunders during a portion of their lives, when left to rely on themselves. In many respects children are not trusted enough. They are "bossed" too much.—*Woman's Journal.*

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT-LESSONS.

(From Pelouzel's Select Notes.)

Dec. 14—Eccles. 2: 1-13.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

L. "How was it," I at length said (to the poet Robert Ferguson, "that you were the gayer in the party last night?" "I do not know that I can better answer you," he replied, "than by telling you a singular dream I had. I dreamed that I had suddenly quitted the world, and was journeying, by a long and dreary passage, to the place of final punishment. A blue, dismal light glimmered along the lower wall of the vault, and from the darkness above, where there flickered a thousand undefined shapes, I could hear deeply-drawn sighs, and hollow groans, and convulsive sobbings, and the prolonged moans of an unceasing anguish. I was aware, however, though I knew not how, that these were but the expressions of a lesser misery. I went on and on, and the vault widened; and the light increased, and the sounds changed. There were loud laughers, and shouts of triumph and exultation; and in brief, all the thousand mingled tones of a gay and joyous revel. "Can these," I exclaimed, "be the sounds of misery when at the deepest?" "Behold them," said a shadowy form beside me—"be they think thee, if it be so on earth." And as I remembered that it was so, and bethought me of the mad revels of a shipwrecked seaman and of plague-stricken cities, I awoke."—*Hugh Miller in Tales and Sketches, "Recollections of Robert Ferguson."*

YOUR DUTY AS A TEACHER.

1. To be in your place every Sunday at least five minutes before the time for school to begin; or have an approved substitute there in case of necessary absence. If you cannot provide a substitute yourself, let the superintendent know of your intended absence.

2. To gather and keep a class about you—not merely to teach those who happen to be present. You can easily enough gather a class by a word of invitation to the boys and girls playing about your streets, who do not go to any school. You can only keep a class by making them feel, both in the school and out of school, that you are interested in them. Greet them with kind words whenever you meet them. Hunt them up as soon as they become irregular in attendance.

3. Keep your class in order by giving them something else to think about than the tricks and jokes to which they will naturally turn if left to themselves. An interested boy is always a good boy.

4. To interest your class in the lesson of the hour, because you have first become interested in it yourself, because you have been planning beforehand, how you shall interest them.

5. To set your class an example, not only of punctual and regular attendance, but of interest in the general exercises of the school. Do you sing, then they'll sing. On the other hand, do you chat with a neighbor while the superintendent is reading the Scriptures, then they'll chat with a neighbor. Like teacher, like class.

6. To make yourself responsible, as far as possible, for the general interest of the school. To shift no duty upon the superintendent or his assistants which you can do yourself. To work, give, pray, make sacrifices, bear burdens for "our school."— *Gospel Teacher.*

TELEPHONING TO GOD.

A little girl who had never heard of a telephone was filled with wonder when she first saw one being used. She understood there was a conversation being carried on, but with whom, and where the person was, were both mysteries to her. Seeing her deep interest, the matter was explained.

Some time afterwards she was visiting her grandpa, and family worship was a new thing to her. She asked many questions about it. Her grandpa told her of God, who made all things, and who gives us all the blessings we enjoy.

"But, grandpa, I never saw him. Where is he?"

She was told that he was everywhere, and could see and hear us, though we saw him

not. For some time she sat lost in thought. Then suddenly her eyes sparkled, and she exclaimed:

"I see; I know now. When we pray we telephone to God!"

When we pray, dear readers, do we always realize, as we do when we speak through the telephone, that our words will be heard and answered, "if we ask aright"? As a tender parent stoops down to listen to the request of the little one, so our Heavenly Father "inclines his ear" to hearken to us. He is the "hearer and answerer of prayer." Whatever gives us anxiety or trouble, even though it may be too small to tell our fellow-creatures, we may pour into his ear; with the assurance that if he does not see fit to remove it, he will give us strength to bear it. Let us in our prayers "become as little children."—*Illus. Chris. Weekly.*

PUZZLES.

ENIGMA.

In Africa once I delighted to roam,  
On the tail of my owner I fed.  
But now far away from my own native home,  
I, instead of a tail, dress a head.

CROSSWORD.

My first is in light, but not in dark;  
My second is in boat, but not in bark;  
My third is in gear, but not in far;  
My fourth is in gig, but not in car;  
My fifth is in first, but not in high;  
My sixth is in ear and also in eye;  
My seventh is in late, but not in soon;  
My eighth is in planet, but not in moon;  
My ninth is in love, but not in hate;  
My tenth is in fellow, but not in mate;  
My whole is a poet whose words have weight.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

58 letters.

My whole is a remark of Dr. Johnson's, which every one who would accomplish anything would do well to remember.

3, 14, 20, 44 is the prominent word in the sentence, and is personified as a supposed opponent in a race. This opponent always gains by the fact that he is never hindered by 45, 32, 9, 6, 19, 15, 12, 2, 26, 49, 56, 21, 10. Dr. Johnson shows how a poet, in making a famous 17, 7, 5, 28, 16, 54, 11, 18, 34, 38, 33 could not compete with this opponent. With this competitor it is wise to 42, 57, 31, 14, 37 in advance, and never 35, 8, 45, 49, 41, 20, 42 to 54, 19, 29, 39, 54, 44 hindrances. It is wiser not to 45, 7, 2, 13, 39 him as an 50, 33, 47, 53, 31, 48, 9, 14, 28, 55, but 52, 51, 21 him as a friend; and, 23, 54, 47, 1, 32, 41, 31, 4 beaten, rather note with 43, 21, 25, 54, 32, 8, 40 care how you run, 46, 22, 27, 9 how fast; 30, 24 this must be controlled by the lack of that advantage he 24, 32 aptly acquires to this opponent.

RHOMBUS.

1. 0 0 0 0 0  
0 0 0  
0 0 0  
2. 0 0 0 0 0

You will not find my number one  
Among the busy, toiling throng;  
'Tis only found in kingly courts,—  
With royalty alone consorts.

My number two repeats my first,  
When duly it has been reversed;  
It names a beverage,—think thou not!  
'Twill change a man into a sot!

Now read both ways—from east or west,  
Or up or down—this is no jest,—  
Each of those words then you will see  
Will quite four times repeated be.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

DOUBLE ANAGRAM.—Load of Arc.  
CHARADE.—Co-nun-drum.  
ANAGRAM.—Little Red-Ridinghood.  
ENIGMA.—Fractious (eat, not, car, fact, station.)

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Alida Ferguson.

OATMEAL SNAPS.—One cup of butter, two of raw oatmeal, three of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, and cut in round or square cakes. Bake brown in a quick oven.

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON XI.

Dec. 14, 1884. [Eccles. 2: 1-13] VANITY OF WORLDLY PLEASURE. COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 10, 11.

- 1. I sold in mine heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth; therefore enjoy pleasure; and behold, this is vanity and vexation of spirit. 2. I said of laughter, It is mad; and of mirth, What doeth it? 3. I sought to mine heart to give myself unto wine, yet acquainting mine heart with wisdom; and to lay hold on folly, till I might see what was that good for the sons of men, which they should do under the heaven all the days of their life. 4. I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards; 5. I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruit; 6. I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees; 7. I got me servants and maidens, and had servants born in my house; also I had great possessions of great cattle above all that were in Jerusalem before me; 8. I gathered me also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasure of kings, and of the provinces; I got me men of music, and women singing, and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts. 9. So I was great and increased more than all that were in Jerusalem; also my wisdom remained with me. 10. And whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them, I withheld not my heart from any of them; for my heart rejoiced in all my labor; and this was my portion of all my labor. 11. Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the way that I had labored to do; and behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun. 12. And I turned myself to behold wisdom, and madness, and folly; for what can the man do that cometh after the king? even that which hath been already done. 13. Then I saw that wisdom excelleth folly, as far as light excelleth darkness.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wisdom excelleth folly, as far as light excelleth darkness.—Eccles. 2: 13.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Eccles. 1: 1-18. Worldly Wisdom Tested. T. Eccles. 2: 1-11. Worldly Pleasures Tested. W. Eccles. 2: 12-26. Human Wisdom and Labor Vain. Th. Eccles. 6: 1-12. What is Man the Better For? F. Luke 12: 1-51. The Rich Fool. Sa. Luke 16: 1-14. Worldly and Heavenly Partibus Contrast. S. Eccles. 12: 1-14. The Completion of the Whole Matter.

LESSON PLAN.

1. The World's Pleasures Tested. 2. The Result of the Test. Times.—About 9: 37. Place.—Written at Jerusalem by Solomon, after his repentance and restoration to his kingdom.

INTRODUCTORY.

The book of Ecclesiastes was probably written by Solomon near the close of his life, when he had repented of his sin and folly, and was convinced of the vanity of everything except duty toward God. The word "Ecclesiastes" means preacher, and by this name the author is designated throughout the book. Our lesson passage gives us the confession of one who had tried worldly pleasures and found them wanting.

LESSON NOTES.

I—V. 1. I WILL PROVE THEE—will test whether thou canst hold thy ground in pleasure. MIRTH—the sociableness that excites mirth; gay, merry society. V. 2. MAD—puts him beside himself, out of his own control. V. 3. INTO WINE—the pleasures of the table, rich feasting and abundant drinking. ACQUAINTING—familiarizing himself with things, but carefully observing its effects upon him—dangerous experiment to which he became a victim. V. 4. GREAT WORKS—the work of the hands he now passes by the lust of the eye, and that pride of a few ten seeks and delights in outward splendor. HOUSES—see 1 Kings 7: 1-12. GARDENS and ORCHARDS—trees of beautiful trees, with fruit trees, V. 6. POOLS OF WATER—the remains of these pools or reservoirs are still seen a few miles south-west from Jerusalem. V. 7. GOT—brought or procured. FOOLS IN MY HOUSE—these from their natural foolishness were, on his account, esteemed of special value. V. 8. SILVER and GOLD—see the account of Solomon's riches in 1 Kings 10: 1-2. PRECIOUS TREASURES—other such things highly esteemed. V. 10. WHATSOEVER MY EYES DESIRED—he had no wish ungratified. II—V. 11. THEN I TOOK—he took a careful survey of the whole, and found that all he had gained was not worth the labor. NO PROFIT—no permanent, satisfying portion. LIFE WITH ITS HIGHEST JOY is profitless without a higher end—without a other life. V. 12. WHAT CAN THE MAN DO?—no other man could possibly have the power to make the trial of these things as he had. V. 13. WISDOM EXCELLETH FOLLY—worldly wisdom, not heavenly or true piety, is here meant. It exceeds folly as much as light exceeds darkness. But it does not yield the solid, permanent good that man craves. All worldly things are unsatisfying. The wisdom that is from above, the hope of a blessed life beyond the grave, is the only satisfying good. WHAT HAVE I LEARNED? 1. That sensual pleasures are unsatisfying and debasing.

- 2. That wealth and luxury cannot afford real enjoyment. 3. That worldly honors can give no enduring joy. 4. That worldly wisdom and learning yield but temporary satisfaction. 5. That we should set our affection on things above, not on things on the earth. Col. 3: 2.

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, Dec. 2, 1884.

This week has been an almost stagnant one, not only in this market, but generally. Grain, flour and dairy produce are all alike, very dull indeed, and were it not for the approaching Christmas season, which creates an appearance of business there would be nothing but stagnation visible. Prices have not changed much, if any. Liverpool quotes Canadian Peas at 6s. 9d. Chicago is very quiet and dull, with prices unchanged with for wheat and corn. We quote:—Wheat at 73c Dec. and 74c Jan. Corn is quoted at 35c year and Jan. at 34c. The local market is as dull as last week, in which saying a good deal. We quote Canada Red Winter, 82c to 83c; White, 83c to 84c; Spring 82c to 83c; Peas, 72c to 73c; Oats, 31c. Barley, 55c to 65c. Corn 69c. FLOUR.—Receipts are rapidly falling off, and it is high time, as the market is now stagnant and prices are threatening to go. The quotations are as follows:—Superior Extra, \$3.75 to \$3.80; Extra Superfine, \$3.55 to \$3.60; Fancy \$3.55; Spring Extra \$3.60; Superfine, \$3.25 to \$3.35; Strong Bakers (Can.), \$3.80 to \$4.00; Strong Bakers (American), \$4.00 to \$4.25; Fine, \$2.90 to \$3.15; Middlings, \$2.85 to \$2.90; Pollards, \$2.60 to \$2.70; Ontario bags, (bags included) Medium, \$1.75 to \$1.85; Spring Extra, \$1.65 to \$1.70; Superfine, \$1.45 to \$1.55; City Bags, (delivered), \$2.35. MEALS unchanged. DAIRY PRODUCTS.—Both butter and cheese are quiet with unchanged prices. We quote:—Creamery, 23c to 26c; Eastern Townships, 18c to 22c; Western, 14c to 17c. Cheese is unchanged at 11c to 12c for September and October, and 8c to 11c for other makes. EGGS, fresh, are selling at 19c to 21c, as to quality. HOG PRODUCTS are very quiet. We quote:—Western Mess Pork \$15.00 to \$15.50; Hams, city cured, 14c to 14c; Bacon, 13c to 14c; Lard, western, in pails, 10c to 10c; do, Canadian, 10c; Tallow, common refined, 7c to 8c. ASHES are very weak, Pots selling at \$3.70 to \$3.80, as to tars.

NEW YORK, Dec. 1, 1884.

GRAIN.—Wheat, 81c Dec.; 83c Jan.; 86c Feb.; 88c Mar.; 92c May. Corn, 50c Nov.; 47c Dec.; 45c Jan.; 45c Feb.; 46c May. Rye, quiet, 63c. Oats, dull; 31c Nov., 31c Dec.; 32c Jan. 34c May. Barley, Canada No. 2, 76c. Peas nominal. FLOUR, quiet and unchanged. We quote: Superfine, \$2.30 to \$2.65; Low Extra, \$2.65 to \$3.05; Clears, \$3.40 to \$4.15; Straight \$3.65 to \$4.70; Patent, \$4.65 to \$5.00. Winter Wheat;—Superfine, \$2.60 to \$2.70; Low Extra, \$2.65 to \$3.20; Clears (R. and A.), \$3.75 to \$4.00; Straight (R. and A.), \$4.00 to \$4.95; Patent, \$4.50 to \$5.25; Straight (White Wheat), \$4.00 to \$5.00; Low Extra (City Mill), \$2.90 to \$3.15; West India, sacks, \$3.60 to \$3.65; barrels, West India, \$4.40; Patent, \$4.80 to \$5.40; South America, \$4.25 to \$4.30; Patent \$4.50 to \$5.25. Southern Flour—Extra \$3.60 to \$4.25; Family, \$4.50 to \$5.00; Patent, \$5.10 to \$5.60. Rye Flour—Fine to superfine, \$2.75 to \$3.85. MEALS.—Commercial, \$3.40 to \$3.50 in bbls; oatmeal, \$5.00 to \$5.90 per bbl. SEEDS.—Dull. Clover 8c to 8c; Timothy, \$1.45 to \$1.47; Linseed \$1.80. DAIRY PRODUCTS.—Butter unchanged. Creamery, ordinary to select 19c to 30c. Half firkins, ordinary to best 16c to 28c; Wash tubs 18c to 27c; Western ordinary factory, to choice imitation creamery, 9c to 24c. Cheese, state factory, ordinary to full cream, 3c to 12c. Ohio flats, fair to choice 6c to 11c; Skims 1c to 3c. LIVE STOCK MARKET. The market is overstocked with common and inferior beef cutters, and prices of these kinds have a downward tendency, but choice animals bring pretty high figures as very

few of them are brought to market. The best beefs sell at from 4c to 4c per lb. Pretty good steers and fat cows sell at about 4c per lb.; common dry cows at about 3c do., and lean stock at from 1c to 2c do. Sheep and lambs are in good supply and there is an active demand for the best lambs, which sell at from \$4 to \$4.50 each. Common lambs sell in lots at about \$3 each and small lean ones at from \$2 to \$2.50 each. Live hogs are plentiful and are declining in value; prices running from 4c to 5c per lb. Good milk cows are very scarce and in demand at from \$55 to \$70 each, and common ones sell at from \$35 to \$50 each. The horse market is very dull with very little doing.

FARMERS' MARKET.

There has been a considerable increase in the quantity of farm produce offered in the markets here of late and though the demand is active prices are generally lower. Dressed hogs and dead poultry are much more plentiful than they have been of late and prices are considerably lower. Tub butter is also very plentiful and lower in price, but choice prints are scarce and dear. Fresh laid eggs are too high-priced for ordinary use. The supply of hay continues to increase, but the quality is very far from what it ought to be and might be if farmers took proper care in saving it. Oats are 75c to 85c per bag; peas, 75c to 90c per bushel; beans \$1.40 to \$1.80 do; potatoes 35c to 50c per bag; turnips, carrots, beets and onions 30c to 50c per bushel; cabbages 15c to 3c per dozen heads; butter 16c to 40c per lb.; eggs 22c to 50c per dozen; apples \$1.50 to \$3.00 per barrel; dressed hogs 6c to 7c per lb.; mutton quarters 5c to 7c do; young turkeys 12c to 15c per lb.; geese 6c to 8c do; fowls 7c to 10c do; ducks 12c to 15c do; hay \$5.00 to \$9.50 per 100 bundles.

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THE STORY TELLER.

PEOPLE who never could see any sense in spelling "facilia" as they pronounce it, "f-a-e-b-a-a," will perhaps be delighted as to both the spelling and the pronunciation of the word when they remember that the flower was named after a man named Faehs. In the same way they will know how to spell "camellia" if they remember that it was named after the Jesuit missionary, Father Camelli, its first importer. "Don't you think you have a good mamma, to spread such nice large slices of bread and jam for you?" said an old lady to a little boy who was enjoying his tea. "Yes," was the reply; "but she would be still better if she'd let me spread on the jam myself."

IN THESE DAYS of oleomargarine. It takes a smart man to find out "on which side his bread is buttered."

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WORDS IN SEASON—"How's your cold?" "Breddy b d, thag yer."

IF THERE'S ANYTHING that will make a man cordially hate himself, it is when he takes a walk about a mile to the post-office to find that he has left his keys at home, and then, on going home after them, to find, on opening the box that the only thing in it is a card notifying him that his box rent is due.—Boston Post.

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