

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

VOL. III.

MONTREAL AND NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1884.

No. 19.

The Weekly Messenger.

BUSINESS NOTE

This paper steadily makes its way in public favor, which is not surprising, seeing its many good qualities and its almost nominal price. It would, however, make manifold more rapid strides in strength, and consequently afford more opportunity for improving it, if its readers more numerously made it their own paper in a greater degree than being merely possessors each of a weekly copy. If all would take sufficient interest in it to resolve that it should have at least one new subscriber at each of their hands in the course of a year, the progress thus ensured to it would be more gratifying than any achieved since its remarkable growth of the first year. Price only fifty cents a year; five copies for two dollars. Address JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Montreal, Canada.

THE AMERICAN CONGRESS.

Mr. Hiscock, discussing the tariff bill, upheld protection, attributing to it the greater prosperity of the country now than twenty years ago. Free trade might give the farmers a market abroad, but only by driving more people to farm and lowering prices. He thought the protective system incited the inventive genius of the people and provided safe investment for capital. It had not, in his opinion, the effect of building up monopolies. Mr. Hurd, of Ohio, spoke at length on the disastrous effect of the high tariff on the shipping, agricultural, manufacturing and laboring interests of the country, and prayed for "the day when the divine thought of man's brotherhood to man would succeed the degrading and humiliating one of national isolation and foreign exclusion."

THE SOUDAN.

According to the *Pall Mall Gazette* the Ministers will not help General Gordon to resist the Mahdi and will do nothing unless he executes his pacific mission. The *London Times* says that the public opinion will find expression in Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's motion of censure with regard to the Government's course toward General Gordon. General Wolsley has submitted a plan for the relief of General Gordon and proposes that General Graham be placed in command. In a despatch to Sir Evelyn Baring dated April 16, General Gordon states his intention to retire to the equator if he fails to crush the rebellion, thus leaving England the disgrace of abandoning the garrisons of Senaar, Kassala, Berber and Dongala, and causing great difficulty in order to conquer the Mahdi.

BEFORE ISSUING HIS ENCYCLICAL against freemasonry, the Pope, after hearing reports from qualified sources, said he had reason to believe that the Freemasons, and various societies that are affiliated to them or result from them, are strong numerically among Catholics on both hemispheres.

THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

A sensation has been caused by the report of the parliamentary commission to enquire into the condition of the crofters of Scotland. It regards the dependent position of the Scotch laboring classes and their not holding property as a very serious matter. The commissioners consider that the ownership of property by the people who till the soil is a large element of civilization, morality and public order. They say there is a larger, richer, more active and enthusiastic Celtic community outside than inside Scotland, and in this no one who knows what Scotchmen are and have done in the New World will disagree with them. Of course the report that so frankly acknowledges human rights is unpalatable to the aristocratic orders. A criticism by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the aristocratic Liberal mouthpiece, characterizes the report as audacious, favoring agrarian revolution and striking at the chief features of the present social organization. The report of the commission advises emigration as a remedy against poverty, the emigrants to be aided by Government grants for their passage expenses and the acquirement of land in Canada.

Mr. Chaplin made a motion declaring that to increase the electoral privileges in Ireland at this time is dangerous to the welfare of the state. Mr. Gladstone said it was impossible to maintain union between England and Ireland except by giving equal rights to both countries. He said England was strong enough in wealth and population as compared with Ireland to let her be equally strong in right and justice, and she would have abundance of force to settle whatever matters might arise between the countries in future. Mr. Chaplin afterward abandoned his motion.

Mr. Samuelson, M. P., in a speech before the Iron and Steel Institute, said that the report of the parliamentary committee on technical education would show that England is not behind other nations in the facilities offered for acquiring technical knowledge and skill. He declared that Englishmen were more ready than any other people, except Americans, to adopt new ideas and new inventions.

An amendment to the cattle bill passed by the House of Commons limits the compulsory prohibition of diseased cattle to two years.

A bill licensing cremation was rejected by the House on the ground of public feeling against that method of disposing of the dead.

PRESIDENTIAL NOTES.

General Butler is the unanimous choice of the Democratic Convention of Massachusetts for President.

Resolutions were adopted by the Vermont Republican Convention binding delegates to the national convention to vote for Mr. Edmunds for President as long as his name is up.

Delegates to the National Convention at Chicago from the Kansas Republican Convention are not instructed how to vote, but are expected to go for Mr. Blaine.

EDWARD CURRY WAS MURDERED at Eastman, Georgia, in February last, by George Fuller and Henry Roberts. They have confessed the crime, saying they committed it because they failed to win Curry's money at cards. The body was disposed of by putting it in a hollow stump and burning it.

CHIEF ENGINEER, Melville, of the Jeannette Relief Expedition, testified before the commission that Dr. Amber and himself had decided in case of an emergency arising to take cyanide of potassium and put themselves out of the way rather than be tempted to acts of cannibalism. They, however, when the emergency arose, left the ship in such a hurry that they forgot the poison. It seems Providence was kinder to them than they were prepared to be to themselves in their extremity. Had they not forgotten their own remedy they would possibly have abandoned the struggle for existence which resulted in their escape.

ABOUT SIXTEEN INMATES of the poorhouse in Van Buren county, Michigan, perished in the burning of that institution on the night of April 29th.

PRICES OF WINDOW GLASS have been advanced ten percent by the combination of makers.

THE REGISTRAR-GENERAL lately read a paper in Dublin, which argued that Ireland can be more benefited by improved cultivation than by reclamation of waste land. He declared that Irish farming had not ruined trade and that Ireland was not a ruined country.

ALL THE FEDERAL PRINCES OF GERMANY agreed that if the Reichstag rejected the bill prolonging the law against the Socialists, a dissolution of that body must ensue.

MUCH PROPERTY is being destroyed by forest fires in Northern Michigan.

A CONSTABLE NAMED WRIGHT tackled a burglar in Toronto a few days ago and a desperate struggle took place. Three times the constable was floored with a heavy chisel, but he stuck to his man and threw him twice. The burglar drew a revolver and was going to shoot the constable, when the latter knocked the weapon out of his hand. This action gave the villain a chance to tear himself away, and he got off with the loss of the revolver and chisel.

AMERICUS ROGERS, son of the postmaster at Hamilton, New Jersey, has been sentenced to three years imprisonment for robbing the mails.

A VICIOUS HORSE belonging to a cabman attacked a young lady who was passing a cab stand in Quebec, throwing her to the ground and then trampling on her.

WILLIAM POLT is under arrest for robbing the mails to the tune of \$10,000 while assistant postmaster at Union, South Carolina.

AMERICAN ARTISTS are highly praised for their works in the French Salon by the Paris correspondent of the *London Daily News*.

TWO GIRLS NAMED JAMES at Charleston, West Virginia, were fatally poisoned by eating sugar sent to them by some unknown scoundrel pretending to be their cousin.

SEVERAL ROBBERIES of the British Columbia mails have been discovered to have been committed recently on the Northern Pacific Railway. A mail for the East and Europe and two from Canada and England were taken at different times.

JOHN HOWDEN, of Turtle Mountain, Manitoba, is under arrest charged with manslaughter, for having caused the death of his half-witted son Alfred by allowing him to wander away from home last winter to perish in the wild.

A COMMITTEE of the New York Assembly has concluded, after investigation, that Evin D. Hughes received the injuries that caused his death in the Utica Insane Asylum at the hands of three attendants, one of whom is personally responsible for his death.

THE SLOOP "GRAPPLER," flying the British flag, while working on Cap Island, about eighty miles west of Port-au-Prince, Hayti, was captured and burned by natives. She was commanded by Samuel F. Furrington, a submarine diver, and had on board when attacked about \$10,000 worth of the wrecked cargo from the royal mail steamer "Nile." This property was plundered and destroyed, and the crew were either killed or driven to the mountains by the savages. A ship of war has been despatched by the Haytian Government to the place, in the hope that the crew may be found alive.

SCARLET FEVER is epidemic at Canandaigua, N.Y., carrying off as many a sixteen victims a week, and public funerals have been prohibited.

STOCKHOLDERS AND CREDITORS of the iron manufacturing firm of Brown, Bonnell & Co., of Youngstown, Ohio, are desirous of starting a new firm with a capital of \$1,200,000 to take the place of the above one, which failed.

RUSSIA HAS FULLY RECOVERED her credit, or else money is a drug in Europe, seeing that the Russian loan of fifteen millions of pounds to build railways attracted subscriptions of more than seventeen times the desired amount. An article in the *Fortnightly Review* by the Rev. Malcolm McColl discourses of Russia in an optimistic tone and ridicules nihilism, which the writer says has been greatly exaggerated by the press. It would, we imagine, be pretty hard to exaggerate an organization that treacherously mangled the head of that vast empire and that makes the ruling despots constant slaves of terror whether walking or riding, going abroad or staying at home. We can understand the press being charged with lying about the state of the country in such an item of news, for instance, as that just published, to the effect that owing to a plot to assassinate the Czar having been discovered at Moscow, contemplated festivities to celebrate the coming of age of the Czarevitch will be held at St. Petersburg. This may be a lie, but it is a statement so plain and direct that there is no possibility of it being a mere exaggeration.

THE MAN WITH THE WOOLEN SHIRT.

I know fine gents who reap their rents,
Look on him as so much dirt,
But here's good luck to the man of pluck
Though he wears a woollen shirt.

By the giddy world the lip is curled,
None care how his heart is hurt,
But he has more worth than titled birth,
Has the man with the woollen shirt.

For its gilded gods the world applauds,
And their manhood few assert,
So here's good health not to wanton wealth,
But the man with the woollen shirt.

No land he owns nor dual thrones,
By his strong right hand exalted,
He stems the strife to the close of life,
Does the man with the woollen shirt.

Perchance some day he will win his way
To a life beyond this span,
Where a sweet repose will end the woes
Of the woollen shirted man.

And though by few he's mourned 'tis true,
No pageant; his tomb begirt,
Yet jewels all are the tears which fall
For the man with the woollen shirt.

Then hip! for him, hooray! for him,
He's neither a knave nor fool,
So hip hooray! again I say,
For the man with the shirt of wool.

—St. John News.

JOHANNA'S FIRST LOVE.

BY HORATIA CARLIN.

The folks were packing up, getting ready to move. Standing about in different rooms of the house were trunks stuffed full of clothes, and boxes stuffed full of books, and rows of chairs tied together two and two, and bureaus and washstands and clothes-presses dragged from their places against the wall into the middle of the floor,—and baskets full of odds and ends; and bundles of this and bundles of that and bundles of the other.

The carpets had all been pulled up, and stretched on the line in the back yard; where Mr. Clinton, Johanna's father, was now energetically engaged in beating them with a broom, and enveloping himself in a cloud of dust at every blow.

In the dining-room, Mrs. Clinton, with dishes of various sizes and shapes piled up around her, was placing them between thick folds of paper, and storing them carefully away in boxes; while Jane a towel pinned over her head, was sweeping the deep layers of dust that had accumulated under the sitting-room carpet into the corner.

Usually little Johanna would have been greatly interested and excited over this delightful confusion of things, but to-day all the pleasures of the confusion were wasted so far as she was concerned. For a dreadful sorrow lay on her heart—which weighed down her spirits, like lead in a plummet, or lead in a riding skirt, or simply like lead.

How could she enjoy herself now, or ever enjoy herself again, when that very afternoon she was going to start on a journey, to a place miles and miles away, and leave her precious little kitty behind her, to be neglected, starved, chased by dogs, stoned by boys, poisoned by cruel neighbors, annihilated!

For her mother had forbidden Johanna to take the kitty along with her—her dear, dear kitty that she had loved its whole life long—just as much as Mrs. Clinton had loved the baby its whole life long!

But Mrs. Clinton was "grown up" now, and she had forgotten how it feels not to be grown-up; she could not have loved a kitten if she had tried.

So she had said very decidedly, "No, Johanna, you must not think of taking that kitten along. Why, we are going a hundred and fifty miles in the wagon, will be nearly a week on the road, and have to camp out some of the nights; and that cat of yours would be no end of bother! It would get lost any way; you must not think of such a thing! Now, don't cry," she added, as Johanna put her apron up to her eyes. "You can have another kitten when you get to Iowa, one that will do just as well as this one, every bit."

Suppose some one had told Mrs. Clinton that another baby would do just as well as

her baby. But Johanna had been taught not to argue with her elders. So she caught up kitty in her arms, and rushed out doors to her little play-house, between the three tall redwood trees that grew very near each other.

There, nailed to the trunk of one of the trees, was the little box with the slide door to it, into which she had so often put kitty, when she was "keeping house," and had played that kitty was her stove because she purred so loud, and made a noise like the hum of a boiling tea-kettle.

But it made Johanna feel very badly to see the "stove" now. She sat down on the "sofa," as she called it—a stone covered with a piece of old carpet—and strained kitty close to her heart. "O kitty what shall we do? whatever shall we do?" she moaned. "I can't leave you; oh dear, what shall I do?"

Kitty did not answer, for she did not know any more than Johanna what to do. Besides she did not realize that any thing needed to be done. She was not being stoned or poisoned or persecuted then; and kitties never look ahead into the future, you know.

So she just curled up into a tight little ball in Johanna's arms and purred herself to sleep. And Johanna slipped down on the ground with her head on the stone sofa, and hugging kitty very gently, for fear of disturbing her, sobbed and sobbed and sobbed. She felt just as miserable as a little girl can feel!

From the house, she could hear her father's steady "swish," "swish," "swish!" as he beat the carpets—and it sounded to her like "poor puss, poor puss, poor puss, poor puss, poor puss,"—over and over again. But this only made Johanna cry the harder. She lay there for a long time, holding puss and trying to reconcile herself to the idea of living without her. She thought some of giving her to Mrs. Archer, their nearest neighbor, but Mrs. Archer had five great boys, and how could puss be happy living there? She could not bear the thought of what puss might have to undergo!

Gradually the sounds from the house grew fainter and fainter, and before she knew it Johanna had followed kitty's example and fallen fast asleep. There her mother found her with the kitty still tight in her arms, when some time afterwards, every one was ready to start except Johanna, who was missing. Such a sorrowful, tear-stained little face it was as she lay there! Mrs. Clinton's heart relented at the sight.

"Come, Johanna, we're going now," she said, waking her. "I suppose you'll have to take that kitten along, if you can't live without it," she added shortly. "But it's perfect folly; come along quickly, for father is waiting; the wagons are all loaded."

"O mother! may I really take kitty?" Johanna burst forth. "O mother, I'll rock the baby always, every day, for ever after this! And I'll always be where you can find me, too, when you want me to rock him!"

Johanna skipped along beside her mother, and I think that now, instead of being the most miserable little girl that ever was, she was the most happy. All that afternoon she held kitty in her arms as they rode along in the wagon, and every once in a while she would whisper in kitty's ear, "Oh, I'm so glad, glad, glad! Aint you, kitty?"

But as her mother predicted, kitty caused Johanna a good deal of anxiety on the journey; though Johanna kept her anxiety to herself—"For no one loves poor puss but me," she thought.

The first night they stopped at a wayside hotel, and at bed-time, Johanna put the kitty in the pocket of her dress, and carried it up stairs to bed with her. She was afraid to put her out doors for fear she would get lost or hurt in some way, and she was afraid to tell any one that she was going to take puss to bed with her, for she was pretty sure that would not be allowed. As long as she could keep her still, and out of sight, no one else thought anything about her.

That very evening she had eaten her dinner at the hotel table with the kitten in her pocket the whole time, and no one had known it. But towards morning kitty, who, like all cats, feel uneasy in strange places, began to "meow," "meow" most dismally. It woke Johanna's father, who slept in the same room, and who was very tired from moving furniture and beating carpets. The noise made him cross,

"Where does that caterwauling come from?" he said.

"Oh! kitty, don't," Johanna whispered anxiously to kitty, "don't, don't."

"Meow, meow!" said kitty, good and strong.

"Johanna, can it be that that kitten is in your bed?" asked her father.

"Yes, father," said Johanna, faintly, "but kitty, will be good in a minute, I guess."

"Meow! meow!" said kitty. Then Mr. Clinton lost patience. He got up and put poor puss out in the hall, and poor Johanna did not sleep another wink that night! But she need not have worried, for she found puss all right again in the morning.

The next night the family camped out in the woods, and Johanna took the shoe-strings from her shoes, when no one was looking, and fastened puss to a bush near where she slept. But Johanna did not sleep very well, for she was afraid her puss would "meow" again in the night, and wake up the father, and then he might do something dreadful to puss.

And in the morning she had another fright. She was running around among the bushes, and leading kitty by the shoe-strings, when she saw something in the distance that looked like red berries.

"I'll just take kitty here a minute while I go for them," she said. But when she had got the berries she couldn't find the place where she had left kitty. And just then her father called, "Come, children, we must be going! All go get in the wagon!"

"I'll stay here and starve, before I'll go off and leave puss to starve," thought Johanna in desperation. Then she rushed frantically here and there among the tall bushes calling, "Kitty! kitty!" and her father kept calling, "Johanna, Johanna," and saying, "Why don't that girl come!"

But she searched until she found puss, and then her father scolded her for keeping them all waiting for a cat. In due time the family reached the end of their journey, and Johanna told kitty in private that she "felt relieved enough to get her settled again." And now I am going to tell the shocking part about this story.

Two years afterwards the Clintons were going to move again, and when Johanna heard it she said, "You don't catch me taking that cat along this time. I don't care a single, solitary thing about her!"

Was it not dreadful for her to have grown so cold-hearted? But I don't think she had really grown cold-hearted; she had only grown older, and had outgrown her first love; that was all.—*Fatchman.*

THE BROWN GIRLS' LEGACY.

A TRUE STORY.

Pale with fright, the two children sped toward home, never stopping until they were safe within their own garden fence. Then they sat down to rest and take breath.

"We must tell mother about it, though I am sure she will never let us go to Sunday-school again, it is so far and the wild beasts roar so loud."

"I'm sorry," said little Meta. "Oh, how they did roar! Wasn't it dreadful?" And the child threw her hands over her eyes, and her ears, as though to shut out the horrid sound.

The Browns had moved to the West, and the children missed their Sabbath-school. By much urging, they had gained permission to attend the nearest school, over four miles away.

Wild beasts still haunted this wild unbroken country, and to-day the children had been dreadfully frightened. They knew full well that their Sunday service must be given up.

Helen was the first to speak.

"Do you remember the little books that our Sabbath-school teacher gave us at home?" She always spoke of the East as home. "Why can't we have a Sunday-school all by ourselves? You and I can sing, and we will teach the other children. I'm sure mother will let us take the big Bible."

"Oh, yes!" said Meta, drying her eyes. "And after you have read in the Bible and sung, then you will read from the little books, and we will give them for a library, won't we?"

Helen shrank a little from giving away her precious books, but Meta seemed so earnest that she consented.

The parents were interested, and before another Sunday came, all the children in the neighborhood (there were but few) were interested in the novel plan.

It proved to be a beautiful day. A small table was brought out to the east porch. The family Bible, a pile of little books, a Sabbath-school singing book, and a bottle of flowers were placed upon it. Meta had said, as she brought the wild flowers, "I'm sure God will be pleased to see we want His flowers at our little Sunday-school."

Helen conducted the meeting, and never did an or-fained pastor carry more intelligence or throw more heart into his words than did this frail child of ten summers. She read among other verses, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Who can blame her if a quiver of pain passed over her face at the thought of her precious books just sacrificed to the cause?

She was ashamed to find her eyes turned toward the little pile, and she set her lips firmly. She knew it was no time to waver.

The meetings went on for a year—always at the east porch in warm weather, and in the big living-room in winter. Some kind friend gave them a rough box with a shelf and a curtain in front to keep the little library safe.

Time went on. The Sunday service grew until every family for miles around was represented. Still Helen read the Bible and the books, while all joined in singing. Surely, the Heavenly Father never looked upon a more earnest company of worshippers than the little assemblage at Baraboo. It was not until the influence became so strong that a chapel was built that Helen relinquished her pastorate.

She was now a stately maiden, and soon left the place for a home of her own.

It was years afterward that Helen, revisiting the place, stood in the grand library-room at the church, not the chapel; for they had been earnest workers and had a most beautiful place of worship.

"If you please, ma'am, these books are not to be taken from the room, though you can examine them here at your leisure." The librarian had noticed this stately lady gazing at the few small books in a side case.

He did not know that this noble looking woman with iron-gray hair was once a slender, pale-faced girl, who read and sang with his own mother, so many years ago.

"Why are these books kept so choice?" she said.

"Because they were the first starting of this fine collection. They are called the 'Brown girls' legacy,' and were given by two small girls who, they say, laid the cornerstone of this church."

A flush came into the face and a sweet light lit up her eyes, as she drew a chair toward the little case, and, one by one, took down the worn and yellowed books. Tears came to notice how neatly they had mended the torn leaves. On the fly-leaf she could trace her childhood name.

As she remembered the struggle it had cost to give up the precious books, she felt the force of the words of Jesus,

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."—*Christian Register.*

WHAT DO THEY READ?

A young man receives a little book from his pastor's wife, urging the Christian duty. He is converted, enters the ministry, and goes to a western tribe of Indians and proclaims the Gospel. Another young man rises from the perusal of the "Life of Jesse James," and resolves to be an assassin. He commits a crime, kills two officers who attempt to arrest him, and is now in prison awaiting his trial. Though their training in other respects was very different, the former having pious parents, yet the final resolve that settled the future life-works of each, sprung from the character of the two books they had read. In this age of schools and reading, young people will read. The most of our young people are readers, but what do they read? Shall our free schools arm missionaries with the sword of the Spirit and bless the world? Or shall they arm assassins with the bowie knife and pistol to destroy human life? Which? Let book-sellers and parents beware of putting dangerous weapons into reckless hands; and let the good combine in earnest efforts to put moral and religious books into every home that will receive them.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Opposite face interest some, with feature wh character. I intuitively I by evil influ intellectual, save for a cyr habitual rat first attracte eager unres mentally sai cup to the di any good thi good in his r for something

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A BIT OF PAPER.

By S. V. MILNE.

Opposite me in the car sat a man whose face interested me greatly. It was handsome, without that extreme perfection of feature which so often indicates lack of character. I read noble traits there, but intuitively I felt that they had been dwarfed by evil influences. His brow was large and intellectual, his mouth firm and beautiful save for a cynical expression which I thought habitual rather than natural. What had first attracted my attention, however was an eager unrest in his fine brown eyes. I mentally said, He has drained the world's cup to the dregs, and concludes there is not any good thing left, while involuntary the good in his nature is seeking and still hoping for something real and true.

My thoughts were interrupted by his speaking eagerly to me: "For God's sake, madam, if you have any pity—" I turned in the direction of his glance, and found a woman at my side in a convulsion. My heart was at once aroused to its fullest sympathy. I supported the poor sufferer as best I could while the gentleman stopped the car and himself assisted in carrying her to an adjacent drug store, in the ante-room of which was fortunately a comfortable lounge. In our efforts to resuscitate her I unfastened her dress. As I did so a well-worn purse fell out. I immediately searched its contents for some clue to her identity, but in vain. There were a few silver pieces, and a single slip of paper, on which was written in a cramped hand these words: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. The poor woman, conscious though unable to speak, smiled as her eyes fell upon the paper, and reached out her trembling hand to receive it. When she was at last able to give us her address, we hired a cab and took her home. On our way thither she gave us a sketch of her history. It was the old story of poverty, distress, and widowhood. Her heart had been full of rebellion for the heavy sorrows laid upon her until one day she had strayed into a Moody meeting, where she heard the words which had carried such a blessing to her soul: "I would not remain long," she recanted. "I had dropped in partly to rest, partly from curiosity; but as I left the building Mr. Moody uttered that sentence. It clung to me all the way home, and I did not rest until I had written it on that bit of paper. I read it over and over again until I knew it was true—true that I was a sinner, and true that Jesus could wash me clean, even me. I had no one to teach me what to do, only the Spirit led me. Since then my life has not seemed so hard. I am a seamstress; had been down town to take home my work and receive the miserable pittance for my labor. Years ago I was subject to these bad spells. I suppose my sewing late at night has brought them back. It will go hard with my little ones when I can no longer work, but if the Lord Jesus is able to cleanse my sin, he is able to care for them. That little slip of paper is my best treasure."

"I will give you gold for it," said the strange gentleman, drawing a piece of money from his pocket. For a moment a vision of the comforts it would buy must have flashed through her mind, but remarking his skeptical look, her faith stood the test. "You would tempt me, sir. No, I will not sell God's best blessing to me."

"Do not refuse him," I said; "it may do for him what it has done for you." In an instant her features lighted up. "Oh, take it, sir," she urged, "without the gold. God's grace is without money, without price, and may be his for your happiness and good." He took it from her hand and dropped it carelessly into his vest pocket. All through he had shown the forethought and tenderness of a woman, but now his face settled back to the old expression.

We found the home of our charge to be poor and bare enough, though neat in the extreme. After a few kind words the gentleman left us, and after his departure we found on the table a twenty-dollar gold piece. I afterwards secured plain sewing for the woman from private individuals, which paid her better with just half the toil. Her health improved, and in time she was enabled to move in to better locality. I interested friends in her behalf and fitted her children out for school. So her prospects brightened.

Two years had passed, and one morning, as I was walking down Broadway, I saw a gentleman descending the steps of the Astor House and watching me intently. He hesitated a moment, then hastened towards me with outstretched hand. Somewhat embarrassed, I said, "Your face, sir, is familiar, but I cannot name you." "Did we not together act the part of 'good Samaritans' towards a poor creature in distress?" Then of course I knew him and said so. "You will please pardon my taking advantage of that chance meeting to address you now, but I am interested to know the fate of the person we befriended. I left town that night for my home in the West, and this is my first return to New York. I consider my meeting with you today a most happy coincidence."

I told him of course all the above facts regarding the woman, and he seemed much gratified. "Will you see her again?" he said. I replied in the affirmative. "Then give her this, please," he added, taking from his memoranda the memorable slip of paper, "and tell her it proved a blessing as she prayed it might. I, too, know and feel that the 'blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.'"

Having sons of my own, my motherly heart became more than ever interested in the young man, and I invited him to my house, where he gave me a glimpse of his past life, and a full description of his conversion. Reared in wealth, he had become a devotee of the world, until, satiated with its pleasures and its sins, he grew tired of life itself. He became skeptical as to the existence of any real good, and yet his heart continually longed for something, he knew not what.

The woman's simple story of her faith, told when his heart was softened by the suffering he had seen, greatly impressed him. The paper she gave him seemed, he explained, like a "five thing in his pocket." The words haunted him day and night until he was thoroughly convicted and converted. I thought it a beautiful illustration of God's providence, and it strengthens my belief that there is no such thing as chance, but that

"God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." —American Messenger.

PLAYING WITH FIRE.

Until our education in pathology is better attended to, it is playing with fire for us to undertake to "doctor" ourselves, as the greater number of us are fond of doing in our little ailments. The child taken in the night with the deadly chill of scarlet fever is dosed by the frightened mother till its power of sustaining itself is gone before the doctor comes, and another seized with internal pains, has by the fondest love and effort a supposed remedy sent tearing and ripping a manerful way through its system, like a "five thing" that should have been left absolutely quiescent. And the instances are multifold almost to infinity where mistaken love has put the sick one beyond help, because relying too much on family tradition and the wisdom of past generations.

Still, as the physician can not always be had, and one is loath to call him in the night unless the case be extreme, it follows that we shall go on administering the wrong dose, with the best intention and the worse result, for some time to come. Much of this might be obviated if, instead of a good deal of useless knowledge taught in the schools, and expected to be learned, there were taught and obliged to be learned a sufficient preliminary knowledge of physiology for every girl to know the structure of her frame, and how wonderfully she is made. It would seem as if neither man nor woman should venture to undertake the management of a household and the rearing of children till they know something of what it is they undertake, with such issues of life and death in their hands. And whenever this shall be an absolute requirement of early education we may rest assured that the health of the community will be on a far superior basis to that in which remedies are used ignorantly, according to hearsay, and not from acquaintance with facts, and we shall have heard the last of these household remedies, hardly beyond comparison with which was the former administration of shot to an old lady troubled with "a rising of the lights."—Harper's Bazar.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

May 18.—Acts 19: 23-41: 20: 1, 2.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. Dianæans.—Christians. It is said that the idolaters thought it a wonderful invention when they thought of the plan of making small shrines of Diana and her temple, which they called Dianæans, little Dianæ; so that they could have their goddess always with them, at home, in their business, on their travels, and were no longer restricted in their worship to the temple at Ephesus. So Christians are representatives on a small scale and of inferior magnificence, of the character, life and teachings of Jesus the Christ. So that every where there are Christians, men may get some idea of the Saviour, and be led to love and worship him.

II. Business and religion (ver. 27). Many trades have been quickened by the conversion of communities to Christ. The progress of missions in some parts of central Turkey has caused quite a demand for American ploughs; and the Christianization of heathen tribes always increases their trade with civilized nations; so that for every dollar expended in foreign missions, the country gets at least ten back in increased commerce. But there are some trades that cannot thrive where the Gospel succeeds. If, while I am praying for success in my business, I have the clearest evidence that it can succeed only by retarding the progress of the Gospel, then my duty is clear, and, at whatever sacrifice, I must leave that trade.—Wm. M. Taylor.

PRACTICAL.

- 1. Ver. 23. The success of the Gospel in an evil world is sure to produce commotion. The habits, business, pleasures, and customs of the world cannot be overturned without excitement and opposition.
2. Ver. 24. The Gospel forever interferes with a bad business.
3. Ver. 25. Those with whose business the love and purity of the Gospel interferes will band together to oppose it.
4. Ver. 27. They will oppose it in the name of religion and patriotism and freedom covering up their real motives.
5. Ver. 30. The true, brave man will risk his life to help his friends.
6. Ver. 34. People in excitement will not listen to the truth or weigh arguments.
7. Ver. 36. What calmness is secured by him who possesses conscious rectitude and faith in God.—Taylor.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

Stock brings this lesson and part of the preceding verses under one subject,—victories of the truth at Ephesus. I. Conflict with superstition and a victory by special miracles. II. A conflict with selfishness and the providential victory. III. Like conflicts now in hearts and communities. Or, we may take as our subject, the conflict of the Gospel with the evil of the world. I. The conflict (vers. 23-27) (1) with bad business; (2) with false religion; (3) conflict must arise when the Gospel comes in contact with these things (Matt. 10: 34-36). II. The result, commotion (vers. 28-34). Describe the mob, and the vain efforts to quell it. III. The tumult quelled (vers. 35-40). The four arguments of the town clerk.

ABOUT fifty miles from Shanghai, in the city of Quin San, there is a little church. One of the members is a boy, sixteen or seventeen years old now, who, before his conversion, had formed the habit of drinking wine. He soon saw that this was sinful, so after asking God to help him, he decided upon this plan to overcome the habit. A small wooden box was made, closed all around except a hole in the top, and every day at the usual hour of drinking wine, "wine man" inside (as he called his appetite) would bite him and want wine. Then he would run to the box and put into it the money he used to spend for wine, exclaiming, "There, now! you can't get any wine to-day, for your money has gone into the box." Each day this process was repeated, until he ceased to want wine; and when the little box was opened, he was surprised to find how much money was there, all of which was then given to the church as a thank-offering to God, who had saved him from a wicked habit.—Interior.

PUZZLES.

ENIGMA: 21 LETTERS.

- My 1, 7, 14, 11, 10, is a gem.
My 2, 6, 16, 8, 10, is a kind of window.
My 3, 12, 21, 20, is a small animal.
My 13, 12, 17, 7, is destiny.
My 18, 19, 4, 17, is a slight coloring.
My 15, 2, 5, is a domestic animal.
My 4, 19, 9, 20, is a number.
My whole is a distinguished poet and author.

BEHEADED WORDS.

- 1. Behead a German nobleman, and leave two words.
2. Behead a woman, and leave two words.
3. Behead a man, and leave two words.
4. Behead an elevated object, and leave two words.
5. Behead an animal found in America resembling a fish, and leave two words.
6. Behead land in motion, and leave two words.
7. Behead circular motion, and leave a series of things unfolded; behead again, and leave a spiral turn or wreath.

WORD PUZZLE.

From the letters of the name of a certain kind of candies may be spelled words which mean the following.

- 1. A holy city. 2. Desert travellers. 3. A pretty edge. 4. A wild sheep. 5. A shell fish. 6. A vehicle. 7. A fine tree. 8. Spice. 9. Ground corn. 10. Guns and pistols. 11. Crippled. 12. Rich milk. 13. A bottle of English drink. 14. A quantity of paper. 15. A measure. 16. A chase. 17. Something found in a corn field. 18. Part of a circle. 19. Several men. 20. A Spanish coin. 21. Something that holds a sleeve.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

RIDDLE, GLASS.

BEHEADINGS.—SCOW-DOO; BOA-DAR; CROW-FOW.

RHOMBUS.

Beet
Decm
Feel
Meer
Teek
Sees
Deed
Peer
Keen
Keel
Keel
Leer
Teel

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been sent by Blackwood Graham, Archibald Thompson, and Lillian A. Greene.

BATHING AND CRAMPS.

A sad instance of fatal cramp from bathing lately occurred at Durham, says the London Lancet. A fine young fellow, a trooper in the 3rd Dragoon Guards, then, on the march from Edinburgh to Manchester took advantage of the night's halt to have a dip in the Wear near that city. Being strong and a good swimmer, he took an oar, at which he worked for some time in the sultry evening till he came to deep water, and in a suitable place took his plunge. That he was immediately seized with cramp is evident from the statements of his companions, who, alarmed at his cries, hastened to render assistance, but he had sunk before they reached him, and he never rose again. When the body was recovered a considerable time afterward, it bore every evidence of a cause of the disaster. It was described as being "twisted"—that is, contorted; while the vessels of the head, especially in their gorged condition, pointed to congestion, in fact, to stagnation of the circulation! That this young soldier lost his life by bathing when in an overheated condition is quite clear. It would be well if soldiers and civilians would remember the lesson conveyed in the classical case of Alexander, quoted by Dr. Jones from Quintus Curtius, viz: "It was in the middle of one of the hottest days of a burning summer that Alexander arrived on the banks of the Cydnus. The freshness and clearness of the water invited the king, covered with sweat and dust, to take a bath. He stripped himself of his clothes, and, his body all in a sweat, he descended into the river. Hardly had he entered when his limbs became suddenly stiff, the body pale, and vital heat seemed by degrees to abandon him. His officers received him almost expiring in their arms, and carried him senseless to his tent."

The Temperance Worker

SATURDAY, MAY 10.

THE BATTLE FOR PROHIBITION.

The temperance people in county after county in Ontario are resolving in regular convention to make a strong effort to adopt the Canada Temperance Act. It is evident that the respectable and sober-minded people of the country are sick and tired of futile efforts to regulate the pernicious traffic in strong drink by means of license laws. They are perceiving that the only redeeming feature of these laws are the amount of prohibition they contain. It is, moreover, a patent fact that the liquor dealers disregard as much as they dare those wholesome restrictions attached to their business by the laws that legalize it. It is probable, indeed, that there is more unlicensed selling under license laws than under prohibition, for the classes that want to sell but come short of getting licenses are apt to have the disreputable qualifications of dram-sellers in superabundant degree, possessing no scruples whatever about defying the laws of God and man to gratify their insatiable lust for other men's money and to revel in all the degraded and degrading associations of their man-destroying business. They are all alike, licensed and unlicensed rum-sellers. Each class has a contempt for law whenever it comes in contact with their heartless and sordid interests. Thus we find the "respectable" licensed dealer violating the conditions of his privilege as to the hours of closing, the sale to drunkards and minors, etc. The licensed shop-man defies the law against having his goods consumed on the premises, and so on. The unlicensed publican comes in contact with the law on every side and at all points, and instead of his licensed brother having him suppressed—according to a prevalent theory of the way the thing works—the licensed vendor is usually too busy destroying men and boys with his poison, and withal with a sense of his own law-breaking accusing him has not the face, to appear as a complainant against the keeper of the low place. Indeed, the latter does not interfere with the business of the legalized saloon keeper to any great extent, but simply advances the victims of both a stage further downward on the incline that leads to the drunkard's final doom. It is from an appreciation of these and scores of kindred considerations, we believe, that there is such a powerful feeling abroad in Canada to-day against the legalizing of the atrocious traffic in human flesh and human spirit. To-day the people of Canada have the weapon in their own hands for giving the destroyer a stunning blow—that measure of local option, the Canada Temperance Act. They have within their reach the weapon for slaying the monster—the absolute prohibition which Parliament is pledged to bestow upon the country whenever it shows its readiness for receiving it. The general adoption of that Act, and its carrying by triumphant majorities, will be the very evidence that politicians in Parliament have demanded of the country's readiness for the larger measure. Shall the people give that evidence? "It must needs be that offences come, but woe unto that man by whom the offence cometh." Yes, and if it be true that prohibition will not entirely stop the sale of liquor, yet woe be unto that people who not only do not make the effort to wipe out the prodigious occasion of offence, but actually give it the sanction of law.

THE WEEK.

MR. LABOUCHERE, the Radical editor, made a comic show of himself in the British House of Commons the other day during the debate on cremation. He said it made no difference to him whether he was buried, burned or "anathematized," meaning "anatomized." After hinting that Sir William Harcourt might be buried first and burned afterward, the speaker, in resuming his seat, sat down upon his hat, flattening it out. The House roared as the honorable gentleman proceeded to straighten out his damaged top piece so that it would again admit his head.

THE GRAND JURY in Philadelphia, while indicting a lot of persons for unlicensed selling of liquor in booths at Barnum's circus, asked the court if they could also indict Barnum, saying his show was a public nuisance that brought in its train persons of bad character. The court replied that they could not unless they had evidence that Barnum was connected with the bad characters.

THE MEMOIRS OF PRINCESS ALICE excite greater interest than did the Queen's book. Fifteen thousand copies have been issued as a first edition. The work contains the Princess's complete correspondence with the Queen.

STATE-AIDED EMIGRATION is being vigorously discussed in England. An appeal for funds made by the society for its promotion did not succeed very well. There is a growing impression that emigrants sent out by the association are not wanted anywhere more than at home.

FEMALE IMMIGRANTS landing at Quebec will hereafter be looked after by Miss Richardson, who has spacious quarters for the work.

AMERICAN STATESMEN are being bitterly criticised for undue haste in recognizing the flag of the International Society in the Congo region. It is stated that Prince Bismarck protests against having an international protectorate established over the Congo region. Captain Stephens, an Irishman who has received a commission from the African International Association to enlist 2,000 Houssans, regards the acceptance of the Association flag by the United States and the alliance with France as very hopeful signs.

AN ATLANTA, GEORGIA, boy named Willie Reynolds has disappeared in a mysterious manner. His guardian thinks he has been enticed away for blackmail, being heir to a large fortune.

ALL THE EMPLOYEES on the Union Pacific Railway, excepting engineers and firemen, have had their salaries reduced 10 to 15 percent.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY contractors have made arrangements to secure all the Fins who come to Canada, as they are the best class of navvies that enter the country.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED by the Republican State Convention of California favor a protective tariff and the making perpetual the law excluding the Chinese.

THE DOMINION GOVERNMENT has disallowed an Act of the Ontario Legislature imposing fees for licenses taken out under the Dominion License Act of 1883. It is doubtful if this action will be sustained by the constitutional authorities, for the raising of a revenue from liquor license fees has been already emphatically declared by the Privy Council to be a Provincial privilege.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES is going to write an appreciative memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

FOREST FIRES have been doing much damage in Pennsylvania and been attended by some loss of life.

FOURTEEN DEATHS IN A WEEK from yellow fever are reported from Havana, Cuba.

THE SCHOONER "TENNESSEE," from Rockland, Maine, for New York, was burned at sea. A passing bark refused to rescue the imperilled crew although aware of their plight. For four days the fire smouldered in the hold, liable to burst out at any moment and speedily finish its work. Just before that catastrophe, however, the crew were rescued by the barkentine "Susan" and taken to Newfoundland, from whence they were carried to Halifax by the steamship "Hanoverian" from Liverpool.

A WIDE-SPREAD AND DISASTROUS FIRE near Charlestown, Maryland, was started by some boys setting brush on fire "for fun." It proved the most destructive fire that ever occurred in the State, burning over an area eight miles by three in extent.

TWO OF THE BOATS of the missing steamship of the State Line—the "State of Florida"—have been picked up at sea, right side up but without their gear. A sailing vessel spoken by signal by the steamship "City of Rome" reported indistinctly something about having a wrecked crew on board. This has given rise to hopes of the safety of the passengers and crew of the lost vessel. There were about seventy passengers on board the "State of Florida," which sailed from New York for Glasgow, about one-half the number being steerage passengers. Since the above was written certain news has been received of the fate of the steamer. The Donaldson steamship "Titania," from Glasgow, is at this writing ascending the St. Lawrence to Montreal, with twenty-four of the crew of the "State of Florida" on board. That steamer came into collision with a bark in mid-ocean and both vessels immediately went to the bottom. Out of 167 persons only 44 were saved and of the bark's crew only the captain and two men. 123 men went down on the steamer and 12 on the bark, making the total loss of life 135.

A FARMER NAMED PETERSON, living in the suburbs of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, is credited with discovering how to make whiskey in a solid form like tobacco. We doubt the story, but if it is true there is no reason to believe that the enemy solidified will reign instead of its liquified predecessor, that the signs seem to show will presently be cast out by all civilized society.

PATRICK SLATTERY, of Ennis, Ireland, has confessed by deposition to having suborned witnesses to swear falsely against the brothers Delahunty, sentenced in Cork in 1883 to life servitude. He declares they were innocent and that he was led to act treacherously with them by a police sergeant. It is no wonder there is disaffection in Ireland if cases like this are frequent. A man who could swear away or hire others to swear away the liberty of his fellows is fit for nothing but the gallows, and it is a pity he could not be consigned to that fate. It will not be forgotten, however, that it is not English tyranny but native treachery that so cruelly wrongs Irishmen.

THE ARCHBISHOPS OF BALTIMORE AND CHICAGO have promised to commend to the generosity of their people the project of erecting a memorial church to Daniel O'Connell at Cahirciveen, Ireland.

MR. THOMAS WEBSTER, secretary of the Grand Division of Ontario, Sons of Temperance, has an application for a charter to open a division of Sons of Temperance at Oshweken, on the Indian Reservation, the applicants being Six Nation Indians.

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY, Cobourg, has produced its first lady graduate.

AT THE TRIAL of a batch of a dozen Invincibles, in Sligo, Ireland, for attempting to murder sub-inspector Doherty and another man some years ago, one of the band, John Moran, turned approver and deposed that P. J. Sheridan was the founder of the Tubbercurry branch of Invincibles and P. N. Fitzgerald was his lieutenant.

A PUBLIC MEETING in Toronto, presided over by the Mayor, condemned the giving of assisted passages to immigrant mechanics and laborers. Domestic servants and farm laborers are, however, still in demand in that quarter.

TORONTO HAS HAD ITS DYNAMITE SCARE. Three cartridges were found in the walls of the Parliament building on Wednesday, April 30th. Various theories are held as to the persons who placed them there, and their design.

MR. TRUMAN SMITH, jurist and statesman, of Stamford, Connecticut, has died at the age of 94.

NEW JERSEY IS MOVING ONWARD in temperance matters. Last week the temperance people of Rahway, in that State, held meetings twice a day and got over 1,000 signatures to the pledge. At this rate there will soon be another State to adopt prohibition. The last vote of the New Jersey Legislature upon the question, a few weeks ago, nearly achieved that result.

THE REV. DR. KEMP, an ex-principal of both the Brantford and Ottawa Ladies' College, is dead.

NEW YORK STATE has received a little claim of \$450,000 in the shape of unpaid annuities to the Ontario Iroquois Indians. It is encouraging to find the red men getting civilized, even to the extent of going to the white man's law for their rights.

PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG, one of Germany's most popular princes, and Princess Victoria of Hesse, grand-daughter of Queen Victoria and daughter of the lamented Princess Alice, were married on Wednesday of last week in Darmstadt. Ceremonies and festivities were of a brilliant description. Queen Victoria was present, and stood during the choral service and embraced the newly-wedded pair. The bride was born at Windsor on the fifth of April, 1863.

MUCH TROUBLE IS BEING CAUSED by the revolutionists in Spain, notwithstanding assurances on the part of the Government that the movement had been crushed. A customs officer at Gibraltar who was arrested had on his person a treasonable document signed by Zorilla, the revolutionary leader. Dynamiters have been caught and their attempts frustrated at several points. A railway train was stopped by the police outside of Barcelona in time to prevent its passing over a bridge on which dynamite cartridges had been placed. Seditious placards were found posted on the walls in the town of Bejar.

COLONEL BURNABY, of England, does not think balloons will come into use as means of locomotion, but captive balloons in war will enable the motions of the enemy to be described as clearly as the figures on a chess board.

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Mr. FOSTER, the American Minister to Mexico, lately in Washington, contradicts General Badeau's statements as to the disadvantages to American interests involved in the commercial agreement with Spain. He shows that the benefits secured by the agreement far more than counterbalance what has been given up for them.

A WINNIPEG DESPATCH says the High Bluff Branch of the Farmers' Union declared strongly in favor of Manitoba's separation from the Dominion of Canada.

THE REPORT FOR THE PAST YEAR of the New York Chamber of Commerce shows a marvellous degree of prosperity in the country.

TWO DISSIPATED YOUTHS, who fell into the hands of the police in Toronto as vagrants, claimed to be one a son of "Chief-Baron Chamberlain," of London, England, and the other a son of "Col. Redford," a distinguished English officer. They state that they had as a companion a son of Lord Rossmore, who borrowed all their money and cleared out with it.

OSCAR WILDE is lecturing among the London lower orders, with a view to cultivating true taste in that not inviting soil. His success would be a blessing to its fullest extent.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S HEALTH is thoroughly restored. Long live the Queen!

A BANK IN LAUSANNE, FRANCE, had sunk \$800,000 in speculators' accounts, and now the manager has been arrested.

MR. DAVITT, one of the Irish M.P.'s, is going to give up agitating and emigrate to Florida. He has disagreed with his leader, Mr. Parnell, upon the land question. Mr. Davitt believes in everybody owning the land, letting cultivators just have it to live upon.

GENERAL MITE and MISS EDWARDS, the midgets, are to be married in Manchester, England, on the 12th of May.

M. A. DAUPHIN, manager of the Louisiana lottery, says the Philadelphia Times for libel, but the case was thrown out of court.

A SON and THREE DAUGHTERS of Mrs. Catherine Freis, Baltimore, Maryland, were poisoned lately with sauer-kraut, the son dying.

AN INSURGENT BAND has been defeated in Cuba, with a loss of one killed and a dozen captured.

IN THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS of France the large towns have given majorities for the moderate Republicans.

FOUR ATTEMPTED BANK ROBBERS were taken from gaol by a mob at Medicine Lodge, Kansas, and one shot and the others hanged.

A WIDOW LIVING ALONE in St. John, New Brunswick, came to her death from an explosion resulting from using lamp oil to light a fire.

NEARLY TWO THOUSAND DELEGATES were expected to be present at the thirty-fifth annual session of the American Medical Association in Washington this week.

JAMES R. KEENE, the wealthy speculator, of New York, has failed. He lost about four million dollars within six months.

FIFTY WORKMEN were buried by the falling walls of a building in London which was burned a few days previously.

A LETTER from Professor Virchow states that trichinosis caused by eating American pork is confined to a few isolated cases at Bremen, Germany.

JOHN MAGUIRE died in Winnipeg shortly after being kicked in the stomach by his landlord, Charles Heber, a hotel-keeper.

THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY is said upon high authority to be "not only suffering from a painful malady, but he is showing the childishness of extreme old age."

THE BUBONIC PLAGUE is raging at Bedra, in the Province of Bagdad, India, and a sanitary cordon has been established round the infected district.

MR. GLADSTONE, the "grand old man" of the British Empire, took a leading part the other day in the ceremony of throwing open a large space of ground in London as a play ground for children.

FRANCIS LEWIS, an old man of 70, who was superannuated by the Dominion Government in 1879, is in custody in Toronto charged with forging a thousand pound bond of the consolidated five percent loan of 1860. He was employed in the finance department when the bond was forged.

A LONG-SEARCHED NECROPOLIS near San, Egypt, has been found, together with other antiquities of that country. San is the ancient city of Talins.

HOUSE RENTS have largely advanced in Montreal and Ottawa this year.

THE FAILURE OF THE ORIENTAL BANK has caused the London branch of the Ceylon Company to suspend, with liabilities of £3,000,000.

A POWDER EXPLOSION in Havana, Cuba, killed above twenty and wounded about eighty persons, and did great damage to property.

NEWCASTLE, ENGLAND, shipowners have agreed to lay up one-fourth of their tonnage owing to the dulness of business.

A NUMBER OF THE RIOTOUS STRIKERS in the South African diamond fields were killed and wounded in a conflict with the police.

SLAVES HAVE RISEN in Vargen, near Rio de Janeiro, assassinating a rich proprietor and committing sundry other crimes.

HOUSES ARE TUMBLING DOWN in Buenos Ayres, South America, from undermining by protracted raining. Some lives have been lost, chiefly of children, and there has been a great loss of cattle.

A CAPTIVE BALLOON at the International Exposition, Turin, Italy, was struck by lightning, bursting away up in the air with a loud report.

UP AND OUT.

How many of the dear mothers in "Our Sitting Room" consider it a part of their religious duty to take a walk every day in the open air? "Oh, my!" says a hubbub of voices, "what would become of our housekeeping and sewing were we to indulge in out-door exercise so frequently?" "And for my part," chimes in a jaded-looking little lady, "I find exercise enough in trotting around the house, sweeping, dusting, picking up after this one and that, and I am very glad of the chance to take my sewing and sit down off my feet for a little rest."

"Ah! that is just the secret of your jaded looks and languid movements, and the rest you seek from needle and rocker will not bring the glow to the cheek, or buoyancy to the step. It is more important that your health should be taken care of, than that the sweeping, dusting, and sewing should go on without intermission until your energy is wasted, and your constitution is broken. Let work and sewing go for a while; go out and breathe the fresh air, and get a change of scene, and see if when you return you do not feel bright and refreshed, and take hold of things with more zest and vigor. Try my prescription, dear friends. You will be

healthier and live longer, and your husband and children will derive a benefit that you too close application to home duties would never give them.—*Christian at Work.*

REV. CHAS. GARRETT ON BANDS OF HOPE.

A Band of Hope worker was remonstrated with by a friend for "talking to a lot of children," but his reply was, "I am talking to the ladies and gentlemen of the next generation." The children of this country are in danger, and in danger through strong drink. Where were the children that were boys and girls with us? Go to the cemetery, and we would see that multitudes of them had not lived out half their days. Where were the children? Go and seek, and, alas! find them in the hustling crowd at the work-house door, leading the shameless life of the streets, in the gaol, in the lunatic asylum, and in the far-off penal isle. Ask them what brought them to this position, and—oh! the horrible monotony—each and all would say, "It's the drink; it's the drink." Then what is to be done? "Oh!" you say, "is it possible to save the children?" It is possible; yes, brother, it is possible. It is possible to save every one of them. You say, "Give me the remedy, and I will pay any price for it." You have nothing to pay. It is like the Gospel, without money and without price. You want to know what it is. It is a remedy as certain as it is cheap. What is it? There is but one. You may search all through the world, you will not find another; but there is one. I guarantee you, in the sight of God to-night, that if you will only apply the one not a child shall perish from intemperance. What is it? Total Abstinence. Keep the child from the drink, and drunkenness is impossible. Here is a house, and the drainage is bad. A poisonous gas exudes. It sails all through the house. You have your friends talking about it. The drainage is bad. One child sickens. Another dies. The father says, "This is a serious thing. I am losing my children. What is the matter?" Somebody says, "Why the drainage wants looking after. There is a poisonous gas in the house." "Nonsense," says the old man. "Poison, indeed! Slow poison. I have lived in the house fifty years, and my grandfather was a hundred when he died, and he lived here, and you say it is poison, indeed. No poison but I'll tell you what I'll do. I will have the house newly papered." "But are you not going to shut out the gas?" "Oh! no. The house will be all right when it is newly papered. Yet they sicken. He says, "I will get them new clothes." He gets them new clothes, and yet the children sicken and die. "We will get them a new governess to see better after them," and yet the children sicken and die. Understand me when I say he declares, "We will have a prayer meeting in the house. Oh! now we have got the remedy. We will have the prayer meeting"; and they had it, and yet they sicken and die. He says, "I cannot tell how the children are falling one after another." Somebody says, "Is there not an agent—a material agent—at work? Is there not a poisonous gas in the house?" "Oh! he says, "I have done everything." "No you have not." "What have I not done?" "You have not removed the cause. Remove the cause and the effect will cease. I do not object to your paper, your new clothes, your new governess (I hope you treated the old one well). I do not object to a prayer meeting, but I say so long as you keep the destructive agent in the house you will have the destruction. Remove the destructive agent and your children are saved." Need I make the application? John Bull has the house, and the destructive agent is alcohol, and he says, "We will have better teachers." It does not do. He has got the alcohol there. He says, "We will have better teachers," but the alcohol is there. We will have prayer meetings," but the alcohol is there; and so long as the alcohol is drunk so long the alcohol will do its deadly work. I say "John Bull, remove the cause and the effect will cease." How is it to be done? there are two things we can do, first, to persuade John Bull to banish the drink from his house. Then there is another thing, and that is to go to the children and ask them not to touch the drink. That is what we are doing, and if the children never touch the drink they will never die drunkards.—*League Journal.*

LAUGHING GAS.

THE REASON why Fred Douglass married a white woman, is probably because he wanted to make his trouble as light as possible.—*Ex.*

THE *Lancet* reports a lecture on tea and coffee, in which people are advised to put the coffee for breakfast in an earthenware vessel, pour cold water over it let it stand over night, and bring it to the boiling point by placing it in a water bath or double boiler in the morning, thus preserving all the aroma. As the editor pronounces the lecture as being "perhaps the most brilliant since its series was begun," the writer has no doubt tried the plan.

SECRETARY FOLGER has a habit of attending personally to numerous duties that almost any other man would leave to his subordinates. A visitor at the Treasury Department the other day, noticing this, said: "Well, Mr. Secretary, I see that you do everything that is done here, with one exception." "And what is that?" "You don't run the elevator, I believe." "No; but the man who does is getting—well, I don't know but what I will have to take hold of it!"

A CERTAIN great lady in Paris gives periodical dinners, at which assemble most of the best known wits and literati of the day, and it is the rule of the mansion that while one personage discourses, no interruption whatever can be permitted. It is said that M. Renan once attended one of these dinners, and being in excellent vein, talked without a break during the whole repast. Towards the end of dinner a guest was heard to begin a sentence, but he was instantly silenced by the hostess. After they had left the table, however, she at once informed the extinguished individual that, as M. Renan had finished his conversation, she would gladly hear what he had to say. The guest modestly declined, the hostess insisted. "I am certain it was something of consequence," she said. "Alas! madam, he answered, 'it was indeed, but it is now too late. I should have liked a little more of that ice pudding!'"

THE LATE Mr. Peter Cooper said: "The success of the Cooper Institute in preparing young women to earn a living has gratified me more than anything else. It was one of the things that I was most concerned about, and I made a statement of my desire in my 'deed of transfer' of the building to the trustees. Pupils come to our place, and behave themselves like gentlemen and ladies. For ten years not a single complaint of misconduct has been made to the trustees by any one out of the twenty or thirty teachers. Nine boys whom we graded are now professors in colleges. An old German called the other day to 'tank' me for his son's success; the lad, once a pupil of the Cooper Institute, is now a professor in the great University of Berlin, and much esteemed. So little is written about the Cooper Institute that per se hardly know its possibilities and results. Every year it instructs three thousand young men and women. For myself, I try to keep the building in good shape. I was looking at my books to-day, and I find that I have spent on it \$130,000 in the last two years."

FOR A DEBILITATED person or a dyspeptic nothing can be more nutritious than broiled chickens. To broil them so that they will tempt the most fastidious appetite, split a pair of tender chickens down the back, and press them flat. Season them with pepper and salt and let them lie while you prepare some beaten yolk of egg and grated bread crumbs. Moisten the outside of the chickens with the egg, and then sprinkle over them the grated bread crumbs. Have ready a hot gridiron over a bed of bright coals. Place the chickens upon the gridiron with their inner side next to the coals. Broil them slowly one-half or three-quarters of an hour, turning when necessary, and keeping them covered with a dish or pan. Just before removing them from the gridiron, place some small lumps of fresh butter upon them. If you suspect that your chickens are the least bit tough, parboil them at least ten minutes before broiling, to make sure that they will be nice and tender after you remove them from the gridiron. Adverts in cookery say it is difficult to broil the thickest parts of chickens well without scorching the tips of the wings and other thin portions of them.

CHINESE GORDON.

THE SOUDAN AND WHAT HE DID IN IT.

General Gordon at the close of the Taping Rebellion, returned to England for a much needed rest with his family. Friends would willingly have lionized him and invitations poured in upon him from all quarters, but he refused them all; he would let no one say that he had done anything heroic, and in 1865 he was content to settle quietly down to the command of his company of Royal Engineers in Gravesend.

For six years he stayed here employed in the construction of the Thames defences and here, as in China, all his spare time and money were given to the poor around him. His house was school, hospital, and almshouse in turn, and his delight in children, especially in boys working on the river or the sea, is one of the sunniest traits in his character. Many he rescued from the gutter, cleaned, and fed, and kept them in his home for weeks until work and place were found for them. He called them his "kings," and marked their voyages with innumerable pins stuck in a map of the world that hung

Arabic name Balad-us-Sudan, meaning the country of the Blacks. As used by the Arabs it means a vast tract of country in the central part of Africa bounded by the Sahara desert and stretching from Senegambia on the west to the province of Darfur, just west of the Nile, on the east. But the Soudan as spoken of by the Egyptians comprises a stretch of territory on both sides of the Nile reaching from about the first cataract, at Assuan, south to the Victoria and Albert Nyanza, a length of about 1600 miles and leaving out the country of Abyssinia, stretching from the Red Sea across the Nile, a distance altogether of about 1200, and is probably very nearly the size of India. The northern half is occupied by Arabs, most of them wandering tribes; and the southern part by negroes, who comparatively speaking are not nomadic but to a large extent cultivate the ground. The climate is very unhealthy for Europeans.

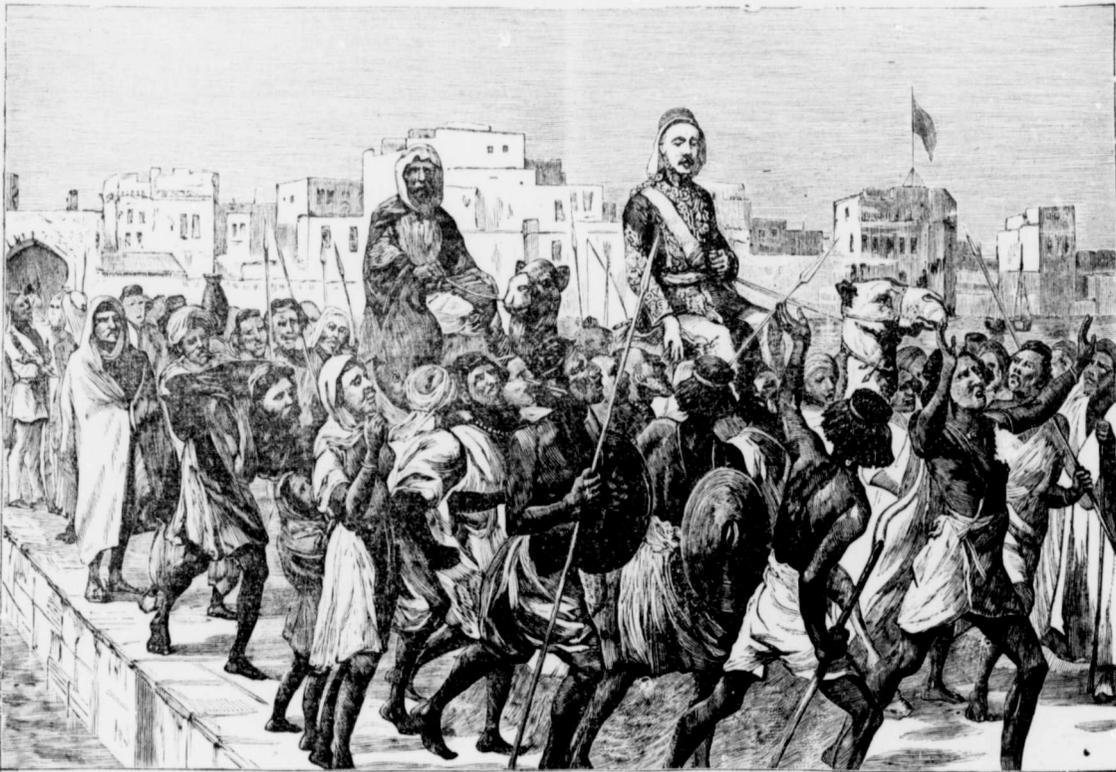
This country was divided up among a lot of petty chieftains but in 1819, Mohammed Ali then Khedive of Egypt sent his son Ismail to conquer the country, and it has been more or less under Egyptian rule

the same errand went Gordon in 1874. Gordon saw clearly the difficulty and peril of the undertaking but said "I will do it, for I value my life as naught, and should only leave much weariness for perfect peace."

His voyage up the Nile to Gondokoro was a strange one. Few Europeans had been there before him. Crocodiles slumbered on the mud and ponderous river-horses splashed and blew in the stream, whilst little mobs of monkeys came down from the gum-trees to the margin to drink, and wild birds sailed in flocks overhead. One bright moonlight night as the boat was sailing slowly along, he was alone on deck and thinking of the home he had left and the work before him, when he was suddenly startled by loud laughing from a clump of bushes on the bank. "I felt put out," he writes of it, "but the irony came from the birds that laughed at us.... for some time in a very rude way. They were a species of stork, and seemed in capital spirits, and highly amused at the idea of anybody thinking of going up to Gondokoro with the hope of doing anything." There were many amusing incidents on the voyage up. Once

deal to ameliorate the lot of the people."

Gordon's personal staff of Europeans numbered only eleven and of these two had died and six were ill before they reached Gondokoro, on the 11th of September, 1874. Thus he had only two persons upon whom he could depend. "The blacks had been so cruelly treated that the whole country was up in revolt and even the Governor-General dared not go half a mile from the city for fear of his life. And now the work Gordon set himself to do was to win the confidence of these poor people and break the power of the slave traders. He first built a chain of fortified posts from Gondokoro up to Khartoum, and, while travelling rapidly from one place to another engaged in this work, he captured and punished a great many slave-traders. The work he did among the people was enormous. At first they hated and feared him and attacked him at every opportunity, but they could not see him long without knowing him to be their friend. For years back they had not dared to plant any crops for their enemies were sure to come down upon them and reap what they had sown. He went higher



GORDON IN THE SOUDAN, 1879—ENTERING MASSAWA.

over his mantelpiece, and these pins he "moved, from point to point as his youngsters advanced, and day by day prayed for them as they went. The lady loved him, and scribbled on the fences a touching legend of their own invention "God bless the Kernel!" During the cotton famine in Lancaster, he took a large gold medal given him by the Empress of China, scratched out the inscription, and sent it anonymously to Canon Miller to be used in the relief of his sufferers; and in writing afterwards to his brother, he said of it, "Never shall I forget what I got when I scored out the inscription on the gold medal. How I have been repaid a million fold!" The people all loved him intensely and great was the sorrow of all when he left. Of all Gordon's interesting life the most fascinating is that part of it spent in the Soudan. But before going on to tell about it, it will be necessary to go back a little and find out something about that country and the origin of the trouble there.

The name Soudan is a corruption of the

ever since. The slave trade was carried on here to large extent, and under the Egyptian Pashas it grew to frightful dimensions. "Slave hunters became slave-kings, with organized armies, regal courts and great riches, and by their raids and ravages turned a country that had once been a garden into a desert." Volumes might be filled with the horrors enacted there. All this received the sanction of the Khedive, for as the slave dealers became wealthy he received large revenues from them. But as they grew in wealth they also grew in power, and one of them Zobeir Pasha, otherwise called the Black Pasha, who commanded thirty stations, rose and demanded that he be made governor-general of the Soudan. The Khedive now saw things in a different light. The very traffic which had brought him such large revenues from his southern provinces was threatening his supremacy and he began to look upon it with a holy horror, and to cast about for means to put it down. To this end he sent Sir Samuel Baker in 1869 and on

as they stopped to cut some wood they came across some blacks and induced the chief to come on board. He came "in full dress, (a necktie)" and going up to General Gordon gently hooked the back of his hand and then holding his face near his own "made as if he were spitting." He and his men were entertained at dinner but he ate all his neighbor's portion as well as his own, and then showed his gratitude by making his men sing a hymn of thanksgiving and crawled to Gordon and tried to kiss his feet. He was not allowed to do this but received a splendid present of beads instead. Near Gondokoro, which is nearly two hundred miles north of the Albert Nyanza, he found the natives in a shockingly degraded condition and half starved. In writing of this he says "What a mystery, is it not, why they are created! A life of fear and misery night and day. One does not wonder at their not fearing death. No one can conceive the utter misery of these lands. Heat and mosquitos day and night all the year round. But I like the work, for I believe I can do a great

and thither through the land, to some he would give grain, to others pay for planting their own fields, and to all assurance of his protection from the slavers, until the poor, down-trodden people began to look upon him as a king with unlimited power, and they flocked about him begging him to buy their children whom they were too poor to feed themselves. To the slavers he showed no mercy but confiscated their stolen goods whether cattle or men and threw themselves into prison.

For a long time the greater portion of his European staff were sick with fever and ague and while he was governor of the Equatorial province he was also nurse to his men. And yet in the midst of all this work he found time to amuse and instruct the natives in many things, and to take care of specially needy individuals among them. Of one poor sick old woman, whom he nursed and fed for weeks before her death he writes "She had her tobacco up to the last. What a change from her misery! I suppose she filled her place in life as well as

Queen E amused them by yards off

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Queen Elizabeth." His native soldiers he amused with his magic lantern and amazed them by firing a gun a hundred and fifty yards off with a magnetic exploder.

But his work was terribly dangerous and difficult. His native soldiers were the merest ragamuffins, not soldiers at all; and his native officers were treacherous and intriguing, and could not be trusted out of his sight. Before he came they were in league with the slaves and now he had taken their means of gain from them and they could not forgive him. Once through their carelessness or deliberate treachery he was left without ammunition and a guard of only ten men in a place where no Arab would have stayed without a hundred.

For two years and a half he labored there travelling almost constantly, giving almost all he possessed for the help of the wretched blacks around him, and continually sacrificing his comfort for their welfare; and when at the end of 1876, he returned for a short holiday to England, the slave trade in the Equatorial province was for the time completely suppressed, and the miserable population fairly set on the way to prosperity. But that this prosperity would be only temporary unless further measures were taken Gordon too well knew. "What will become of these poor people whom I have helped," he said, "when my influence is removed from them and from those by whom they are surrounded."

Early in 1877 he returned to Egypt. The slave trade had been checked in the Equatorial province but through the rest of the Soudan it was as bad as ever, with its headquarters and market at Kartoum, and Gordon told the Khedive that he could do no permanent good unless he had more authority. So this time he was sent down as Governor-General of the whole Soudan and also charged with a mission to Abyssinia to settle some disputes between that country and Egypt. Space forbids us going into the details of this second expedition but it involved, as Gordon said, the sacrifice of a living life. "It was a stupendous task," writes his biographer, "to give peace to a country quick with war; to suppress slavery among a people to whom trade in human flesh was life, and honor, and fortune; to make an army out of perhaps the worst material ever seen; to grow a flourishing trade and a fair revenue in the wildest anarchy in the world." And yet he believed he could do it. But he was not one who could talk much about it beforehand. At his installation at Kartoum when he was expected to make a speech he only said "With the help of God I will hold the balance level." His first edict was that after January 1878 no new slaves should be considered property, and then he set out to attack the slavers in their strongholds. Suleiman, the son of Zobeir Pasha, was one of the most powerful, slave hunters in the Soudan and had in Darfur a standing army of 6,000 robbers, and soon news came that he was in open revolt against the government and had for six months been besieging the city of Dara. Without an instant's delay Gordon mounted his camel, telling his escort to follow as quickly as possible, but not waiting for them, and rode off alone and unarmed to the city, eighty-five miles away, through a country infested with robbers; and reached it in a day and a half. Their amazement when they saw the Governor-General ride in was unbounded. "It was," said Gordon afterwards, "like the relief of Lucknow." The next day he went out with only a few Bashi-Bazouks directly to the robber's camp and told him that unless he submitted he would cut his whole army to pieces. Amazed, and supposing that Gordon had a large force at command, he surrendered and Gordon returned to Cairo. When he came back he found Suleiman again in revolt. Once more he went against him and this time captured him and with some other slave chiefs condemned him to be shot.

This was the end of slave hunting in the Soudan and he was now at liberty to treat with Abyssinia between which country and Egypt he was the means of preventing war.

Gordon's work in the Soudan may be summed up in his own modest words "I have cut off the slave dealers in their strongholds and have made the people love me."

Work accomplished in the Soudan he went to India and after a short stay there he went, on an invitation from his old friends the Mandarins, to China where he was the means of preventing war between that country and Russia. From here he went to the Mauritius, from thence to the Cape,

of Good Hope, and from here, having at last an opportunity for rest, he started for the Holy Land.

But such a man could not be allowed to rest long. The King of the Belgians was planning an expedition to the Congo to plant stations for the aid of explorers and to attack the slave trade at its great source, and at the end of last year telegraphed to Gordon that he wanted him to take the command. But this was not to be. Troubles of a new kind had sprung up in the Soudan. A man calling himself the Messiah, but called by his enemies El Mahdi or the "False Prophet," had raised a revolt there, had defeated various expeditions sent against him, and was threatening to march on Egypt. Gordon had gone to Brussels and was intending to start in a fortnight for the Congo when a telegram came saying that he was wanted by his own government to go to the Soudan. Prompt as ever he turned at once and came back to London; and "the same day that saw him arrive at Charing Cross from Brussels, his first stage, saw him depart on his present mission to the Soudan."

And there he is now and anxious hearts all over the world are waiting for the meagre news of him received from time to time. Conflicting reports reach us but we know that whatever may happen to him he can be nothing but safe, for his whole trust is in God and it is his strong faith that nothing can happen to him but as God wills. When he was starting, as he believed for the Congo, he sent to Canon Willberforce, who was presiding over a religious meeting, asking for himself the prayers of the assembly. "I would rather," he said, "have the prayers of that little company gathered in your house to-day than I would have the wealth of the Soudan at my disposal. Pray for me that I may have humility and the guidance of God, and that all spirit of murmuring may be rebuked in me." And when he found that his destination was changed he sent him another message: "Offer thanks at your next prayer meeting. When I was upborne on the hearts of those Christians I received from God the spiritual blessing that I wanted, and am now calmly resting in the current of his will."

PAT'S GIFT.

BY SIDNEY DAYNE.

"It's no use to try. It isn't the likes o' me as would give a bit to give."

Poor little Pat shook his head dolefully as he walked home from the Band of Hope meeting. For some one there had talked about the duty of even children in giving for the good cause, telling them there were very few who could not, either by denying themselves something for the Master's sake, or by earning, give a little. And we all know that many ladders when put together, made a good deal.

But Pat knew well that the few odd cents he sometimes earned by sweeping a sidewalk or running an errand, were too badly needed at home for him to think of giving them away. He had little time even, for out of school his mother almost always wanted him to carry water for her, or tend the baby while she washed.

Money was wanted just now because the friends of temperance were making a great effort to rid their town of the curse of saloons. Election day was coming, and the ladies had hired a hall in which they were going to give coffee and sandwiches at any time through the day to those who came to vote. This gave them a good chance of speaking earnest words to those upon whom so much depended. Pat—poor little fellow!—fully understood what was going on, for he had good reason to know that if the rumshops could be closed father's money would come home and mother would not have to work so hard, and the little children would never be hungry and would have warm clothes. He knew the meaning of the anxious look on his mother's thin face, and wished with his whole heart that he were a man, that he might work with voice, and hands, and strength to bring happiness to his home and many others where so much sorrow came.

Late in the afternoon of election day he was given leave to play for a while. He passed down the street and peeped into the hall. A lady was looking out as if in search of something.

"Oh, Pat, my boy, is that you?" she said. "I am looking for some one to drive over to Farmer Clover's to get some milk and cream he promised me."

"I don't see any one," said Pat, "but its meself'll go and get it for ye, ma'am. I can walk."

"You could not, Pat. It is a mile over the way, and you are too small to carry it." "Please to let me do it, ma'am," said Pat, straightening up. "It's a big 'by I am and I'd like to be doin' somethin'."

The lady looked doubtfully at him. "Well you may try, as you are so anxious," she said, "and we do need it badly—it will be a great help."

Quickly the boy ran along the muddy road and up the hill, over it and down again on the other side, glad in his very heart, that if he could not give anything he could at least do something to help. A keen wind was blowing and he was cold, and he looked very pinched and small as he at length stood before the farmer's wife and made known his errand.

"You can't carry it, my little chap," she said. "Why, is that enough for a man?"

"I can," said Pat, very positively. "I'm as strong intirely as any man. It's the ladies would 't be sindin' me if I wasn't, would they? An' its the big hurry they're in!"

Mrs. Clover thought the ladies might be mistaken in the matter of Pat's strength, but could not refuse to send by him.

"At any rate you must take something to eat before you go," she said. "Here, Sasan, warm up a bowl of that soup, and be quick about it."

"I can't be takin' the time for that," said faithful Pat; but Mrs. Clover laughed and said:

"You must, for the cream's to be skimmed and won't be done till you've eaten that soup and those doughnuts, too," adding to herself: "He looks about half starved!"

It was so near the truth that Pat had little difficulty in making away with both soup and doughnuts, and the welcome meal was a wonderful help in the long, cold walk before him. The two tin pails, one filled with milk and the other with cream, were heavy, and seemed to get heavier with every step of the way. It was hard work tugging up the hill with them, and he wished himself at the top. But when he reached it, so cutting a wind seized him that he could hardly keep on his feet at all. Any boy with a less stout little heart than his would have felt almost tempted to give up as it whistled roughly about his ears and took away his breath. But Pat would not even sit down a moment to rest. With all his strength he struggled on till he stood panting and exhausted within the door of the hall.

"You poor little fellow!" said the lady. "I was afraid it would be too much for you. Here, take this hot coffee—you're just in time, for the cream was all gone, and there are a great many workmen coming in now."

"Hark! hark!" cried his mother late that evening. "What are the bells ringing for?" Pat opened his sleepy eyes at sound of her voice, and then sprang from his bed clapping his hands.

"It's the good news it is, mother!—its No License! They said the bells would ring if the good work was done. An' it's meself had a hand in it," he whispered proudly to himself as he tumbled into bed again.

Pat's bright face added one more to the many which gathered in the Band of Hope room the next week. There was a statement made of all which had been given for the cause, in which the gifts of the children made up the sum which astonished many. And last of all came the item:

"Pat Dolan, one dollar."

Pat heard it in amazement, and then rose to his feet with checks on fire at speaking before so many.

"If ye please," he said, "it's loth I am to be contradicted! yez, but it's never a rid out in the wuruld meself has given at all, at all!"

"Ah, Pat," said the leader, after joining in the laugh which went around over Pat's speech, "if you had not carried the heavy pail that day and brought them quickly, too, it would have cost a dollar to send a waggon for them. Don't you know that doing is giving, my boy?"—Standard.

Do not attempt to cram the scholars too much. Say to yourself, "Such and such is the point in my lesson; let all the rest of my teaching revolve around that." One point fixed on the mind is better than twenty "in at one ear and out at the other!"

BRICKS V. BEER.

At a meeting of the abstaining mayors in March last, at the Guildhall, presided over by the Lord Mayor of London, the Mayor of Birmingham (W. White, Esq.) said:—

"I can find you a company of a few hundred men who became, to use their own expression, they had learned to 'knock off the fourpenny' (that is the favorite drink in Birmingham), have managed to save something like £14,000, and put it in a savings fund with which I am associated. I know also that they have as much invested in a building society—altogether pretty nearly £30,000—saved by 2000 men who have learned the very great blessing of a sober life. What a multitude of little homes I could take you to and there show you the fruits of temperance. I think of one. Twenty-five years ago I was speaking in one of our mining districts ten miles from Birmingham. It was a crowded meeting in a little inconvenient Methodist chapel. The place was so brimful of people that some of the congregation occupied the pulpit stairs. A great miner in his woollen garb was standing close by me as I occupied the pulpit and gave a temperance address. I began to speak, among other subjects, of how much ale drunk would pay for a yard of land. I enlarged a little upon it, and tried to make it as simple as possible to the audience. By-and-by this miner, who sat with his wife upon the pulpit stairs, began to puff very loudly, and almost shook me out of my shoes with a loud thump on the side of the pulpit, which made the whole fabric crack and tremble, and he shouted, 'Ah! what is that, gaffer! say it again, gaffer. That is the best bit I ever heard in my life. Say it over again, gaffer!' So I had to go through the little arithmetical sum again, and to explain how soon, by giving up intoxicating drinks, how soon by knocking off the 'fourpenny,' a man might possess himself of a piece of land, how he might build a house upon it, and so forth; and the man said, 'Halloo! see if I don't take that little bit of advice.' 'Not you, Jim,' said a man in the audience; 'you like to lush too well for that.' 'Now, lads, see if I don't do it,' said the first man; and again he gave a thump on the pulpit, with such tremendous force that I was afraid for my own safety. The man went home after he had signed the pledge. Three years after that I visited the place again, and I was invited to have a meal in that man's house. He had persuaded a neighbor to join him, and together they had built on a piece of land two neat little houses through the instrumentality of a building society, and that with us means being genteel—a parlour in front, and a kitchen behind. This man had his house furnished, he had a row of books on the shelf, he had the china in a corner cupboard, and every comfort that a working man could reasonably expect to have, and that with three years' exertions and perseverance in the total abstinence principles and practice."—British Workman.

THE RIGHT WAY TO GIVE.

Tableaux and charades, are, as I wish thus, innocent in themselves. If you wish them to entertain your friends, and spend in such diversion a pleasant evening, do so, and God will be well pleased at your innocent and life-giving enjoyment. But here are six or eight hundred well-to-do farmers, or one or two Christians in a city, who want money for Christ's cause; an amount small as compared to the real ability. Any of those farmers could, if pressed, raise five or six hundred dollars in a year or two, for his own business, those city Christians could raise for railways necessary for their worldly business two or three thousand dollars, and instead of raising it at once for Christ's cause, as for an object worth the outlay, they put a few sensitive, timid girls to work to get up a show, tableaux, charades, etc., as though the object sought, the building up of Christ's cause, could not command that small amount of money, but the momentary interest of a tableau could. What will sensible men think, when, next Sunday, the minister says that Christ's cause is the dearest of all others to all of his disciples! When men wish to have a barbecue, or a dance that costs, or anything in which the heart is, I never knew that they had to go around holding tableaux to raise the money. The interest itself secures the money directly.—Christian Advocate.

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, May 7, 1884. Chicago is again stronger this week, prices being two cents better for present delivery. Quotations are:—93d May, 95 June, and 96d July, 93d August. Corn is also higher, 56 1/2 May, 57 1/2 June. Liverpoll is dull and weaker, Spring wheat being quoted at 78 1/2 to 78 3/4 and Red Winter 78 1/2 to 88 1/4. The local market is as dull as it can be, and without change. We quote as follows:—Canada Red Winter, \$1.12 to \$1.15; Canada White, \$1.08 to \$1.10; Canada Spring, \$1.12 to \$1.15; Corn, 56c to 58c in hand; Peas, 90c to 91c; Barley, 55c to 70c; Rye, 65c.

FLOUR.—The market is quiet, but steady. We quote as follows:—Superior Extra, \$3.40 to \$3.50; Extra Superior, \$3.15; Fancy, \$2.85 to \$3.00; Spring Extra, \$3.65 to \$3.75; Superfine, \$4.00 to \$4.15; Strong Bakers', Can., \$5.10 to \$5.40; do, American, \$5.35 to \$5.45; Fine, \$4.00 to \$4.25; Middlings, \$3.35 to \$3.45; Pollards, \$3.10 to \$3.35; Ontario bags, (medium), bags included, \$2.60 to \$2.40; do., Spring Extra, \$2.15 to \$2.20; do., Superfine, \$2.10 to \$2.15; City Bags, delivered, \$2.85 to \$2.90.

MEALS.—Cornmeal, \$3.20 to \$3.40; Oatmeal, ordinary, \$4.35 to \$4.75; granulated, \$4.80 to \$5.00.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.—New butter is bringing 18c to 23c. The following are the quotations for old:—Eastern Townships, 18c to 21c; Morrisburg and Brockville, 17c to 20c; Western, summer makes, 12c to 15c. Add to the above prices a couple of cents per lb. for selections for the jobbing trade. Cheese is quoted at 11 to 12c.

Eggs that are fresh are bringing from 16c to 15 1/2c.

HOG PRODUCTS.—Are very dull. We quote as follows:—Western Mess Pork, \$20.50 to \$21.00; Canada Short Cut, \$21.50 to \$22; Hams, city cured, 13 1/2c to 14 1/2c; Bacon, 13c to 14 1/2c; Lard, in pails, Western, 12 1/2c to 13 1/2c; do., Canadian, 11 1/2c to 12c; Tallow, refined 7c to 9c as to quality.

ASHES are quiet at \$3.90 to \$4.00 for Pots.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

The supply of butchers' cattle has been larger this week and prices somewhat lower, only very choice animals bringing 6c per lb, while pretty good steers and heifers sell at about 5 1/2c. Rough steers, oxen, bulls and milkmen's strippers are all plentiful and sell at lower rates, ranging from 3 1/2c to 4 1/2c per lb. Calves are almost a drug on the market and small lean animals are difficult to sell at any price. Several lots of these inferior veal critters have been sold lately, at from \$1.25 to \$1.50 per head; common calves sell at from \$2 to \$4 and good ones from \$5 to \$8 each. Sheep are in good demand at about 5 1/2c per lb, for such as have their fleeces still on them, and from 4 1/2c to 5c per lb for those that have been shorn. Lambs are in fair supply and sell at from \$3 to \$5 each. Live hogs have been selling lately at 6 1/2c per lb, but several carloads have been brought from Chicago which have lowered prices again.

FARMERS' MARKET.

The farmers are all so busy at home in ploughing and re-seeding their fields that very few of them find time to come to market and traders have the business pretty much in their own hands, and are securing higher prices, especially is this the case with the prices of grain, potatoes, hay and eggs. Good apples are scarce and higher priced, oranges have also an upward tendency. There is a plentiful supply of green vegetables furnished by market gardeners at pretty low rates for so early in the season. The fish market is well stocked with fish which were caught in the St. Lawrence; pike, bass, codfish and suckers are pretty cheap. Oats are \$1.05 to \$1.20 per bag; peas, \$1.05 to \$1.10 per bushel; potatoes, 70c to 75c per bag; Swedish turnips, 60c to 70c do. Tub butter, 10c to 24c per lb; eggs, 17c to 20c per dozen. Apples \$5.00 to \$6.00 per barrel; Hay, \$6.00 to \$9.00 per 100 bundles of 15 lbs. Pressed hay, 55c to 65c per 100 lbs.

NEW YORK, May 1, 1884.

GRAIN.—The following are the closing prices for future delivery to-day:—Wheat 109 1/2c May; \$1.11 1/2c June; \$1.09 July.

\$1.07 August. Corn, 63 1/2c May; 63 1/2c June; 64 1/2c July; 65 August. Oats, 37 1/2c May; 38 1/2c June.

FLOUR.—The quotations are: Spring Wheat—Superfine, \$2.50 to \$3.10; Low Extra, \$3.45 to \$3.65; Clears, \$4.50 to \$5.20; Straight (full stock), \$5.20 to \$5.75; Patent, \$5.30 to \$6.70. Winter Wheat, Superfine, \$2.95 to \$3.50; Low Extra, \$3.45 to \$3.65; Clears (R. and A.), \$4.35 to \$5.65; Straight (R. and A.), \$4.80 to \$6.00; Patent, \$5.25 to \$6.60; Straight (White Wheat), \$4.50 to \$5.65; Low Extra (City Mill), \$3.50 to \$4.15; West India, sacks, \$3.80 to \$4.85; barrels, West India, \$5.32 1/2 to \$5.25; Patent, \$5.40 to \$6.10; South America, \$5.10 to \$5.25; Patent, \$5.25 to \$6.00. Southern Flour—Extra \$3.75 to \$5.25; Family, \$5.40 to \$6.25; Rye Flour—Fine to Superfine \$2.50 to \$3.75.

MEALS.—Oatmeal, Western fine, \$5.00 to \$5.40; Coarse, \$5.40 to \$5.90 per bd. Cornmeal, Brandywine, \$3.30 to \$3.40; Western Yellow, \$2.95 to \$3.10; Bag meal, Coarse City, \$1.10 to \$1.15; Fine white, \$1.30 to \$1.40; Fine yellow, \$1.40 per 100 lbs. Corn flour, \$3.00 to \$3.75; Hominy, \$3.50 to \$4.00 per barrel.

FEED.—100 lbs. or sharps, at \$21.00 to \$22; 100 lbs. or No. 1 middlings, at \$19.00 to \$21.00; 80 lbs. or No. 2 middlings, at \$17. to \$18; 60 lbs. or No. 1 feed \$16.00 to \$17.00; 50 lbs or medium feed, \$16.00 to \$17.00; 40 lbs or No. 2 feed, \$16.00 to \$17.00. Rye feed at \$18.00 to \$19.00 per ton.

SEEDS.—Clover seed, 10c to 10 1/2c for fair to choice; timothy, retail parcels \$1.55 to \$1.70; round lots \$1.50 to \$1.60; domestic flaxseed nominal, \$1.60 to \$1.70; Calcutta linseed, \$1.85 to \$1.90.

BUTTER.—First class goods are not overstocking the market, but the demand continues quiet and moderate, despite a good deal of strengthening talk the demand is moderate and prices lower. The quotations are:—Creamery, new, ordinary to fancy, 20c to 27c. State dairies, old, fair to fine, 12c to 22c; State dairies, old, fair to best, 24c to 25c; State Welsh tubs, new, fair to choice, 22c to 24c; Western imitation creamery, new, 19c to 22c; Western dairy, old, ordinary to best, 8c to 12c; Western factory, new, ordinary to best made, 10c to 15c.

CHEESE.—Very little doing and a moderate market. We quote:—State factory skims to select, 6c to 13c; Pennsylvania skims, good to prime, 2c to 5c; Ohio flats ordinary, 5c to 10 1/2c.

BEEF.—We quote:—Extra mess, \$12.00 to \$12.50; Extra India mess, \$20.00 to \$22.00; Packet, \$12.50 to \$13.00 in brls.

BEEF HAMS.—Sellers were firm at \$25.00 to \$25.50 spot lots, but only small lots sold.

PORK.—We quote:—\$17 to \$17.50 or for old brands mess; \$18.00 to \$18.25, for new mess; \$16.00 for extra prime; \$18.75 to \$19.25 for clear back \$17.25 to \$18.50 or family.

BACON.—The market much quieter but strong at 8.65c.

CUTMEATS.—Picked bellies, 12c lb. average, pickled shoulders, 7 1/2c; pickled hams, 11 1/2c to 11c; smoked shoulders, 8 1/2c; smoked hams, 12 1/2c to 12c.

LARD.—Prices are lower. City lard bringing 8.45c. Western 8.65c.

STEARINE.—Lard stearine is at 9 1/2c for choice city. Oleomargarine, firm at 9.

TALLOW.—Demand more active at 6 1/2 to 7 for prime city.

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SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

MAY 15, 1884. LESSON VII. (Acts 19: 23-41—20: 1, 2)

THE UPROAR AT EPHEBUS.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 38-40.

23. And the same time there arose no small stir about that way.

24. For a certain man named Demetrius, a silversmith, which made silver shrines for Artemis, brought no small gain unto the craftsmen.

25. Whom he called together with the workmen of like occupation, and said, Sirs, ye know that by this way we have our wealth.

26. Moreover ye see and hear, that not alone at Ephesus, but almost throughout all Asia, this Paul hath persuaded and turned away much people, saying that they be no gods, which are made with hands.

27. So that not only this our craft is in danger to be set at naught; but also that the temple of the goddess Diana should be despised, and her magnificence should be destroyed, whom all Asia and the world worshipeth.

28. And when they heard these sayings, they were full of wrath, and cried out, saying, Great is Diana of the Ephesians.

29. And the whole city was filled with confusion; and having caught Gaius and Aristarchus, men of Macedonia, Paul's companions in travel, they rushed into one accord into the theatre.

30. And when Paul would have entered in unto the people, the disciples suffered him not.

31. And certain of the chief of Asia, which were his friends, sent unto him, desiring him that he would not adventure himself into the theatre.

32. Some therefore cried one thing, and some another; for the assembly was confused; and the more part knew not wherefore they were come together.

33. And they drew Alexander out of the multitude, the Jews putting him forward. And Alexander beckoned with the hand, and would have made his defence unto the people.

34. But when they knew that he was a Jew, all cried out with one voice about the space of two hours cried out, Great is Diana of the Ephesians.

35. And when the town-clerk had appeared the people, he said, Ye men of Ephesus, what man is there that knoweth not how the city of the Ephesians is a worshiper of the great goddess Diana, and of the image which fell down from Jupiter?

36. Seeing then that these things cannot be spoken rashly, ye ought to be quiet, and to do nothing hastily.

37. For ye have brought higher these men, which are neither robbers of churches nor yet blasphemers of your goddess.

38. But if ye inquire any thing concerning other matters it shall be determined in a lawful assembly.

39. For we are in danger to be called in question for this day's uproar, there being no cause whereby we may give an account of this confusion.

40. And when he had thus spoken, he dismissed the assembly.

41. And after the uproar was ceased, Paul called unto him the disciples, and embraced them, and departed for to go into Macedonia.

42. And when he had gone over those parts, he had given them much exhortation, he came into Greece.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?"—Ps. 2: 1.

HOME READINGS.

M. Acts 19: 23-20: 2. The Uproar at Ephesus. T. Ps. 2: 1-12. Why do the Heathen Rage?

W. Ps. 115: 1-18. Trust Only in the Lord. Th. Luke 12: 15-26. Beware of Covetousness.

F. Acts 16: 16-25. Hated from Gains Lost. S. Acts 20: 3-16. Farewell to Ephesus.

LESSON PLAN.

1. The Appeal of Demetrius. 2. The Excitement of the People. 3. The Quieting of the Uproar.

Time.—A. D. 57. Place.—Ephesus.

INTRODUCTORY.

The best introduction to this lesson will be a careful review of Lesson 1 and 2, with which it stands in an immediate historic connection. It shows how great had been the influence of Paul's teaching and preaching among his three years' ministry in Ephesus, and on what interested motives the gospel was opposed.

LESSON NOTES.

1.-V. 23. THAT WAY.—The new religion which this Paul was propagating in V. 24. Diana; for Diana; perhaps models of her temple containing a little image of the goddess. NO SMALL GAINS—pilgrims bought them as mementos of their visit. V. 25. OUR WEALTH—he appeals first to their selfish interests, and then (vs. 26, 27) to their religious feelings. V. 27. TEMPLE—A magnificent building, one of the Seven Wonders of the world.

11.-V. 28. FULL OF WRATH—at the prospect of losing their gains. So now, when the truth utters will wreck ways of making money, those engaged in such pursuits are enraged. V. 29. THE THEATRE—an unroofed enclosure with tiers of stone seats rising one above the other, capable of accommodating it is said twenty five thousand persons. GAIUS AND ARISTARCHUS—see ch. 20: 4; 27: 2; Rom. 16: 23; 1 Cor. 1: 14; 3 John 1: V. 30. SUFFERED HIM NOT—would not allow him needlessly to expose himself to such peril. V. 31. THE PEOPLE OF ASIA—"Asiarchs;" officers chosen from the cities of Proconular Asia to have charge of the games and festivals. V. 32. ALEXANDER—some think this was Alexander the coppersmith mentioned in 2 Tim. 4: 14. V. 34. WHEN THEY KNEW—the Gentile hatred of the Jews was roused, and they refused to hear him. WITH ONE VOICE—an act of worship as well as an expression of devotion to their goddess. 1 Kings 18: 26.

11.-V. 35. THE TOWN-CLERK—keeper of the public archives, an officer of great authority. WORSHIPPER—temple-keeper. WHICH FELL DOWN—the statue of the Ephesian Diana, like some other heathen idols the Palladium of Troy and the Venus of Paphos, was supposed to have fallen from the skies. V. 38. IF DEMETRIUS—if any law had been broken he should bring legal proceedings against Paul. V. 40. CALLED IN QUESTION—before the Roman government. Ch. 20: 1. DEPARTED—after Pentecost. 1 Cor. 16: 8. TO GO INTO MACEDONIA—see ch. 19: 21. 2. THESE PARTS—the entire region of Macedonia, including Philippi, INTO GREECE—to the city of Corinth.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

- 1. That selfish interests sometimes lead men to oppose the gospel.
2. That what brings profit to the purse may bring loss to the soul.
3. That error is best opposed by teaching the truth.
4. That zeal for religion is sometimes a cloak for ill.

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