

# Weekly Messenger

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## The Weekly Messenger

### RIEL AND THE HALF BREEDS.

We publish this week a portrait of Louis Riel, leader of the rebellion of French half-breeds in the North West Territory. A history of the former rising, fifteen years ago, of which he was also the leader, will be of much interest at the present time.

In 1868, the land in the North West of British North America, over which the Hudson's Bay Company had authority, was sold to the Federal Government of Canada for \$1,500,000 in money, 50,000 acres around the company's trading posts, and one twentieth part of all lands in the fertile belt. The Dominion government appointed a Lieutenant-Governor and Council to make laws for the new acquisition. The half-breed inhabitants, some of whom derive their white blood from French ancestors, and some from Scotch, objected to their land system and other old institutions being overturned, and a flood of immigration being let in upon them. Declaring the territory had been sold without the inhabitants having ever been consulted, the half-breeds expressed their determination not to submit to be governed by any one except themselves, as they had done before. Having set up a provisional government of their own at Winnipeg, then called Fort Garry, with John Brouse as President and Louis Riel as Secretary, they refused entrance to the Lieutenant Governor, and imprisoned a party of loyalists who tried to upset the rebellion from within. After some loss of life—including that of a young man Scott, who was most barbarously murdered by Riel and his comrades—the better class of French Canadians withdrew from the movement. But it was not till Colonel (now Lord) Wolsley reached Fort Garry with a military force in the spring of 1870 that the rebels fled. The Dominion Government guaranteed the leaders a yearly income of \$1,000 each if they would leave the country, and they did so. Many concessions were made to the half-breeds as well as to the Roman Catholic authorities,—the church receiving 56 square miles of land just opposite Fort Garry on the Red River.

The rebellion which broke out a few days ago has been got up by the same agitator, who works upon the feelings of his countrymen for his own benefit. He returned to Canada months ago, but no steps were taken to prevent his doing mischief. The Dominion Government had notice that an outbreak was likely if attention was not paid to the new demands of the half-breeds. These demands were set forth in a "Bill of Rights" adopted by them in September last, at St. Laurent, and were as follows:

First—The subdivision of the Northwest territories into provinces; second, half-breeds to receive the same grants and other advantages as Manitoba half-breeds; third, patents to be issued at once to colonists in possession; fourth, the sale of half a million acres of Dominion lands, the proceeds to be applied to the establishment on the half-breed settlements of schools, hospitals

and such like institutions, and the equipment of the poorer half-breeds with seed, grain and implements; fifth, the reservation of a hundred townships of swamp land for distribution among the children of half-breeds during the next one hundred and twenty years; sixth, the grant of at least \$1,000 for the maintenance of an institution to be conducted by the nuns in each half-breed settlement; and, seventh, better provision for the support of the Indians.

Now that the horse is stolen, the stable door is going to be locked. A commission is to be appointed to investigate the grievances of the people. But the signs of the times,—among other things, the great unpopularity of Lieutenant-Governor Dewdney,—should have led to action of this sort before blood was shed.

proper. The Chinese drove the French back to Langson and recaptured the town. Gen. Negrier was grievously wounded, and the French casualties were very serious. The latest accounts represent the French troops to be in full retreat with the Chinese vigorously pursuing them. A vast quantity of commissary and other stores has been lost. Gen. Negrier received a gun shot in the chest. He was brought from the field, but his recovery is doubtful. The French loss is unknown. Gen. De Lisle telegraphs for assistance in an imploring tone, which leads the Parisians to expect further disasters. Intense excitement prevails wherever the bad news has become known in France.

Gen. De Lisle telegraphs from Hanoi: "Gen. Negrier has been severely wounded

defeat, have compelled the ministers to resign, and let others take revenge on the Chinese. Here is the account telegraphed from Paris showing what took place there on Monday:

Long before the hour set for convening the Chamber of Deputies, the streets in the vicinity were packed with excited crowds. It soon became evident that a double was brewing for the Government. A strong force of military was on duty to prevent riot and preserve order in the Chamber. The galleries were crowded with people, who showed their irritation over the defeat at Langson by keeping up a noisy discussion and hurling denunciatory epithets at members of the Cabinet and their supporters as they entered. When M. Ferry rose to announce the decision of the Cabinet Council this morning he was loudly hissed by those in the galleries. He had barely finished when a number of deputies of the Right (Conservatives) sprang to their feet yelling, "Down with the wretch!" Above the din could be heard the voice of M. Clemenceau, (Radical) as he fairly screamed "Traitors!" It was some time before order was restored, and had it not been for the presence of the troops there is hardly a doubt that violence would have been done. During this scene the crowd outside became a howling mob and made several unsuccessful attempts to pass the guards. At the opening of the Chamber M. Ferry presented the Government's request for a credit of forty million francs on account of the military operations in China, immediately moved for the appointment of a committee to examine and report upon the credit, and demanded that the motion be given priority. The motion was rejected by a vote of 308 to 361. M. Ferry immediately announced the resignation of the entire Ministry. President Grevy accepted the resignations.

RUSSIA AND THE SOUDAN.—The prospects, both in the Soudan and Afghanistan, are a good deal more peaceful. The British Government sent an ultimatum demanding that the Russian Commissioners, who were appointed to join the British Commissioners now waiting to fix a boundary between Afghan and Russian territory, should at once proceed to their work. The Czar, seeing that Britain was in earnest, and doubtless sorry he had provoked that country so much, has sent a reasonable reply. The British Government now has great hopes of peace, though every preparation is being made for the worst. In the Soudan, though Osman Digna was a few days ago reported to have 20,000 men at his back, a spy reports that he has really been deserted by nearly his whole force, and is now attended by only a hundred men. At any rate he has sent a messenger to the British camp at Suakim with a flag of truce, asking terms of peace. An inquiry has been ordered to find out whether General MacNeill was to blame for the recent event, when his camp was surprised and many of his men killed by the Arabs.

GENERAL GRANT is reported to be much worse.



LOUIS RIEL.

### A FRENCH DEFEAT.

The French army in Tonquin has been terribly defeated by the Chinese. Telegrams say that the Chinese forces defeated the French at Langson on Friday. They carried the key of the position and the entrenchments. The French retreated beyond Dong Dang, and are falling on to Long Koi. Their loss in men and guns is unknown. It is estimated that the Chinese were 50,000 strong.

Another account says the Chinese troops on the Tonquin frontier made a desperate attack upon the entrenched camp established by Gen. Negrier between Langson and Kilna, and from which Gen. Negrier had been making a reconnaissance beyond the frontier separating Tonquin from China

and has been obliged to evacuate Langson. The Chinese, in three large columns, made an impetuous attack upon the French position before Kilna. Col. Herbinger, in the face of a superior number of the enemy and exhausted ammunition, was obliged to retreat to Dong Dang and Thannoi. I am massing forces on the Chu and Kep roads. If the enemy still increases, I shall retire to the Song Koi. Whatever happens I hope to be able to defend the whole delta. Please send reinforcements as quickly as possible.

The French Government determined to immediately ask a vote of \$8,000,000 for war to the death against China, and to send 20,000 more troops forward to march on Peking. But the people, in fury at the Government, which is held responsible for the

## THE LITTLE BEACON KEEPER.

BY JULIA K. HILDRETH.

The Mississippi River is a dangerous and disagreeable river to navigate, owing to its muddy, uneven banks and shallow water. Even in broad daylight, unless piloted with great care, large steamers often run aground, and then all the crew and even some of the passengers will work hard for hours to free themselves from their unpleasant and perilous position. At night this river in some places would be perfectly impassable, and not even the boldest or most foolhardy captain would venture to carry his vessel through the yellow water, if it were not for the lanterns hung upon poles driven into the mud at short intervals apart. These lanterns are kept burning by people hired by the Government for a small sum of money.

In a wild and almost uninhabited place in Tennessee, called Kennesaw, close by the banks of the Mississippi River, lived a boy named Hugh Davis. Although he was but fifteen years old, he supported his mother and little sister by keeping the beacon, and also by the sale of vegetables from a small garden which he cultivated with great care. Three years before my story begins his father, who was a sailor, had left his family for a six months' voyage. At the end of that time, while they were still hopefully expecting his return, news came that the vessel he sailed in had been wrecked and all on board lost. His wife felt his loss so keenly that she fell ill, and for a long time was unable to leave her room. So Hugh applied for the post of beacon keeper, and when his mother grew a little better they moved to the small cottage they now occupied.

One evening, when the great black clouds flying across the sky and a high wind told that a storm was near, Hugh said to his little sister Margery: "I am going to light the beacon now, Margery. Would you like to come with me?"

"Yes, indeed, Hugh," answered Margery; "only wait one moment until I tie my bonnet on tight, because the wind blows so hard that it will switch my hair all over my eyes and blind me."

"Take care of her, Hugh," said their mother, anxiously, as she peered out of the window at the fast-darkening sky. "It must be very rough on the river to-night."

"Yes, mother dear," replied Hugh; "we will be very careful."

Then Hugh put his tin box of matches in his pocket, and taking his sister's hand, left the house.

Close by the river was a steep stony hill which must be crossed before coming to the bank of the river, where Hugh's heavy old boat lay.

It was almost dark when they reached this hill, and as Hugh hurried Margery along the rough path, he said: "I am afraid we are late to-night, or else those black clouds make it look so. What a gust of wind!"

He exclaimed, as a blast struck them and blew his hat from his head. He turned quickly to recover it. As he did so his foot slipped, and he fell among the jagged rocks. Hugh sprang to his feet at once, but sank directly down again with a groan.

"Are you hurt?" inquired Margery, wistfully.

"I am afraid I have sprained my ankle," answered Hugh, trying to rise once more. But he found that he could not rest his foot upon the ground without great agony.

"Oh, poor Hugh, do not try to walk," cried Margery, anxiously watching his painful movements.

"But, Margery, it is so very late," replied Hugh; "and in this mist and darkness there will surely be some accident if the light is not up. Then I should lose my place, and what will become of you and mother! I must reach the beacon if I have to crawl on my hands and knees. It seems to me as though I could hear the boat coming now. And only to think, Margery, the place where my beacon is hung is one of the worst on the river. The rock extends yards beyond it, just under the surface of the water. Should anything happen to a steamer there, it would be dreadful. So you see I must light the beacon."

After Hugh had moved on a few steps he discovered that his match-box was missing, so Margery returned to look for it. After searching around a long time she found the box on the spot where Hugh had fallen. As she stooped to pick it up a thought flew

through her mind, and she said to herself: "I could light the lantern, if only Hugh would let me. I know how to row a little—enough to reach the post, and I am sure I could let down the beacon, for I have often done it."

So Margery ran back quickly to Hugh, who was still slowly and painfully moving forward, and said, coaxingly, "Let me go this once, Hugh. You will never reach the river in time with your poor hurt foot."

"No, no," answered Hugh, hastily; "you are too small, and might be swept away by the wind."

"Why, Hugh," replied Margery, indignantly. "I am not so very small. I am eight and a half, and ever so tall for my age. Do please let me go."

"I will tell you what you may do," said Hugh, after a moment's pause: "run on ahead and get everything ready: untie the boat and put in the oars. But keep the boat close to the shore until I reach her."

"Very well," replied Margery, as she sprang forward, delighted at being trusted even thus far. Very soon she had left Hugh far behind. The boat was easily unfastened, and the oars slipped into their places. Margery kept them in her hands as she seated herself in the centre of the boat to wait for Hugh. After sitting there a short time, looking first at the black, stormy sky and then at the misty dark river beneath her, she thought she heard Hugh approaching.

"How heavily he steps!" thought Margery, turning toward the land. "Poor fellow, how his sprained ankle must hurt!"

The sound kept on, but Hugh did not appear.

"It is the boat!" cried Margery at last, springing up and looking down the river. "He will never come in time."

Not more than half a mile away she saw the head-light of one of the largest steamers approaching. It appeared to be steering directly toward the rock where the lantern usually hung. The mist was heavy and thick, and the wind blew in violent gusts; even little Margery knew the terrible danger the boat ran in grounding on such a night as this; so without wasting a moment she seized one of the oars in both hands, and pressing it against the bank with all her might, sent the boat out into the water. Then seating herself again, she grasped both oars firmly in her hands, and began struggling against the wind. At first Margery thought her boat did not move at all, but presently, to her great joy, she found that little by little she was nearing the beacon pole.

The sky was very black now, and when Margery looked at the dark water, and heard the regular beat of the paddles of the swiftly approaching steamer, she grew dreadfully frightened, and would have liked to be back on shore again if it had not been for the unlighted lantern and the great boat's peril. So, trying to forget her own danger, she rowed bravely on.

As it was only a short distance in reality to the rock, Margery soon found herself abreast of it. She secured her boat hastily by throwing the rope attached to it around the pole.

The beacon, or lantern, was drawn up and down by means of a slender rope run through a pulley at the top of the pole, and it was secured in its place by winding the rope around a button at the lower end of the pole.

It was the work of a moment to unfasten the rope and lower the lantern, but it was not so easy to light the lamp inside, for each time Margery struck a match the wind blew it out, and, besides, the boat rocking up and down made her very unsteady. Once she glanced over her shoulder at the steamer. How near it seemed! It had passed the beacon just below, and was now bearing down directly toward her; she knew this by the position of the lights on board that shone through the thick mist like stars.

"If I don't light the lamp soon," said Margery to herself, "they will run right upon the rock. They are coming so fast, and Hugh says this is the most dangerous part of the river." As she struck another match, the lantern on the seat beside her toppled over, and the lamp rolled into the bottom of the boat. She picked it up quickly, but was horrified to find that it had fallen into a pool of water, and that the wick was soaking wet. All the matches in the box would not light it now until it had been dried.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" cried Margery,

covering her eyes with her hands. "I can not think what to do now. If I only had something to make a bonfire of, I might perhaps save the steamer yet. But there is nothing dry anywhere around, not even a scrap of paper." At that moment a fierce gust of wind tore her sun-bonnet from her head, as she threw out her arm to catch it, her hand struck the lamp, and a thought came into her mind, and springing to her feet, she cried "I can make a torch, if only there is time."

Then, without one glance at the steamer, she tore off her apron, which was a large sun-bonnet around the handle of one of the oars. Then opening the lamp, she poured the oil it contained over this great wad of cotton cloth until it was completely soaked through. Seizing a handful of matches, she struck them all together upon the inner part of the lantern, and, before the wind had time to blow them out, applied the flame to the strange torch. In a moment there was a glorious blaze, and Margery sprang upon the gunwale of the boat, waving the oar over her head. The instant she did so the whistle of the steamer gave such a loud, sharp shriek that Margery almost fell into the water.

Recovering herself quickly, she balanced herself more firmly, and continued to move the torch backward and forward. The flame lit up the water on all sides, and shone brightly over little Margery herself. Her head was uncovered, and her long hair streamed out behind her like a yellow veil. Her face was pale, and her eyes looked earnestly on the steambot.

Margery's heart now began to beat loud and fast, for she was afraid that her beacon had been lighted too late to save the huge boat. But after a great many loud whistles and shrieks, she saw that it moved much slower. Those on board had discovered their danger just in time, and were doing all in their power to send the vessel out into the stream again, for the pilot had been steering directly for the rock where the beacon usually hung. In two minutes more he would have struck upon it, and in the panic this would have caused many lives might have been lost.

As the vessel moved slowly forward, and finally stopped within a few feet of her, Margery saw that the Captain and several men were leaning over the side, shading their eyes with their hands, and endeavoring to see who it was that held the torch. Presently the Captain cried out:

"Why, it is little Margery Davis. Where is Hugh, Margery?"

"Hugh hurt himself as he was coming to light the lantern, so I came in his place," answered Margery.

"All alone?" inquired the Captain, wondering "But how did you come by the torch?"

"The lamp fell in the water, and so I made this out of my sun-bonnet and apron soaked in oil," said Margery, in a rather frightened voice, for while she was speaking a great many people came and stood by the rail to listen and hear what she was saying. When she had finished, one of the men cried out:

"Three cheers for little Margery Davis, the girl who saved our boat!"

Then they all shouted "Hurrah for Margery!" so loudly and heartily that little Margery laughed.

All at once there seemed to be some kind of commotion on deck, and a large man, with a sunburned face, and high light beard, pushed the people right and left as he forced his way to the front.

"Margery Davis, did you say?" cried he. "Let me see the little girl, mates."

After looking at her a moment he began to climb over the side of the vessel. Margery was terribly frightened when he sprang lightly into her boat, and taking the torch from her hand, held it so that the light fell full upon her face. Then lifting her in his arms, he said, in a trembling voice, "How came you here all alone? Where are your mother and Hugh?"

Margery thought he was angry, because he looked so strangely, and the tears came to her eyes as she answered:

"Mother is at home, and really and truly Hugh would have come and lit the beacon only he fell and hurt his foot. I ran on first, and when I saw the boat I knew he would never be in time. Please do not scold him."

The strange man did not answer Margery, but turning to the crowd on the steambot he said, "This is my little girl, mates. I

have been from home three years. She does not remember me, but I am proud of her."

At this the men gave three more cheers, and the Captain said, "Welcome home, Davis." Then he let down a lighted lantern to replace the old one, and turning to Margery, said:

"Thank you, Margery. You have done a grand thing for so small a girl, and I shall not forget it." He then gave orders for the boat to move on.

As soon as they were alone, Margery looked earnestly into the face of the man who held her hand, and said, "Are you really my papa?"

"Yes," answered he, softly, "and are you glad to see me?"

"Oh yes, indeed," replied Margery, kissing him. "But mamma will be almost too glad, for she has been crying about you ever and ever so long."

After Margery's father had swung the lantern, he rowed the boat to shore, where he found Hugh in a dreadful fright about Margery.

As he was so much older than the little girl, he remembered his father at once, and welcomed him with delight. His ankle was still painful, so his father assisted him to walk home. And Margery ran before to bear the good news to her mamma.

On the whole length of the Mississippi River's banks there was no happier family to be found that stormy night than the Davis family.

The next day Margery's father received a letter from the Captain of the vessel she had saved, telling him there was a good position awaiting him on board his boat.

Then in a few weeks the family left the small shabby house they had lived in, and moved to a much larger and pleasanter home.

Hugh, who had long since recovered from his injury, gave up his post of beacon tender, and now goes to one of the finest schools in the place.

Mr. Davis is at home very often, for he only makes short trips now. Little Margery sometimes accompanies him on these trips and then she is so petted by the Captain and all the crew that her father declares he is afraid she will be spoiled. But this has not happened yet, for she is still the same kind and thoughtful girl she was when she lit the torch to save the vessel from grounding on the beacon rock.—*Harper's Young People.*

## TAKE WINE OR DIE.

An editor of some very popular works, and a man of immense energy, felt, as he expressed it, "below par," and went two hundred miles to see his family physician.

"My good friend," said the doctor, "you must take two glasses of wine a day, or you will die." Yes, he would die. Nothing but wine would save him. He must take that or die. Resolved to have another medical opinion, Mr. S. returned to the Metropolis, and went to consult Sir James Clark.

"Sir," said the eminent man "what are your habits?"

"I am a teetotaler, Sir James."

"Then, sir, you will get better all the sooner!"

So he did not drink wine, and he is not dead yet. He has done noble service for God and man for many years since his family doctor predicted his certain and speedy death. The fact is, alcoholic prescriptions often hasten death instead of preventing it, and many people have died through "drops of brandy" who would have lived had they resorted to beef tea, milk, oatmeal porridge, fresh air, cold water, and plenty of rest.—*Union Signal.*

CREAM PUFFS. They are excellent, and were never known to fail to puff, as is sometimes the case with other recipes. One cup of hot water, one-half cup of butter, boil together, stirring in a cupful of dry flour while boiling. When cold add three eggs not beaten. Drop by tablespoonsful on a buttered tin, and bake in a quick oven twenty-five minutes, being careful not to open the oven door more than is absolutely necessary. This makes fifteen puffs. For the cream: One cup of milk, one-half cup of sugar, one egg and three tablespoonsful of flour. Boil as for your custard, flavor with vanilla. When both this and the puffs are cool, open, and fill. Please let me know if you like these.

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LETTY'S SACRIFICE.

Letty Trent sat with the paper she had been reading in her hand, and gazed at it in thoughtful silence for a long, long time; so long an interval that her mother at length came to notice her abstraction.

"A penny for your thoughts, my dear," she said pleasantly.

Letty looked up with a bright smile and blush. "I don't know that they're worth so much, mamma," she said, "but you're welcome to them. I was thinking of something I've been reading about."

"That isn't very definite," said Mrs. Trent, smiling too, "when I don't even know what paper you have there, Letty."

"It's the *Advocate*," Letty made haste to answer. "And it tells about some good people—at least I think they must be good people or they wouldn't care for poor folks, when they're so rich and can go where they please—who give money to make what the paper calls a 'Fresh-Air Fund.' And they use it to send poor little children into the country to stay a week or two with any one who is willing to take them. Oh, mamma, just think! There are lots of those children who never in all their lives picked a flower or felt the green grass under their feet—that is what the paper says. Just think of it, mamma!"

Letty's whole loving heart shone in her face, as she stopped, waiting for encouragement to proceed, but Mrs. Trent only smiled in a thoughtful way.

"I can't help thinking what if it were I, mamma, or Teddy, who had been penned up in those great tall tenement houses all our lives. How we would long for a breath of nice, fresh, sweet, country air, and I know my eyes would ache for a sight of the green fields spotted all over with daisies."

Mrs. Trent smiled once more, bending over her sewing. "Yes, my dear," she said, "no doubt of it."

There was a minute's silence, which every thing kept but a cheery robin singing outside the open window.

"Mamma!"

"Well, Letty?"

"The name of the secretary of the association is here, and it says that any one who is willing to take one of their poor little children for a week, or two weeks, or even longer, will please write to him. And then it says:—'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my little ones ye have done it unto me.'"

How the robin sang then, fairly flooding the air with his jubilant carols! Letty's eyes glistened.

"Mamma, couldn't we—don't you think we might take one or two of them?"

She had reached it at last—the very point she had been aiming at all the while. Mrs. Trent did not speak for a moment, but stiched away, with a serious face. Letty watched her rather anxiously.

"Don't you think we might, mamma?" "I cannot say, without considering the matter, Letty. It would make a good deal of bother, to say nothing of the extra expense. The trouble of it isn't to be extended, of course, but—you heard what your father said this morning, Letty?"

Yes, Letty had heard it, and her face fell. She didn't see why this dreadful bank need have gone down, carrying with it all the surplus earnings of the farm for half a dozen years.

"We shall have to cut off all we can," her father had said, smiling in a grave way, as he heard the news of the failure. And then, catching sight of an anxious pucker between Letty's brows, he had laughed outright. "But I think we may let the lawn-party flourish," he added, "oh, Letty!"

It was to be Letty's lawn-party—and a birthday party besides—and she had been promised it a year before. She was ill on her last birthday—this lawn-party was to make up for the long, lonely day she had spent then, and she had looked forward to it for weeks and months.

Now she felt grieved and disappointed. Her eyes were full of tears. She had felt so sure, you see, that her mother would receive her little project with enthusiasm—at least, that she would approve of it. And now she could not resist a feeling that came very near being resentment.

"I should think you'd be glad to have them come, mamma," she said; "those poor little children!"

"And so I would, my dear," her mother answered, "very glad indeed, nothing could please me more. And perhaps we can think of something that can be given up—"

"I'd be willing to give up anything!" cried Letty, with sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks. Then suddenly the bloom faded, and the brightness of her eyes was dimmed with tears. "Oh mamma!" she cried, her voice trembling sadly, "I didn't mean—I meant almost anything. Oh mamma!"

A smile flitted over Mrs. Trent's face—a loving sympathetic smile.

"My little girl must satisfy herself," she said. "I haven't a word to say."

"But you don't think I ought?" pleaded Letty, anxiously. "Oh, just think, mamma to give up my lawn-party, when I have told all the girls I was going to have it, and even asked some of them! It wouldn't be right to disappoint them so, would it, mamma? It would be breaking the Golden Rule—because I wouldn't like to be done so by—I know I wouldn't."

"Not even for the sake of those poor little city children who have never seen the daisies growing?" queried Mrs. Trent, with an inward smile over this girlish sophistry. "I can't believe my little daughter would be so selfish. You might explain it to the girls, dear, if you wished."

"But I can't," persisted poor Letty, with tears of trouble just ready to fall. "Oh dear, I can't give it up—how can I?"

"I do not know, my child, it is for you to decide," Mrs. Trent answered, gathering up her work to leave the room. She paused when she came to Letty's chair, and stooping, kissed her fondly. "You must fight your own battle, dear," she said, "and may God speed the right."

All that day Letty contented sturdily with Letty's self. At sunset she went with Janet to the pasture to milk the cows. She often went in pleasant weather, but it was very seldom that she carried so heavy a heart. Her eyes were red, and her face was very serious indeed. "Oh, I can't, I can't," her rebellious self kept saying. "Oh, I can't!"

She forgot a little of her trouble, it was so pleasant wandering through the pastures. The breeze blew fresh and cool, the birds in the great elm were singing drowsy good-nights to the world, and the daisies were nodding sleepily. Ah, those daisies! Straightway Letty began to wonder how they would look to eyes that had never seen them—never! To her they were common things enough; she could see them everywhere—the fields were white with them. But they were pretty, for all that, with their yellow hearts and snowy petals, Letty thought, pulling one or two to pieces absent-ly, while she waited beneath the elm tree for Janet. And suddenly a bright idea struck her.

"I will! I'll let the daisies decide it," she cried; "just the way we tell fortunes." And so she selected a large blossom and began slowly pulling off the petals, saying as they fell, one by one, "Lawn-party—poor children—lawn party," her heart beating hard and fast all the while. And when, with the last petal, she said, "lawn party," she smiled triumphantly.

"Now, I hope you are satisfied," she said to nobody in particular, unless it were the cows.

But Letty wasn't satisfied. She walked home moodily, and that night she could not sleep. The full moon looked in at her window, long after the house was still, to find her wide awake. Poor Letty, it was a hard-fought battle.

But it was ended at last. In the gray silence of the dawn.

"Mamma," whispered Letty, "I thought I'd come and tell you that I've given up my lawn-party. I'm—I'm going to have the poor children. I'd a great deal rather."

"Bless you, dear!" her mother said, and there were tears of gladness in her eyes, if Letty could have seen them.

So they came in due season to the Trent farmhouse—a little boy and girl, brother and sister, whose wistful, sad, pinched faces told a story too sorrowful to be more than hinted at—came for a happy month in the fresh air and sunshine, among the green fields and the daisies, the bees and birds and butterflies. And in place of the lawn party they all had a picnic in the woods together one happy, happy day.

"It's been just as nice as the party could have been, and I think a good deal nicer," Letty whispered, with her lips close to her mother's ear that night. "It wasn't much of a sacrifice after all, mamma."

"My dear," said Mrs. Trent, pushing back the falling hair from the flushed, smiling face, and kissed it lovingly, "it seems to me

a sacrifice is not to be accounted great that is made for Jesus' sake."

And Letty softly breathed "Amen."

When the two waifs returned to the city you would hardly have recognized them as the two whose pale faces had attracted so many glances of commiseration on their trip out. With fresh thoughts and new hopes they took up their old work again and every morning they may be seen with their neat piles of papers, the boy crying out and attracting customers, whom the girl hastens to supply.

Letty Trent, back in the country, little realizes how much more worth living life seems to the two she sacrificed for, but there is One who does know.—*Ada Carlton, in Conqueror's Herald.*

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CUR-  
RENT LESSONS.

(From *Peloubet's Select Notes.*)

April 12—Acts 27: 27-44.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

Review briefly the previous lesson by aid of the map.

Subject, God's promises fulfilled.

I. The night of suspense (vers. 27-29). Picture out the discomforts, and dangers, and fears of this night.

Apply this as an illustration to our dark days, and the hours it seems as if God had forsaken us. As to those on this ship, so to us there come two kinds of winds: the "soft south wind" of flattery, worldly pleasures, prosperity, with its peculiar dangers, and the "contrary winds" of adversity, hardship, misfortune, opposition.

II. Songs in the night (vers. 30-38). The discord that led to one of these songs was an instance of selfishness on the part of the sailors, followed soon after by equal selfishness on the part of the soldiers. Contrast these acts with the unselfish thoughtfulness of Paul. His wisdom in overcoming the plot; his good cheer for the bodies and souls of all. Note in how many ways Paul brought good cheer to the ship's company.

Illustration. In Mammoth Cave, after we had gone some little distance into its depths, one of the guides mounted a high rock and called our attention to a short sermon he wished to preach. The sermon was, "Keep close to your guide, and you are safe." And we soon found that in the utter darkness of the cave, and its 200 miles of labyrinthine paths, and the many dangers if one turned aside from the path, the only safety was in giving careful heed to the guide's sermon. And we found too that the best place was near the guide, where we could hear most plainly what he said. So Paul was safe in following close to Christ, in hearing his voice, and obeying his word. There was peace and light as well as safety.

III. The morning of deliverance (ver. 39-44). Picture out the escape. Note how God's promises are fulfilled through human agency. The ship's company could work out their own salvation because God had been and was working for them.

Illustration. In my father's factory there was one room where two bands passed from floor to ceiling, one ever going up, the other ever going down. And yet, contrary as they seemed, they were really one and the same band. By going into the rooms above and below, it was easy to see how the apparent contradiction was realized. So it is with the apparent contradiction between God's purposing and man's free will.

A MARKED YOUTH.

Years ago, there lived in the interior of New York a boy, the son of a farmer, who also worked at the trade of a potter. The boy was a marked youth, because he would do with might whatever he undertook. He was a leader in the ordinary sports of boyhood, and whenever the farm or the pottery relaxed their hold upon him, he would be found repairing some damaged article, or devising a new implement.

His father was poor; the farm was small and could only be enlarged by clearing up the primeval forest. The boy was anxious to acquire knowledge, but his services were so necessary to his father that he could not be spared to attend the winter term of the common school.

But the boy was in earnest. With the aid of his brother, one year his junior, he chopped and cleared four acres of birch and

maple woodland, ploughed it, planted it with corn, harvested the crops, and then asked, as his compensation, to be allowed to attend school during the winter. Of course, the father granted his wish.

When the boy was seventeen, the father's pottery business had so increased as to demand a more extensive factory. A carpenter was hired to build the new building, and the boy assisted him.

So familiar did he become with the tools and the trade, that he determined, with the aid of the younger brother, to erect a two-story frame dwelling house for his father's family.

The two boys cut the timber from the forest, planned and framed the structure, and then invited the neighbors to assist at the "raising." They came from far and near to see what a lad of seventeen had done. When every mortise and tenon was formed to fit its place, and the frame was seen to stand perfect and secure, the veterans cheered the young architect and builder. From that day he was in demand as a master-carpenter.

That boy was Ezra Cornell, the founder of Cornell University.

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before obscure men."

The meaning of this old proverb is that the man who has done well in little things shall be advanced so that he shall not waste himself on work to which obscure men are adequate. Ezra Cornell illustrated the truth of the Oriental saying.—*YOUTH'S COMPANION.*

DEATH FROM CARELESSNESS.

A lady had an inveterate habit of dropping needles on the floor while at work, and neglecting to pick them up, and became a victim to her own carelessness. One morning she stepped upon a rusty needle while she was dressing. It penetrated her foot, a large piece broke off in the flesh, and could not be drawn out. She did not think of danger, but in a little time lockjaw set in, and she died in great agony.

A Catholic priest, not long ago, suffered from similar carelessness. He was accustomed to put away his steel pens with the points upwards after using them in writing. Friends had often remonstrated against this want of neatness, and its possible danger, but he laughingly replied:

"It is my way, and doesn't trouble me."

But one evening in the dusk, he struck the palm of his hand, inadvertently, against a pen, and it penetrated deep into the flesh. The next day he felt unwell. The doctor was called, and said it might be blood-poisoning from the pen. The day after the hand and arm began to swell, and occasioned great pain, and in eight days the man was dead. The careless habit had proved fatal.—*Golden Censor.*

Question Corner.—No. 7.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

A DUMB MESSENGER.

This messenger never had existence except in a certain man's sleeping thoughts, and was only enabled to deliver its message to him through another man's lips. By the same man's lips, also, though without his knowledge, it delivered a message of great importance at the same time to other men that stood by. More singular still, in this same roundabout manner, it said, at that time, to one of these two: "In reality, I belong to you." Finally, it may be said to have afterward become a messenger of death to countless numbers of the oppressors and enemies of the people of God. What "messenger" is intended? To whom did it speak? What did it signify? And what did it finally do?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN No. 5.

1. Phillip, Acts 21: 8.
2. Tarsus, a city in Cilicia, Acts 21: 29.
3. In connection with the stoning of Stephen, Acts 5: 1.
4. By Festus to Paul, Acts 27: 24.

- ACHROSTIC.—*The Profound Son*—1. Thorns, Thistles 2. Husks, 3. Emeralds, 4. Palm, 5. Rose, 6. Olive, 7. Dates, 8. Juniper, 9. Gourd, 10. Almond, 11. Lilies, 12. Spicewood, 13. Unions, 14. Nettles.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Albert Jessie French, Hattie J. Judd, Josie Koney, Alma L. Heacock and Bella F. Christie.



THE WEEK.

WAR IN THE NORTH-WEST.

The rebellion of half-breeds in the Canadian North-West, which was briefly mentioned in last week's Messenger, has become a most serious affair, and already a battle has occurred, with most deplorable loss of life.

It appears that Riel, with about three hundred half-breeds, had taken up a position at Duck Lake, about twelve miles east of Fort Carlton. There are flour mills at Duck Lake, and consequently that place is one of importance in a district where provisions are not plentiful. Major Crozier, who had command of one hundred mounted police at Fort Carlton, accepted the services of settlers living in the neighborhood and started out with a force of one hundred men, leaving a guard of twenty or twenty-five mounted police to hold the fort. Just west of Duck Lake are the reserves of two Indian tribes, the chiefs of which are Brandy and O'Kimasis. On the reserve of the former, in a strong position, they found the rebels posted. Not wishing to precipitate actual fighting, Crozier commanded an advance without firing, with a flag of truce. The rebels waited until the force was quite near, and then treacherously fired into them. No less than twelve of Major Crozier's small force,—two mounted police and ten civilians—were killed, and twelve more were wounded. The rebels fired from places of concealment, and as they were three times as numerous as the loyal forces there was nothing for Crozier to do but to retreat, which he did, bringing his dead and wounded with him. It is said that none of the rebels were killed and only one was wounded. The engagement can scarcely be called a battle; it was a massacre.

As Carlton is only a small post, occupied by about half a dozen persons, the mounted police destroyed the old log fort with its stores, and withdrew to Prince Albert, thirty miles north east. This town is more worthy of protection, as it has a population of nearly one thousand, and grist mills are located there. There are now 250 mounted police at Prince Albert, under command of Colonel Irvine.

West of Carlton, at a distance of about seventy miles in a bee line, is the village of Battleford, containing several hundred souls. "Poundmaker" and "Little Pine," two Indian chiefs in that neighborhood, having shown signs of becoming troublesome, all the settlers and their families were brought into the barracks for protection. The precaution turned out to be very necessary, for on Tuesday morning we learn that the Indians have actually captured the town and taken possession of every house.

There is no concealing the fact that Canada has a war on her hands. And although in the meantime the aspect of affairs is dark, the preparations now being made by the Government, and the zealous way in which the people are supporting energetic measures make it tolerably certain that the conflict will not last very long. The only troops in the Dominion belonging to the British army consist of one regiment at Halifax, N.S. The Dominion has a battery of artillery at Quebec and another at Kingston. General Middleton, Commander-in-Chief, who went west on the first news of the outbreak, has made a demand for 2,000 men to be sent forward at once, and 2,000 more to be held in readiness in case they are wanted. The batteries from Kingston and Quebec have gone to the front, but the rest of the force will be composed of volunteers. These have shown the utmost eagerness to take up arms in their

country's behalf. At Montreal, for instance, when the 65th Regiment was called out on Saturday, nearly all the other regiments turned out of their own accord, and are awaiting orders with some impatience. The 65th—which is the only Montreal regiment composed of French Canadians—is the only regiment under definite orders to march. A force of nearly six hundred,—half belonging to the Royal Grenadiers and half to the Queen's Own Rifles,—left Toronto on Monday. The troops are conveyed to the North-West over the Canadian Pacific Railway. There is still a gap of forty-five miles, north of Lake Superior, where the track has not yet been laid, but teams have been furnished to take the men over that distance. When they arrive at Qu'Appelle station they will have 284 miles to travel by sleighs before they reach Prince Albert—and that distance means a week's journey even when the trail is in very good condition.

Prince Albert, and the neighboring country where the half-breeds began the trouble, will not be the only place to require military attention. Some of the Winnipeg volunteers have had to be sent to restore order among the Indians near Qu'Appelle, who are already said to have killed Mr. Nicholls, the Government farm instructor. The year has been a very bad one, and many of the

trouble is occupying the volunteers. But Canada has plenty of men to deal with the half breeds and Fenians too.

THE SCOTT ACT CAMPAIGN.

The large county of Wellington will have voted on the Scott Act before this reaches our readers, on Thursday, 2nd of April. The county has not been as thoroughly organized as it might have been, but a large majority of the inhabitants are known to favor the Act. Chicoutimi county, away by Lake St. John, votes one week later.

In St. John county, N. B., the campaign is being resolutely pushed. At a large meeting in the town of Portland, the Vicar of St. Luke's exhorted the church to unite to enforce the law when they had got it.

A convention at Hanington has resolved to bring on a contest in that county. The *Gazette* says it will not take part in the campaign because the Scott Act does not go far enough; it forgets the good old maxim—"half a loaf is better than no bread."

Beauharnois county is making great progress, the Oblate Fathers having induced many not only to take the pledge, but to get the municipal councils to close saloons. It is hoped that these two counties, as well

THREE MORE colliery catastrophes since last week! Fifty miners were imprisoned, and probably killed, by an explosion at Troppau, Austria; fifty-six lost their lives in Rothschild's mine, Moravia; and at least thirty-five were killed in the same terrible way at Lebu, in Chili.

THE STEAMER "York City," which arrived at Halifax, N. S., from London last Friday, was found to have two cases of small-pox on board. She was ordered to be fumigated before coming up the harbor.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND, in giving appointments in the public service, is said to be very particular that candidates must have good health, so that they may do their work well.

THE MANITOBA Legislature has sanctioned the government's agreement with the Federal authorities, although the "better terms" obtained were not satisfactory to a large number of the people.

IN THE COURSE of the budget debate at Ottawa, Sir Leonard Tilley withdrew his proposal to admit woollen rags free of duty, and placed them on the list to pay twenty percent.

WHEN THE AUSTRALIAN oarsman, Beach, a few months ago won the world's championship from the Canadian oarsman, Hanlan, many believed that the result must have been simply an accident. But they had another race last Saturday, and Beach again came off victorious, by six lengths. Another great boating event, the annual race between Oxford and Cambridge Universities in England, came off on the same day and was now by Oxford.

A MILLION DOLLARS is the loss by the burning of Price & Co.'s oil mills, at Belvedere, Kent. They were the largest establishment of the kind in England.

THE professional "magicians" at Constantinople, who have done a large business in supplying "love charms" to the superstitious, are being prosecuted as cheats and rogues. Many of them are blacks from Morocco.

MARRIAGES are now allowed, in the Argentine Republic, to take place without the services of the Church. Some priests who denounced the government for this reform have been arrested, and the bishop has ordered his priests not to preach about any subject whatever. Are their congregations likely to be much the worse?

NOT EVES when dead can King Victor Emmanuel be forgiven by "Holy Mother Church," from whose clutches he delivered Rome. A number of representatives of other countries recently attended the ceremony of laying a corner-stone for a monument to the late King, and all of them who are Catholics have been formally censured by the Pope for their "sinful tribute to one of the greatest enemies of the Holy Church."

IN THE SPANISH Province of Valencia a disease has broken out very like cholera, and fifteen persons have died within twenty-four hours at one town. Earthquakes have done much to ruin the province; perhaps disease is going to complete the work.

TEN MEN have been hanged at Cape Coast Castle, in Western Africa, for murders committed during some religious riots. An expedition of Marines has been sent to punish a tribe which treacherously fired on Captain Campbell and his escort of forty natives, during a friendly palaver; the Captain was wounded, and two of his men were killed.

A SAILING SHIP from India, the "Sonn-tag," has arrived at Salem, Massachusetts, with cholera on board.



THE SCENE OF THE REBELLION.

Indians are in a state bordering on starvation. The citizens of Calgary, six hundred miles further west, at the foot of the Rockies, were alarmed on Monday by a report that the Blackfeet were rising,—and armed companies turned out to patrol the streets; but the priest on the Indian reservation telegraphed that no trouble need be feared.

The census taken in 1881 shows that there are about 56,000 Indians in Manitoba and the North West, and nearly 13,000 described as "French." Of the Indians, half are in East Rupert's Land, Labrador, and other distant parts of the territories, and about 28,000 are between Lake Superior and the Rocky Mountains. It is feared, however, that half-breeds and Indians living in the United States will be drawn across the frontier to assist the Canadian rebels. The English inhabitants of the North West territories in 1881 numbered 1374; Scotch, 1217; and Irish, 281;—besides 11,503 English, 16,506 Scotch and 10,173 Irish in Manitoba.

Archbishop Tache and his clergy in the North-West are using their influence to quiet the Indians and half breeds, but the reverend gentleman says that when they are once excited it is difficult to control them.

The Fenians are talking about another invasion of Canada while this North-West

as that of Chateauguay, will vote on the Scott Act in June next.

Richmond county—now under the Dunkin Act—is mentioned as the field for a near Scott Act campaign. The *Guardian* thinks the Act would carry in the whole county, though the town would probably give an adverse majority.

Ontario county has sent in her petitions, and has completed arrangements for an active campaign. The last week in May is suggested as the best time for a polling day.

The Hastings petitions are almost ready for the Government's inspection.

Haldimand, although only recently agitated on the matter, has already given more signatures to the petition than are necessary to bring on a vote. The neighboring county of Lincoln is well organized.

The prospects in Essex are very encouraging, the cause gaining ground in Windsor and all over the county.

In Middlesex, the West Riding Committee has received reports from the various townships showing complete organization and satisfactory prospects.

Victoria is all alive. In one issue of a *Lindsay* paper we see notices of Scott Act meetings in Eldon, Omemece, Ops and Mariposa. The petitions are being well signed, and leading farmers are giving in their intelligent adherence to the great cause.

THE are try govern lion in Afgha by pri ca. A put t as Bri ago. "Alal aggres lantic Thi Beang State: The e s) and conte of Ar Th succe failu Sr Gove ing t glish a pe bill, smal the l Pi Dau the islar hav: Frei seen of 2 nati the of t Mr. in t the Pro tha the Go per I Un Sh Co' her a t sto fee the he inf ex th on th na ta P. te H oi cl S a P g. a V c

**THE FENIANS** and other Irish malcontents are trying to get money from the Russian government, with which to get up a rebellion in Ireland while Britain is engaged in Afghanistan, and to injure British commerce by privateering vessels fitted out in America. Americans, however, have no wish to put themselves in such a position to Britain as Britain occupied to America twenty years ago. The judgment against Britain in the "Alabama" case would hold good if the aggression came from this side of the Atlantic.

**THE NEW MAYOR** of Montreal, Mr. Honoré Beaugrand, lived several years in the United States and became a naturalized citizen. The extreme Catholics, who are enraged at the success of a man who is a Freemason and Liberal in religious matters, talk of contesting his election partly on that ground of American citizenship.

**THE NEWFOUNDLAND** seal fishery is very successful this year. Last year it was a failure.

**SPARROWS** are doomed in Indiana.—Governor Gray has signed a bill withdrawing the protection of the law from the English sparrow. The bird has become such a pest that the Legislature amended the bill, which prevents the killing of many small birds, so as to exclude the sparrow of the English variety.

**PROTESTANTS PERSECUTED.**—The London *Daily News* informs us that some details of the persecutions of native Protestants in the island of Mare, one of the Loyalty group, have lately been received in England. French officials in that island, acting, it would seem, under the authority of the Governor of New Caledonia, had imprisoned several native teachers, and are said to have treated them with great cruelty. A painful account of these occurrences having been sent to Mr. A. McArthur, M.P., by a correspondent in the Pacific, he has addressed a letter on the subject to the directors of the French Protestant Missionary Society, in the belief that if proper representations are made to the French Government they will direct the Governor of New Caledonia to protect the persecuted natives.

**HER HAIR STOLEN.**—The Schenectady *Union* tells the following story:—Agnes Shea, daughter of Poormaster Shea, of Cohoes, had her golden tresses cut off close to her head Monday night, as was supposed for a time, by some unknown persons who had stolen into her bedroom. There was a queer feeling about her head, and she put her hand there. The discovery led her to shriek, and her sister, who was sleeping by her, went into a fit by fright. Mr. Shea and family examined the windows and doors, but found them all secured. The long braid was lying on a stand in the parlor. Mr. Shea thinks that Agnes, who is subject to freaks of somnambulism, cut it off herself.

**A WILD BEAST** in human shape at Matane, Rimouski county, Quebec, named Poitras, has murdered his wife by literally tearing her to pieces with his nails and teeth. He has fled to the woods.

**IN THE OHIO LEGISLATURE** the other day one of the members—Allen O'Myers—charged several others with bribery. The Sergeant-at-Arms had to come in to prevent a free fight. Myers afterwards tried to poison himself.

**THE CATHOLICS** of Mercer County, Pennsylvania, are petitioning the courts not to allow the Bible to be read in the schools. Whichever side loses will appeal to a higher court.

**THE OTHER DAY** an attempt was made to blow up a Protestant church at Glenmore, near Stranorlar, later particulars of which aggravate the outrage very considerably. The attempt was deliberately and skillfully planned, and the object could be nothing less than to utterly demolish the building, which, however, stoutly withstood the shock. Twenty-one cartridges of dynamite were used, seven in each of three tin canisters. The rev. incumbent, Mr. Willoughby, when interviewed, says he knew of no ill-feeling in the district, and the place is said to be free from party contentions. The explosion was successful only with two canisters. Two breaches were made in the main walls of the church. A tramp was arrested, but there is no clue.—*Helfaut Telegraph.*

**THE DYNAMITERS** have held a meeting in New York. After speeches by O'Donovan Rossa and other assassins, the meeting passed a resolution that the visit of the Prince of Wales to Ireland is "An act of invasion," and that he deserves to be put to death as a hostile spy in time of war!

**THE REVOLUTIONISTS** in Colombia are said to be more numerous than the supporters of the Government, so the Government will probably have to fall.

**A DISGRACEFUL RIOT** has taken place in the Austrian House of Representatives; a number of students in the gallery raised cries of "Down with the Jews," and fought desperately before they could be expelled.

**IN THE CRADLE OF WAR.** Whether the two greatest empires on earth remain at peace or engage in a fearful war all depends on what happens in the Herat valley, on the North-West frontier of Afghanistan, and any particulars of that important spot are now read with great interest. One writer describes the villages in the Herat valley as carefully protected by mud-walled enclosures, often strengthened by bricks, with a line of defences in addition, and a mud-built fort, tower-shaped and loop-holed, where the chief of the village usually dwells. The principal houses are dome-shaped, and surrounded by flat-roofed buildings for the animals. A low opening admits to the enclosure, too low indeed to allow a rider to pass, so that the horses are led out to be mounted. The animals are sometimes housed on the ground floor, and their owners above, but generally beasts and their masters inhabit separate dwellings. The Heratis, as the people are called, are very hospitable, and when inviting the geologist attached to the British Commission to visit one of their villages, they began to break down the wall at the opening, so that their guest might enter without dismounting. They are much less reticent and solemn than the pure Afghans, with merrier expressions of countenance and more exuberant spirits. The Herati horseman is a rollicking free-lance, a gallant sportsman, and particularly fond of boar-hunting. The Turkestan boars are splendid animals, and at a short distance look as big as the country black cattle; and they are so bold as to enter the encampments by night, in spite of the lights.

**A DESERTER'S MISTAKE.**—Mr. B. F. Stedman, writing in the *Chicago Times*, says: "It is probably true that President Lincoln often pardoned deserters, but it is equally true that many were executed. For instance, in the Fall of 1861 one Johnson, of the 'Lincoln' (New-York) Cavalry, went through our lines near Fairfax, gave himself up to the first squad he met, told them he was a deserter, answered all he knew as to our forces, and then found he was yet with our own men. He was brought back to Gen. Franklin's headquarters, near the old seminary, and the second day thereafter was shot, all the troops in that vicinity being out to witness the execution. At least a dozen men were hanged for desertion in the Army of the Potomac during December, 1864. I witnessed such executions every Friday during that month, and on one of those occasions four men took the drop. If Mr. Lincoln did not sanction, he certainly did not stop, military executions."

#### IN A CONVICT SETTLEMENT.

The island of New Caledonia, as is well known, is used by France as a penal settlement for her criminals, thousands of whom are confined there or hired out to the free settlers as laborers. Many are liberated after a time and allowed to take up land; they are still under an obligation not to leave the island, but sometimes they escape and land in Australia, about 600 miles away—so it is no wonder that the Australians protest against the latest French proposal to ship thousands of "habitual criminals" of the worst class to New Caledonia.

Recent papers received in Australia give a glimpse of the horrors planted on New Caledonia soil by its French owners, in a report of the trial and condemnation to death by the military tribunal of a horrible ruffian named Chiappe. He is a Corsican by birth, and was transported for life on account of an assassination committed in Algeria, where he followed an infamous occupation. Since he has been in the island he has been the executioner of the sentences passed on such of the convicts as fell under the ban of their own secret tribunal for offences usually arising out of their gambling transactions. The man he has just murdered was named Mas. Mas was formerly known as "the king of the hulks," and his power over the convicts was at one time so absolute that they would have committed any atrocity at his command. But for the last four years he has been employed as one of the turnkeys. On the 17th of May, 1881, Mas was accused of killing another convict, and was sentenced to death. His life was spared, however, and he was reinstated in his former position. On the 22nd August, 1882, he was suddenly attacked by two prisoners, to whom their companions had delegated, by lot, the duty of assassinating him. He was severely wounded, but recovered. During the year 1883, numerous attempts were made to murder him, but they were baffled by his great strength and courage, although he received several ugly gashes.

On the 2nd of October last, Mas, who had been removed from his post for drunkenness and outrageous conduct towards one of the warders, was seated on the step of the room he occupied, about the hour of noon, when Chiappe, armed with a cutlass, suddenly burst upon him, and inflicted a terrible wound upon him with the weapon; then, seizing Mas by the throat with his left hand, he proceeded to hack at him, and then, weary with the violence of his exertions, drew back to gloat over the spectacle of his victim bleeding from fifteen different gashes.

By a supreme effort Mas staggered to his feet, and drew, as he thought, a knife from his pocket. Chiappe, seeing this movement, took flight, pursued by the hootings and howlings of about twenty convicts, who sympathized with his crime, but despised his cowardice. This shamed him into returning, and he again flung himself upon his tottering victim. The latter looked at the imaginary weapon which he held in his hand, and found it was one of his own fingers which had been severed in the struggle without his being conscious of it.

His assassin, finding he had nothing to fear from him, renewed his attack, with the approbation of the scoundrels who looked on, and Mas fell to the ground covered with 20 additional wounds. At that moment a wander made his appearance, and both murderer and spectators disappeared as if by enchantment. According to the report of the surgeon who examined the corpse, the head was nearly severed from the trunk, and there were more than 50 gashes on the body, which, if placed in a line, would have been, in the aggregate, upwards of 4ft. long.

Chiappe is described as being both morally and physically hideous—a wild beast endowed with human speech. His attitude before his judges was one of insolent earth and defiant mockery. He denied the perpetration of the crime with revolting cynicism; and when the clerk of the tribunal notified to him that he was sentenced to be executed for the murder, "What!" he exclaimed, "Condemned to death for such scum as that!" And it was with considerable difficulty that the police imposed silence upon him. Ever since the assassin's condemnation, the convicts known as *teneurs de jeux*, of whom he was the instrument, and who express themselves quite confidently with respect to the commutation of his sentence, have allowed him ten cents a day pocket money during the term of his imprisonment.

What must the "savage" natives think of their "civilized" conquerors?

#### JEFFERSON DAVIS AT HOME.

A Chicago gentleman recently called on the ex-president of the Confederate States at his home, near Beauvoir,—a fine mansion given him by a lady friend of the Southern cause. Pleasant and cheerful replies were given to all the visitor's questions.

One of the most important things said by Mr. Davis was, perhaps, in relation to his present position in regard to the "lost cause." He said he had been misunderstood in this respect. When he remarked in a public speech that the cause was not lost, but would be recovered, he did not by any means imply that there would be another war; that was impossible. The South was too impoverished to resort to anything of the kind; besides, it had no disposition or intention to do so. He meant simply that the "lost cause" of the rebellion would revive again in the fuller acknowledgment of the principle that the Union was a compact between independent and sovereign States. This, he thought, would be the final outcome of the civil war, it having recalled the attention of the people to the original principles upon which the Government is based.

Mr. Davis remarked that he was poor, and as an evidence of it Mrs. Davis, when she came to invite them to dinner, excused herself for not appearing earlier by saying that she had to do her own work. The ex-president concluded the courtesies of the day by driving his visitor over to the station.

**A KING IN DISGUISE.**—A pleasant story is told of King Humbert of Italy, who is a skillful and enthusiastic sportsman, and often goes out alone, gun in hand, in search of game, with two setters in attendance. During one of these solitary excursions he was met by a person who was amazed and delighted at the skill with which the king waded a covey of partridges. He complimented the sportsman on his shooting, and told him if he would come to his farm the next morning at daybreak, and kill a fox that had been stealing his chickens, he would not mind giving him a couple of francs.

King Humbert kept the appointment, killed the fox, ate breakfast with the family and received his two francs, delighting the humble family with his good nature and affability. Two days afterward the peasant was amazed by the visit of an officer in a gorgeous carriage bringing presents to the family from the king, and was greatly confused on learning that he had employed the King of Italy to rid his henroost of a thief.

**A ONE-EYED GENERAL.**—The Editor of the *London World* tells a fact probably unknown by most of those who have followed the successful career of Britain's foremost general, Lord Wolsley. The writer says: I am rejoiced that Lord Wolsley has been able to eradicate the reports as to his eye trouble; he can afford ophthalmia less than most men, as, ever since the Crimea, he has had the sight of but one eye. When he was doing duty in the trenches before Sebastopol, a shell exploded in a gabion full of gravel, in moving which he and two sappers were engaged. They were both killed outright. Wolsley got so severe a peppering with the gravel that he was literally "stuck full of stones from head to foot." There was not a square inch of his face that had not a gravel-pellet embedded in it, part of his shin bone was carried away, and his eyesight was in so great a danger that for weeks he was kept in the gloom of a cave near Balclava, and so missed being present at the fall of Sebastopol.

**A FASHION HAS CREPT** into country houses which does away with much of the monotony of the strict law concerning "Taking in to dinner." When the guests are all assembled a hat containing the names of the ladies written on slips of paper folded up is taken round to the gentlemen, a similar process being employed with the ladies. Although, through this plan, possible enemies may temporarily be linked together, it gives also a chance for friends, and *Vanity Fair* strongly recommends its adoption.

### The Temperance Worker

"TEMPERANCE IS THE CAUSE OF MORE EVIL THAN WAR, PESTILENCE AND FAMINE COMBINED."—Right Hon. W. GLADSTONE, Prime Minister of Britain.

(Here we publish facts and comments on the Question of the Day; and we are glad to receive enquiries and suggestions from our readers.)

THERE ARE 900 churches in California, and 12,000 liquor shops!

FRANCE has got one saloon to every hundred inhabitants; in fact, the western parts have one to every fifty-eight men, women and children. It is a great mistake to suppose that the French only drink wine, for spirits are much more commonly used in the North.

LIQUOR SELLERS, when threatened with prohibition of their trade, make a great outcry that they "must have compensation." They say—"The law allows us to carry on our business, and if you suddenly take away that business you ought to pay us for it." Very well, friend Rummy, we will compensate you for all your losses, on one condition—"What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," you know. You also know that it is a poor rule that won't work both ways. Here, then, is a fair offer. If you pay into the public treasury a sum of money large enough to cover all the financial injury you have done to the public, the public will be delighted to return you what you will lose by going out of business. Yes,—and what the public will have to give you will not be a hundredth part of what you will have to give the public!

THE CITY OF SACRAMENTO, California, is in the midst of a struggle with the gambling hell. One party actually wishes to license them! All the moral and respectable elements of the community are indignant at the proposition. One benefit likely to result from the agitation of this question is that it will open people's eyes to the wrongness of licensing evil of any kind. The arguments used against the licensing of gambling dens, by the very newspapers which had supported the licensing of drinking dens, are just the arguments used by prohibitionists. The Record Union, we observe, sounds a clear note to awake citizens to their duty in enforcing the present law. It says—"So long, however, as the prohibitory law remains upon the statute book, it should be respected, no matter whether it is uniformly enforced or not. If it is not enforced it is the fault of the very people who complain of its inaction, and from this responsibility there is no escape."

IF ENTHUSIASM and utter devotion to a good cause are the same thing as fanaticism, then for Heaven's sake let us not only encourage all the fanatics now in our midst but import all we can find abroad! The trouble is, no other country can spare its enthusiasts and fanatics any more than we can.

"Selah" says: "When the 'Noble Six Hundred' were rashly ordered to accomplish an utterly impossible thing, and they rashly attempted it, charging at Balaklava right 'into the mouth of hell, and running the gauntlet between two lines of twenty times their number on either side,' here was a 'patriotic, military enthusiasm unexampled,' but no charge of fanaticism. And no matter what zeal a man displays in the prosecution of his duties—in the school, Church, or law—he is commended for his 'admirable enthusiasm.' But let a man manifest a similar zeal in his prosecution of the prince of villains, the merciless murderer, old Tyrant Alcohol, and there are thousands of people ever ready and glad to echo and re-echo the cry of 'fanaticism!'"

THE EFFECTS of a faithful administration of prohibitory laws are every where the same. The mayors of about fifty towns and cities in Iowa have recently given their formal testimony as to the enforcement or non-enforcement of the measure that became law last July. In many of these centres, for various causes the law has not been carried out, and it is needless to say that no good results have ensued. But from those towns where the law has been enforced, the unanimous testimony is that it has already

had beneficial results. Here are three or four of the statements referred to.

A. Z. Church, mayor of Jefferson, a town of 1444 population, writes—"The prohibitory law is enforced in this town and county (Greene), and has resulted in a decrease of the number of saloons, and criminal prosecutions for drunkenness. I consider the law a success."

Eza King, mayor of Hamilton, (population 1398), says—"We have no licensed saloons here. I consider that the law has caused a decrease of crime, and is a grand success, in that it has driven all shipments of alcoholic liquors and the keeping them for sale, with drunkenness, out of public view, and brought out such a resistance from the drinking classes as no other law previous to it. It is enforced here as well as the statute against stealing."

A. L. Tullis, mayor of Whitesett, (2583), says: "There was a decrease of saloons in our town to the number of seven, three months before Prohibition came in, and since then they have all been closed out, followed by a decrease of crime. I consider the law a success; it is enforced here, except in the case of drug-stores, which sell to some extent."

And the following is from the mayor of Cedar Rapids, a city of 10,104 souls: "Previous to the last 4th of July, we had in this town 50 licensed saloons; to-day there is not one license in town. The law is enforced here, and has resulted in a decrease of crime. It is a grand success."

#### LIQUOR LAWS OF THE UNION.

In the present warmth of the anti-liquor crusade, it is interesting to see what laws exist on this subject in the various states of the Union. Taking the states in alphabetical order, and acknowledging our indebtedness to a table compiled for the New York Voice, we find:—

**Alabama**—A great many counties, and districts near schools and churches, under prohibition obtained by local petition to the legislature; illegal sales are made with great difficulty.

**Arkansas**—One fourth of the state under prohibition. On petition, sales are absolutely forbidden within three miles of churches and schools; and all localities vote every second year on the question of "License or no license." Each license costs about \$700.

**California** gives licenses, costing \$52 each, but the law is poorly enforced. A few localities have obtained special acts prohibiting the sale.

**Colorado** has a license system only; the fee is from \$25 to 300.

**Connecticut** has local option laws, under which 91 of 167 towns prohibit, and the prohibition is enforced. Licenses cost \$100.

**Delaware**—License system; fee, \$100.

**Florida**—A license, costing \$300, can only be had with the consent of the majority of voters in any district. Some counties and other districts prohibit entirely.

**Georgia** has local option. Of 137 counties, 100 have prohibition, and the law is fairly enforced, some towns practically prohibiting by fixing the license fee at a very high figure; (Gordonsville asks \$100,000.)

**Illinois**—Local option, well carried out when adopted. The lowest license fee is \$500.

**Indiana**—So long as a man pays his \$50 to \$200 for a license, he is generally left to break the rest of the law. No local option.

**Iowa**—Stringent prohibitory law, well enforced in country parts, fairly in small towns, and little in large cities.

**Kansas**—Strict constitutional prohibition, successful except in some towns and cities.

**Kentucky**, by local option, has more than half her counties under prohibition. The law is not strictly observed in all.

**Louisiana**—By electing anti-license municipalities, authorities, a large part of the state has gained local prohibition.

**Maine** has constitutional prohibition, very well enforced in most country parts and towns, and fairly well in all but a few large centres.

**Massachusetts** has local option, by which half the state has obtained prohibition. License fee, \$50 to \$1,000.

**Maryland**—The license law is not enforced. About half the state has got prohibition by special petitions to the legislature, and the law is fairly well enforced.

**Michigan**—Some localities prohibit by local option with good results. Licenses, \$200 to \$500.

**Minnesota** has a fairly enforced license law, now including local option. Fee \$25 to \$100.

**Mississippi** is mostly under well enforced prohibition. A majority of the male inhabitants over 21 years of age must consent before a license is granted. Fee, \$200 to \$1,000.

**Missouri**—A license, costing \$275 to \$600 can only be given with the consent of all taxpayers in the district. The law is well enforced.

**Nebraska** gives licenses at \$500 to \$1,000. Treating is a misdemeanor, and cities under 10,000 population can prohibit. The law is well enforced, and the liquor sellers are liable to support a drunkard if he does not support himself.

**Nevada** gives licenses at \$60 to \$120, but in a large part of the state no liquor is sold.

**New Hampshire** has nominal prohibition.

**New Jersey**—Localities may get prohibition by special acts of the legislature. License fee, \$10 to \$100.

**New York**—The payment of \$30 to \$250 for license is enforced, but not much else of the license law.

**North Carolina**—Local option, well enforced, and local prohibition of the sale of liquor near churches, schools or towns.

**Ohio's** constitution forbids license, and a majority of the people voted for prohibition, but by fraud the proposal was defeated. The liquor trade is unrestrained.

**Oregon**—Local option, enacted recently. License fee, \$300.

**Pennsylvania** gives licenses cheap and the law is poorly enforced. Potter county has tried prohibition for 20 years, and successfully.

**Rhode Island**—the aldermen or town councilors, if so elected, refuse licenses, and sales are then difficult. Fee, \$150 to \$300.

**South Carolina** is mostly under prohibition. The law of 1881 absolutely prohibits in unincorporated districts, and some towns successfully prohibit by local option law of 1882. License fee, \$100.

**Tennessee**—More than a hundred towns have given up their charters to come under the law prohibiting liquor sales within four miles of a church or school. The law is generally well enforced.

**Texas** now possesses a local option law.

**Vermont** is under prohibitory laws, by which the liquor trade is stopped in many districts.

**Virginia** has a badly enforced license law.

**West Virginia** has a local option law by which 38 out of 54 counties have prohibition. License fee, \$200.

**Wisconsin**—A license law, not enforced, and local option. Fee \$75 to \$200.

#### TEMPERANCE PHYSIOLOGY.

FOR USE IN SCHOOLS AND BANDS OF HOPE.

(Published by A. S. Barnes, New York, under the direction of the National W. C. T. U.)

##### CHAPTER IV.—TOBACCO.

Until within a few years, the Middle and part of the Southern States have been the chief tobacco-raising regions of the United States. Now, however, the cultivation of tobacco has spread, until many fertile valleys even as far north as Canada, are devoted to the growth of "the weed."

The plant reaches a height of several feet, and has large, spreading, pale-green leaves, which are dried, and then made into cigars or prepared to be smoked in pipes, or chewed, or used as snuff.

##### NICOTINE.

Tobacco, a powerful narcotic, contains a substance called nicotine. A single drop, if put on the tongue of a dog, will soon kill the animal. An ordinary cigar contains nicotine enough to kill two men, if taken pure.

One has to learn to like tobacco. Boys who try it know that at first it gives them headache, dizziness, and sickness at the stomach. Their poor bodies try to tell them they are taking poison.

If they keep on, the nicotine deadens the nerves, so they do not feel these effects, though they are more or less injured all the time.

##### CIGARETTES.

Many boys and young men learn to smoke by beginning with cigarettes. These seem harmless because they are so small; but they are one of the worst possible preparator of tobacco.

The smoke of the paper wrappings is irritating to the lungs, and the cigarettes send

more poisonous fumes into the delicate air-cells than a pipe or a cigar.

Drinking men are almost always smokers or chewers, and many a drunkard owes his ruined life and happiness to the appetite for narcotics formed by the use of tobacco, and the company into which it led him.

Old cigar-stumps are often picked up from the streets and smoked or made into cigarettes. This is worse than disgusting; for, in this way, diseases may be spread, coming from the mouths of the first users. These stumps are the "strongest" part of the cigars—that is, they contain the most nicotine, which thus goes into cigarettes.

##### TOBACCO AND GROWTH.

A boy who uses tobacco runs the risk of being dwarfed in body, mind, and soul; of becoming a nervous, sickly man, with a weak memory and feeble heart.

Physicians agree that many and serious troubles result from its use even by adults;—it is certain that growing boys can never indulge in it with safety.

An eminent physician—Dean of one of the leading medical colleges in this country—(Dr. A. B. Palmer, of the University of Michigan), says that young men who learn to smoke or chew tobacco, destroy on an average, by so doing, one-fifth of the enjoyment and value, and at least one-tenth of the length of their lives.

As with other narcotics, using a little makes one long for more; the boy who begins with one or two cigars a day, soon increases the number.

Many men who are now slaves to this poison, would gladly be free from it; and very few tobacco users would advise their sons to adopt the expensive, uncleanly, and worst than useless habit.

##### COST OF TOBACCO AND ALCOHOL.

What is the yearly expense of a five-cent mug of beer for each week-day, and two on Sundays? How many barrels of flour would this money buy at \$6.00 a barrel?

What is the annual cost of the habit to a boy who spends five cents for cigarettes each day in the year? If, instead of burning it up, the boy, when fourteen years old, puts the value of the cigarettes into the Savings Bank daily, what will it amount to by the time he is twenty-one?

If a man earns one dollar a day, and spends daily five cents for tobacco and five cents for beer, what part of his earnings is thus worse than wasted on these narcotics?

If twenty cents a day be spent for cigarettes and beer, what amount will be lost to the user in three months' time?

What amount would be saved in ten years' time, if a man who spends thirty cents a day for liquor, should give up the habit entirely?

How much will the expense of "treating" be likely to increase the amount one spends for alcohol and tobacco?

##### REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. In what section of this country is tobacco raised? Describe the plant.
2. Give proof of the poisoning of nicotine.
3. What are the usual effects when one uses tobacco for the first time?
4. Why does the tobacco-user not continue to feel these effects?
5. Why are cigarettes especially harmful?
6. How may the use of tobacco be the means of leading one to drink liquors?
7. What risks does a boy run in using tobacco?
8. How does the appetite for tobacco change with the use of the drug? Why?
9. Which is the more profitable purchase—tobacco or flour? Why?

##### CHAPTER I.

1. Under what names is alcohol drunk?
2. What is the difference between a food and a poison?
3. Describe Dr. Richardson's experiment with the monkey.
4. What is the effect of alcohol upon the water in the human body?
5. Why does the drinker of alcohol fail to realize his danger.

##### CHAPTER II.

1. Describe the appearance of a fermenting liquid?
2. What does the microscope show in stagnant water?
3. What conditions will prevent the formation of alcohol from sugar?
4. What makes bread light and spongy?
5. What is the effect of heat on fermented liquors?

IT IS NOT a good plan to have a wet umbrella opened out to dry, as the ribs are apt to warp in the bent form, giving an unsightly appearance when the umbrella is closed. Silk umbrellas should be left to drain, and then gently wiped with an old silk handkerchief.



GENEROSITY.

I was born with a tender heart, and the sight of pain or suffering always distressed me. So I was very uneasy if I saw or heard of any poor, unhappy person. I would try to give something to relieve the distress. With animals it was the same. So when our brother brought us a little fish, it, naturally, being out of water, began to gasp and droop. Maggie and myself, mindful of our dear mamma's care of us, made a nice little bed for the fish, and tried to force some milk into its mouth. So have I heard of kind ladies who would remove poor sick people from their homes and put them into a hospital. To be sure, the patient was well cared for, but he missed the atmosphere of his poor home and its home companionship, and this longing was worse for him than his disease. Our little fish died—we had made a mistake in our generous deed.

We were walking along merrily one afternoon, Maggie and I, and pleasing ourselves with eating an orange. It is not well-bred to eat in the street, but a friend had met us and given us each an orange which we attacked immediately. I had soon made away with mine, but Maggie was always more gentle and dainty than myself, so she was taking her time.

Suddenly we came upon a poor, forlorn little girl, who moved our compassion. I was very sorry that my fruit was gone, but I snatched Maggie's, and saying, "You don't want any more of that, do you?" I gave the half-eaten orange to the poor child. Such a look as Maggie gave me, but she was too good to cry, and I suppose she thought it right to give it up. This might have been an act of mercy, but it was very unjust. We must never be generous with other people's things.

A short time since Mabel was taken to the seaside, and she amused herself very much. When the party were ready to return home they went to the Curiosity Shop to buy something for the family at home. Mabel had a little money and said: "Oh, I will not buy for myself, but something for Baby Helen," and she got a small toy. "How kind and good that is, Mabel, so generous to forget yourself," said Aunt Doris. "Now you must choose something as a reward." Mabel smiled and soon made choice of a costly toy. "I knew I should get something better," whispered she to her Cousin Joanna. "I always do." Was Mabel generous?

Shall I ever forget that morning after the holidays when two of my dear little pupils marched up to my desk with flushed cheeks and beaming eyes, exclaiming, "Merry Christmas, dear Miss Katharine! Happy New Year!" And they laid before me a folded paper, saying, "We looked over all our Christmas presents for the most beautiful thing we could find, and we brought you this." I opened the paper and found a little sugar lamb! My eyes fill even now and my heart beats more quickly as I think of that offering—their very best. Oh, how long have I kept it on my shelf, until it had melted all out of shape and size, and how the fragrance of the deed still breathes over my memory. Dear Anna and Rosy, where are you now?

"Whom did you have at your Christmas party?" asked I of the dear little Bartleys. "We had the two friends from next door, and the boy over the way, and the clergyman's little girl, and the butcher's two boys. Nan said that the butcher had always been kind to us, so very kind, and that it was not ladylike to be proud and ungrateful, and so we wrote a note to them, and we had such a nice party."

Nan is the colored nurse of the family, who has followed through life the changeful fortunes of her mistress, nursing the children and the children's children, and is now teaching the little ones the lessons of true nobility and generosity.

"Yes," continued Adele, "and we gave the butcher's boys the prettiest things off the tree, after papa and mamma, because their people don't make Christmas trees."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

READING ALOUD.

If you ask eight people out of ten now, they will tell you that they hate being read to. And why? Because from their childhood they have been unused to it, or used only to such a monotonous drone as robbed even the "Arabian Nights" of half their charm. The husband, at the end of a hard day's work, returns home to pass the evening absorbed in his book, or dozing over the fire, while the wife takes up her novel, or knits in silence. If he read to her, or if he could tolerate her reading to him, there would be community of thought, interchange of ideas, and such discussion as the fusion of two minds into any common channel cannot fail to produce. And it is often the same when the circle is wider. I have known a large family pass the hours between dinner and bedtime, each one with

his book or work, afraid to speak above his breath because "it would disturb papa." Is this cheerful or wise, or conducive to that close union in a household which is a bond of strength through life, which the world can neither give nor take away? I can not blame them, for they all read abominably; and it is enough to have endured the infliction of family prayers, gasped and mumbled by the head of the family, to feel that listening to such a delivery for any length of time would exasperate one beyond endurance.

But it was not always so. In the last century—even as late as fifty years ago—reading aloud was regarded as an accomplishment worth the cultivation of those (especially those who lived in the country) with pretensions to taste, and it was, consequently, far more frequently found enlivening

the domestic circle. There were fewer books, fewer means of locomotion, fewer pleasures of winter nights, outside the four walls of the country parlor. The games of cribbage, or the sonata on the spinnet, did not occupy the entire evening after six o'clock dinner; and Shakespeare and Milton were more familiar to the young generation of those days than they are now—mainly, I feel persuaded, because they were accustomed to hear them read aloud. The ear, habituated to listen, is often a more safe conduit to the memory in youth than the inattentive eye which rapidly skims a page.—*Nineteenth Century.*

MOTHER WISER THAN DOCTOR.

A boy fell from one of the high beams of a barn, and was carried to his mother sally crushed and broken. A skilful surgeon was called. He came, looked the boy over, and only gave him a soothing dose.

"You are doing nothing to cure him," said the mother. "Why don't you set his bones?"

"It would be useless, madam. Your son has received fatal injury; we will not add to his sufferings by useless treatment of his fractures."

"Fatal!" cried the mother indignantly; "to what purpose then is your skill? Set every bone in his body."

The surgeon obeyed. It was before the use of anaesthetics, and when many mechanical-surgical appliances now in use were unknown. The boy was tortured, but the mother looked on, aided and abetted in the torture, denied all her son's piteous pleadings, yet shed not a tear. She nursed him with almost superhuman patience and endurance through months of misery, during which he lay bound, and often reproached her that she did not let him die out of his pain. He did not die, nor become a helpless cripple, but recovered the full use of his entire body. And that body held no common mind. He was a genius, a well-known American author, who lived seventy-eight years.

A thought awakened by these facts, however, not the man's history, is our subject.

We suffer, in our agony we wish we were dead, or had never been born. We cry to God for help, and think he hears us not because our pain is not removed. Again, we behold the suffering of those we love better than ourselves, and our heart's wail for their anguish is more piteous than for our own. We say, "How can a God of love, a Heavenly Father omnipotent, see it without interposing, nay, order it, and deny our pleadings? Satan tempts us, 'Can there be a God of love?' and we are in danger of saying in our heart—like the fool—"There is no God."

Is there a suggestion of help for all this in the history of those broken bones and that mother's relation to them? Has our Heavenly Father taken the desperate case of our fallen, disjunct humanity in hand, because he would have life, not death, our portion? Can Omnipotence, even, interpose? That mother could have intervened to save her son from suffering, yet did not. Did she love him? Answer, every mother who has stood beside a son's cross, with the sword "through thine own soul also." Does God love us though we suffer, though we cry and he is silent? Let his Word answer: "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son;" "The Lord is not willing that any should perish;" "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth;" "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you; and ye shall be comforted."

Oh, well is it for us, with our broken bones, that we have a Father whose love, tender as a mother's, is wiser for us than are our doctors, or that we are for ourselves!—*Illus. Chris. Weekly.*

FROM the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same, the Lord's name is to be praised.—*Psalms 113: 3.*



THE FRIEND AT MIDNIGHT; OR, THE REWARD OF IMPORTUNITY.

(Luke xi. 5-13)

At midnight to his sleeping friend  
He turns, and knocking at the door,  
He begs and prays that he will lend  
Three loaves to him from out his store.

"For at my gate 'e'en now there stands  
A friend of mine, all travel-worn  
And unexpected, who demands  
Comfort and food before the morn."

His half-waked friend, within, replies  
"Trouble me not, my door is barr'd,  
My children sleep, I cannot rise."  
Such his refusal cold and hard.

But he, without, quits not the door:  
More strongly pressing his request,  
He knocks still louder than before,  
And gives his churlish friend no rest;

Till, through the window, from above,  
The loaves are granted to his plea,  
Grudgingly granted—not for love,  
But for his importunity.

We have a Friend, who slumbers not,  
To all our needs and cares awake:  
At midnight dark, or noonday hot,  
To Him our sorrows we may take.

When'er we humbly ask He hears,  
Or earnest seek, He marks our cry,  
And when we knock with sobs and tears,  
He opens to us instantly.

The bar of sin, which closed the door,  
Himself has taken clean away:  
The gate lies open ever more  
To all who trust in Him and pray.

In every pressing want or woe,  
Which weighs on us, or those we love,  
To our true Friend, O let us go,  
And He will help us from above.

He is not troubled with our prayer,  
Or weary of our urgent plea:  
He bids us cast on him our care,  
He loves our importunity!

RICHARD WILTON.

THE WEEKLY MESSENGER.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book)

Studies in the Acts of the Apostles.

LESSON II.—APRIL 12.

PAUL'S SHIPWRECK—ACTS 27: 27-34.

COMMIT VERSES 33-36.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Then they were in the ship in their trouble...

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God able to deliver out of trouble.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Acts 27: 27-34. Ps. 137: 1-3.

INTRODUCTION.

After Paul's persisting address in the last lesson, he who has been invited...

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

27. ALEXA—the Adriatic Sea, it is generally called the central basin of the Mediterranean Sea...

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where was Paul in our last lesson?

SUBJECT: GODS PROMISE FULFILLED.

I. THE NIGHT OF SUSPENSE (vs. 27-30)—How long did the storm continue?

II. SONS IN THE NIGHT (vs. 31, 38)—How did Paul defend the sailors' plaint?

III. THE MORNING OF DELIVERANCE (vs. 34-36)—In what place did they find themselves in the morning?

IV. THE HEAVEN AND APPROPRIATENESS OF GIVING THANKS BEFORE MEAS.

V. GODS PROMISES ARE CERTAIN TO BE FULFILLED.

VI. BUT THIS DOES NOT EXCLUDE THE USE OF ALL THE MEANS IN OUR POWER.

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, March. 31, 1885.

The English grain markets are very dull and values are not so firm.

The local grain market continues very dull and prices are without change.

FOUR.—This market is very quiet, and values are unchanged.

(Canadian). \$4.00 to \$4.50; Strong Bakers' (American), \$4.50 to \$5.00.

MEALS unchanged.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Neither the butter nor the cheese markets show any change.

Wool PRODUCE.—Are quiet and unchanged. We quote:—Western Mess Pork \$15.75; do, Short Cut, \$16.00.

ASHES are again firmer at \$4.05 to \$4.07; for Pots.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

The supply of choice beefs for Easter market is fully as large as usual, but the prices are much lower than for several years past.

PIGS.—We quote:—Western Mess Pork \$15.75; do, Short Cut, \$16.00.

FARMERS' MARKET.

Although there is plenty and more than plenty of snow in the country, yet the sleighing is unfavorable for bringing heavy loads to the city.

WHEAT.

GRAIN.—Wheat, 89c bid April; 90c May; 91c June; 92c July.

FLOUR.

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