

beside him, the stranger's striking text,—
 "Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."
 He realized then that his midnight visitor was right.

The Square was burned that night. It is rebuilt; but Captain Earnshaw does not guard it. The story of that terrible walk was not believed; forgotten were the twelve years of faithfulness under the smart of the calamity; he was dismissed with severe rebuke.

The old watchman bears his bitter punishment patiently, for he has learned to rely upon the Lord whom he once despised. He earns his bread by watching in a obscure store near the scene of his former labors; but every night he visits the old square, hoping to aid if there is trouble, and perhaps regain his reputation. And often as he goes the rounds in the silent night, he repeats,—
 "Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."—*Boston Watchman.*

Upward, our Motto.

BY REV. JAS. SPENCER.
The Poem sung at the Graduation of the Class of 1881, in Acadia College, N. S.

Upward was the motto
 Our sainted fathers chose,
 When from the first foundation
 This Institution rose.
 Altho' disaster followed,
 And flame its walls illumed,
 The motto they had chosen
 Could never be consumed.

Upward, on our banners,
 In letters large we'll write,
 And victory will follow,
 In every lawful fight.

Upward! the voice of nature
 To tree and valley speaks,
 And from their wintry slumbers
 With energy awakes.
 Quickly the budding branches
 Are clad in flower and leaf,
 The trees give forth their fruitage,
 And fields the golden sheaf.
 Ever rising upward,
 The seeds our toil has sown;
 And every work of mercy,
 Our gracious leader own.

Upward! on every hilltop
 Our motto we will raise,
 Till every eye turned upward
 Shall on the Saviour gaze.
 Upward from degradation
 The fallen shall be raised,
 And the great King of Glory
 By all the nations praised,
 Then every step be upward,
 As through this vale we move,
 Till heights of endless glory
 Are reached in realms of love.

Upward on the basis
 Of progress here attained,
 Be gems of knowledge added,
 And greater wisdom gained,
 A structure rich in beauty
 Above the world will rise,
 Rearing its towers heavenward
 To glisten in the skies.
 Upward on wings of glory,
 We'll soar in endless light,
 But never lose our motto
 Amid our soaring flight.

Dancing.

The Chief of Police of New York city, says that three fourths of the abandoned girls in that city were ruined by dancing. Young ladies allow gentlemen privileges in dancing for which, if taken under any other circumstances, these gentlemen would be reported as improper persons. It requires neither brains, good morals, nor religion, to be a good dancer. It will not mix with religion any more than oil will mix with water.

As the love of the one increases, the love of the other decreases. How many distinguished Christians are eminent dancers? As certainly as the atmosphere around the thermometer at zero will freeze things, as certainly as the wind will drive the boat, so certainly will dancing freeze the religious sentiments out of the soul. It will drive its levotee away from the church; it is a wind that blows in that direction. In ancient times the sexes danced separately. Alcohol is the "spirit" of beverages. So sex is the spirit of the dance; take it away and let the sexes dance separately, and dancing would go out of fashion very soon.

Parlor dancing is dangerous. Tippling leads to drunkenness, and parlor dancing leads to ungodly balls. Tippling and parlor dancing sow to the wind, and both reap the whirlwind. Put dancing in the crucible, apply the acids, weigh it, and the verdict of reason, morality and religion is, "Weighed in the balance and found wanting."—*Christian Statesman.*

Temperance.

Only a Husk.

Tom Darcy, yet a young man, had grown to be a hard one. Although naturally kind-hearted, active, and intelligent, he lacked strength of will to resist temptation and had therefore fallen a victim of intemperance. He had lost his place as foreman of the great machine shop, and what money he now earned came from odd jobs of tinkering which he was able to do here and there at private houses; for Tom was a genius as well as a mechanic, and when his head was steady enough, he could mend a clock or clean a watch as well as he could set up and regulate a steam engine, and this latter he could do better than any other man ever employed by the Scott Falls Manufacturing Company.

One day Tom was engaged to mend a broken mowing machine and reaper, for which he received five dollars; and on the following morning he started for his old haunt, the village tavern. He knew that his wife sadly needed the money, and that his two little children were absolutely suffering for want of clothing, and that morning he held a debate with the better part of himself, but the better part had become weak, and the demon of appetite carried the day.

So away to the tavern Tom went, where, for two or three hours, he felt the exhilarating effects of the alcoholic draught, and fancied himself happy, as he could sing and laugh; but, as usual, stupefaction followed, and the man died out. He drank while he could stand, and then lay down in a corner, where his companions left him.

It was almost midnight, when the landlord's wife came to the bar-room to see what kept her husband up, and she quickly saw Tom.

"Peter," said she, not in a pleasant mood, "why don't you send that miserable Tom Darcy home? He's been hanging around here long enough."

Tom's stupefaction was not sound sleep. The dead coma had left his brain, and the calling of his name stung his senses to keen attention. He had an insane love of rum, but he did not love the landlord. In other years Peter Tindar and himself had wooed the same maiden—Ellen Goss—and he had won her, leaving Peter to take up with the sharp-tongued dame who had bought him the tavern, and Tom knew that lately the tapster had gloated over the misery of the woman who had once discarded him.

"Why don't you send him home?" demanded Mrs. Tindar, with an impatient stamp of her feet.

"Hush, Betsy, he's got money. Let him be, and he'll be sure to spend it before he goes home. I'll have the kernel of that nut, and his wife may have the husk."

Betsy turned away, and shortly afterward Tom Darcy lifted himself up on his elbow.

"Ah, Tom, are you awake?"

"Yes."

"Then rouse up and have a warm glass!"

Tom got upon his feet and steadied himself.

"No; I won't drink any more tonight."

"It won't hurt you, Tom—just one glass."

"I know it won't!" said Tom, buttoning up his coat by the solitary button left. "I know it won't!"

And with this he went out into the chill air of midnight. When he got away from the shadow of the tavern, he stopped and looked up at the stars, and down upon the earth.

"Ah," he muttered, grinding his heel in the gravel, "Peter Tindar is taking the kernel, and leaving poor Ellen the worthless husk—a husk more than worthless! and I am helping him to do it. I am robbing my wife of joy, robbing my dear children of honour and comfort, and robbing myself of love and life—just that Peter Tindar may have the kernel, and Ellen the husk! We'll see!"

It was a revelation to the man. The tavern-keeper's speech, meant not for his ears, had come on his senses as fell the voice of the risen One upon Saul of Tarsus.

"We'll see!" he said setting his foot firmly upon the ground; and then he wended his way homeward.

On the following morning he said to his wife, "Ellen, have you any coffee in the house?"

"Yes, Tom." She did not tell him that her sister had given it to her. She was glad to hear him ask for coffee, instead of the old cider.

"I wish you would make me a cup, good and strong."

There was really music in Tom's voice, and the wife set about her work with a strange flutter at her heart.

Tom drank two cups of the strong, fragrant coffee, and then went out—went out with a resolute step, and walked straight to the great manufactory, where he found Mr. Scott in his office.

"Mr. Scott, I want to learn my trade over again."

"Eh, Tom what do you mean?"

"I mean that it's Tom Darcy come back to the old place, asking forgiveness for the past, and hoping to do better in the future."

"Tom," cried the manufacturer starting forward and grasping his hand, "are you in earnest? Is it really the old Tom?"

"It's what's left of him, sir, and we'll have him whole and strong very soon, if you'll only set him at work."

"Work! Ay Tom and bless you, too. There is an engine to be set up and tested to-day. Come with me."

Tom's hands were weak and unsteady, but his brain was clear, and under his skillful supervision the engine was set up and tested; but it was not perfect. There were mistakes which he had to correct, and it was late in the evening when the work was complete.

"How is it now, Tom?" asked Mr. Scott, as he came into the testing-house and found the workmen ready to depart.

"She's all right, sir. You may give your warrant without fear."

"God bless you, Tom! You don't know how like music the old voice sounds. Will you take your old place again?"

"Wait till Monday morning, sir. If you will offer it to me then, I will take it."

At the little cottage, Ellen Darcy's fluttering heart was sinking. That morning, after Tom had gone, she found a dollar bill in the coffee cup. She knew that he left it for her. She had been out and bought tea and sugar, and the flour and butter, and a bit of tender steak; and all day long a ray of light had been dancing and glimmering before her—a ray from the blessed light of other days. With prayer and hope she had set out the tea table, and waited; but the sun went down and no Tom came. Eight o'clock—and almost nine:

"Hark! The old step! quick, strong, eager for home. Yes, it was Tom, with the old grime upon his hands, and the odor of oil upon his garments."

"I have kept you waiting, Nellie."

"Tom!"

"I did not mean to, but the work hung on."

"Tom! Tom! You have been to the old shop!"

"Yes, and I'm bound to have the old place, and—"

"O Tom!"

And she threw her arms around his neck, and pressed a kiss upon his lips.

"Nellie, darling, wait a little, and you shall have the old Tom back again."

"Oh, I have him now! God bless you my husband."

It was a banquet, that supper—with the bright angels of peace, and love, and joy spreading their wings over the board.

On the following Monday morning Tom resumed his place at the head of the great machine shop; and those who thoroughly knew him had no fear of his going back into the slough of joylessness.

A few days later, Tom met Peter Tindar on the street.

"Eh, Tom, old boy, what's up?"

"I am up, right side-up."

"Yes, I see; but I hope you haven't forsaken us, Tom?"

"I have forsaken only the evil you have in store, Peter. The fact is, I concluded that my wife and little ones had led on husks long enough, and if there was a good kernel left in my heart, or in my manhood, they should have it."

"Ah, you heard what I said to my wife that night?"

"Yes, Peter, and I shall be grateful to you for it, as long as I live. My remembrance of you will always be relieved by that tinge of warmth and brightness."—*Selected.*

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.
 Mission Work in Halifax City.

Editor Christian Messenger—

After five years in Mission Sunday School work in Albermarle Street, I desire to remind the Christian churches of our city that there is a great need to day, as ever, of "more laborers" in this, the roughest, hardest, and most uninviting sphere of labor. In fact the work to be done is greater, because through open-air singing and speaking, which we have been carrying on after the example of the Salvation Army, our work is increasing on our hand, with no increase of workers. True, it is wonderful the number of volunteer workers that have been raised up to take the place of those who have left us from time to time. Still as there are three or four of our number who have recently "separated themselves" into outside work, the need of more workers is increasingly felt.

Having been relieved of the superintendence of the morning and afternoon Sunday Schools, at my suggestion, I retain the position of General Superintendent, and take up outside work instead of inside. This is literally "going into the streets and lanes of the city" and either compelling the careless and neglected to come in, or carrying the Gospel message to them. It means speaking to the man or the woman who is a sinner, no matter what kind of a sinner, in house to house visitation, in the tavern or on the street. It means too, Gospel singing—not merely in the house but also in the open-air so as to draw the people off the streets to the Gospel meeting. This of course can only be done by the experienced worker.—Although a week or two ago I visited the Five Points Mission in New York, the neighbourhood did not seem so bad, openly, at any rate, as our Albermarle Street. I fear that our churches are not impressed with the heathen condition of life, in which many are living within sound of the church bells. There is need for 100 workers to offer themselves from the different churches. "Who will go and work to-day?" It is a source of grief to those already engaged to see so much work to be done which is beyond their time and strength, and to know that there are many in the churches unemployed. If our ministers or leaders of church work could only see for themselves Albermarle Street of a Sunday or week night when the ships of war are in port, it would lead to greater efforts for the reformation of society in that part of our city.

I would draw particular attention to the fact that in this district Sunday shop traffic is largely on the increase, and is not confined to the small shops. Further, that upon enquiry of the Mayor there is no law to stop it. This is a subject matter for the Evangelical Alliance.

Are we living far away from this mission field? No! only five or six minutes walk. As this district is situated just at the doors of the churches, surely there is no excuse for neglecting it. It has frequently occurred to me when working on during these last 5 years, that the very wickedness of men and women in this neighborhood, should draw forth the united energy of our churches, so that Christ's kingdom may come, even in Albermarle Street.

D. Mcgregor.

company assembled at the river side to witness the ordinance.

Bhagavan Barah, who received ordination last January at our Conference, came in on Thursday. He brings good news from Kimedey. Several, he thinks are converted. They want to be baptized; but their bonds are not sufficiently broken to enable them to come out at once.

The Naider of Komanavilly who was baptized, and afterwards was drawn back into heathenism by his relatives, is again making an effort to take a stand for Christ.

Two native helpers are out on the field this week. They are laboring between Chicacole and Bimlipatam.

We trust that better days are drawing near.—What about reinforcement for Chicacole? We are anxiously waiting?

Yours in the work,
 R. SANFORD.
Chicacole, April 26th, 1881.

[We are not surprised at the anxious question Brother Sanford asks at the close of his letter. He has doubtless, before this seen the letter of the Secretary in the Messenger of April 20th, mentioning the action of the Board in this regard, and has probably been officially notified of the appointment.—*En. C. M.*]

For the Christian Messenger.
 From France.

PARIS, May 23rd, 1881.

There is much indignation expressed by the French farmers against the Government for the lack of foresight it has evinced in allowing American grain to compete on equal terms with the native product. They say they cannot put their wheat in the market for less than from twenty to twenty-two francs the quintal—one hundred pounds—whereas American grain can be placed in their market for fifteen francs the quintal. This, they insist, is the fault of republican legislators, who would sacrifice the workman in the field for the advantage of the workman in the factory. The latter, under the existing state of things, gets plenty of bread at a low figure, while the tiller of the soil is unable to get any bread at all. The farmers, in comparing their present condition with the situation of things under the Empire, and even under the Monarchy that preceded it, make out a strong case against the present Government. Everywhere they are refusing to renew their leases, even upon greatly reduced terms, and the value of the land is steadily falling. As a natural result, the factories are filled to overflowing with farm hands anxious to learn a trade that will insure them a living. This state of affairs is touching the great land proprietors in their most vulnerable point—their pockets—and the subject of admitting American grain will, it is thought, at no distant day, be forced upon the attention of the legislators.

The rural fetes which are held each year at this season in the suburban localities of Paris are now numerous of a Sunday—the favorite day for all festivities in France. Last Sunday a half-dozen such affairs were simultaneously in course of progress; and to-morrow will be just as productive in this respect. Persons desirous of seeing French life in all its phases, will gain some experience by being present on such an occasion. These fetes possess a character quite distinct from the out door rejoicings of other countries. They are not boisterous like English fairs, but en revanche, they are not by far so sedate and enjoyable as the Musik Feste of Germany. Most French fetes are in reality nothing but fairs, though a few are of a somewhat more original character, being the realization of a particular programme, drawn up by the "notabilities" of the locality, in due celebration of some saint credited with having been of service to the spot in ages passed away.

AUGUST.

We understand that Rev. B. Chickmer, of Beverly, is engaged on "The Greek Testament Englished"; a translation in which he proposes to give the absolute value and force of each Greek word in the corresponding English equivalent, irrespective of its grammatical order. The work will be published at an early date by Mr. Elliot Stock.

Our true bliss is being, not having? What we see is everything; what we have, comparatively unimportant. To be victors over temptation, and purged from evil, is the supremest well-being.

For the Christian Messenger. Missionary Correspondence.

LETTER FROM REV. R. SANFORD.
 Mr. Editor,—

The English mail leaves to day, and I am prompted to send you a few items concerning Chicacole.

I am spending a week here, looking after some repairs, necessary to be made, and assisting Miss Hammond in adjusting a few troublesome matters. Not that any strange thing has happened beyond that which is incident to mission work. Two native helpers out of line; that is all.

But the work seems in a healthy state. The Christians evidently are making progress in Biblical as well as secular knowledge.

On Sunday morning two young women put on Christ in baptism. A large