

YOUNG FOLKS.

FRIENDLY LIONS.

Every boy who has visited a menagerie knows that the lion is capable of being taught. A lion exhibited in a Dutch menagerie would leap through a barrel covered with blazing paper. He was so tame that his keeper took his food from him several times, with no resistance save a slight clutch and growl.

If a lion is captured when young and treated with kindness he becomes attached to his master and will follow him like a dog. Anderson, the Swedish naturalist, saw, in the hut of an African trader, one that was not only fond of his owner, but lived on the most affectionate terms with the dogs, cats, and other domestic animals.

Layard says, in his "Nineveh and Babylon," that the Pasha of Hillah, the town built on the ruins of ancient Babylon, had a tame lion that was allowed to stroll, unattended, through the bazars. He had only one bad habit; when he was hungry, he would take possession of a butcher's stall, drive out the butcher, help himself to a joint, eat it, and then depart.

If he had a fancy to breakfast on fish, he would go down to the bank of the Euphrates, wait the coming of a fisherman's boat, scare away the owner, pick out the largest fish, and break his fast at his leisure.

The Pasha encouraged his pet to get his daily rations by this method, as it relieved him from paying fishermen's and butchers' bills. When the lion had appeased his hunger, he would stretch himself in the sun, and allow the Arab boys to play with him as if he were a large dog.

The captain of an English frigate kept a huge pet lion, which he had reared from a cub, that was so tame as to be allowed the run of the ship.

"Prince," as he was called, was more attached to his keeper than to his owner. One day the keeper got drunk, and the captain ordered him to be flogged. The grating on which the keeper, stripped to his waist, was tied, stood opposite Prince's cage. While preparations were being made for the flogging, the lion kept walking around his cage, stopping now and then to look at his friend, and at the boatswain, who stood "cat" in hand, waiting the word.

At the first stroke of the knotted tails on the man's bare back, the lion's sides resounded with the quick lashings of his tail. His eyes glowed with rage when he saw the blood begin to flow. With a roar of thunder he dashed himself against the bars of the cage. They bent, but did not give way, and the lion, finding that he could not break out, rolled on the floor, shrieking as if in agony.

"Cut down the man!" said the captain to the boatswain.

"Go to your friend!" said he to the bleeding keeper.

When the man entered the cage, the lion leaped beside himself with joy. He caressed him with his paws, gently licked the mangled back, and then folding him in his huge fore-limb, looked as if he dared the whole crew to take his friend from his embrace — Exchange.

THE POWER OF DISCIPLINE.

Frederick the Great of Prussia was at his palace at Potsdam, when some of his orders, by their excessive severity, caused great discontent among the Prussian troops; so the soldiers then in garrison resolved to avail themselves of that ease and facility with which Frederick could at all times be

approached by them; and thus a deputation of the grenadiers of Ogilvie marched deliberately from their barracks across the great square which lies before the palace and halted at the porch. An officer in waiting—afterwards the great Field-Marshal Keith, who was killed in battle by the Austrians at Hochkirchen—acquainted the King of their arrival, adding, "Shall I order them back to barracks, sire, or place them under arrest?"

"Do neither; they have come to see me, and see me they shall; good soldiers have nothing to fear from me, and the regiment of Ogilvie is one of the finest of Prussia. I shall try on them the power of discipline."

Frederick hastily put on his shabby old uniform, his long jackboots, which had never known blacking, his orders of knighthood, his cocked hat, sword, and sash.

"Sire," urged Keith, "will there not be an inconvenience in all this?"

"To whom?"

"To you, sire."

"How, comrade Keith—how?"

"Discussion will lead to other deputations, and every order your Majesty may issue will be dissected and cavilled at in turn in every guard-room and beer-shop in Prussia."

"No matter, comrade—march the rascals in; I'll trust to the power of discipline."

In they came accordingly, twenty tall and swinging fellows, all after Frederick's own heart; but the appearance of the King, dressed as if for parade, awed them into total silence.

"Achtung!" (attention!) cried he, drawing his sword: "To the right-face—front! To the left-face—front!"

These commands the deputation, who were formed in line, obeyed in perfect silence, and wondering what was to follow a reception so unexpected; and so Frederick cried suddenly, "To the right-about-face; to your barracks. Quick march!"

Then, as he never gave the word "Halt," they felt compelled to march on, and the old King and Marshal Keith laughed heartily as the baffled deputation disappeared within the barrack-yard, where their expectant comrades gathered round them, to hear the report of how Frederick had received the complaint.

"We have never opened our lips," said the oldest grenadier, with a very heavy, crestfallen expression.

"Der Teufel! Did not you see the King?" cried they.

"We have just left him—"

"Blockheads! and why did not you follow your instructions?"

"It was impossible."

"Impossible—and why so?"

"Because when we saw old Father Frederick in his fighting coat, and dirty boots, and heard his voice of command, our hearts failed us, and the—the—the power of discipline proved too great."

Those who do not know what discipline is have no idea of the power it gives to the man who can use it properly. Before giving the order "to the right-about-face!" Frederick took care to take the attention of the men's minds from off their errand by giving them a few preliminary turnings.

THE BET WAS OFF.

A few days ago, after a couple of esteemed citizens, who are close neighbors, had arranged to pass a few days with their families at a lake in the country, one of them offered to wager a box of cigars that he would catch the largest fish. The wager was promptly taken, and next day one of the gentlemen put in an appearance at a fish stand on the market, and said to the dealer:—

"Have you got a fresh pickerel weighing about fifteen pounds?"

"I have, sir?"

"Well, I want you to put him on ice and ship him to me at——Lake. I propose to catch him on a hook out there."

"Very well, sir. I think I'll ship the two together."

"Yes, sir. Mr.—— (mentioning the other esteemed citizen) was here an hour ago, and bought one weighing twenty pounds. It will take less ice to pack the two in the same box!"

The fish were paid for, but the bet was declared off.

AN HONEST MAN.

"I am going down town," said a citizen on a Woodward avenue car yesterday, "to return a lost wallet to its owner."

Every man in the car pricked up his ears, and one of them moved up closer and inquired:

"You found a wallet, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"On the street?"

"Yes."

"In the daytime?"

"No; at night."

"Anybody see you pick it up?"

"Not a soul!"

"And you would have been perfectly safe in keeping it?"

"I would."

"Well, sir, let me shake hands with you. I have wanted to live long enough to find an honest man, and I have found him."

They shook.

Many of the passengers were visibly affected.

"And how much money was in the wallet?" queried the interrogator after wiping his eyes on a pink bordered handkerchief.

"Not a blamed cent!"

Then the curtain went down and the audience filed out.—Detroit Free Press.

MARRY ME, DARLINT, TO-NIGHT.

Me darlint, it's axin' they are That I goes to the wars to be kilt, An' come back wid an iligant shkar, An' a sabre hung on to a bilt.

They offers promotion to those Who die in defenise of the right. I'll be off in the mornin'—suppose Ye marry me, darlint, to-night?

There's nothin' so raises a man In the eyes of the wurld as to fall Fernist the ould flag, in the van, Pierced through wid a bit of a ball.

An' whin I am kilt ye can wear Some iligant crape on yir bonnet, Jist think how the women will shtare Wid invy whinver ye don it!

Oh, fwa't a proud widdy ye'll be Whin they bring me carpsae home—not to mintion

The fact we can live (don't ye see?)

All the rest of our lives on ice pinision!

—W. W. Fink, in Bric-a-Brac.

CURIOSITIES.

A Japanese inventor has just made from seaweed, a paper transparent enough to be substituted for window glass.

A Frenchman has invented a revolver which, though so small as to be conveniently carried in the vest-pocket, can be fired ten times without reloading, and with greater ease and certainty than those of the old pattern. The whole length of the weapon is four inches, which can be reduced to two and five-eighths by unscrewing the barrel.

Everybody who sings or hears sung Burns' pretty song of 'Comin' Through the Rye' is apt to picture to himself a field of this grain through which the lassies are

seen coming. This conception is now said to be incorrect, the reference being to a small stream in Ayrshire called the Rye. It was easily waded, but the lassies in going across would have to hold up the skirts of their dresses. While in this attitude, mischievous lads would wade out and snatch a kiss, which the lassies would be obliged to allow, or else let their skirts fall into the water.

HOW TO BE AGREEABLE.

MY DEAR ADA MAY,—I know of nothing more calculated to awaken pleasant emotions in a generous breast, than to witness the efforts of a young boy or girl to make themselves agreeable to all about them. And if the desire to please springs from benevolence, and you sincerely wish to make others happy, you will meet with enough loving hearts to appreciate your kindness to more than reward you for whatever inconvenience you may have caused yourself even though the effort may be awkwardly put forth. But if your efforts spring only from the desire to be admired and loved yourself, it will be apt to lead you to extreme humility, or extreme dignity of manner, either of which will render you ridiculous.

Remember it is the fate of but few to be universally pleasing, and I would not like to say that they are the highest type of character, for, though we must study to be agreeable to all, still we should not lose sight of the fact there are higher virtues than the art of pleasing which must not on any account be sacrificed to it for, as there is a time for all things, there is a time to smile, and a time to frown, and as you grow older, you will find out that in every department of life you will find people saying and doing things upon which you will have to frown if you wish to maintain your integrity; then let your disapproval be shown with firmness, and the best possible grace.

But first and above all things, I would wish to persuade all boys and girls, to read the Infallible Word of God, and open your dear young hearts to the loving Jesus, ask Him to come in, and drive out all ugly selfishness and give you a clear sense of right and wrong, and ask Him to enable you in all things to fulfil the "Golden Rule" in the most gentle and pleasing manner, and you will have all the love that is worth having in this world, and the approbation and smile of Heaven.

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