



DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND EDUCATION.

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NOTICE.

Subscribers finding the figure 10 after their name will bear in mind that their term will expire at the end of the present month. Early remittances are desirable, as there is then no loss of any numbers by the stopping of the paper.

— Progress of the MESSENGER for six months :—

April 1st.....	18,200
June 1st.....	20,500
Aug. 1st.....	23,900
Oct. 1st.....	27,000

Many names have unfortunately been dropped from the list simply through neglect to subscribe; this has been especially in the case of clubs which it requires a good deal of effort to keep up. If those who have thus dropped were to renew the increase would be much greater.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

This Danish poet and story-teller died at Copenhagen on the 4th August ultimo. He was thoroughly a Dane, having been born on the 2nd of April, 1805, at Odense, Denmark, and spent a great part of his life in Copenhagen, where he was known, loved and revered, not only by every family but by almost every man, woman and child—and especially by the children, for he was the children's friend and was all his life himself a child in almost every way except in years. His father was a poor shoe-maker, and the one room where Hans was born served alike for his house and his shop. Young Andersen grew up a tall, ungainly lad, and with so little schooling that he long afterwards suffered for the lack of such common knowledge as even how to spell. In "The Story of My Life" he tells the following little incident, which is an indication of his poverty as well as of his simple-mindedness; the occasion was his confirmation, and he says :—

"An old female tailor altered my deceased father's great-coat into a confirmation suit for me; never before had I worn so good a coat. I had, also, for the first time in my life, a pair of boots. My delight was extremely great; my only fear was that everybody would not see them, and, therefore, I drew them over my trousers, and thus marched through the church. The boots creaked, and that inwardly pleased me; for thus the congregation would hear that they were new. My whole devotion was disturbed; I was aware of it, and it caused me a horrible pang of conscience that my thoughts should be as much with my new



HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

boots as with God. I prayed him earnestly from my heart to forgive me, and then again I thought of my new boots."

He left his home and native town at the age of fourteen and set out for Copenhagen with "a little sum of money and his confirmation suit, and unbounded confidence in everyone." He had to struggle hard to maintain a position in the world as an author; but when people found that he had gifts of an unusual and attractive character, his stories, which were all written in a peculiarly simple and quaint style, were eagerly looked for and read. Their author, too, was a no less welcome visitor to every household in the country, and he became so ingratiated into the affections of the people of Copenhagen, that he might almost be considered as having been a member of each family, and playfellow of every child. He was universally known in that city as "Dear And'sen." What was most remarkable about his character were his childishness and frankness, and these very

peculiarities, for which he was at first blamed, were afterwards recognized as his good qualities in literature. He never married, but led a rambling sort of life, having travelled much in Spain, Switzerland, Germany, France, England, and Italy. And these travels furnished the poet with an inexhaustible fund of material, which he has used in his numerous volumes of travel and sketches of many of the great litterateurs, musicians and statesmen of those countries.

As we have already said, he was remarkably fond of children, and they of him. To children he yielded place which no "big people" ever expected from him, and he would attentively listen to, and patiently answer their questions. It is said that he loved children, storks and flowers with something approaching passion, and these and other commonplace things very generally formed the subjects of his stories.

By the child-world at least "Dear And'sen's" loss will be mourned.



Temperance Department.

THE TAKING UP OF BARNEY O'ROURKE.

"There are lots of people who think they know all about us police, and, perhaps, about everything else, too," said police constable X. Y. Z., one evening, to a benevolent gentleman who dropped in on him after the day's duty was done, to ask him about a case in which he was interested. "Lots of them, sir; they think when they see our coat and helmet, 'There goes a policeman; his business is to take up thieves, drunkards and the like.' They think we are not like other folks at all, in feelings, and that we're as hard as the truncheon we carry at our sides, or the handcuffs—there's no denying it—that we have in our pockets. There's no denying it, sir, that there are some rough ones among us, as there must be in all large bodies of men; but take my word for it, many of us have feelings, and a deal of trouble they give us at times."

"Aye, indeed," chimed in his wife, who was always proud to set off her end of the alphabet in the most attractive light—"feelings feelings—when I sometimes, I don't mean the like everything else that's good, they're not cheap; my good man's feelings cost him a shilling last night—in the dead of the night; and you know, sir, that though a shilling is nothing to some folks, 'tis a good deal of money to others."

"That's neither here nor there, Mary," said the policeman.

"Well, tell the gentleman how you took up little Barney O'Rourke last Monday week; he and his brother only cost you fourpence between them—you needn't be afraid you're praising yourself too much, if you tell him that."

"Does it show a particularly soft heart to take a man up?" asked Mr. Halliday, in surprise. "I thought you laid a pretty heavy hand on a man when you did that."

"Well, sir, even that may be done two ways; but certainly I couldn't put a very heavy hand on Barney when I took him up, when he was only five years old. Yes, 'twas Monday week that I took up Barney."

"Up in his arms, sir," said Mrs. X. Y. Z., for fear that for a moment her visitor would think hardly of her husband for taking up such a child: "I'll be bound he took him up as tender as if he was his own child."

"Yes, 'twas Monday week," continued X. Y. Z., as if he had not heard or heeded the interruption. "I was walking along on my beat in Jellyfish lane, moving the coters along, and just giving a general look about, when a young woman with a tattered shawl, and a battered, broken look, comes up to me, and just as she's passing, says loud enough for me to hear it: 'Policeman, look in at Brokenbone Rents, No. 1, attic.'

"She was away and lost among the courts hard by, before I could overtake her; and besides, there might be something going on at Brokenbone Rents, which might make it advisable that I should not delay."

"So I quickened my pace, and in five minutes' time I was in the Rents. 'No. 1, in the attic,' the young woman said, so I made my way up stairs, until I came to the flight that led up to the attic. There it was as dark as night, and the smell was awful, of rotten vegetables and the like. I listened for a moment to hear if there was any scuffling going