

"Yes," said she, "I am king." And when he had looked at her for a long time, he said, "Ah, wife! what a fine thing it is to be king! now we shall never have anything more to wish for." "I don't know how that may be," said she; "never is a long time. I am king, 'tis true, but I begin to be tired of it, and I think I should like to be emperor." "Alas, wife! why should we wish to be emperor?" said the fisherman. "Husband," said she, "go to the fish; I say I will be emperor." "Ah wife!" replied the fisherman, "the fish cannot make an emperor, and I should not like to ask for such a thing." "I am king," said Alice, "and you are my slave, so go directly!" So the fisherman was obliged to go; and he muttered as he went along, "This will come to no good, it is too much to ask, the fish will be tired at last, and then we shall repent of what we have done." He soon arrived at the sea, and the water was quite black and muddy, and a mighty whirlwind blew over it; but he went to the shore, and said,

"O man of the sea!
Come listen to me,
For Alice my wife,
The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"What would she have now?" said the fish.

"Ah!" said the fisherman, "she wants to be emperor." "Go home," said the fish; "she is emperor already."

So he went home again; and as he came near he saw his wife sitting on a very lofty throne made of solid gold, with a great crown on her head full two yards high, and on each side of her stood her guards and attendants in a row, each one smaller than the other, from the tallest giant down to a little dwarf no bigger than my finger. And before her stood princes and dukes and earls; and the fisherman went up to her and said, "Wife, are you emperor?" "Yes," said she, "I am emperor." "Ah!" said the man as he gazed upon her, "what a fine thing it is to be emperor!" "Husband," said she, "why should we stay at being emperor? I will be pope next." "O wife, wife!" said he, "how can you be pope? there is but one pope at a time in Christendom." "Husband," said she, "I will be pope this very day." "But," replied the husband, "the fish cannot make you pope." "What nonsense!" said she, "if he can make an emperor, he can make a pope, go and try him." So the fisherman went. But when he came to the shore the wind was raging, and the sea was tossed up and down like boiling water, and the ships were in the greatest distress and danced upon the waves most fearfully; in the middle of the sky there was a little blue, but towards the south it was all red as if a dreadful storm was rising. At this the fisherman was terribly frightened, and trembled, so that his knees knocked together; but he went to the shore and said,

"O man of the sea!
Come listen to me,
For Alice my wife,
The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"What does she want now?" said the fish.

"Ah," said the fisherman, "my wife wants to be pope." "Go home," said the fish, "she is pope already."

Then the fisherman went home, and found his wife sitting on a throne that was two miles high, and she had three great crowns on her head, and around stood all the pomp and power of the church, and on each side were two rows of burning lights, of all sizes, the greatest as large as the highest and biggest tower in the world, and the least no larger than a small rushlight. "Wife," said the fisherman, as he looked at all this grandeur, "are you pope?" "Yes," said she, "I am pope." "Well, wife," replied he, "it is a grand thing to be pope, and now you must be content, for you can be nothing greater." "I will consider of that," said the wife. Then they went to bed, but Dame Alice could not sleep all night for thinking what she should be next. At last, morning came, and the sun rose. "Ha!" thought she, as she looked at it through the window, "cannot I prevent the sun rising?" At this she was very angry, and she awakened her husband and said, "Husband, go to the fish and tell him I want to be lord of the sun and moon." The fisherman was half asleep, but the thought frightened him so much, that he started and fell out of bed. "Alas, wife!" said he, "cannot you be content to be pope?" "No," said she, "I am very uneasy, and

cannot bear to see the sun and moon rise without my leave. Go to the fish directly."

Then the man went trembling for fear, and as he was going down to the shore, a dreadful storm arose, so that the trees and the rocks shook; and the heavens became black, and the lightning played, and the thunder rolled, and you might have seen in the sea great black waves like mountains with a white crown of foam upon them and the fisherman said,

"O man of the sea!
Come listen to me,
For Alice my wife,
The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"What does she want now?" said the fish.

"Ah!" said he, "she wants to be lord of the sun and moon." "Go home," said the fish, "to your ditch again!" And there they live to this very day.

SCHOOLROOM AND PLAYGROUND.

THE SCHOOL BOYS and school girls are all anxiously looking forward to the Christmas holidays; at least we presume they are. Perhaps some of them go so far as to keep a careful score of the days still remaining until the holidays chalked where all the school can see it.

VASSAR COLLEGE, Y. W. C. A.

The amount of money received by the Y. W. C. A. of Vassar College during the past year was \$244, a gain of \$119 over that of the preceding year. The association has made weekly contributions to St. Barnabas' Hospital in Poughkeepsie, has helped a girl in the Genesee Normal school, who is preparing for work among the poor whites of the South; has given \$70 for a Hampton scholarship; besides contributions to the Fresh Air Fund, and other benevolent objects. They have fitted out a Christmas box for the New York Flower Mission, one for the Dutchess county poor, and a box of \$250 for a mission in India. They have charge of a Saturday night class for the servants, and are conducting the Thursday evening prayer-meetings, which are very largely attended. There is every prospect of a successful year for the association.

Although every school and college cannot do all that Vassar College does in a benevolent way, yet there is not a school which cannot, if it chooses, do something. Quite the reverse of hindering other work it would help it to be seasoned with a missionary spirit.

RE-AWAKENED MEMORY.—A STORY.

Two years ago, a young man living in a Vermont village, having finished his academic education, was ready to enter college. But just before the day appointed for his examinations, he was taken ill. After several weeks of suffering he slowly recovered his health, but discovered that his mind had lost the knowledge acquired by six years of hard study. Latin, Greek, and mathematics all were gone, and his mind was a blank in respect to his preparatory studies. His doctor prescribed that he should rest his mind and familiarize himself with the few simple details of light work.

He obeyed the advice, and found, in his old habit of doing little things carefully, the schoolmaster that brought back his old knowledge.

Before his illness the young man, in order to earn a little money, had taken care of the village church; sweeping it out, cleaning the lamps, and doing all the work of a sexton. He now resumed this work, and, by the physician's advice, tried to keep his mind from puzzling itself about its loss of memory. Several weeks went by without bringing any change in his mental condition.

One Sunday evening a stranger entered the church, and, as the sermon was a dull one, gazed carelessly around until his attention was attracted by the lamps on the wall. He noticed that all the wicks were so carefully trimmed that there was not an irregular flame to be seen. He wondered as to who could be the careful sexton, and, happening to be in the place the following Sunday, he again noticed the same uniform trimming of the wicks.

Passing the church the next day, and seeing the door open, he walked quietly in and saw the young sexton sweeping out the central aisle. Looking closely at the young man, the stranger asked, "Do you do all the work about the church?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you trim the lamps?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why do you trim them in such a peculiar way?"

"I don't know what you mean?"

"Why, the flames are all alike."

"Oh! but they ought to be. You would not have them uneven would you?"

"No," answered the stranger, with a smile. "But it speaks well for your carefulness. Why, I should think one of the flames would fit all the others exactly if it were superimposed on them."

"Superimposed? Isn't that word used in geometry?"

"Certainly. If polygons, having equal sides and an angle—"

Before the stranger could finish his sentence the student threw down his broom, rushed frantically out of the church, ran across the street and into his house, where he astonished his mother by exclaiming, in tones of triumph, "Mother, I know that the square of the hypotenuse of a right angle triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides!"

In a moment his school knowledge had come back to him, flashed into his mind by the mention of the superimposed figures.

ERRORS IN SPEECH.

The following, collected from many sources, are by no means all the common errors met with in speech; but there are quite enough to put you on your guard. When people set about murdering the English language, they usually begin with the small words; thus we find a great many errors arising from the wrong use of pronouns.

"You are stronger than her," says Mary, "and she is taller than me." Here are two common errors in one sentence—her should be she, and me should be I. "This is a secret," says Alice, "between you and I." Wrong, Alice; you should say "between you and me."

"Eliza went with Kate and I." Here again I should be me. "Was it her who called me?" Her should be she.

"It is me who am to blame," Me should be I. "In let each of you mind their own business," the their should be his or her.

Who and which are often confused. Long ago both words used to be employed to stand for persons; but nowadays who is used when speaking of persons, and which when alluding to things. Thus, "the lady which I spoke to" ought to be "the lady to whom I spoke." "Who do you think I saw to-day?" is a phrase often heard. Who should be whom, "Who do you mean?" Say "Whom do you mean?" Many of our errors arise from attaching wrong meanings to words.

Reverend and reverent are very different words, but they are often confused. Reverend is the subjective word, describing the feeling within a man as its subject; reverent is the objective word, describing the feeling with which the man is regarded—of which he is the object.

The words lie and lay are often wrongly used. The first is a neuter verb—"A vessel lies in the harbor." The other is an active transitive verb—"a hen lays an egg." It is decidedly bad grammar, then to say, "My cousin lays ill of a fever"; "The books were laying on the table"; "The boat was laying outside the bar."

Another common error in regard to the meanings of words is found in such sentences as: "Lena walked down the centre of the street," and "the stream ran down the centre of the town." Both Lena's walking and the stream running are impossible performances, for a centre is a point.

Some people fail to distinguish between quantity and number, and say, "There was a quantity of people present," instead of, "There were a number." Thackeray and Sir Walter Scott have both fallen into this error. In connection with numbers, one frequently hears the two first used when it ought to be the first two. It is by no means a matter of indifference which you say. The girls at the top of two different classes would be the two first girls. The first and second girls of the same class would be the first two girls.—Central School Journal.

LAURA BRIDGMAN.

Nearly every child has heard of Laura Bridgman of Boston, who, though deaf, dumb and blind, has so trained herself that she understands a great deal by making her fingers serve for eyes, ears and voice. The other day she went to see the children at a Kindergarten in Boston. She talked with

each one in turn, and felt of the ribbons and ornaments on their clothes.

One little boy had on a pin in the form of a hatchet, and when Miss Bridgman came to him she said, pleasantly, "This must be General Washington." The little ones had great fun in bringing up their playthings and treasures and asking her to guess by her fingers what they were. She was generally able to do this, even discovering that a rather clumsy article passed for a sheep. Miss Bridgman's very fond of flowers, and when a bunch of heliotrope was offered to her she uttered a real cry of delight.—Ez.

NOTICE.

We have had no Sunday-school lesson specially prepared for us this week, as Sunday, December the 27th inst., is set apart for review of the lessons of the quarter.

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