

# THE MESSENGER.

way with me," said Burton, "but I'm going to try it." And he did.

'Poor fellow!' said Antoinette.

'Not a bit of it. He led like an old hand. I don't know what in the world became of all his coughs and tremors and frightened smiles. I wish you could have heard him. Why, the men listened for their lives; and I sat, and patted myself on the back, and felt as proud as if I had brought him up.'

'I don't wonder.'

'I shall never be a pulpit orator myself,' said Jerry, 'though I may, in time, bloom out into a rather fair stop-gap. But Burton is going to shine. I guess it is worth making a spectacle of yourself, if it helps—a Chrysostom any to open his mouth.'—'Forward.'

## A Sheep That Strayed.

The most foolish sheep in all of Farmer Hapson's flock was certainly young Blackface. Though Farmer Hapson's shepherd was kindness itself, and kept the sheep where the pastures were freshest and greenest Blackface thought it could get along better alone. So off it ran one day, dodging down a narrow path, when none of the other sheep or the shepherd were looking.

But alas for its bright dreams! before the sheep had been gone for an hour it ran into a thicket and caught its wool in the brambles. No shepherd was near to release it, and it got away only after a tugging and pulling that tore its coat and scratched its sides. Blackface was very ready for a rest and a drink of cool water after this long and painful experience, but there was no shade in sight, since it had wandered, like a foolish sheep up the stony sides of the mountain. Neither was there any water, so Blackface wandered about hour after hour, growing more weary with every step, until the sun set behind the opposite mountain.

Poor sheep; Here it roamed, tired, stumbling, bruised, thirsty, and hungry, far away from shepherd and fold. And O, how lonely it was! Blackface never understood how good it was to have other sheep on every hand, and to crowd close together with them for warmth when it began to grow cold, as it was growing cold this evening, out on that deserted and darkening mountain.

But worse ills were in store for the poor wanderer. As it lay shivering and frightened beside a cold, damp rock, it heard a distant howl, a sound that it had heard once before near the sheepfold, making all the sheep cuddle together in a corner in terror. Then the shepherd's dog had driven off the wolf—so an older sheep had called it—but now there was no protection near, and Blackface shuddered with fear. Again and again was the howl repeated, each time the sound coming nearer. So scared was the lone sheep that it seemed likely that when the wolf reached it, for he surely was coming that way, the young wanderer would be dead with fright.

Just then another sound broke out on the night air, and never had anything before sounded so sweet to the ears of the now penitent Blackface. It was the voice of the shepherd, sounding loud and clear. A sharp yell from the disappointed wolf followed, as he turned away from seeking his prey and from his great enemy, man. Again the cry of the shepherd was heard, and this time Blackface answered with a pitiful bleat. In a moment it was in the shepherd's arms and being carried back to the fold. Now, if you go to that fold you will find Blackface happy and contented, and certain that the fold, with its companionship, comfort, provision, and protection, is the proper place for every sheep.

Some people, like this sheep, have found, that trying to be a Christian outside of Christ's fold, the church, is an undertaking filled with distress and peril. Every lover of Jesus ought to be a member of the church just as every sheep ought to belong to a fold. —'Golden Rule.'

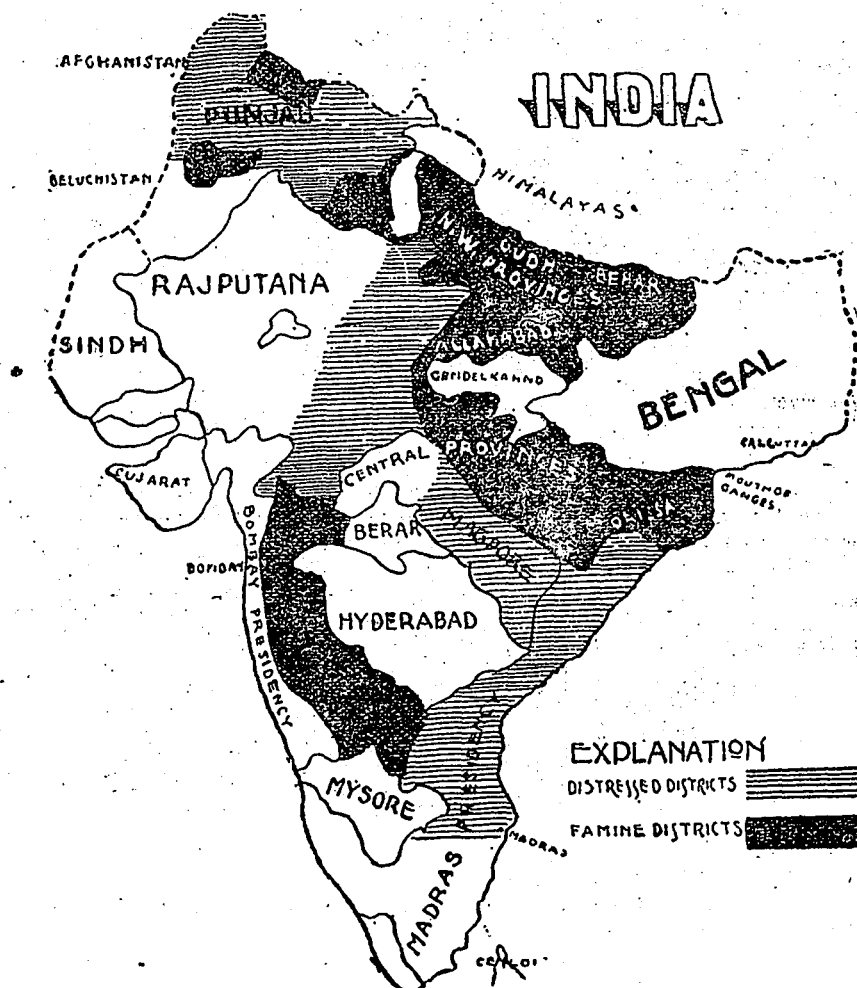
## The Blessed Word.

Who doubts that, times without number, particular portions of Scripture find their way to the human soul as if embassies from on high, each with its own commission of comfort, of guidance, or of warning? What crisis, what trouble, what perplexity of life has failed or can fail to draw from this inexhaustible treasure-house its proper supply! And in forms yet more hidden and withdrawn, in the retirement of the chamber, in the stillness of the night season, upon the bed of sickness and in the face of death, the bible will be there, its several words how

often winged with their several and special messages to heal and to soothe, to uplift and uphold, to invigorate and stir! Nay, more: amid the crowds of the court, or the forum, or the street, or the market place, where every thought of every soul seems to be set upon the excitements of ambition, or of business, or of pleasure, there, too, even there, the still, small voice of the Holy Bible will be heard, and the soul aided by some blessed word, may find wings like a dove, may flee away and be at rest.—Wm. E. Gladstone.

## Smile It Down.

Every one who loves you  
Loves to see you smile;  
Loves to see you cheerful  
And happy all the while.  
Smiling comes so easy!  
Do not wear a frown,  
If you feel one rising,  
Always smile it down.  
—'The Household.'



## The Indian Famine.

The population of the famine districts in round numbers is as follows:

Punjab.....	8,000,000
North-west Provinces..	28,000,000
Oudh.....	12,000,000
Behar.....	16,000,000
Orissa.....	4,000,000
Central Provinces.....	5,000,000
Bombay.....	8,000,000
Madras.....	3,000,000

Total..... 84,000,000

The total population affected in 1876-78 was 58,000,000; in 1865-66, 47,500,000, and in 1868-69, 44,500,000.

Except in Southern India, Delaire, Bengal and Sindh, which regions are independent of the rainfall, distress is practically universal in India to-day, owing to the high prices for food stuffs.

What is worse, this is only the beginning of the suffering. The London 'Chronicle,' from which the map is reproduced, calls attention to the sombre fact that under any circumstances the existing scarcity must grow until the arrival of the south-west monsoon next June.—'War Cry.'

The following rough illustration will show the contrast in the value of bread.



The area afflicted in British India is half a million square miles, and is far greater than in any previous famine.

It is more than ten times the area of New York State, indeed, it is as extensive as the combined territory of the sixteen Atlantic States from Maine to Florida, with Ohio and Michigan thrown in.