

(Continued from first page.)

believed him to be about sixty years old. He was buried at midnight near the cemetery of Saint Paul.

When the Bastille was destroyed, the room he had occupied was eagerly searched; but the furniture had been burned, the ceiling and casements destroyed, and also everything on which he could have made any record of his life. Neither did the prison books reveal any item of importance. Every means had been taken to keep his identity in the dark forever.

Who could this distinguished personage have been, styled in history "The Man of the Iron Mask?"

By many he is supposed to be a son of Anne of Austria and the Duke of Buckingham, and consequently a half brother of Louis XIV. Some writers think him of less importance.

There are also reasons for supposing the Iron Mask to have been a twin brother of the king. An old prophecy had foretold misfortune to the Bourbon family in the event of a double birth, and to escape this it is possible Louis XIII. concealed the existence of the last born of the twins, by consigning him to a dungeon, and hiding his features which may have closely resembled Louis XIV., his brother.

It is certain, every one in possession of the secret died without disclosing it; and who the Man of the Iron Mask will ever remain a mystery.—*Sarah F. Brigham.*

WILLIAM TYNDALE.

Wycliffe died in 1384. Just about a hundred years afterwards William Tyndale was born. He it was who gave to his nation the priceless treasure of which it had been so long in need.

It seems that when he was a very young man, a student at Oxford, he made up his mind first to translate the Bible into English, then to print it and supply it to his countrymen. This became his one idea, his ruling purpose, and he carried it out, although he had to give his own life as a forfeit.

After studying at Oxford and at Cambridge he became tutor in the house of a wealthy gentleman who lived near Bristol. Here he went on with the work of translation which he had already begun, and here he had so many disputes concerning the Scriptures with the abbots and deans and others who were accustomed to visit his employer, that they at length ceased coming. They preferred, it is said, "the loss of Squire Welch's good cheer to the sour sauce of Master Tyndale's company."

After a time, "Master Tyndale," fearing to get his kind patron into trouble, went off to London. He hoped to have help in his work from the bishop of that great city, whom he had reason to suppose favorable to his plan. He was disappointed in this, however, and after remaining some time in London he began to fear that it would be unsafe for him to stay any longer in England, lest his translating should be interrupted. So he borrowed ten pounds of a friend and sailed for Hamburg, where he was able to finish, or nearly finish, his translation of the New Testament.

After that he went to Cologne, where there were celebrated printing-presses, and where he expected to get his book printed. Again he was disappointed, for John Cochleus, a famous enemy of the truth, followed him to that city, found out where the printing was going on, and probably would have got possession of the Testament had not Tyndale fled with it to Worms. Here he was successful in printing two editions. These were secretly carried into England by merchants, who hid them in their bales and packages of goods. That was a sort of smuggling for which they have been honored ever since.

The books made a great stir in England. They were eagerly bought and read by the people, and as eagerly fought against by the abbots and bishops, who soon discovered their existence. The bishop of London sent a merchant named Packington to buy up all that remained in Tyndale's possession, saying:

"Gentle Master Packington do your diligence and get them, and I will pay for them whatsoever they cost you: for the books are naughty, and I intend surely to destroy them all, and to burn them at Paul's cross."

Tyndale, although he knew what they were wanted for, willingly sold them, for he said:

"I shall gette moneye of him for these bookes to bryng myself out of debt; and the whole world shall cry out at the burninge of God's Worde, and the overplus of the moneye that shall remain to me shall make me more studious to correct againe, and newly to imprint the same."

This he accordingly did, and printed not only "the same," but also the five books of Moses and some of his own writings beside, indeed, he went on issuing edition after edition of the New Testament, and afterward of a larger part of the Bible, with a perseverance that was most remarkable.

The King of England, Henry the Eighth, was persuaded to issue a decree commanding that all of Tyndale's books should be burned, and from that time Bible-burning became the order of the day, in a land from which Bibles are now sent out all over the earth.

From burning the books the priests and prelates proceeded to the burning of some of those who loved them, and after a while it was thought necessary to secure Tyndale himself.

"If we can only destroy him," his enemies reasoned, "we will stop the publication of these dreadful books which make the people think that they know more than we, their old masters and teachers."

The priests reasoned wrongly. They could take the life of the man whom they hated, but they could not destroy the effect of his work. The Bible had found a home in the hearts of the people, and they would not let it be taken from them.

After several vain attempts to imprison Tyndale, he was at length secured by treachery. A man named Philips, who was entirely without principle, was sent by the English Government to Antwerp, where Tyndale was then living. He pretended to be very friendly to the Reformer, boarded in the same house with him, talked with him, ate with him, and at length when his plans were all laid, first borrowed a sum of money from him, then accepted an invitation to dinner, and on the way to the place where they were to dine, had him arrested by men who were in waiting.

Tyndale lingered for a time in prison, but in the year 1536 he was burned at the stake for the crime of having translated and printed the Bible.

His dying prayer was: "Lord, open the King of England's eyes."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

NOT TRUSTWORTHY.

BY FRANK H. STAUFFER.

One afternoon a gentleman was shown into Mr. Lamar's library.

"Mr. Lamar," asked the visitor, "do you know a lad by the name of Gregory Bassett?"

"I guess so," replied Mr. Lamar, with a smile. "That is the young man," he added, nodding toward Gregory.

The latter was a boy aged about fourteen. He was drawing a map at the wide table near the window.

"A bright boy, I should judge," commented the visitor, looking over the top of his glasses. "He applied for a clerkship in my mill, and referred me to you. His letter of application shows that he is a good penman. How is he at figures?"

"Rapid and correct," was the reply. "That's good! Honest, is he?"

"Oh, yes," answered Mr. Lamar. "The work is not hard, and he will be rapidly promoted should he deserve it. Oh! one question more, Mr. Lamar, is the boy trustworthy?"

"I regret to say that he is not," was the grave reply.

"Eh!" cried the visitor. "Then I don't want him."

That ended the interview.

"O'uncle!" cried Gregory, bursting into tears.

He had set his heart upon obtaining the situation, and was very much disappointed over the result.

"Gregory, I could not deceive the gentleman," Mr. Lamar said, in a low tone, more regretful than stern. "You are not trustworthy, and it is a serious failing; nay, a fault, rather. Three instances occurred within as many weeks, which sorely tried my patience, and cost me loss of time and money."

Mr. Lamar's tone changed into one of reproach, and his face was dark with displeasure.

"I gave you some money to deposit in bank," he resumed. "You loitered until the bank was closed and my note went to protest. One evening I told you to close the gate at the barn. You neglected to do so. The colt got out through the night, fell into a quarry, and broke its leg. I had to shoot the pretty little thing, to put an end to its suffering."

Gregory lifted his hand in a humiliated way.

"Next I gave you a letter to mail. You loitered to watch a man with a tame bear. The nine o'clock mail will do," you thought. But it didn't, being a way mail, and not a through mail. On the following day I went fifty miles to keep the appointment I had made. The gentleman was not there to meet me, because he had not received my letter. I lost my time, and missed all the benefit of what would have been to me a very profitable transaction. It is not too late for you to reform; and unless you do reform, your life will prove a failure."

The lesson was not lost upon Gregory. He succeeded in getting rid of his heedless ways, and became prompt, precise, trustworthy.—*S. S. Times.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON XIII.

REVIEW.

Dec. 30, 1883.]

[1 Sam. 4: 10-31: 13.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"But God is the Judge: he putteth down one, and setteth up another."—Ps. 75: 7.

REVIEW OUTLINE.

The First Book of Samuel—from which the lessons of this quarter are taken—contains the history of the Israelites from the birth of Samuel to the death of Saul. At the beginning of this period Eli was both high priest and judge. He resided at the tabernacle in Shiloh, and in his old age was assisted in the discharge of his duties by his two sons. During his administration Samuel was born. Consecrated to the Lord by his pious mother from his birth, he was early given into the care of Eli, and began to assist in the services of the sanctuary. When he was only twelve years old, he was called to the prophetic office, and received his first message from the Lord, foretelling the judgments which were soon to be sent upon Eli and his sons. In fulfillment of these predictions, the Philistines invade the land. The Israelites, defeated in the first attack, send for the ark of the covenant, hoping that its presence in their camp will bring them victory. At first the Philistines are dismayed, but they soon rally, and repulse the Israelites with great slaughter. The ark is taken, and Hophni and Phinehas, the sons of Eli, are slain. On hearing the tidings, Eli falls from his chair and breaks his neck, in the ninety-eighth year of his age. The Philistines carry the captured ark to Ashdod and place it in the temple of Dagon, their god. The idol is broken in pieces before it, plagues and judgments fall upon the people, until, after seven months, they are glad to return it to the Israelites, who take it to Kirjath-jearim, where it remained until the time of David, who removed it to Jerusalem.

After twenty years, the Israelites, by Samuel's persuasion, are brought to repentance; the Lord delivers them from the invasion of the Philistines, and a season of peace and prosperity follows.

Samuel in his old age makes his sons his assistants in the government. On account of their mismanagement, the Israelites require a king. God in his wrath gives them their request. Saul, the son of Kish, of the tribe of Benjamin, is privately anointed by Samuel, and afterward publicly chosen by lot at Mizpeh.

Soon after, Jabesh-gilead is besieged by Nabal, king of the Ammonites. Saul defeats the besiegers with great slaughter and delivers the city, and all Israel, coming together at Gilgal, again proclaim him king. Samuel delivers his farewell to the people and retires from all active part in the government.

Saul now attempts the complete delivery of his people. He is successful in his campaigns against the Philistines, and rises to great power. At a later period the Lord sends him against the Amalekites with a command to destroy them utterly. He disobeys this command, and in consequence thereof God declares his purpose of removing him from the throne. The rest of his life is one long tragedy. Samuel, by the command of God, privately anoints David to be king in his stead. Saul, abandoned by the Spirit, sinks into melancholy. David is sent for to soothe and cheer him by playing upon the harp. Henceforth their lives are blended together.

The Philistines again invade the Israelites, and Saul raises an army to meet the invaders. Goliath of Gath, a giant, insults the whole army and challenges any man to meet him in single combat. David accepts the challenge, and kills the champion of the Philistines. At first he is honored by Saul, but soon the king's jealousy is aroused; and a long series of persecutions follows. Jonathan, the king's son, becomes tenderly attached to David, and often tries in vain to remove his father's hatred.

All this time David pursues a wise and loyal course. Twice having Saul in his power he forbears to hurt him. The power of the monarchy decreases as the madness of the monarch increases. The Philistines re-enter the territory of Israel, and threaten a sweeping destruction. Saul marches against them with a strong force, but with the despair of one who knows that his

doom is sealed. The armies join in battle the Israelites are utterly routed; the three sons of Saul are slain; the king himself ends his life by falling on his sword. The Philistines strip and behead him, and expose his body, with the bodies of his sons, on the walls of Bethshan. Valiant men of Jabesh-gilead rescue them by night, and burn and bury them at Jabesh. After some years David removes the remains and places them in the sepulchre of their fathers in Zelah of Benjamin.

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