

# THE NORTHERN MESSENGER

AND SABBATH-SCHOOL COMPANION.

VOLUME XXXI, No. 42.

MONTREAL & NEW YORK, OCTOBER 16, 1896.

30 Cts. Per. An. Post-Paid.

### AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.

As the white population of Australia increases the blacks are gradually dying out. It is now a rarity, says the 'Graphic,' to see a native in Victoria or New South Wales, except on the stations specially provided for them by the government. In Western Australia, South Australia, and Queensland they are still, however, very much 'en evidence.' Never before have aboriginals taken part in a public ceremony as they did in the state entry of Lord Lamington into Brisbane. A guard of honor was made of these men. The seventy-four men chosen for the purpose by Mr. Archie Meston (who has devoted his life to the study of the habits of the aboriginals) were splendid specimens of humanity. Representatives of nine tribes were present. One man, in hideous pigment, half his face and body being yellow and the other half white, bore a black shield with a white hand depicted on it, and wore round his neck and head a row of kangaroo's teeth. He belonged to the old Port Macquarie tribe, the only one which used the cognizance of the white hand. Others bore on the shield a double red cross, and hailed from the Clarence River, broad-pointed shields were borne by the men from the Russel and Johnson River. The blacks of Cape York bore daggong spears crowned with tufts of cassowary feathers. The Archer River natives carried the cruellest implement of native warfare, spears barbed with the points of the stingaree. The Ipswich tribes were painted yellow and white and blue and red, while the Stradbeoke Islanders were hideous in blue and yellow spots. Their head-dresses were things to pause and wonder over, feathers of all descriptions forming part of them. All carried the redoubtable boomerang.

### THE FLOWER GIRL.

BY MRS. HARVEY JELLIE.

'Time's up!' that's always her word, and ready enough she is to hurry off somewhere. I'd like to know where she is so glad to get to,' said one of the flower girls as they looked after one of their number who had once again gladly said those two words.

They were not likely to know where Jessie Wylde went to, for she carefully avoided detection by taking a different way or going out of her course, to mislead their curiosity. She had a history, that slender woman with the sad grey eyes, and there was a pathetic tone in her voice as she said; 'Please, buy, only a penny a bunch,' that called for a second glance at her face, if not for a penny for her pocket. Before the others had finished their noisy talk and cleared off with their remaining blossoms, Jessie was mounting a staircase in a house behind one of the large thoroughfares in London. Opening the door, she went to the chair near the little window where sat a girl of sixteen.

'Isn't she just starving for her tea, then?' she said, putting her basket down.

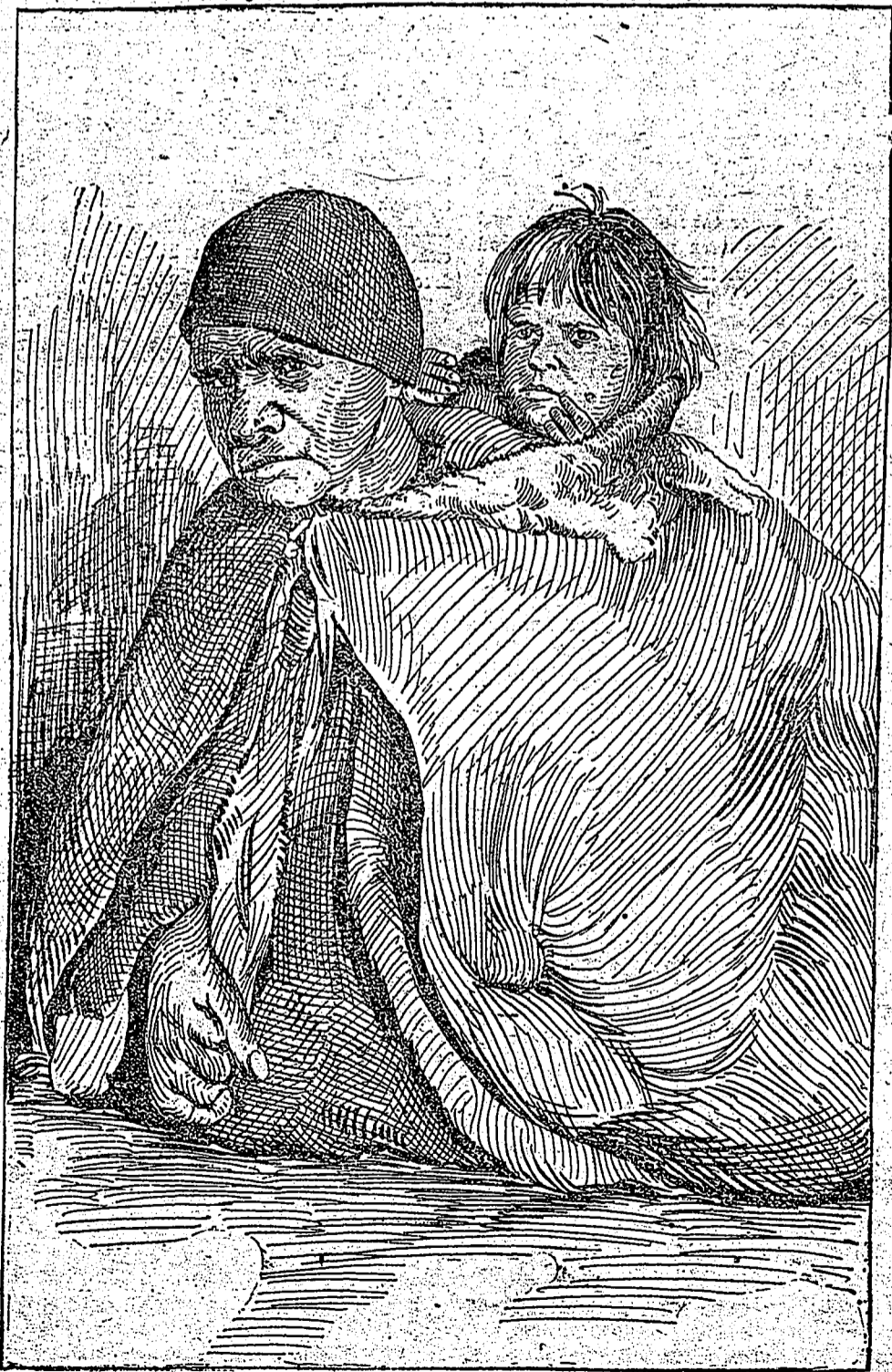
'Jess, it's been a long day this, and I've counted the sparrows over and over, as they

hop about the chimneys there, and I watched the smoke trying to get up through the thick, hot mist; and nothing would make me sleepy; and I get almost mad to think I might have been strong and able for work, if only—'

'Hush! it's no use making matters worse by talking of the "if only," for that's the "crook in the lot" of most people, I fancy; so you pick over my flowers, and I'll attend to you, Madge.'

The reprov'd girl at once ceased her murmuring, and commenced arranging the flowers in a dish of water, now and then wincing at the dull pain in her back.

Not very long ago their home had been ruined by a subtle enemy, and the quiet in-coming of the foe had caused no fear until its hold had become secure, and the father sacrificed himself to intemperance, and the children were left to the mother's care; but the chain of a dangerous habit had become too strong for her. Madge was trying to hold her mother from falling when in an intoxicated state one day, and the senseless woman turned upon the child, pushed her roughly, so that she fell downstairs, and never recovered from the consequences. For a time this put a check upon indulgence, but she yielded again, to be conquered, and



AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINAL WOMAN.

*Prophet  
Smith  
Bureau  
Laguer*

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The  
Shower*