

merchants reject them, as they are so very difficult to subjugate and the people fear to confide to them the guard of their houses.

I knew, at Constantinople, the son of an apothecary, ten years of age, who was born with a tail one inch in length: he belongs to the white Caucasian race. One of his ancestors presented the same anomaly. These phenomena are generally regarded, in the east, as a sign of brute force.

The Turks have known, for a long time, this race of men, and are very much astonished that scientific Europe seems to ignore their existence at this late day.

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### THE POWER OF A LITTLE BOOK.

In the Jubilee Memorial of the Religious Tract Society, the following striking fact is recorded, illustrative of the beneficial effects that follow the distribution of good books. This cheap and easy method of doing good we strongly recommend.—*Westminster Christian Advocate*.

An old vender of tracts, when visiting a depository at Stroud, related the following fact: "As I passed through a village in Yorkshire, I asked a poor woman to buy a religious tract. She refused. I turned round and threw one in at the door, and the wind carried it under the table. The man of the house came home, saw it, took it up, and read the title—'The Wonderful Advantages of Drunkenness;' he left his dinner, and put it in his pocket. After he returned to his work he read it. In the evening his companions missed him at the ale-house; and when they saw him, they inquired where he was on the preceding evening. He said he had been reading a religious tract. On giving this account of himself, they all laughed and said he was going to turn Methodist. His neighbours said, 'John P. was sober last night,' which quite surprised them, as it seldom occurred. But from this time he kept from the public house and began to pay his debts. His wife told all who inquired about him, that the cause of this great change was reading a religious tract, entitled, 'The Wonderful Advantages of Drunkenness,' which a poor man had thrown in at their door. After being away some years, I returned to that neighbourhood again. I stopped at a public house, about two miles distant from the village before named, and offered my tracts for sale. One of the persons in the room, with a dreadful oath, said, I was one of those Methodists that had made their companion mad. The woman of the house said, 'You call him mad? then I wish you were like him, and you would