

YOUNG FOLKS.

MRS. SPURGEON'S STRANGE FORTUNE.

During an illness of Mrs. Spurgeon, before Mr. Spurgeon left her room for the journey he was contemplating, she remarked that she hoped he would not be annoyed with her for telling him what had been passing through her mind. She made him, however, promise that he would not try to procure the objects for which she had been longing. She then told him that she had been wishing for a piping bullfinch and an onyx ring. Of course Mr. Spurgeon expressed his willingness to get both, but she held him to his promise. He had to make a sick call on his way to the station as well as a call to the Tabernacle. Shortly after reaching the sick person's house, the mother of the patient to his amazement, asked Mr. Spurgeon if Mrs. Spurgeon would like a piping bullfinch, that they had one, but that its music was trying to the invalid, and that they would gladly part with it to one who would give it the requisite care. He then made his call to the Tabernacle, and after reading a voluminous correspondence came at last to a letter and parcel underlying the other letters. The letter was from a lady unknown to him, who had received benefit from his services in the Tabernacle, and as a slight token of her appreciation of these services asked his acceptance of the enclosed onyx ring, necklace, and bracelets, for which she had no further use. This intensified his surprise, and he hastened home with what had been so strangely sent, went up to his wife's sick room and placed the objects she had longed for before her. She met him with a look of pained reproach, as if he had allowed his regard to override his promise, but when he detailed the true circumstances of the case she was filled with surprise, and asked Mr. Spurgeon what he thought of it. His reply was characteristic: "I think you are one of our Heavenly Father's spoiled children, and he just gives you whatever you ask for."

"FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS."

A census has recently been taken of the population of Danish Greenland, which includes nearly 1,000 miles of the west coast. It is found that Denmark numbers among her subjects about 10,000 Esquimaux, of whom 1,400 are halfbreeds, and descendants of European fathers and Esquimaux mothers. The census report gives a very favorable account of the industry and progress of these natives of Greenland.

They have not come in contact with some views of the civilized races that often disastrously affect savage peoples. The Danish Government does not permit the sale among them of alcoholic liquors. They and their Danish neighbors dwell harmoniously together, and, as a rule, the Esquimaux welcome school and teachers, and are glad to learn and practise the ways of civilization. At Godthaab, the capital of West Greenland, books are printed by the Esquimaux. Some of these books are illustrated with very fair wood cuts made by native engravers. They have published an interesting collection of the traditions of their people. They are fond of the study of geography, and are apt pupils in music. The halfbreeds generally have light hair and eyes, and the Esquimaux type is gradually effaced in their descendants. These Esquimaux are geographically the most eastern of the three Esquimaux groups. The natives of East Greenland show no evidence in their language or appearance of

relationship with the Esquimaux. The 1,500 natives of Labrador are classed with their brethren of West Greenland. Then come the Western Esquimaux, who include a number of tribes living between Hudson's Bay and Behring's Straits. The Tchoutchev, who live on the shores of the Arctic Ocean half way across Siberia, are the third branch of the Esquimaux family, of which the Greenland group is well known and partly civilized.—N. Y. Sun.

SCHOOL-OPENING SCENE.

Teacher (in mental arithmetic)—If there were three peaches on the table, Johnny, and your little sister should eat one of them, how many would be left?

Johnny—How many little sisters would be left?

Teacher—Now listen, Johnny. If there were three peaches on the table, and your little sister should eat one, how many would be left?

Johnny—We ain't had a peach in the house this year, let alone three.

Teacher—We are only supposing the peaches to be on the table, Johnny.

Johnny—Then they wouldn't be real peaches?

Teacher—No.

Johnny—Would they be preserved peaches?

Teacher—Certainly not.

Johnny—Pickled peaches?

Teacher—No, no. There wouldn't be any peaches at all, as I told you, Johnny; we only suppose the three peaches to be there.

Johnny—Then there wouldn't be any peaches, of course.

Teacher—Now, Johnny, put that knife in your pocket or I will take it away, and pay attention to what I am saying. We imagine three peaches to be on the table.

Johnny—Yes.

Teacher—And your little sister eats one of them and then goes away.

Johnny—Yes, but she wouldn't go away until she had finished the three. You don't know my little sister.

Teacher—But suppose your mother was there and wouldn't let her eat but one?

Johnny—Mother's out of town and won't be back till next week.

Teacher (sternly)—Now, Johnny, I will put the question once more, and if you do not answer it correctly, I shall keep you after school. If three peaches were on the table and your little sister were to eat one of them, how many would be left?

Johnny (straightening up)—There would not be any peaches left. I'd grab the other two.

Teacher (touching the bell)—The scholars are now dismissed. Johnny White will remain where he is.

A TERRA DEL FUEGIAN CANOE.

The canoe is a rough, primitive structure, several breadths of bark stitched together with sinews of the seal and gathered up at the ends. Along each side a pole is lashed, joining the gunwale rail, while several stout pieces laid crosswise serve as beam timber. In the bottom, amidships, is a mud hearth on which burns a fire, with sticks set up around it to dry.

There are three compartments in the craft, separated from one another by the cross-pieces; in the forward one are various weapons—spears, clubs, and sling-stones—and fishing implements. The amidships-section holds the fire-hearth, the men having place on the forward side of it; the women, who do the paddling, are seated further aft; while in the stern are stowed the boys, girls and dogs.

INDIAN MARVELS.

The wonders of conjuring, seen in the southern part of Asia, especially in Hindostan, are almost beyond human belief. Travellers agree that such extraordinary feats as changing twigs into snakes, and causing seeds to grow immediately to the stature of trees, are actually performed. Through what delusion of the senses trustworthy witnesses have been made to believe in such jugglery, we are as yet ignorant. A recent traveller in India thus describes anew a very old trick in scientific conjuring: Taking out of his pocket a long, thin, silk rope, the conjurer curled it up into several folds and made it into a circle, the ends of which were bound round and round this circle. He threw it on the ground, where it lay.

Alternately humming a wild air, whistling, singing a monotonous chorus, knocking two sticks together all the time, and dancing to the noise or sound, the tied cord on the ground began to move about, to twist hither and thither, to gyrate in circles, to leap up a couple of feet into the air, and then gradually to unfold itself, till at length it appeared only a tangled mass of rope.

In a few moments, however,—the performer all the time playing louder, knocking his sticks together violently, singing more vigorously, and leaping about almost in a fury,—the tangled mass became unravelled, and the rope was at once seized by him.

Taking it in his right hand, yet holding one end in his left, and with a vigorous shout and great bodily exertion, he threw it perpendicularly into the air. It fell. He threw it again. Each time it went higher, though it fell several times.

All the while he kept muttering, gesticulating, whining, imploring, expostulating, crying. At length, warning the spectators, who were crowding upon him, to keep the circle around as wide and broad as at the outset, he gathered the rope once more into circular coils in his right hand, and with a supreme effort and a wild shriek, threw it up a great height towards the sky. He then all of a sudden pulled it with the greatest violence two or three times. It did not fall, however, but, on the contrary, seemed tightly fastened. With a yell of triumph, he at once, as it seemed, climbed up the rope, first with one hand and then with the other, his legs equally agitated. He rose higher and higher, and then—actually vanished out of sight in the air.—*Youth's Companion.*

GOSSIPING.

The following advice, given by an eminent minister, Dr. John Hall, should be taken to heart by all young people.

"Keep clear" he says "of personalities in general conversation. Talk of things, objects, thoughts. The smallest minds occupy themselves with personalities. Personalities must sometimes be talked, because we have to learn and find out men's characteristics for legitimate objects; but it is to be with confidential persons. Do not needlessly report ill of others. There are times when we are compelled to say, 'I do not think Bouncer is a true and honest man.' But when there is no need to express an opinion, let poor Bouncer swagger away. Others will take his measure, no doubt, and save you the trouble of analyzing him and instructing them. And as far as possible dwell on the good side of human beings. There are family boards where a constant process of depreciating, assigning motives, and cutting up characters goes forward. They are not pleasant places. One who is healthy does not wish to dine at a dissecting

table. There is evil enough in man, God knows! But it is not the mission of every young man or woman to detail and report it all. Keep the atmosphere as pure as possible, and fragrant with gentleness and charity."

PAT'S DILEMMA.

Trust the true Irishman to extricate himself from a tight place by instant exercise of his ready tongue! At all events, trust him to make the attempt. An Irishman who was a dealer in a small way and kept a little donkey and cart came on one occasion to a bridge where a toll was levied, but, to his disappointment, found that he had not money enough to pay. A thought struck him. He unharnessed the donkey, and put it into the cart. Then getting in between the shafts himself, he pulled the cart, with the donkey standing on it, to the bridge.

In due course, he was hailed by the toll-collector.

"Hey, ma man," cried the latter.

"Whaur's yer toll?"

"Bedad," said the Irishman, "jist ax the droiver."

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