

## THE STORY OF THE TELEPHONE.

The inventor of Bell's Telephone, when I first knew him in 1872, was a tall, slim young Scotchman, giving evidence of his descent from a scholarly family. Although he was not fragile, in the American sense of the word, he was narrow-chested, and his father, Prof. Alexander Melville Bell, had removed from London, England, to Ontario, Canada, solely on account of his anxiety about the health of this, his only surviving son, all the others having perished, on reaching manhood, from lung diseases.

From Canada, Prof. Alexander Graham Bell came over to the United States, by invitation, to teach his father's system of "visible speech" to the instructors of the deaf and dumb in various articulation schools.

Coming of a family which numbered numerous scientific men and some inventors already among its members, it was no wonder that his mind had an inventive turn. Experiments in connection with the transmission of sound had interested him before he came to the United States, and daily occurrences in the school-room now kept his mind upon that subject. Perhaps I knew that he was working on some sort of a machine; and, once in a while, we two deaf pupils were still made the subjects of experiments. But, whatever he had in his mind, he was very anxious to keep it secret; and as the invention progressed he became quite excited, because he had no place where he could work in private; he could not even lock it up. It must be remembered that he was then only a young teacher, almost a stranger, and almost friendless in Boston. He was dependent entirely on the proceeds of tuition, and had no money to spare for experiments. One afternoon I met him in a second-hand furniture store, and he explained that he was looking for a small inexpensive stand or table, on which to place his precious invention, so that he could work at it with more ease. The next day I saw the unfinished machine on a small stand in his reception room. It had a cloth thrown over it. But soon he saw it would not do to leave it in that exposed position; for, although he thought no one but himself could divine what he was doing, still, some one who could understand the principle of his invention might call in his absence, and in an idle moment investigate it; and in some way his idea might be stolen from him before he could perfect and patent it. So, one day coming in, I saw the top of the table covered with a case like that of a sewing-machine. It was secured with a lock; and after that, he always kept the cover on and locked when he wasn't at work. His experiments upon this machine after the idea was first started in the winter of 1872-'73 extended into the next summer, and were still going on when I left Boston, which was late in the summer of 1873. Sometimes he would appear to be baffled, and lay the invention aside for a time. Then again he would have spells of working on it, when he would work on it all night, and perhaps for several nights running, if one might judge from his fatigued appearance. He spoke to me occasionally of what he was doing, but always in a mysterious manner. I had the impression that this invention was one for the transmission of sound, and was in some way connected with telegraphy, upon which it was to be an improvement. I think it was about one year after this that the telephone was first publicly mentioned.

Professor Bell then began to bring it before the public. He, however, required capital, and he had none. And the manner in which Bell's telephone became a success was due to circumstances quite outside of scientific considerations and its own merits. Gardner Green Hubbard, of Cambridge, Mass., published in 1867, a pamphlet entitled: "The Education of Deaf Mutes; Shall it be by signs or by articulation?" He had personal cause to be greatly interested in such things.

At the time Prof. Alexander Graham Bell came to the United States to teach his father's system of "Visible Speech," little Mabel Hubbard was studying articulation and lip-reading in Germany. She did not, however, succeed in acquiring a natural manner of speaking, and Mr. Hubbard, later on, when Mr. Bell came to reside in Boston, engaged him to give lessons to Miss Mabel, then grown into an exceedingly pretty girl of fifteen.

How it came about is best known to the parties interested. Certain it is that after some months, Professor Bell abdicated his

position as teacher to Miss Hubbard, in favor of one of the ladies to whom he had taught his system. "I cannot teach her any longer," he said. Not that his knowledge was at fault, but that he found she might teach him something hitherto unknown. But the mischief was already done. He might stay away from her father's house, but all the same he was in love with his pretty pupil. And she, unwittingly, teaching him, had also learned the lesson herself. Her parents soon came to know of the state of affairs, and at first they disapproved; but their daughter's happiness was dearer to them than all else, and, in the course of a year or so, all obstacles were smoothed over, the engagement was announced, and a brilliant wedding took place. Professor Bell might now well be called the favorite of fortune. He had secured the woman he loved, and who loved him, and who was young, fair and amiable; and in securing her, he had secured a splendid business man for his father-in-law and partner; a man who to his natural energy and astuteness united, also, the capital necessary to bring the great invention before the world, and who had now every incentive to push things. From this time on the telephone was a success. Bell and Hubbard, or rather Hubbard, organized a great monopoly. They soon counted their millions, and the tree of their prosperity grew and spread, and overshadowed the family of each, till quite a colony of Bells and Hubbards sprang up in Washington, that paradise of the holders of patents. The inventor and the owners of the Bell Telephone have had to fight many battles with envious rivals, and so far have come out of them all victorious. The toughest struggle was with the Drawbaugh people, and that has passed through every court except the Supreme Court, where it has yet to be tried. —Condensed from article in Independent.

## A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The following, which first appeared in a Detroit paper, is one of the most touching incidents to be met with. If true, it was a very remarkable case, and if merely imaginative, it is very suggestive:

There is a family in this city who are dependent at this moment upon a little child for all the present sunshine of their lives.

A few weeks ago the young wife and mother was stricken down to die.

It was so sudden, so dreadful, when the grave family physician called them together in the parlor and in his solemn professional way intimated to them the truth—there was no hope.

Then the question arose among them, who would tell her.

Not the doctor! It would be cruel to let the man of science go to their dear one on such an errand.

Not the aged mother, who was to be left childless and alone!

Nor the young husband, who was walking the floor with clinched hands and rebellious heart.

Not—there was only one other, and at this moment he looked up from the book he had been playing with unnoticed by them all, and asked gravely:

"Is my mamma doin' to die?"

Then, without waiting for an answer, he sped from the room and upstairs as fast as his little feet would carry him.

Friends and neighbors were watching by the sick woman. They wonderingly noticed the pale face of the child as he climbed on the bed and laid his small head on his mother's pillow.

"Mamma," he asked, in sweet, caressing tones, "is you 'fraid to die?"

The mother looked at him with swift intelligence. Perhaps she had been thinking of this.

"Who—told—you—Charlie?" she asked faintly.

"Doctor an' papa an' gamma—everybody," he whispered. "Mamma, dear 'tittle mamma, doan't be 'fraid to die, 'ill you?"

"No, Charlie," said the young mother after one supreme pang of grief; "no, mamma won't be afraid!"

"Jus' shut your eyes in 'e dark, mamma; teep hold my hand—an', 'an when you open 'em, mamma, it'll be all light there."

When the family gathered awe-stricken at the bed-side, Charlie held up his little hand.

"Hu-sh! My mamma doan' to sleep. Her won't wake up here any more!"

And so it proved. There was no heart-rending farewell, no agony of parting, for when the young mother woke she had passed beyond; and as baby Charlie said, "It was all light there!"—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

## THE FAITHFUL BASKET-MAKER.

Li-Shing-Hap joined the church at Chik Hom in July, 1882. He was a basket-maker, in middle life, who had a shop opposite the chapel, where he quietly worked at his trade. He thus had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the gospel, and became convinced that idolatry was wrong. In the beginning of 1882 he ceased to worship idols and took down those in his shop. In April he applied for baptism, and his examination was satisfactory with one exception. He said he would need to sell baskets on Sunday when that occurred on a market day. This would happen once in thirty-five days. If men came ten or twelve miles to market and he refused to sell them baskets when they wanted them, he would lose his customers and have no way of making a living. He was told that in regard to Sabbath-keeping the Bible made no exception in favor of market days, and was asked to consider the matter carefully. Three months later he came, saying that he was prepared to cease from work and keep the Sabbath always, a promise which he faithfully kept.

During that storm of bitter hostility which burst upon the churches in Canton and the region round about, in September, 1884, when eighteen chapels were pillaged or torn down in as many days, the Chik Hom chapel suffered with the rest, and the shop of this well-known Christian man was robbed of all that it contained. He was seized, taken to the river and put into a boat, threatened and ordered to pay money for his release. He refused, saying that he had done nothing wrong. His brother on the shore, not a Christian, was much frightened, and paid \$20 for his release. He turned to his native village, many miles away. The next time I held communion with the members of the Chik Hom church he was in his place as usual, but, what is very unusual for a Chinaman who has suffered loss, he said not one word to me about his suffering or his loss. I learned it all from inquiring of others.

Two years and a half have passed away since then, and Mr. White, who has just returned from a visit to some country stations, reports that he went to this man's native village, where he found him working at his trade, but that he had also a good room in his house, where, in the evenings and as occasion offers, he has been endeavoring to teach the villagers what he can of the gospel, availing himself of the services of any preacher or colporteur who may come that way. His wife and children have been baptised, and at his request Mr. White arranged to start a Christian school in this room in his house, which he is glad to give for that purpose.—*The Church at Home and Abroad.*

## FOR AMBITIOUS BOYS.

A boy is something like a piece of iron, which in its rough state isn't worth much, nor is it very much use; but the more processes it is put through the more valuable it becomes. A bar of iron that is only worth \$5 in its natural state is worth \$12 when it is made into horse-shoes; and after it goes through the different processes by which it is made into needles, its value is increased to \$340. Made into penknife blades it would be worth \$3,000, and into balance springs for watches \$250,000.

Just think of that, boys, a piece of iron that is comparatively worthless can be developed into such valuable material! But the iron has to go through a great deal of hammering and beating and rolling and pounding and polishing; and so if you are to become useful and educated men you must go through a long course of study and training. The more time you spend in hard study, the better material you will make. The iron doesn't have to go through half as much to be made into horse-shoes, as it does to be converted into delicate watch springs. But think how much less valuable it is. Which would you rather be, horse-shoes or watch-springs! It depends on yourselves. You can become whichever you will. This is your time of preparation for manhood.

Don't think that I would have you settle down to hard study all the time without any intervals for fun. Not a bit of it. I like to see boys have a good time, and I would be very sorry to have you grow old before your time; but you have ample opportunity for study and play too.—*Selected.*

## Question Corner.—No. 20.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. A prophet tore the robe of a mighty man in twelve pieces, what was the import of this action?
2. Who plundered the temple, and took away the shields of gold?

## SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

1. She belonged to one of the nations that bordered upon Canaan.
2. She married an Israelite who came to stay in her country.
3. After his death she was very kind to his mother.
4. She worked for her after they went back to the land of Judah.
5. She afterwards married one of her late husband's relations.
6. The Lord Jesus was one of her descendants.

## ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN LAST NUMBER.

1. David. 2 Sam. 15: 14.
2. Because he had been a man of blood and God wished his house to be built by a man of peace. 1 Chron. 22: 8, 9.

## BIBLICAL ENIGMA.—Sabbatical year.

## CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from H. E. Greene.

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