

flicted by Archbishop Laud, 'to be expended on a fount of fair Greek type.' Only four copies of this scarce Bible are now known, as the edition was destroyed and all the copies called in as soon as the mistake was discovered. Dr. Scrivener declared that a copy existed at Wolfenbützel. This led to a search being made. No such English Bible was discovered; but a German Bible with the very same mistake was found in its stead.

There is also 'The Persecuting Printers' Bible.' 'Printers have persecuted me without a cause.'—Ps. cxix., 161. The word printers instead of princes has given occasion for the above name. All we know of this edition is stated by Mr. Hy. Stevens in the catalogue of the Caxton Exhibition of Bibles, where he says that these words were put into the mouth of Cotton Mather by a blundering typographer in a Bible printed before 1702.

There is also 'The Ears to Ear Bible.' 'Who hath ears to ear, let him ear.'—Matt. xiii., 9. This adaptation to Cockney usage is found in an 8vo. Bible published by the Oxford Press in 1810. The same book contains a more serious blunder in Hebrews ix., 14: 'How much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the Eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from "good" works to serve the living God.'

And among others we may note 'The Standing Fishes Bible.' 'And it shall come to pass that the "fishes" shall stand upon it,' etc.—Ezek. xlvii., 10. The word fishes is used for fishers in a 4-to Bible printed by the King's printer in London, in 1806, and reprinted in a 4-to edition of 1813, and in an 8vo. edition of 1823.—'Alliance News.'

A Christian Daily Newspaper.

A letter addressed to the Editor of the 'Homiletic Review':

In the words of one of the greatest newspaper editors of to-day: 'It is my unqualified opinion that, wielded with prudence, justice, and truthfulness, having the right on its side, and being handled with ordinary composure and skill, the press is, as the old saying puts it, 'mightier than the sword.' But to be mighty, it must be free, and to be free it must be self-sustaining and self-respecting.'

The same editor in his speech before a body of newspaper men, at a time when our country was passing through a great crisis, went on to say: 'There is a great fight before us for liberty, a fight as old as the hills. The fight of the poor against the rich; the fight of the weak against the strong; the fight of the people against the corporation. The corporations just now hold the vantage-ground. They began by corrupting the newspapers; and they have gone so fast and so far that they are able at last to buy up legislatures, to command the services of capable and astute politicians, and even to shape the course of parties.'

From which he led up to the eloquent appeal to his fellow editors, as follows: 'Emancipate the press from its thralldom to mammon by making it self-sustaining! Bind it with hoops of steel to the service of the people! Acknowledge no master except that of which you yourselves are component parts—a board of which you are members—a cabinet of which you are ministers—the mastership of public opinion. It is the only service that gives plenty of pay and honest pay; it is the only service of which a man may be proud and in which he may feel happy. Throw off the execrable badge, faded and tattered and worm-eaten by its dishonoring memories and inscriptions, for that other badge, that insignia of rank and power, which says, "I am no man's slave. I am a man among men. The roof above me is my own. This threshold is mine; and, holding no commission but that which, sent from heaven, makes me a spokesman for my fellow men, and having no weapons except a handful of types, I am able to defy the world that proposes, unbidden, to cross it because I am supported by an invincible army, ready to rally at a moment's notice for the defence of itself, which is my defence." I believe that that sort of journalism will come to be believed in by every man who edits and reads a newspaper.'

Two thousand five hundred daily papers are published in the United States and Canada, with a daily circulation of 15,000,000 copies in the United States, alone. In New York City there are 58 different daily publications,

nearly every phase and interest of society being represented by one or more dailies. So, likewise, there are some 32 dailies in Chicago, with an average daily circulation of 1,700,000 copies. Each one, with scarcely an exception, makes its purpose to further some special interest: 22 of them are in politics—8 Republican, 7 Independent, 4 Democratic, and 3 Socialist, 12 are printed in foreign languages—6 German, 3 Bohemian, 1 Norwegian, 1 Polish, and 1 Jewish. Other special interests represented by daily papers are the Live Stock, Commercial, Labor, Legal, College, and Racing lines of business.

Yet, with all of that circulation of daily newspapers, there is not one in the United States and only one in Canada that is recognized as being really Christian in its purpose and influence. The best we have are simply moral in their influence, seldom if ever recognizing in any direct way Christ and His influence upon the individual and society. Yet every Christian knows that there is a great difference between Christianity and morality.

There is no influence so potent in shaping our thoughts and forming the character of our children and young people as the daily paper. Hence it becomes a duty of the aggressive Christian to help develop plans that, as soon as possible, will insure a Christian Daily Press, not forgetting, however, that such a press must be established and maintained strictly on its news and business merits.

Is it not time that the Christian people of America establish at least one influential newspaper, and put an editor in charge who will cater to the wants of the pure-minded Christians, and make one paper which in coming into our homes will not deprave, but rather elevate, the thoughts of ourselves and our children?

If such a press is needed, then we may be sure that God's hand is back of it to help carry it to success.

EDGAR POWELL,
La Porte, Ind.

A Living Trap.

There is a kind of lizard which lives in the deserts of Arabia. Its color is exactly like that of the sand, and it has a clever trick of getting its food. At each side of its mouth is a fold of red skin, which it can blow out to look like a flower. Red flowers grow in the district, and just like them is the lizard's mouth. The insects alight on it, thinking to get honey, when snap! and in a moment they are down the lizard's throat. Keep a sharp lookout for the poison flowers along the path of life. They promise pleasure, but they mean death.

Bishop Whipple of Minnesota and His Horse 'Bashaw.'

Almost everybody in the United States has heard of Bishop Whipple, the Pioneer Bishop of Minnesota.

Here is what he says of his noble horse 'Bashaw,' that served him in all the long wild journeys over that then new country:

'When I was appointed there was not a mile of railway in Minnesota. I could only travel on horseback or in a buggy or sleigh.

"Bashaw" was a kingly fellow, and had every sign of noble birth, a slim, delicate head, prominent eyes, small, active ears, large nostrils, full chest, thin gambrels, heavy cords, neat fetlocks, and black as a coal. He was my friend and companion in nearly 40,000 miles' travel, always full of spirit, yet gentle as a girl. I never struck him but once, and that was to save his life and mine on the brink of a precipice; and when saved, the tears filled my eyes. He knew how I loved him and he loved me as well as horse ever loved his master. He never forgot any place where he had ever been, and many a time he has saved our lives when lost on the prairie. In summer heat and winter storm he kept every appointment, and it was done by heroic effort. It was no easy task to travel in winter over prairies without a house for twenty miles.

I recall time after time when we were lost. In 1861 I left New Ulm for the lower Sioux agency, when the thermometer was thirty-six degrees below zero at noon; there was an ugly freckled sky, and long rifts of clouds. For seven miles there were houses in the distance, and then twenty miles across the

prairie without a house. We were in for it; our motto was, "No step backward." In about an hour we came to a place where the snow had been blown away; it was stubble and no sign of a road. I was lost! I turned the horses back to follow my sleigh tracks; the wind had obliterated them. We started in the direction of the agency. The country was full of little coolies, and soon I had both horses down in snow-drifts. After great efforts we got back on the prairie. Night had come on; not a star, the wind howling like wolves. I knelt down and said my prayers, wrapped myself in buffalo robes, threw the reins on the dash-board, and prepared to let the horses walk where they would until daylight. About midnight old Bashaw stopped so suddenly that it threw me on the dash-board. I jumped from the sleigh, and found an Indian trail which looked like a snake under the snow. I knew that one end of it was at the agency, but which, I knew not. We followed the trail until we saw a light. Never did a horse neigh more joyously as he sprang towards it; we were saved. Dear old fellow! As I put him in his stall he nipped me with his lips with a marvellous look out of those grand eyes, as much as to say, "Master, all's well."

So many have asked me to tell them about dear Bashaw, I am sure you will not blame me for telling you again about this brave creature of God.—'Our Dumb Animals.'

Life Without Work.

A life without hard work would be flat and stale. 'The salt of life is work,' it has been said; and the salt that each one's life most needs is the particular work that God has laid upon that one. It is well to remember this when one's own work seems to be a misfit—and probably no one ever lived who was not at one time or another been tempted to feel that about himself. This is part of the very saltiness of work; it puts tang and life and temper into character to keep at a thing when only dogged self-forcing can hold on to it. Let us be glad that the salt of our life is chosen for us. If we made our own choices we should too often take sugar instead of salt, and the system could not long stand that.—S. S. Times.

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