

# Northern Messenger

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The Turtles on the Orinoco River.

Turtles are very numerous on the Orinoco River, and Nature seems to have in every way provided for their wants, as from the River Cabrillare onwards there are very extensive banks of sand, in which they bury their eggs, which are incubated by the heat of the sun. From the beginning of April thousands of these turtles come up to the banks and choose suitable spots for laying their eggs, which num-

ber in most cases from twenty to twenty-five for each animal. Their mode of proceeding is curious. At sundown, when all is quiet, a few turtles suddenly appear on the bank above the water, and look out towards the land for quite half an hour; then little by little they advance, and when they have made sure that everything is safe, they come further inland and lay their eggs. They make holes in the sand, deposit

the eggs, and then carefully cover them up, taking pains that the place of concealment may not be detected by any outward sign on the sand. Our picture illustrates a column of some thousands of turtles ascending the sand-banks. Some of the turtles captured when the picture was taken measured over a yard in length, and weighed as much as sixty pounds.—The 'Picture Magazine.'

## A Fatal Mischief.

A story by Cyrus Townsend Brady, published in the 'Christian Endeavor World,' contains the following striking incident, which, we believe, is a true one. It needs no moralizing:—

'Do you see that farmer out there?' said the bishop, pointing through the window.

'Yes, sir.'

'Well, that reminds me of a journey I took through my diocese about ten years ago when I had just been made bishop, and of a story which began then and ended yesterday. I got on the train one afternoon, and found in the seat in which I chanced to sit a paper-backed book. I picked it up and began to read it. The title was unfamiliar, and the name of the author I had never heard before. I shall remember both to my dying day. It was a rather well-written book, and I read on unconsciously enough for a dozen pages until I discovered the character of the story—or I suppose I should say, the lack of character. I think from what I saw that no more insidiously cor-

rupting, utterly depraved book had been or could be written by a human emissary of Satan than that volume. On the impulse of the moment I turned to the open window,—it was summer,—and with no thought but a desire to get rid of the loathsome thing I flung it far out of the car.

'The circumstances were just as they were a few moments since. It was an up grade, or for some other reason the train was going slowly. There was a young man driving a farm waggon along the road, which there nearly approached the track. The book sailed through the air, and fell into the waggon at his feet. I saw him pick up the book, and in my excitement I thrust my head out of the car-window and shouted to him to throw it away, an injunction which he naturally did not heed; and then the train swept around a curve, and I lost sight of him.'

'Is that all, sir?' asked the lieutenant, as the bishop paused.

'No,' he said, 'it is not. I wish to heaven it were. Last week I was holding a mission in S—. You know what a mission is? It

is a sort of revival with some of the distinguishing features of a revival left out, and new features added. I usually speak very plainly upon different subjects on such occasions; in fact, I speak plainly on almost all occasions.'

'Yes, we know you do,' interrupted the young man, smiling. 'You have made us all feel pretty uncomfortable at times.'

'I presume you needed it,' continued the bishop calmly. 'Well, on this occasion I was speaking of personal purity and the things which go to break it down. Among other things, I referred to the evil influence of a bad book, and I told this story that I have just told you.'

'A great many people waited to see me after the services, as usual; but I finally disposed of all of them except one wretched, miserable woman. She came up to me after everybody had gone, and grasped me fiercely by the arm, and asked me to accompany her to her home on the outskirts of the city. There was some one ill there she wished me to see. We walked along in the dark in silence. Finally we both