

# Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

Vol. IV. No. 48.

MONTREAL & NEW YORK, FOR THE WEEK ENDING, NOVEMBER 28, 1885

50 CENTS A YEAR.  
25 cents extra when delivered in Montreal.

## The Weekly Messenger.

### BURMAH AND ITS CAPITAL.

This week we give a picture of Mandalay, the capital of Burmah. The city, though some miles from the river, can be seen from it. The houses in the suburbs are frail structures of bamboo framework, and mat covering, with grass or palm thatched roofs, the floors of which are raised above the ground by piles to guard against floods. In the principal streets the majority of the houses are of brick, which, in some cases, are nailed to the timbers. The outside is plastered with lime and mud. The shops only are two stories high, but these are Chinese. Temples and monasteries are thickly scattered about the whole city. The palace of the king had double walls of brick, but the many fantastic roofs are overlaid or

the exception of his own mother-in-law and wife. Over ninety were literally butchered in his presence. One prince was flogged to death, another was tortured until he became insane, and then flung into a burial ditch among the bodies of the other victims. The mouth of another was filled with gunpowder which was exploded. Princesses were slain in the most horrible manner before the eyes of their husbands. The massacre lasted over three days, when the drunken, half insane young demon appeared to be satiated with horrors.

When Burmah has been added to British India two hundred and fifteen thousand more square miles will be under the British flag. Although not so fertile as British Burmah, King Thebaw's territory has a rich soil, well watered by four great rivers, the chief of which, the Irrawaddy, is the fifth or sixth largest in the world. Rice, wheat, maize,

garia and Servia will not likely be a very prolonged one, as the Servians are now marching on Sofia, the capital of the former, and it is expected that the city will fall before the well organized troops of King Milan. It is stated by army correspondents that the Bulgarians will do their hardest fighting after the capture of the Capital. One battle between the hostile troops lasted for fourteen hours. During the last few days the Bulgarians have been picking up heart as quite a large number of Roumelians volunteered to serve in the Bulgarian army. Nothing could more clearly show the satisfaction of the populace of Eastern Roumelia with the Bulgarian union than the alacrity of their response to the call of arms.

There is no saying at what time Russia and Austria may join in the quarrel, as both are jealously eyeing Servia's progress.

Lansdowne, and a similar communication to Sir John Macdonald saying that while he deemed Riel a dangerous person and one who should be confined for life, he also held that mental infirmity should prevent the execution of the law.

The sentence of the law was carried out smoothly and effectually.

The coffin was then nailed up and temporarily placed in the cemetery pending relatives obtaining permission to take it to St. Boniface. The rope used has been destroyed by Deputy Sheriff Gibson, according to orders, to prevent relic hunters getting hold of it. It was a stout hempen cord, five-eighths of an inch in diameter. The whole arrangements for the execution were arranged by Gibson.

After the execution the body hung an hour and was then cut down and placed in a coffin beneath the scaffold. The result of the



THE CITY OF MANDALAY, CAPITAL OF BURMAH.

washed with gilt, so that it presents a gorgeous appearance, and is called the Golden Palace. The city is a mile square, and is enclosed within lofty and thick walls of bricks, which are not, however, held together by mortar. A broad and deep moat, filled with clear water, runs parallel with the walls. There are two gates on each side of the city, which are reached by a large wooden bridge over the moat. The army consists of about ten thousand men, almost destitute of discipline, but brave and active. There is little artillery, and no cavalry.

King Thebaw, who makes Mandalay his capital, came to the throne without the assassinations which had formerly taken place at the accession of a new king; but fearing conspiracy against him, a year of his reign had not passed before he almost exterminated every branch of the Royal family, with

beans, sugar, cocoa, tea, cotton and indigo are produced in large quantities with little labor. The teak forests are second only to those of Pegu, and all Indian timbers flourish. Almost all the precious metals, including gold and silver, besides the useful ones, iron, tin, copper and lead, are found in paying quantities.

### THE BALKAN WAR.

It was on the 17th instant that the news came that the Servian and Bulgarian troops had met near Widdin, a fortress on the Danube, in Bulgaria. The Servians had a great victory but the loss on both sides was heavy. The Servians captured 1,000 prisoners. King Milan has congratulated Gen. Leshjainin on his brilliant victory at Widdin. The campaign between Bul-

### LOUIS "DAVID" RIEL.

During the early hours of last Monday morning Riel gathered up all his papers which covered his desk, containing the supposed visions he had seen and his prophecies, and asked the privilege from the officer of the guard to destroy them. This was allowed him, and gathering them together he carried them to an open stove fire and thrust them in, watching them until the flames had devoured them. He then returned to his cell and his devotions. His executioner was a man named Jack Henderson, who was a captive of Riel's in the rebellion in 1870. The Rev. Mr. McWilliams, who assisted Father Andre in attendance upon Riel during his last hours, was a classmate of the rebel at Montreal. He is firm in the belief that Riel was insane. In this belief he addressed a letter last Monday to Lord

post-mortem made by Dr. Jukes was as follows:—

"Execution most cleverly performed. From the moment he fell, judging from the nature of the injuries received, he must have been entirely without sensation. The neck was entirely dislocated thus paralyzing all the lower portions of the body. He could have felt no pain whatever. Circulation ceased in four minutes, an unusually short time. No death could be more merciful."

At Last the long and profitless campaign between the Hovas and French in Madagascar has come to an end, and the French Government has announced that the troops would be withdrawn. To hide their shame the French have entered on negotiations with the Hovas which will probably last for some time.

## HOW BILLY WENT UP IN THE WORLD.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.

FATHER HAMILTON'S TEST.—CONTINUED.

Now Knox's eloquence was always expended on the sin and folly of buying, selling or manufacturing strong liquors; for unconsciously he had considered beer rather small game to hunt down. He disapproved of it from early associations; he sometimes reflected that Ned Fenton began his brief and sad career with beer drinking, but never until this first winter after he took his farm, did he begin to realize that just here was an unguarded trap door that let many a poor creature into a current setting toward perdition. He said as much as this to Silas Barnard, one day; and received the following reply:

"Shoo! now that's tall kind of talk! I ain't no guzzler, yet I take a glass of beer myself, say once a month maybe, and I ain't one whit nearer perdition for it than that humbly, red-headed baby is."

Before Prissy's wrath would allow her to defend her infant's beauty, Billy replied: "No, I admit you are not, for you have no craving for it; you have a cozy home, a table with good food, tea and coffee fit for a king; you don't want beer often; but Jerry Whitley, who used to take it as seldom, now that he has lost his home, his wife, and most of his money, he is getting beer almost every time I pass Holmes' tavern."

"Jerry ought to know better."

"He may know better, but he does not do better; and if he could not get beer he would be healthier, wealthier and wiser."

"Well, he always can, and I guess he always will be able to get beer until the last wave of the star-spangled banner; it looks that way to me. So what's the use of fretting yourself over what you can't help?"

"If I can't help beer-selling I may keep somebody from beer-drinking."

"Mebbe—by chokin' or pizen. I think it is all a question of self-control, and you can't keep much of anybody but Billy Knox out of the fully business. It is different with beer from what it is with whiskey; you can prove that it is a curse on the country; but plenty of folks will face you down that beer is a strengthening, innocent drink. I like it once in a while myself," said Si, honestly.

Billy was balancing Jack on one foot, and Jill on the other; and as the idol was in his lap, he looked somewhat like a Chinese pagoda with the god sitting in the front door. He mused a while in silence, and then laughingly remarked:

"I knew a Dutchman once who said there was no argument so convincing as a 'bald-headed' fact. I am going over to see Dr. Higbee, some day, and inquire into the nourishing and strengthening properties of beer."

"And when you have facts you won't do a particle of good with them," said the faithless Si, smiling. "One time I see a regular rabid old temperance lecturer tackle Tom Sykes, the toper, and describe his stomach to him—how it was all up with alcohol, and red like raw beefsteak. 'Jest think now, Sykes,' seshe, 'in what an awful looking state the inside of your stomach must be!' and Sykes he tittered right out, and ses he, 'Why, bless you, nobody sees it'—that's all he cared for facts."

Billy laughed outright, but was not at all discouraged by Silas' lack of enthusiasm. He resolved to do his duty in his day and generation, to take his stand on the side of good morals, and the best interests of his fellow-men. Whenever he thought of Ned Fenton, he remembered the hosts of good-natured, lovable fellows, just so easily tempted as Ned had been, and he strongly desired to help any such who might come in his way by every means he could exert.

One day, about this time, Knox had to go into Sefton on business; and passing Dr. Higbee's office, he bethought himself to drop in for a chat with the old man. He found him resting after a long ride.

"Well, Knox, I hear a very good account of you! Did a fine thing, I guess, taking that farm; and there's work to do, but it will keep you steady as a clock. How are they all out to Ellery's? That's a pretty girl the old gentleman has! He had her in town the other day, and stopped to introduce me to her. I declare, I was sorry I was almost seventy. Whose horse is that, yours?"

"Yes," replied Billy, warming his hands by the doctor's red-hot stove.

"It is a good-looking beast. Yes, and I hear you are coming out strong on the temperance question. Well, go ahead, there's work enough on that line."

"Doctor, do you ever drink beer?" asked Knox, finding that the old fellow was in a genial mood.

"Never, now-a-days. I used to take a glass once in a while."

"But do you think beer, taken in moderation, is injurious, doctor?"

"See here; I have something near by that will answer you! The 'Physio-Medical Recorder' says:

"It is now a conceded physiological fact that ardent spirits, in every shape and form, from small beer to alcohol at one hundred per cent, impede and impair digestion, and are adverse to the whole alimentary process. \* \* \* The idea that liquor aids digestion is both erroneous and absurd; for, so far from that, it weakens the nerves, stupefies the brain, covers the heart, and materially injures the whole human organism." Believe that every word of it."

"Yes, no doubt it is true, as regards stronger liquors; but many excellent people insist that beer does them good—balthem up when they are run down."

"Oh, of course. Scores of my patients prescribe it for themselves. It is even more popular than bitters; but every one of these excellent people is the 'victim of gammon,' as Sammy Weller said of his 'pa'."

"There is no good in beer-drinking, let little or much be taken. Liebig declares that:

"The whole purpose of brewing is to get rid of the nitrogenous, blood-forming elements of the grain, and to transmute the useful sugar into alcohol." He says: "We can prove with mathematical certainty that as much flour as can lie on the point of a table-knife is more nutritious than eight quarts of the best Bavarian beer." I am giving you the opinion of abler men than Higbee; and if you are getting up a temperance lecture, I can furnish you no end of facts, statistics, authorities, all reliable and weighty."

"Your opinion is enough for me," returned Billy; but the doctor was tumbling the pamphlets, which strewed his table, and began again:

"Dr. Edwards says: 'The diseases of beer-drinkers are always of a dangerous character, and, in case of an accident, they can never undergo the most trifling operation with the security of the temperate. They almost invariably die under it.'"

"Dr. Grinrod, a prominent London physician, says: 'A copious beer-drinker is all one vital part. He wears his heart on his sleeve, bare to a death wound even from a rusty nail or the claw of a cat.'" How much alcohol does lager beer contain?"

"From five to eight percent, according to its strength."

"What I started out to learn was if beer ever was really helpful, if it ever did promote digestion, and—"

"If beer promotes digestion it is by the ninety percent of water in it, and not the six percent of alcohol, north and south and two-thirds percent of gum, nor the one and one-third percent of other ingredients. The alcohol of lager must interfere with digestion, not promote it."

"I am convinced," was Billy's comment.

"I will give you some pamphlets to read," said the doctor. He had just collected them when a patient arrived and the interview ended.

(To be continued.)

## FRED'S FAULT.

"Fred! Fred!" called Mrs. Arnold. "Wake up, my boy! You will be late at breakfast."

"I'm awake, mother," said Fred, and Mrs. Arnold went down to the dining-room and closed the door.

Presently the family assembled. Eight o'clock came. No Fred.

"Fred will be late at school," remarked the mother, anxiously. "Run upstairs, Charlie, and see whether he is out of bed."

"He says he'll be down in a minute," reported Charlie, returning.

"My dear," Mr. Arnold observed as he passed his cup for more coffee, "if Fred does not overcome his indolence it will follow him through life and handicap him everywhere. I wish you would be more resolute with him. If you are not, I shall be compelled to take him in hand myself."

Fred just then hurried in, looking cross and vexed. From his expression one would have supposed that his mother and the family were to blame for not having taken him out of bed bodily, dressed him, and obliged him to be in time.

He hurried through the meal, caught up his books, and dashed off to school without even saying good morning. The other children, with time enough for amiability, had started for their duties without leaving the impression of a hurricane behind them.

Father and mother were left alone. "If," as you say, "you should take Fred in hand, John, what course would you adopt," said Mrs. Arnold. "You have never been stern with the children."

"I should use no severity in Fred's case, except that of letting his great fault work out its natural results without interference. The boy will be hampered all his life by this propensity to put off action at the right moment, this fatal procrastination. But I fear, my love, that I cannot work out Fred's cure while you are in the house. You would be sure to interfere."

"Have I ever interfered when you reproved the children, John?" said Mrs. Arnold, with an accent of reproach.

"Invariably, my dear," said Mr. Arnold with a smile. "When I sent Charlie from the table last week because he was rude to Carrie, your eyes filled with tears, and you looked so sad that I felt dreadfully distressed. In fact, it seemed as if I ought to go away myself."

"Oh, I think you were a little hasty that day, John. But do me justice, I said nothing."

"Not one word, you best of wives—and mothers," replied Mr. Arnold. "Well, it is agreed that I shall see what I can do for our boy in the next month?"

Mrs. Arnold looked rather doubtful. In her tenderness to her children she was not always wise. Many a step she took which Elith ought to have taken. Often she made Una's bed when that young lady ought not to have left it for the busy mother to attend to. Still, she felt that Fred's case must be attended to.

So she said, after a pause, "You won't be guided in the least by brother Reuben; you haven't been talking with him, have you, John?" He said something very provoking to me the other day."

Mr. Reuben Storms was a bachelor brother who was visiting them.

"I did not hear it," said Mr. Arnold. "No? It was this. He was sitting here one morning when I was especially tried with Fred's 'in a minute,' and 'by-and-by,' and 'presently, mother,' and he said, 'Mary, I believe what that boy needs is a good, old-fashioned whipping. He wants stirring up and setting in his place.'"

"Reuben's not my brother," said Mr. Arnold, "and he hasn't any boys of his own I shall not whip Fred. Except for deliberate falsehood, I would never lay a finger on one of my sons, and I am entirely sure of their truthfulness and honor, I am thankful to say."

"Well, dear, do as you like," said Mrs. Arnold.

Fred was called the next morning as usual, and as usual did not rise.

No one called him a second time.

When finally he awoke with a start it was half past eight, and going to the window he observed his father and mother walking together on their way to the station. He then remembered that they were going to the city on a shopping excursion, and that his father in bidding him good-night the evening before, and remarked pleasantly, "Hereafter you will be called only once in the morning, my boy."

He hurried down, found the table cleared off, and Bridget busy about her ironing.

"Where's my breakfast?" he inquired.

"Sure, it's meself supposed yez had had it, Master Fred," said Bridget. "It's all cleared away now, but here's the loaf and the milk jug. Help yourself."

Bread and milk were not precisely the viands Fred desired, but there was no help for it. He ate a bowl of bread and milk and grumbled not a little the while, but Bridget paid no attention.

Then he went to school, was very late, was reprimanded, and had to stay after class hours to make up the lesson he had missed.

Fred had a half-dozen similar experiences. Not a word of expostulation, rebuke, or persuasion was addressed to him. He was simply taught by the logic of events. In a month there was evident

a great change, and Fred, the crutch of dependence on his mother's continual calling and irritated patience removed, became so prompt that his fault was forgotten.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

## HOME HELP FOR THE TEACHER.

One source of help to the teacher is to be found in the scholars' homes. A mother's or father's help is not to be slighted in the managing, or in the teaching, of a child in the Sabbath school. If that help be freely proffered to the teacher in his work for his scholars, he should accept it gratefully. If it is not forthcoming without his request for it, he ought to seek it persistently. No teacher who finds a difficulty in managing his class, has yet done his best to secure a wise control of his scholars, if he has failed to seek the co-operation of the parents of these scholars in his endeavors in their behalf. There are very few parents who would not gratefully receive the courteous visits of their children's Sabbath school teachers. More parents than the teachers commonly suppose would welcome timely and judicious suggestions as to the way in which they could co-work with those teachers. There is no good in complaining that the scholars do not study their Sabbath school lessons at home, or behave as they should in the Sabbath school class. There may be a great deal of good in going frankly to the parents, to ask if they will not kindly see that their children study their lessons, and that they go to the Sabbath school with a purpose of good behavior there.

And all this can be done without any complaining on the teacher's part against the conduct of the scholars. Teachers and parents ought to have an understanding on this subject. Some of them do so, if you have trouble in managing your scholars, you ought to be of the number of those who seek and obtain home help in the scholars' managing. It may be that you could do more for your scholars by an hour's judicious work with the parents, than by a month's work with the scholars without any help from the parents. You ought to have the parents with you as "fellow workers to the truth." You ought to seek their co-operation persistently and in faith. It is your duty to want it, to go for it, to secure it. According to your desires and your faith—as shown in your wise and persistent work in this direction—so it shall be unto you. As it is in the matter of personal behavior in the class, so it may be in any other line of your effort in behalf of your scholars. In punctuality of attendance, in reverence of spirit, in studiousness, in giving into the Lord's treasury, in loving others and in doing for them, your scholars may be trained as well as managed. By taking up one point at a time, and pressing it patiently and faithfully with your scholars, you may raise the standard of your scholars' being and doing at that point; and so you may "press on unto perfection"—go forward unto full growth, or completeness—with all in your class. Indeed, the term "managing," as applied to your work in behalf of your scholars, must not be limited to the idea of controlling them in their behavior. It should be made to include all that goes to the forming and finishing of the scholar's character; for that should be the scope of your desires, of your endeavors, of your prayers, and of your faith. And such a work is not easily nor quickly compassed. It is a tireless, and in a sense, an endless task; for the work of character-finishing is a work that is never finished.—*Teaching and Teachers.*

If WE HAD THE EARS OF mothers in the country, whose boys have gone away to the cities, and to the great city, and who are wondering how they may help them to keep pure and true among the temptations of city life, we should say this to them: Write them a mother's love-letter every week. We know by personal experience how mother's letter keeps her before the young man's eye and safe in the young man's heart. We know how those letters keep on building a hedge round a young man so high and so thick that foul conversation and evil enticement can not get through. We do not believe that the devil can get near the mother-guarded youth.—*S. S. Chronicle.*

If you would not fall into sin, do not stand by the door of temptation.

ENVY.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

A glowworm sat in the grass;  
As I passed through the wood I found it;  
Bright as a diamond it shone,  
With a halo of light around it.

A toad came up from the fen;  
It was ugly in every feature;  
Like a thief it crept to the worm,  
And spat on the shining creature.

"What have I done?" said the worm,  
"As I sat here in silence rightly?"  
"Nothing," replied the toad;  
"But why did you shine so brightly?"

—The Sunday-school Times.

MADE BEAUTIFUL.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"Jane MacCurdy is a good servant," said Mrs. Clinton, the wife of a New York commission merchant, to her husband, one morning, "but I shall be obliged to dismiss her if she persists in having that terrible brother of hers hanging around."

"Jane is a treasure!" replied Mr. Clinton, sipping his coffee. "I don't know when you have appeared to be so free from care. Now, what is this cloud that has appeared on the domestic horizon? Were I you I would not act hastily."

"I'm sure I have no desire to be unreasonable, but perhaps you might fancy there were grounds for action of some sort should you see the brother."

"He is going in the area gate now," said Tommy Clinton. "Ugh, he is raggeder and has more grime on him than he had yesterday."

Mr. Clinton turned about in his chair and peering through the shutters, said: "He is a hard-looking customer; his face is bad; he is just such a fellow as one prefers not to have around his premises, even if his sister does work in the kitchen. Have you spoken to Jane about it?"

"Oh, yes, but you see Jane is a Christian, and I try to be, and that is why it is so hard for me to be firm with her about this matter. She says her brother was a good and handsome lad until he was led away by evil companions and the drink."

"Hard to believe that last," laughed Mr. Clinton. "This chap carries no interesting traces of former beauty. I fancy Jane must be thinking of some other brother."

"I suggested something of that kind to her, but she says this is the only one, and she is confident that he will be reformed in answer to her prayers, if only she can have the privilege of talking with him and bringing her influence and her advice to bear upon him. She says if only he is converted he will be as good and as handsome as ever."

"An interesting experiment! I should like to see it tried," laughed Mr. Clinton again; "but I am afraid it would take too long for the transformation to become visible. Perhaps I had better interview the unprepossessing young man."

And Mr. Clinton, having finished his breakfast, rose from the table and descended the stairs toward the basement. As he was half down the winding stairs of the pretty Queen Anne house, he heard Jane's voice speaking earnestly. Pausing a moment, he heard in Biblical language a most touching exhortation to repentance. Somewhat puzzled, for he had been told that Jane could not read, he sat down to listen. Pretty soon he heard a masculine voice say,—

"You are a good, faithful sister, Jane, to fasten on to me this way at the risk of losing so good a place. It would be hard telling how many places you have given up on account of me. I'll try once more to do as you want me to. I'll begin work to-day in the mortar yard, although I never have done such work, and I'll meet you to-night at the meeting. I'll keep away from here until I have some decent clothes, but I'll go in the prayer-meeting this noon, as you have so often begged me to do, for I believe the ways of the Lord are right, and the promises in that chapter you have so often said over to me are worth trying after."

"We will pray first," said Jane. And Mr. Clinton was surprised to hear the poor servant-girl pray, not alone for herself and her needy brother, but for the master who was not a Christian, the kind mistress, and the sweet children. Before she closed, Mr. Clinton went slowly back to the breakfast room.

"You did not have a very stormy time of it," said his wife.

"No," said Mr. Clinton, trying to speak

lightly; "I only went down to devotions. Jane piles it on pretty thick, it seems to me. She promises that fellow right out of the Bible that if he repents of his evil deeds, he shall revive as the corn and grow as the vine and the lily."

"That is in the last chapter of Hosea," said Mrs. Clinton. "She heard it read at some meeting, and asked me to read it to her afterwards. It was surprising how quickly she committed it to memory, and how much she finds in it. She says she thinks it does her brother more good than it would to pitch the whole Bible at him."

"She seems to be hammering away in earnest, and it would be a pity for her to give up the job without a fair trial."

And by that time Mr. Clinton was equipped for the street, had kissed his wife and children and was out doors.

Mrs. Clinton was the least little bit indignant, but she said to herself as she touched the bell for Jane,—

"Well, if we are robbed or murdered, I can't help it. I have given fair warning."

And there the matter rested. A few weeks later, Jane seemed to be in a great flutter one Sunday morning as she brought up the breakfast, and presently the joy in her heart found expression.

"Oh ma'am, my brother who was so bad is really converted. He has been doing so well that he has been given a better job, and he is earning his money and keeping it, now; and he has some new clothes, and is coming after a while to walk to meeting with me. You know he has not been about here for a long time now, and should you hear the area gate, would you mind looking out and seeing how he is improved, for 'deed, ma'am, the Gospel do make anybody beautiful."

"It takes the eye of love to see the beauty," said Mr. Clinton, as they complied with Jane's request; "but it is easy to see that the poor young man has regained his self-respect, and inward beauty is more than outward, and I do think the poor fellow is honestly and thoroughly converted. He said in his experience that he could not hold out against a woman's prayers."

"How do you know that?"

"Oh, I have kept my eye on him, and really, wife, Jane's prayers that morning, when I made light about going down to devotions, stirred me all up. It was the first prayer I ever heard in my own house, and the first time I ever heard myself prayed for individually; and ever since, when I have taken my lunch down town, I have dropped into the noon prayer-meeting myself, and, my dear, if you would only pray with me as earnestly as Jane prayed for me that morning, perhaps I might be accepted by that Saviour that Jane and her brother have found so precious."

"Oh, what a rebuke and what a lesson to me!" said his wife, the tears gushing over her cheeks, but she brought the Bible, the family altar was set up, and never since has the spark gone out thereon.—Watchman.

A CHAT WITH MOTHERS.

A tour of inspection through city stores, especially during holiday season, inclines one for a moment to wish for a return to childhood's days, just to enjoy the many finished playthings, now so abundant, and of every quality and price. That feeling came over me when first I saw a stove, a real stove with covers to take off, and a place for fuel where a "really, truly" fire could be made, with its spider, kettles, pans, etc., every thing perfect and complete, and I involuntarily exclaimed, "I would I were a girl again!" And now I must admire whenever I see one. Then follows the query, Should I have been any happier? Are the children now as happy with expensive toys as their mothers were with things of far less value?

I had delightful times with bits of broken crockery, colored and white. No caution needed about breaking or losing, but instead they could be carried anywhere—to barn, woodshed or field, and there left safely until school was over. We had a few whole pieces, cups and saucers, sugar bowl and pitcher, for in-door use, and on extra occasions, but for real, every-day enjoyment, broken crockery answered our fullest desire. Our dolls, too, were home-made and serviceable, and if their clothes could be put on and taken off like our own, happy indeed were we. There is much instruction that can and will naturally come to girls, while playing with and dressing dolls, especially

under the guidance of the mother, who interests herself in the amusement of her little ones. I played with them until in my teens, and I am glad that I was allowed to be a child, during the years of childhood.

A little girl of ten said to me recently, "Oh, no, I have not played with dolls for a long time, two or three years, I think," with a look, and a toss of the head, which said, "I have put away such childish things." I was sorry for her, and for the half dozen others who added, "Nor I," "Nor I." I looked at their dresses—silks and laces suitable only for young ladies; then at their faces—not a rosy cheek among them all. How I longed to take off the dainty French boots and substitute a pair of thick-soled, serviceable ones, and the other things, ditto, then send them out for a romp in the fields, or to hunt for eggs in the barn. What do such children know of a nasturtium-leaf parasol for dollie, or a sunflower one for its mamma, or the little cheese-cakes, growing wild, and so nice for a play supper, of the shaking of cream in a bottle till the real butter comes, or the puffing of one's breath into the leaf of a hollyhock blossom, for a nice silk bag, or an air cushion? Childhood comes but once, and, mothers, do not rob your little ones of it.

Said a mother of a sturdy, rosy-cheeked girl, as she held up a torn skirt, "Look at that rent. It was done climbing the fence as others have been, but I had rather Annie would be the active, healthy girl she is now, while growing, even at the expense of torn clothing. As I mend, I feel very thankful that she bids fair to be a strong, vigorous woman. It will be but a few years that she will have any desire to romp, or for active, outdoor plays, and I mean that a part of every day she shall be indulged to her heart's content. She is always sorry when she tears her clothes, but says, 'Mother, I could not help it.'—Household.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

Dec. 6.—Isa. 1: 1-18.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

A brief notice will be required of Isaiah of his Book, and of his times. Only for some Bible classes will there be any need of discussing the question of the two Isaiahs. Put this lesson in its proper place in the reigns of the kings of Judah.

Subject.—A sinful people, and the way of salvation.

I. The sinful people (vers. 2-6). (1) Like disobedient children. Show the meanness of disobedience to parents and to God. How much they have done for us. (2) Seven characteristics of this sinful people in ver. 4. (3) Comparison to a sick person. These true of sinful nations and of sinful persons. Apply them.

Illustration of "that are corrupters" (ver. 4). Sin is like an infectious disease. A little particle of it coming in contact with persons in certain conditions, gives them the disease. The truly healthy person is least likely to be contaminated. Note the quarantines against infectious disease; the care to keep infected cattle from others; the same truth in regard to plants.

II. The fruit of this character (vers. 7-9). Shown by the sorrows that came upon the kingdom of Judah in Ahaz' day. The same results still follow sin.

III. False efforts for relief (vers. 10-15). Impress the danger of heartless worship, and forms without the spirit. Apply to praying, reading the Bible, going to church, giving money, etc. The remedy is not in neglecting these things, but in putting a right spirit in them.

Illustration. In the little book called *The Crossbearer*, one of the pictures is of a person setting up his cross in the ground, and crowning it with flowers,—worshipping the cross instead of carrying it.

IV. The true way of salvation (vers. 16-18). (1) Religion is reasonable. (2) We must do our part. (3) God is ready and waiting to do his part,—forgiveness and a new heart.

Illustration. The chemist finds that the red dyes are the hardest to eradicate. In the paper-mill the red rags are separated from the others, because the color cannot be extracted without destroying the fibre of the cotton. When they are used, therefore, for making colored paper.

A CHILD'S SONG OF PRAYER.

BY M. WOOLSEY STRYKER.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep,  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take,  
And this I ask for Jesus' sake."  
Amen.

Now the light begins to break,  
To Thee, O God, my prayer I make,  
Help me this day from every ill,  
Keep me to know and do thy will,  
With Jesus' love my spirit fill."  
Amen.

By and by, when, one by one,  
These days and nights of earth are done,  
With those I love, redeemed from guile,  
May I awake beneath His smile,  
Whom I have prayed to all the while.  
Amen.

—The Sunday School Times.

PUZZLES.

DOUBLE CHARADE.

My first may name a disciple of old;  
My second's a link, not of silver or gold;  
My third is a sign which is made with the head;

My fourth is a short Latin word, often said.  
These four name my first whole, a name of ten quoted;

The first of my second's for piety noted;  
The second's the first of my first, and I think  
The third I may count as another small link;  
The fourth's the best gait for the horse that you ride;

The fifth's to inter, to conceal or to hide.  
My second whole, formed from these five, is the name

That was given to my first whole when death to him came.

Of his life and his shrine English histories tell,  
And a great English poet has sung what be fell.

To many who travelled his shrine to behold,  
All blazing with gemset in silver and gold.

RIDDLE 1.

What word may be pronounced quicker by adding a syllable to it?

RIDDLE 2.

Cut off my tail, and I become a fruit. Cut off my head, and I become something whose aid is necessary for us to do that which is represented by cutting off both head and tail.

Among my letters may be found those necessary to spell two well-known Scripture names, also an important river of France. My whole is the Christian name of a celebrated ruler.

HALF SQUARE.

1. A Covering for the floor. 2. A nobleman. 3. A fissure. 4. To fondle. 5. Mistaken. 6. A letter.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

CHARADE.—Witch-Hazel (Witch-hazel, or ell).

ANAGRAMS OF AUTHORS.

- Oliver Wendell Holmes.
- Lord Macaulay.
- John Milton.
- Mary Mitford.
- Charles Egbert Cragdock.
- Mary Murfree.
- Louisa Alcott.

ENIGMA.—BUS' BOE.

OMNIBUS WORD.

SQUARE. I, S, E, H, P, A, P, E, A, S, E, A, S, P, A, R, E, P, E, A, R, S, E, A, A, U, S.

III. P, E, A, IV. 1, Spar, raps; 2, Re, er; 3, Sap, pas.

V. 1, Parse; 2, spar; 3, pares; 4, reaps; 5, pas; 6, saps; 7, fase; 8, raps; 9, per; 10, rasp; 11, par; 12, asp.

CROSS WORD.—"Buy the truth and sell it not"

QUARRELLING.

If any thing in the world will make a man feel badly, except pinching his fingers in the crack of a door, it is a quarrel. No man fails to think less of himself after than he did before; it degrades him in the eyes of others, and, what is worse, tends to blunt his sensibilities, and increase his irritability. The truth is, that the more peaceably and quietly we get on, the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the better course is, if the man cheats you, to quit dealing with him; if he slanders you, take care to live down his slanders. Let such persons alone, for there is nothing better than this way of dealing with those who injure us.—Hilton.

## COMPETITION CLOSING.

Our present competition will close next Monday. Anyone who has a list of subscriptions to send us, or who thinks that he can procure a new subscriber must post the letter on Monday at the latest. All letters on which the postmark where mailed is dated later than the closing day of this competition, which is the 30th instant, will not be included amongst those eligible for presents. Although it is the best plan always to begin work as soon as a new competition is announced, yet those who wait through carelessness or lack of time until the last few days have oftensucceeded in winning one of the highest prizes. That would not be a difficult task under the present circumstances, for, though we have added so many names to our lists that we have to print a thousand more papers than we did a few weeks ago, yet the lists sent to us are nearly all small. Let those who have even sent five new subscriptions add one or two more names if they possibly can, for it may pay them well.

## HOLIDAY BOOKS.

On our last page will be found a most interesting account of how standard books and the "Weekly Messenger" for one year can be had for less than the cost of the books. We make this offer for the benefit of our subscribers and as an extra inducement to those who wish to take this paper for a year on trial. So many of those who take the paper on trial will renew at the end of the year that we shall be compensated for our trouble. Each of the books costs sixty cents to subscribers sending in new subscriptions so that the "Weekly Messenger" for a year with one book will cost \$1.10—with two books \$1.70—with three books \$2.30 and so on. Persons who are not subscribers or who do not send in a new subscription to this paper with their order for books must pay \$1.25 for one book, \$2.50 for two books, \$3.75 for three books and so on. Our last competition seemed so liberal to some people that they had to write and ask us whether we meant what we said. It will save our readers trouble if they will take for granted that we mean no more and no less than we state. Read our offer on the last page over carefully and there can be no mistake.

## OUR TERMS.

The annual subscription price of the *Weekly Messenger* is fifty cents, except in Montreal city, where twenty-five cents extra is necessarily charged for delivery.

THOUGH there are large numbers of new subscriptions coming in for the *Weekly Messenger*, the lists generally contain two or three new subscriptions only. Every person who at present subscribes to the *Weekly Messenger* should try and get one more person to subscribe. It is selfish to keep a good thing all to one's self, when it takes so little trouble to show another how to procure it.

## THE WEEK.

A NEW YORK TEMPERANCE PAPER says: "One thousand temperance sermons are said to have been delivered the other Sunday in Episcopal pulpits. We hope all took as advanced ground as the Roman Catholic Church has taken—namely, that no church member ought to be making a living by selling drinks. And if they went that far, we hope they took the next inevitable step and declared that no Christian Government ought to make its revenue out of the business. What it is sinful for one person to do, of course it is wrong for 57,000,000 to do."

A SMALL ARMY of Italian musicians, on their way to see what fortunes they can get by means of their violins, harps, etc., landed in the United States on the 21st. inst. and proceeded to Boston. These travelling musicians seem to be better appreciated in the States than they are in their own country.

MR. PARNELL has tried to get rid of a troublesome Nationalist named Callan, but he has not succeeded very well. Mr. Callan was the Nationalist whip in last Parliament, an active supporter of Mr. Parnell and the most ardent fighter for Home Rule, but his habits were too boisterous to suit the tastes of Mr. Parnell and a majority of his colleagues. It was decided that Mr. Callan would have to go. Instead of going, however, he has actually taken the nomination over the head of the man chosen by Mr. Parnell to represent a certain constituency in Parliament. In all probability Mr. Callan will not be opposed at the polls as Mr. Parnell may fear to risk a defeat of his nominee. Mr. Callan announces he will support every measure of the Parnell campaign for Home Rule, whether such a measure merits his personal approval or not. He has full confidence in his leader, though his leader appears to have very little confidence in him.

THERE WAS BURIED recently in Corry, Pennsylvania, Mrs. William Leonard, who had reached the extreme old age of 106 years. With the exception of her sight she retained her faculties to the end. She was born in County Clare, Ireland, in May, 1779, while the conflict for independence was still raging between the Mother Country and the Colonies. Coming to America in 1856 the family settled in Western Pennsylvania and have resided thirty-six years in this city. She was the mother of nine children.

THE CHIEF OF POLICE of New Haven has issued orders to those under him to arrest all persons using profane or abusive language in the streets. This is something for those to think about who say that the world is getting worse and worse.

A WONDERFUL FISH STORY of how Riel and Gabriel Dumont were seen on the banks of the Saskatchewan on the 18th inst., that is on the third day after Riel was hanged, was telegraphed to the *St. Paul Pioneer Press*. The correspondent of the *Pioneer Press* says: "There is strong suspicion in the minds of many that Riel is now living, and that he who paid the penalty on November 16th was a clever and generous substitute in the person of one of the condemned prisoners at Regina Gaol." Just about as likely, we should say, as that Riel rose from the dead, as he said he would do, on the third day.

THE BRITISH FORCES are apparently going to have a quick and effective campaign in their annexation of Barmah. They are now marching down on Mandalay, and it is probable as the only effective warship which King Thebaw possessed has been captured, that the campaign will only last a fortnight more. The forces will have to remain to establish order in a very much disorganized country. This will take considerable time. Upon reaching the vicinity of Mandalay the commander of the British forces issued a proclamation, customary in the case of such invasions, informing the people that his army had come to protect them from misrule and oppression, and that the Emperor of India would be their friend and benefactor. A formal demand upon King Thebaw for the surrender of Mandalay and submission to the British forces has also been made.

MOST OF THE BIG STORIES in connection with the hanging of Riel came to Canada from the United States. A half-breed hunter who arrived in Bismarck, Dakota from the Canadian North-West, said that no sooner did the news of Riel's execution reach the Indians and half-breed French than a movement was inaugurated to secure aid from the American half-breeds. At one camp an effigy of Sir John Macdonald was hanged before the enraged frontiersmen, who riddled it with bullets, cut it to shreds with knives, and gathering the fragments burned them to ashes. The huntsman, now here, says that he does not believe there will be any trouble during the winter months, but thinks the pent-up vengeance of the followers of Riel will break out in the spring and create sad havoc among the frontier settlers who are considered unfriendly. He states that the great need of the half-breeds in the execution of their plans is a leader to take the place of Riel, and many of them pray for the return of Gabriel Dumont, who exhibited so much bravery and pluck during the recent uprising, but left after the surrender of Riel, and is now in Montana.

A MAD DOG bit a lady of Newark, New Jersey, ten weeks ago. She went home and having washed the wound thought nothing more about it. A few days ago the first indications of hydrophobia appeared and she became quickly worse until there was no hope of saving her life. She was propped up in bed, unconscious, with her eyes set and glassy. There was no expression in them, but the muscles of the face twitched and intense pain was manifest in every contortion of her face. Thick, frothy saliva, formed on her lips and she would lie quiet, when suddenly every muscle in her body would contract, her throat would expand until the veins stood out like whip-cords and horrible sounds, muffled and rumbling, emitted from her lips. She was not a pleasant picture to gaze upon by any means. The sounds made in the poor woman's throat sounded strangely like the bark of a dog. The woman passed away in one of the spasms that shook her frame so frightfully. She immediately became rigid and cold and the set stare of the eyes remained. Some one kindly closed the lids of the poor sufferer and all was over.

A PROMINENT CITIZEN of Indianapolis, Indiana, has just died. He was at one time worth \$300,000. His mind began to weaken nearly twenty years ago. Refusing to pay taxes his property was attached. He then bought the Logansport *Pharos* and assailed his supposed enemies through its columns. He also built the Logansport opera house for the sole purpose of ridiculing certain citizens through the medium of a play which he himself wrote. He has spent twenty years in court and insane asylums.

THE FRENCH are not likely to make themselves very popular on the Congo. The French explorer, M. DeBrazza, admits the French Congo country is worthless, and is likely to remain so for years. Railways must be built before trade will be possible. With the help of a handful of French native assistants, M. DeBrazza has formed a rough military organization in the colony, obliging natives to do duty in turn as soldiers and workmen. M. Chavannes, a member of the French expedition, declares all the Congo natives who can afford to indulge in native spirits are habitual drunkards. M. DeBrazza's appearance itself tells an eloquent tale about the climate of the Congo. His health has been shattered by fever and the use of quinine.

THAT A CHEERLESS home, badly cooked meals and other things which go to make up an uncomfortable environment, have much to do in making drunkards is certain. We have often heard those who had comfortable and healthy homes to go to wonder at those who went to saloons to spend their evenings saying, "They always seem to me so unattractive with their dingy windows." They may be unattractive when compared with a comfortable home, but they undoubtedly do look attractive to a man who has sort of dread of home and its responsibilities. At a recent meeting in England of the Society for the Study and Cure of Inebriety some eminent men spoke on this subject and all agreed that if the home could be made as attractive as the saloon there would be comparatively little drunkenness.

GABRIEL DUMONT is said to have appeared on the square in front of the City Hall at a demonstration which was held in favor of Riel in Montreal. The story runs thus:

About ten o'clock in the morning, as Mr. Francis Larin, proprietor of the Princess Louise restaurant, Notre Dame street, was standing at his door, he was approached by a stranger holding a valise in his hand, who asked him if he could have breakfast in his establishment. The answer having been in the affirmative the visitor was introduced, and having partaken of a hearty breakfast afterward took a quiet smoke and proceeded to the Champ de Mars about one p.m. It struck Mr. Larin that the stranger's face was not quite unknown to him, and, after a few moments reflection, he remembered the picture of Gabriel Dumont, Riel's principal supporter. When the stranger came back for dinner, after the meeting, the strong resemblance between the picture and the visitor still further impressed Mr. Larin, and the feelings which seemed to move his guest, during his repast, fully convinced the host that he really had to deal with Gabriel Dumont. A few questions very soon dispelled all doubts, and the visitor acknowledged his identity requesting the preservation of his secret, as he considered his life to be in danger. Dumont took a room for the night and left for Springfield, Mass., early next morning. He arrived by the New York train on Sunday morning, his sole object being to be present at the grand meeting. Mr. Larin says that Dumont was deeply affected with the demonstration and could not keep from shedding tears after hearing the utterances on the Champ de Mars and seeing the vast assembly. The great military chief, it appears, is quite calm and did not betray the least sign of excitement during his short visit. This is the story told by Mr. Larin to a reporter, and is given for what it is worth. Mr. Larin said that Dumont would hardly say a word.

THE STONE WORK forming the pedestal for the Statue of Liberty which will soon be erected in New York has been raised to the height of 130 feet from its foundation and there only remain about eleven tiers of stone, each two feet in depth, to be placed. Great care has to be taken to have each stone properly placed as it requires time for the concrete to harden in each course before another is laid. Consequently the work seems to progress slowly. Workmen are busily engaged selecting and arranging the separate portions of the statue preparatory to its being riveted together and placed in position. Were it not for the failure to deliver stone promptly and the necessary stoppages on account of bad weather, the pedestal would be ready for the statue inside of one month from date.

AT LAST all ports of Spain seem to be rid of cholera and ships are free to pass to and from Spain as they will.

THE FOLLOWING curious scene took place in a New York Police Court a few days ago:—

"Give me ten days, Judge," said a man with a frightened look on his countenance to Justice Duffy at the Tombs yesterday, "I want to keep out of the way of my wife, who beats me all the time."

"Who'll support me and the chicks at home," said the man's wife, "if you lock him up, Judge! Don't you do it."

"She is only happy when she beats me," complained the husband. "She always carries a concealed weapon. She's got it with her now."

"Madam, produce this weapon that your

"You look like a man who would beat his wife if he could, but the trouble in your case is, that while you're looking for a club your wife has one handy and gets the best of you. Now, take him home, Mrs. Roberts."

A FEW WEEKS ago we stated that the smallpox in Montreal city had decreased very considerably and at the same time stated that as the cold weather came on it was likely that the disease would increase a good deal. Our prophecy has turned out wrong this time, for instead of an increase there has been a steady decrease in the number of deaths. We have heard it stated

THE ENGLISH ELECTIONS are creating much excitement throughout the British Isles. Mr. Gladstone has delivered his third campaign speech to fully 3,000 persons. He said he was confident the Liberals would elect a majority of the members of the House of Commons in the coming elections.

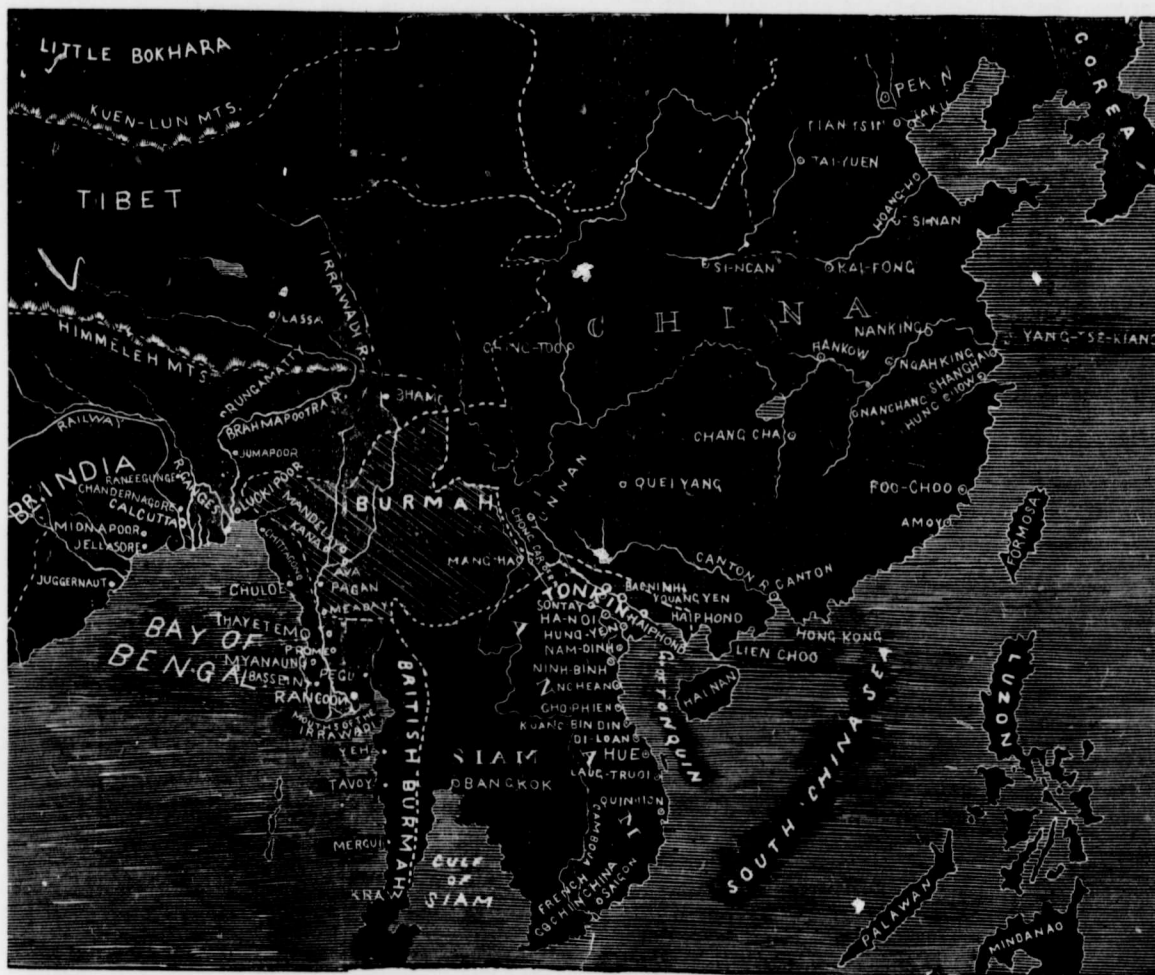
POUNDMAKER AND BIG BEAR.

A correspondent says: "I saw Poundmaker a few days ago sitting in the little summer house in the garden at Stony Mountain. He had a heavy iron ball chained to one of his legs, but beyond that has nothing to complain of and is leading

of these will be released ere the termination of their terms of imprisonment, and clemency appears to be an understood thing in the cases of Poundmaker and Big Bear."

A MUCH DISGUSTED DOG.

A ludicrous incident occurred at a rabbit hunt near Hobokus, N. J., on Saturday. The hunter could witness the race between the hound and rabbit at a great distance, and soon saw the rabbit making a circle. As he appeared emerging from the brush he was seen to stop suddenly. On rushed the hound, and as he lowered his head to seize the little animal the rabbit gave a spring to one side, and the dog doubled up like a ball.



MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN BURMAH.

husband says you carry concealed on your person," demanded Justice Duffy.

"Oh, I know what he means, but I'm ashamed to say what it is," said the woman, with a blush.

"You must, madam; out with it," ordered the little Judge.

"Well, then, he means that I've got a wooden leg."

"And every time I do or say anything she don't like, she just unscrews that leg and gives me a belt," groaned the husband.

"I'll lock you up for six months, if you come here whining about such a trifle again," remarked Justice Duffy to the husband.

by many persons living in the English quarter of the city that but for the newspapers they could not have known that there was such a thing as smallpox in the city of which they had heard such dreadful tales.

VESEVIUS is again in a state of eruption. Lava is streaming down the west side of the mountain causing those who live near the mountain considerable alarm.

NORTHERN INDIA has been visited by a serious cyclone. It is estimated that at least 5,000 persons were drowned and 150 villages were flooded with water.

the life of a gentleman. He is not asked to do any work, his hair has not been cut, and he has a dormitory all to himself. His constant attendant is Alexander Fisher, a little, frizzled-up chap, whose ambition it was to be governor of the Saskatchewan. The other half-breed and Indian prisoners are hewers of rock and drawers of water for the Government buildings in process of erection at this point. They have donned the striped garments which the Government affords, and are minus the beads with which many of them entered the institution. Several of them are old and not of rugged constitutions, and several times have been on the sick list. It is probable that some

While he was letting himself out the rabbit was making time on the back track. The hound was soon in full pursuit again, but the rabbit led the dog to where two saplings grew close together from an old root. He then stopped as before and waited until the dog was almost upon him, when he leaped between the two saplings, while the dog attempted to follow. But there was barely room for the rabbit, and the hound was caught in the crotch and badly injured. The rabbit turned and looked at his enemy a minute and was soon lost in the thicket. The dog started immediately for home and no amount of coaxing could induce him to continue the hunt.

SIX LITTLE WORDS.

Six little words arrest me every day : I ought, must, can—I will, I dare, I may. I ought—'tis conscience law, divinely writ Within my heart, the goal I strive to hit. I must—this warns me that my way is barred. Either by nature's law or custom hard. And, dare I'd barrier 'gainst unlicensed zeal I may—is final, and at once makes clear The way which else might vague and dim appear. I ought, must, can—I will, I dare, I may ; These six words claim attention every day. Only through These know I what, every day, I ought, I must, I can, I will, I dare, I may. —Chambers' Journal.

MRS. GRANNIS' COMMUNION OFFERING.

EDBERT L. BANGS.

"Isn't Mrs. Grannis generous!" said Maud Newman to her mother, as soon as her father had finished asking the blessing. It was Sunday, and, as usual, the Sunday dinner at the Newmans' was a little later than the regular week day dinner. It was more than a common Sunday. It was a communion Sunday. On that day the pastor had made a stirring appeal to his people, to help the suffering poor. Maud Newman had listened to that appeal, and with all the curiosity of a little girl, had watched the deposits made in the basket by the worshippers in her vicinity.

Mrs. Grannis sat directly in front of her, so that Maud had no difficulty in seeing what she dropped in. In fact, Mrs. Grannis had no objection whatever to letting it be known that her contribution was a liberal one.

When seated at the dinner table Maud was like a canary bird that the rattling of plates usually incites to singing. The tongue, never an idle one, now did double duty, first with her food, second with the subject that was on her mind.

In answer to her exclamation, "Isn't Mrs. Grannis generous?" her mother replied, "Well, Maud, do you know to a cent how generous she was?"

"Indeed I do," said Maud. "She dropped a ten dollar gold piece into the basket. The sun shone in at the window and for about a second there was a spot of light on the ceiling as bright as one of those sometimes thrown on the wall with a bit of looking glass. Now wasn't that generous, mamma?"

"Well, I have no doubt she was," said Mrs. Newman "you must remember, however, Maud, that Mrs. Grannis is very rich. She owns no less than five stores in our city and I am told that rents are higher than ever before."

"Yes," said Maud, "they are; and now that you speak of it, that's what made her so liberal to-day."

"How do you know?" said her mother.

"Oh, I walked home after Sunday school with Belle Grannis, and she told me lots of things about her mother's houses and stores. She says her mother is making a good deal of money now. Two of her stores, you know, are on the corner of Main street. Bob-Jeffers keeps a saloon in one of them and Tom Shaffer has a billiard room in the other. Don't they light up splendidly, mother?"

"Well," said her mother, "they are certainly very brilliant in the evening." A train of cars does not switch off from one track to another, half as easily as a child jumps from one subject to another. In a moment the irrepressible Maud broke silence again:

"Mother, who was that man in the pew just in front of the Grannis family?"

"His name is James Elliott," said Mrs. Newman. "What made you ask that question?"

"Because," said Maud, "I noticed that when the communion bread was passed he took a piece, exactly as the rest did, but when the cup came round, he passed it along without tasting the wine at all. He actually looked as if he was afraid of it. Why didn't he taste of the wine, too? I noticed that Mrs. Grannis looked as if she

thought that man's conduct very strange, and I certainly thought so."

"Mrs. Grannis ought to know very well why that man did not taste the communion wine," said Mrs. Newman. "He was afraid to do it."

"Afraid," said Maud, "What was he afraid of?"

"I will tell you," said her mother. "Mr. Elliott has been a drinking man, and a taste of wine would arouse an appetite that he knows he might not be able to control."

"But our church uses unfermented wine," said Maud.

"True," said Mrs. Newman; "but this poor man is afraid ever of that. It may be he has no reason to fear it, but he does."

"But what has Mrs. Grannis to do with all that, mother?"

"She has this to do with it. She is a Christian woman and she leases her stores to liquor sellers, and she knows that this man Elliott has spent his earnings for months in Bob-Jeffers' saloon."

"I wonder," said Maud, "if that ten dollar gold piece ever belonged to him."

"It matters little," said Mrs. Newman, "whether he ever owned that particular piece, or not. Mrs. Grannis knows that her communion offering came to her as rent money for a place that she furnishes to a heartless wretch who tempts men to ruin in it. Shame on her. How can she see a man afraid to enjoy over one-half of his communion with her and then drop into the basket gold that came from such men as he is?"

"Does she ever stop to think that she is helping on the ruin of those for whom the blood of Christ was just as freely shed as it was for her?"

"I can't imagine how she can do that," said Maud. "But I'll ask Belle Grannis the next time I see her. Perhaps she can explain it." —Union Signal.

THE "BAND OF HOPE."

That is the time honored name for juvenile temperance societies. The institution originated in England, where it has become very popular. Of late years, both there and in this country it has assumed more the character (and often the name) of the temperance school where children and young people are taught about the nature and effects of alcoholic drinks and how to avoid them.

It is conducted like a Sunday-school, with superintendent and officers, classes and teachers. Its sessions are held sometimes on Sunday, when there is time and place for them, but more frequently on Saturday afternoon or some other week-day, at the close of the day-school.

The most common text-book in use is the "Catechism on Alcohol and Tobacco," which proves its popularity by an issue of 175,000, and having worn out one set of plates, it appears now in an enlarged and beautified form. As it is only five cents, it can be placed in the hands of every scholar; better still, let each scholar pay for his own copy, and lend it to those who cannot pay. This makes the expense of starting the school very light.

The superintendent should have "The Juvenile Temperance Manual for Teachers," (25c), which enables him to discourse intelligently about every lesson with blackboard and object lessons and attractive little experiments, making the school a delight to both teachers and scholars. Besides this, there is a little five-cent guide-book, "The Temperance School," with full directions for managing every part of the undertaking. Many of these schools have lady superintendents, and not a few schools have been started by procuring these supplies (a fifty-cent "outfit") and asking some lady, gifted in managing children, what she thinks of it. For the primary class there is a "Primary Temperance Catechism," with songs for the little ones and two pages of notes to teachers. It has thirteen lessons in the simplest form, with leaflets to match for distribution among the children.

A specimen of each of the above with a fifteen-cent song-book, and tracts to aid in working up an interest, composes the "outfit" arranged by the Literature Department of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. It can be had by sending fifty cents to the superintendent of that department, Miss Julia Colman, 72 Bible House, New York. It has been taken up not only by thousands of Woman's Unions, but by Sunday-school superintendents, and by a

great many other earnest, practical people who, finding everything made so plain, have followed out the plan with the happiest success. It is well to study up the outfit before using it, and for the coming season there is no time to be lost. Many pastors and superintendents find it helpful for their temperance exercises, even when they do not have a separate school. —Correspondence of New York Weekly Witness.

TEMPERANCE PHYSIOLOGY.

FOR USE IN SCHOOLS AND BANDS OF HOPE. (Published by A. S. Barnes, New York, under the direction of the National W.C.T.U.)

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SKIN—CUTIS AND CUTICLE.

The skin has two layers. The lower one is called the cutis or true skin; the upper one, the cuticle. These layers never interfere with muscular motion, for they cover the flesh more nicely than the finest glove fits the hand.

At the lips and nose, this covering changes to a softer and more delicate one, called the mucous membrane, which extends into the body and forms the lining of most of its organs.

THE CUTIS.

The inner, or true skin, is full of nerves and blood-vessels; it has also weak muscular fibres, by means of which the skin is sometimes "puckered" into "goose-pimples," or the hair made to "stand on end."

On the palm of your hand and the ends of your fingers, you can see little ridges called papillae. These contain so many of the tiny nerves by which news is carried to the brain, that our hands are the chief organs of touch.

In the absence of other re- sely, especially that of sight, one learns to rely upon the sense of touch. The blind read by passing their fingers or lips over raised letters.

THE CUTICLE.

We could not bear to touch the nerve-ends directly, for that would give pain in the hands almost as severe as tooth-ache.

The cuticle covers the cutis and protects

the nerves. It is made of hard, dry scales and becomes thicker by use, as on the hands of the blacksmith, or on the feet of a barefoot boy. Its scales rub off on our under clothing, and the sheets of our beds. In a blister, bloody or watery matter forces itself between the two layers of the skin.

THE PERSPIRATION.

When a workman comes in from the hay-field on a hot August day, his face is all wet with drops of water; so is yours after a run.

The sweat or perspiration is a part of the waste matter which must be sent out of the body. It oozes through very small holes in the skin, called pores—so small that you can not see them without a magnifying glass. They are the mouths of small tubes that extend through the skin, the lower end of each being coiled into a tiny ball.

They are most numerous in the soles of the feet, the arm-pits, the palms of the hands, and the forehead. If all these drains of the body were straightened out and laid end to end, they would make a line more than three miles long.

Perspiration is at all times passing off through the pores; but we notice it only when there is enough to form drops. It cools the body, and suddenly to stop perspiration is one of the first symptoms of heat-stroke or sun-stroke.

Mixed with the water of the sweat is waste matter from the body. The skin is thus one of our most important scavengers, and garments which prevent the perspiration

from passing away into the air, are not healthful; the feet become damp and cold if rubber overshoes which keep in the moisture are worn for any great length of time.

A little boy was once covered with gold-leaf to represent an angel in a festival. This kept the perspiration from leaving his body, and he died in a few hours.

THE OIL-GLANDS.

The skin is kept smooth and soft by an oily substance sent out from little sacs in the cutis, called oil-glands. A similar oily material moistens and keeps the hair glossy.

The oil or sebaceous glands are quite large on the face, and sometimes the matter in them hardens and dries. When their mouths are open, particles of dirt mingle with the oily matter, and they become dark-colored and are often called "worms." They can then be easily pressed out and the black spots removed.

COMPLEXION.

Small grains of coloring matter on the lower side of the cuticle cause the different colors of the skin. When these collect in spots, the skin is freckled.

THE HAIR AND NAILS.

These grow from the cuticle. Each hair has a tiny sac or fold of skin, at its root. The nails protect the ends of the fingers and grow rapidly.

You may easily prove this, by making a little mark near the base of one of them, and watching it from day to day.

The nails should always be kept clean and well cut, not bitten nor broken off. Finger-nails black with needless dirt under the ends, are not the mark of a gentleman or a lady.

BATHING.

The sweat tubes will not work properly if dirt is allowed to clog or close the openings. Bathing, therefore, is very necessary to the health of the body.

For most strong, well persons, the best time for a bath is just after rising. The water used may be cold or slightly warm. If hot water is used, a dash of cold water at the close of the bath, with vigorous rubbing, will prevent the tired feeling that would otherwise follow.

Cold water drives the blood away from the skin for an instant; but it comes back when the surface is briskly rubbed, giving a delightful warmth and glow to the body.

A healthy person need not be at all chilled by a cold bath. Uncover only a small part of the body at a time, and wash rapidly and rub well with a coarse towel. If the bath is thus taken, and each part covered as soon as it is dry and warm, no chill will be felt.

All should bathe at least twice a week, and soap is needed on the whole body at least once a week, to remove the oily matter that has dried upon the skin.

The old idea that it must not be used upon the face is a mere whim. When needed for cleanliness, use it on the face as freely as on any other part of the body.

DISEASES TAKEN BY THE SKIN.

There is danger in using many of the cheap toilet soaps, since they are sometimes made from the fat of diseased animals, and diseases may thus be taken into the system through the pores of the skin.

Soldiers who want to shirk duty sometimes put a piece of tobacco under each armpit. The poison passing through the pores soon sickens them, and the surgeon sends them to the hospital.

Painters and operatives in lead works are often made sick by little particles of the lead which they handle entering the pores and poisoning the blood.

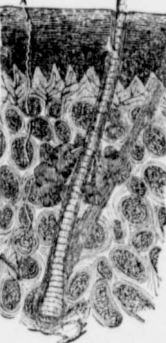
Face-powders, hair-dyes, and eye-washes, do great harm in the same way. Good health is the best cosmetic. Nothing else will give such a clear complexion, rosy cheeks and brilliant eyes. Beauty is much more than "skin-deep."

THE SUN.

Sunlight is necessary for the health of the skin, as well as for all the other parts of the body. In many homes, the closed blinds that keep the carpets bright, keep the people who live behind them faded and pale.

The trees around a house often shade it so heavily that it is dark and damp. Plants growing in cellars have white, sickly leaves; people living in the dark, lose strength of body and mind, as well as color.

The sunlight should not be shut out from rooms occupied by human beings, except in times of extreme heat.



A, a perspiratory tube with its gland; B, a hair with a muscle; C, the cuticle; D, the papilla; and E, F, fat cells.

I A  
W  
Nell  
Jelly  
A  
night  
you'd  
C  
us d  
Carv  
W  
her  
takes  
drink  
fa, he  
anyw  
Po  
frieh  
comp  
blue  
Th  
day's  
as th  
each  
In  
able,  
they  
of e  
wavi  
S  
a litt  
I  
swer  
C  
soun  
the  
some  
I ren  
true  
Nell  
ful l  
alwa  
"  
than  
that  
ain't  
"  
after  
"it"  
our  
"  
see  
Stev  
and  
be t  
roun  
you  
A  
fash  
from  
and  
"  
said  
the  
"  
too,  
Nel  
the  
"  
the  
to li  
ing  
lang  
"  
said  
and  
and  
"  
to e  
"  
bro  
"  
"  
"  
us i  
out  
"  
Ma  
"  
hea  
all

"I AM ONLY A LITTLE SPARROW."

BY MRS. L. E. WILKINS.

"I am only a little sparrow,  
A bird of little degree,  
My life is of little value,  
But the dear Lord cares for me."

"Where'd you pick up that bit o' jingle, Nell? You're always singin' something jingly."

"At the mission-school concert Sunday night. Tot Merrill said a lot of it. If you'd only been there you'd heard it too."

"Catch us goin' there 'less some one gives us decent clothes to wear," cried Sallie Carver.

"We can't go there nor nowhere else," her sister added suddenly, "while father takes the clothes off our back to pay for his drinks. Better be glad you ain't got any father, Nell; you're better off than we are, anyway."

Poor little Nell, an orphan and almost friendless in the great world, looked at her companions with a strange wondering in her blue eyes, but made no reply.

The late afternoon sun of a perfect June day shone kindly on the three barefoot girls as they walked slowly along the dusty road, each with a few sticks in her shabby apron.

In the city behind them were their miserable, comfortless homes; here all around as they plodded on was the beautiful freshness of early summer, buttercups and daisies, waving grass and fragrant blossoms.

"Sing some more, Nell," urged Sallie after a little while.

"I don't remember much of it," Nell answered; "only one or two bits."

"Give 'em to us anyway," said Mary, "it sounds kind o' nice out here; the jingle and the grass and things seem to go together somehow."

"If my meal is sometimes scanty,  
Close picking makes it sweet."

I remember that 'cause I didn't think it was true about us folks if it was about the birds," Nell said, half laughing. "I know I'm awful hungry sometimes, and what I get ain't always the sweetest."

"That's so," chimed her companions. "Guess the birds have an easier time of it than we do, anyway," said Mary. "Look at that one on the fence there singing away; he ain't hungry, I know."

"And he ain't walked all this long way after a bundle of sticks either," said Sallie; "it'll be a fearful ways back when we get our load."

"Never mind," said Nell cheerily. "Let's see who'll get the biggest lot first. Tom Stevens said there was lots of splendid chips and we could help ourselves. That must be the house, 'cause there's a lot of clatter round and men working on the roof; don't you see it?"

As Nell spoke she pointed to a large, old-fashioned house that stood some distance from the street, surrounded by well-kept and inviting grounds.

"Let's sit down and rest; it's nice in here," said Mary, when the little tramps had entered the shaded driveway.

"I'd rather wait till the men begin to go, too, 'cause then we can go all round," said Nellie. "Tom ain't here to-day, and maybe the men mightn't like us around."

"Wouldn't it be fun to live up there in the big house and have this nice shady place to lie down in every day?" said Sallie throwing herself down beneath the shade of a large tree.

"It must be awful nice to be rich folks," said Nell, "and to have a father and mother and brothers and sisters, and good clothes and plenty to eat and—"

"I should like the good clothes and plenty to eat," said Sallie.

"Oh, I remember another verse now!" broke in Nell delightedly.

"And I fold my wings at twilight,  
Where'er I happen to be,  
For the Father is always watching,  
And no harm can come to me.  
I'm only a little sparrow,  
A bird of low degree;  
But I know that the Father loves me—"

"Our father don't love us," said Sallie; "he don't do nothing for us, and don't like us around either. Mother always says, 'Get out the way now; dad's coming.'"

"All the girls' fathers ain't so bad," said Mary; "and dad didn't used to be."

"Teacher said it meant our Father up in heaven," said Nell; "and she said we were all sparrows too, and he would take care of

us always. She said the poetry over to me after the concert 'cause I liked it so; and when I told her I hadn't any father or mother nor nobody but old Ma'am Marsh, who let me live with her 'cause I got her sticks and helped her with the babies, she said, 'You poor little sparrow!' and then she said, 'But the dear Lord'll take care of you too, and we'll pray to him about it.' Teacher's awful nice, and I'm going now every Sunday till my shoes are all gone entirely."

"You won't go long then," said Sallie. "Come along, girls—the men are going."

The sisters started towards the house, and Nell slowly followed.

But Nell was thinking more of the pretty hymn and what her Sunday-school teacher had said than of gathering sticks, and so it happened that Mary and Sallie had their arms and aprons full before Nell had fairly begun.

"We're going home across the field and down River street; you'd better hurry up," cried Mary to Nell.

Nell was peering timidly into the broad hall.

"Don't mind her," said Sallie; "come along. She'll hurry fast enough when she sees us going; and there won't be no bread left for our supper if we don't hurry home."

Regardless if not unconscious of the sister's words and movement, Nell now entered the hall and gazed with wonder and admiration into the spacious rooms. Filled with desire to see more and more of the great house, she ventured from one apartment to another, admiring with a child's ardor the rich stained glass in one room and the frescoed ceiling in the next. The workmen who were leaving for the night smiled to see how lost the little maiden looked, but children in quest of shavings and sticks were no unusual visitors, and they passed her by without remark.

Unobserved Nellie went upstairs into every room. Such a house was a revelation to her. She had wandered over city houses before, but none of them were like this beautiful suburban home; and the lovely chambers, the pretty dressing rooms, the long windows opening upon verandas presenting magnificent views, completely captivated the child.

Heedless of time Nell wandered about, until, though she did not know it, the last workman had gone. Presently she observed another door, and pushing back the bolt she opened it to discover a flight of stairs that led up into a long, broad attic. Thither she went, and new wonders appeared to her eager gaze. The house was undergoing repairs and alterations, and on that account many of the household goods had been removed to the upper story. Nell beheld chairs and mirrors, pictures so covered that she did not venture to more than lift the corners of the wrappings, carpets and curtains folded away, boxes and trunks and pretty little tables, and in one corner a large pile of books. Now books were poor Nell's delight, for she had a natural love for stories and poems; but no tempting volume ever found its way into the poor dwelling she called home, and she had only her own school-books to read. So now she had found a new world and she quite forgot it was not her own.

How long she sat looking over book after book she never knew. Suddenly she heard voices at the foot of the stairs.

"Why, how came this door open, father?" a lady's voice was asking. "We must have forgotten to lock it this morning." And then the door was closed, the key turned, the bolt fastened and the speakers moved on.

It was some seconds before Nell fully realized her situation, and then she tried to speak, but the sound of her own voice in the large strange place frightened her. She stood at the door and listened, and the footsteps seemed more and more distant. She stepped to call again, but the outer door closed, and then silence reigned in the great house. For the first time Nell noticed that it was growing dark. She went to the foot of the stairs and tried the door again and again, but of course without avail. Then she went back to the attic, climbed up on some boxes, and looked out of a window.

Many children in like circumstances would have cried, but Nell did not cry; she called a few times, and then sat still and watched the stars shine out in the beautiful clear sky and the night settle silently down.

"I'm safe enough here to-night," she thought, "and in the morning the workmen will come and let me out."

Of course Nell was hungry, but that was

often the case, and after a while she lay down on the floor to sleep, her head pillowed on a roll of carpeting.

"There's no one to care much if I don't go home. Ma'am will think I'm at the Carvers', I s'pose," Nell mused. Then her thoughts turned to the Sunday-school teacher whose acquaintance she had recently made, and the sparrow hymn came into her mind again and she repeated over and over,

"For the Father is always watching,  
And no harm will come to me?"

and so she fell asleep.

When Nell awoke early the next morning the birds were singing again and the sun was laying his golden glory on all the world around. The poor city sparrow as she gazed from her lofty perch in the attic window was quite bewildered, and for a moment she almost fancied that she had died and gone to heaven and was looking out on the heavenly paradise she had sometimes heard described. But it was only for a moment, and ere long she heard a distant clock striking the hour of six. She counted each stroke, and then began to wish the workmen would come, for she was faint from want of food and quite ready to descend from her novel resting place.

By-and-by—it seemed a long time to Nell—a man's quick step sounded on the garden-walk. Nell looked out in the direction from which the sound came, and was delighted to see Tom Stevens approaching.

"Tom! Tom!" Nell called lustily. And Tom glanced about with a puzzled air which changed to one of astonishment when he beheld little Nell Turnbull's laughing face high above him framed in an attic window.

"How on earth did you come there?" Tom cried.

And Nell briefly told her story.

"Well, that's a good one, sis," exclaimed Tom; "you'll have to wait there till I go and call the lady herself, for Miss Holder keeps the keys of that part. It's a wonder you found it unlocked." And, promising to return soon, Tom hurried off to report at the next house, where Miss Holder and her father were temporarily staying.

Left alone again, Nell began to wonder what the peep would think about her being there.

"Maybe they'll take me for a thief," she suddenly thought, and with the thought came a vision of an officer, with brass buttons, leading off a poor hungry, friendless little girl. "Oh, dear," she sobbed, "what shall I do! They won't believe that I only wanted to see the things; they'll sure think I meant to take some." And by the time Tom returned Nellie had worked herself up into a state of fear that approached terror.

"She's a good little thing, ma'am," Tom ventured, as he and Miss Holder walked together towards the house that had so fascinated Nell. "She's all alone in the world—no father nor mother. Her father died before she can remember, and her mother died soon after. She was taken up by a woman down our court, and she's lived there ever since, helping what she could. She's a different sort of a child somehow from the mission school lately, and she's full of the songs they sing there. I know she didn't mean any mischief, ma'am."

"I dare say not," Miss Holder replied kindly. Somehow Tom's story made her think of the bright-eyed, wistful-looking little child who listened to her so eagerly the Sunday before, and she mentally exclaimed, "I wonder if it can be the same."

When the door was opened Nell, who sat on the stairs, her face expressive of the conflicting emotions within, turned her tearful eyes pleadingly towards Tom, afraid to encounter the lady's gaze.

"Why, this is my little sparrow girl!" Miss Holder exclaimed eagerly, as her eyes rested on Nellie, "the very same. You poor child, how came you here?"

Nellie's fear gave place to joy when she beheld her teacher of the previous Sunday. Still she hesitated, and told her story timidly.

"It's all right, dear; you needn't feel bad at all," Miss Holder said. "I thought I was careless to have left the door unlocked, and I blamed myself for it; but I guess it was providential after all. I've wanted to find you and hardly knew how. You must come with me now, Nellie, and have some breakfast, and then we will see what we can do for you."

It was late in the afternoon before Nell was allowed to go home, and then not empty-handed as she came, nor barefooted over the

hard road. Miss Holder herself in her carriage took Nell back to Mrs. Marsh's with many a substantial token of the interest the child had inspired.

"I've called myself a little sparrow all the week, teacher," Nellie said as they rode along.

"And I've called you my little sparrow," Miss Holder replied laughing. "You know, Nellie, I told you I would pray for you, and I did, that our Father would raise you up friends who would make your life happier and better; and I think my prayer is answered in a very nice way, for if you hadn't come into our house just as you did I might not have seen that God meant me to be the answer myself to my prayer."

Nell was rationally happy that day, and the acquaintance so strangely strengthened, ripening into an enduring friendship, opened a new world to Nellie.

It was not long before Miss Holder took Nellie into her own home to train her for a more useful life than she could learn to live amid her old surroundings, and the girl who so eagerly drank in the teaching of the Sunday-school just as eagerly received all the instruction of her kind friend.

And even now Nellie delights to repeat again and again that lovely hymn,

"I am only a little sparrow,  
and Miss Holder, in speaking of Nellie, often says,

"Oh, she is my little town sparrow that flew into our attic one night, and we are sure our Father sent her there."

WHAT MAMMA AND AUNTIE SAW.

BY JEANIE DEANS.

Mamma Austin and Auntie Jane were busily engaged in their cosy sewing-room. Mamma at the cutting-table was rapidly transforming yards of soft cashmere into shapely garments, while Auntie Jane, on her low rocker near by, gave efficient help by way of piecing, basting, etc.

In the corner were little Ethel and Janie, Mamma Austin's two daughters. Quiet, busy little things they were, amusing themselves in many ways, especially patterning after their elders. On this particular morning they had decided to play "Mamma Austin and Auntie Jane."

"You be auntie and I mamma," says little Ethel, the elder of the two. "That will be just right, you know, because I'm larger than you, and older, you know," she added, with a real grown-up air. "I'll play this hassock was a cutting-table; I'll cut and you yaste." So the little plan went on, the merry tongues growing lively; but mamma and auntie, busy with their affairs, and accustomed to the children, thought nothing of their play till the little mamma's words attracted their attention. She was saying in a decidedly self-satisfied manner, which they both at once recognized: "See, Auntie Jane, what a lovely suit this will make for doll Jemima. So much more tasteful than Kitty White's, who was here last week. Yes," added the play mamma, "and what airs that child took on; really, if she had been one of mine I should have felt bad about it; but," she added, in a very impressive manner, "there is no knowing what poor people will do if they only have the opportunity. For my part, I believe in making them know their place. I shall not allow my girls to associate with such."

The real mamma's face was scarlet now, for she remembered they were her exact words of a distant relative who had visited them the week before. She and auntie were, however, very quiet.—*Christian at Work.*

At the rear end of our parlor it was not very dark. Indeed, we could see to read small newspaper print there. At that point we put a little bracket against the wall, and transferred to it a plant from the window. In four days it looked sick; in two weeks it was yellow; in five weeks it was apparently dead. Another plant was placed on the centre-table, which was about half-way from the front windows to the position of the first plant. At the end of five weeks it had lost its green, was evidently failing. The girls in our parlors are likewise pale and sickly.—*Die Lewis.*

## YOUNG FOLKS.

## ASHAMED OF HER.

The following incidents were noted some years ago by a passenger on a railway train in the West, on which a fatal accident occurred. A little blonde woman, very much overdressed, was languidly nibbling cake and sipping champagne at her lunch in the palace-car, when her husband entered.

"Daisy," he said, "your mother is getting on the train."

"Oh, good gracious, where?" she exclaimed, angrily.

He pointed to a tall, ungainly woman, in shabby clothes, going into a second-class car.

"Had I not better bring her into this car?" he said. "There are some rough fellows in that one."

"Does she know we are on the train?"

"No."

"Then never mind. I can't introduce mamma to the Schallers," glancing at some of her companions.

The train rushed on, and the woman who had married out of poverty into a fashionable set, while she laughed and jested with her new friends, wore an uneasy face that showed her terror lest her mother should disgrace her. Her husband said presently,—

"Your mother will want lunch, Daisy. Suppose I?"

"Oh, let her alone! She always takes a brown-paper parcel with chunks of bread and Bologna sausage. She likes that sort of thing."

An hour or two later a jarring crash resounded through the Pullman cars. Women shrieked, and men rushed to the door as the train stopped. A brakeman met them.

"Keep your seats, gentlemen. Broken rail only."

"Anybody hurt?"

"Four or five people. One old lady's a-dyin'. I heard her callin' for her daughter that's on the train: 'Maggy! Maggy!' just now. Take keer, ma'am!" as a little woman rushed past him.

The old woman lay on a clay-bank. Some men were holding her tenderly enough. A physician who happened to be on the train knelt beside her. Her daughter threw herself down and dragged her head upon her breast. The woman's lips were opened, and her eyes stared as if searching for some one. But she did not call for "Maggy" any more.

"Do something!" cried her daughter, wildly. "Make her speak to me! Mother! mother! it is Maggy! Maggy!"

"Madam," said the doctor, "you are too late!"

## SHE DID LOVE HIM.

A colored man, named Matt, presented himself at a lawyer's office with the intention of engaging the services of the lawyer in procuring a divorce from "the old woman, who was a torment." The story told the lawyer asked his client if he would follow his advice. He agreed, and the following directions were given: "Go home, prepare a large quantity of kindlings, get up to-morrow morning early, build the fire, keep it going, think over all the things you used to do for her, and do everyone of them just as well as you can. Keep it up two days and then come again. You see, we must have powerful proof that she is unreasonable and cruel, and that you do everything for her."

A few days brought Matt back to the lawyer, but apparently much embarrassed. He assured the lawyer that his directions had been obeyed, and again agreed to follow the lawyer's advice.

"Now, I wish you to go on in this way, do everything you can think of for her, and to-morrow morning, after you have got the fire built, say to her: 'Amanda, I have not done for you what I ought to do, and I am sorry. You have done a great deal of hard work for me, and I don't ask you to do it any longer. I have got the rheumatism, am getting old, and won't stay in your way another day.' You must say it just as lovingly as you can, for you know we must be able to show that while you are affectionate and doing everything for her comfort and happiness, she is cruel and hard. Just as you are coming away, say to her: 'Amanda, if you get sick at any time, and you will let me come, I will do all I can for you.' Now, if you will do all this heartily, and she is still hard and cruel, we shall have a good case against her."

"Poor Matt seemed less talkative than in the previous interviews," the story goes on to say. But the lawyer pretended not to see, and urged him to go on gently, lovingly. He promised and disappeared. "The next evening he did not come, but I met him on the street a few days later, and was amused with his embarrassment. On the way to my office," continued the lawyer, he told me that he had not come to see me as he promised, because he was so busy, etc.—the usual fibs. I laughed, and seizing his hand, said: 'Come, now, Matt, tell me all about it.'"

"Thus challenged, he said:

"Well, boss, the truth is before I got through saying what you told me to say, Amanda put her big arms around me and took me right into her lap, and ever since she has treated me like I was her real husband. Boss, I never was so happy in all my life, and my rheumatism is all gone."—*Dio Lewis' Monthly.*

## A YARN WORTH REPEATING.

"Wall, wall," remarked an ancient and honorable oarsman, who, on the retired list, as it were, was a trifle overcritical of the younger and rising members of the profession, "this 'ere's a world of improvement sure enough. When I was a-pullin'—and, I tell you, I hefted the ash for some big men in my time—Secretary Edmunds, President Arthur—and what a fl; he kin cast! And there was General—what's his name!—he that fought the duel with Colonel Names kinder slips on me these muggy days, but he was a caster too, and I've seen him put an old-fashioned hackle fly eighty-five feet with one hand tied behind him."

"See this earring," he continued, pointing a gouty finger at a gold hoop that hung from his left ear. "The General bored that himself. One day we was out and the two men got into a wrangle, they was always a-doin' it, about their castin', and at last they got me to stand fifty foot off on a p'int—down at Pitch Pine P'int—and hold out a tin mug. The General he bet that he could take the mug out of my hand in three tries by putting the fly through the handle."

"I was gettin' paid well and so, as I thought I couldn't lose more than an eye or so, I stood up, and the first cast the old man took me right through this 'ere ear. I tell ye, I dropped that cup quick, but the General ups and hauls a twenty dollar shiner and tosses it at me and says: 'Jack, lemme reel ye in and its yours.' 'Go it,' says I. So he began to reel in, playin' me for all I was wuth, the Colonel standin' ready with gaff, and when the General got the line all in he hooked the gaff in the slack of my trousers and gave me a sling of about ten foot and yells out: 'It's wuth ten dollars to land a two hundred pound sucker.'"

He paid it, too. They hooked me and landed me, and it cost 'em thirty dollars. When they cut the hook out the Colonel said he'd pay for a gold earring to go in, and said I'd never have sore eyes, and I never have, so help me. That's how I come to wear one earring. I lost the money, though. When the old woman heard on't, she allowed we was all drunk, and so took the thirty dollars for her share."—*Simcoe Island, Lake Ontario letter to the Philadelphia Times.*

## MARVELLOUS OFFER.

## IT PAYS

To Subscribe to the Weekly Messenger,

FOR THEN YOU CAN GET

Books at Less than Half what others have to pay.

We have made arrangements with Messrs. Wm. Drysdale & Co., the well-known Montreal book dealers, to furnish certain books at greatly reduced rates, as premiums to those of our Canadian subscribers who send us lists of new subscriptions to the WEEKLY MESSENGER. We now give a list of books which may be had at reduced rates by those who send in even one new fifty-cent subscription to this paper.

These books may be had by subscribers to the MESSENGER (when sending in new subscriptions) at sixty cents each. All others must pay \$1.25. This offer gives first-class books that cannot be bought retail at less than \$1.25, for less than cost. We do this in order to encourage every subscriber to get another. We intend the WEEKLY MESSENGER to double its present number of subscribers within the next year, and we see good reason to think that our hopes will be fulfilled, as already the new names are coming in by hundreds every week. By this offer the MESSENGER for a year, worth fifty cents and a first-class book costing \$1.25 retail, may be had for the extremely small sum of \$1.10.

Send \$1.10 and get \$1.75 worth in return.

## CONDITIONS.

Take notice that this offer is only made to those who are subscribers to the WEEKLY MESSENGER. None others can make use of it until they become subscribers.

N.B.—In every case a new subscription must accompany an order for books. A new subscriber sending in his own subscription for the WEEKLY MESSENGER may send in an order for whatever books he may choose out of our list, provided that the order accompanies the subscription. The subscription money and the reduced prices of the book or books chosen MUST BE SENT TOGETHER.

BUY YOUR HOLIDAY GIFTS NOW.

NONE SO CHEAP.

We offer the following books under the conditions stated above:

The Underground City, by Jules Verne;  
At the North Pole, by Jules Verne;  
Lady of Provence, gift-ledge, by A. L. O. E.;  
The World of Ice, by Ballantyne;  
The Castaways, by Capt. Mayne Reid.

Charles O'Malley, by Charles Lever.  
Handy Andy, by Samuel Lover.

Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby—a new illustrated edition.

## THE MYSTERY OF A RING.

The Rev. G. D. Lindsay, of Auburn, tells a mysterious tale of a wedding ring. The story begins at Old Orchard and ends in Auburn, and the first scene may properly be considered that of a baby in a cradle tossing high and laughing and crowing in babyish glee over the shining glory of a wedding ring. The baby would bury it in the folds of the cradle clothing and find it again and again, and repeat the process and forget to claim the attention of Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay who were very busy packing the furniture and trunks for a final departure from the beach. Once or twice the reverend gentleman predicted to his wife that the baby would lose the ring, but as the baby had enjoyed the same sport before and hadn't lost it, the prediction was accounted false. Finally the child became tired and slept, and when the mother looked for the ring it was gone. A systematic search was made, everything was taken out of the cradle, the clothing was shaken, the cradle overturned, and finally the hunt given up. The only alternative of doubt was that the baby had swallowed the ring. The cradle and its clothing were pitched into an express wagon with other goods, the cradle being pitched upon the piazza in waiting for the wagon. It was turned sideways, packed into an express wagon and into a freight car, again loaded into job cart in Auburn, together with the other goods, and finally landed in Mr. Lindsay's home in Auburn, and put by his bedside in his sleeping room at home. The night after their arrival the baby was sleeping in the cradle. Mr. Lindsay a short time after he retired, heard something drop with a peculiar musical tinkle and roll away. "What was that?" he asked. "It sounds like the ring," was the reply of Mrs. L. The story closes with the triumphant discovery of the wedding ring, found on the oilcloth beneath the baby's cradle, whence it had dropped and rolled along upon the carpet. It is still a mystery where it was all of this time, and still a mystery why in the stillness of the night it should have dropped from the cradle of the sleeping baby when it withstood two trips in jolting express wagons and came thirty miles or more in a springless box car.—*E.*

THE ANNIVERSARY PICTURES, one of which is given to every subscriber of the *Daily or Weekly Witness*, are beautifully executed in colors by the electrographic process. Whoever sends four new subscriptions with his own gets all three pictures; and any two will be given to anyone sending one, two or three new subscriptions with his own. *Daily Witness* \$3.00, and *Weekly Witness*, \$1.00, until the end of 1886.

40 LARGE, Rich, Embossed Motto and Verse Chromos; no two alike; your name on each, only 10 cents. Each card is a perfect gem. Samples and private terms to corresponders in first order. Address CARD CO., Bolton, Que.

A BIG OFFER. To introduce them we will give away 1,000 Self-operating Washing Machines. If you want one send us your name, P.O. and express office at once. THE NATIONAL CO., 23 Dey street, N. Y.

**EPPS'S**  
GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.  
**COCOA**

THE WEEKLY MESSENGER is printed and published at Nos. 221 and 223 St. James street, Montreal, by JOHN DOUGALL, & Son, composed of John Dougall, and J. D. Dougall, of New York, and John Pollock Dougall, of Montreal.