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The Weekly Messenger.

LORD SHAFTESBURY'S DEATH.

One who is entitled to be ranked with the eminent philanthropists, Mr. Peabody and Sir Moses Montefiore, died on the first of this month. Lord Shaftesbury was not possessed of such a large fortune as men of his rank usually enjoy, and was not therefore able to bequeath fabulously large sums for the endowment of charitable institutions. But his expenditure in charitable measures while alive was such as to considerably drain his resources. He established ragged schools in the worst parts of London and all the great towns and cities of England offering considerable inducements to the gutter children to attend them, and he organized a well-disciplined, well-housed and well-fed shoe-black brigade of vagrant boys. These were well cared for as to their education and morals, and if they showed an adaptability to any particular trade they were promoted. Besides all this, through Lord Shaftesbury, cabmen, costermongers and others were furnished with free reading and smoking rooms where free lectures were delivered for the improvement of their minds. These lectures the noble philanthropist often attended himself to show his sympathy with the working classes.

One of Lord Shaftesbury's greatest works was the passing of a measure through Parliament which forbade the employment of women in mines, limited their daily labor in the factories to ten hours, and, above all, prohibited the employment of children under a certain age. This measure was the redemption from slavery of a generation which was devoid of the most elementary education. Before this bill had passed there was a class of people who were in worse than Egyptian bondage. Women stripped to the waist and harnessed to trucks would lead a living death down in the coal mines.

Lord Shaftesbury was born in the year 1801 and throughout the whole of his active life did not cease to work for the social improvement of the working classes. Many stories are told illustrative of his kind-heartedness. Some years ago the costers of London city united to present Lord Shaftesbury with the finest donkey that money could buy. That animal still shares the hospitality of the earl's stables and is treated as well as the best carriage horses.

Many of the newsboys in selling papers containing the account of the philanthropist's death made a curious mistake and shouted "Death of Lord Salisbury." This created a great scare until the error was discovered.

THE FRESHMEN of a college in Williams-town, Massachusetts, wanted to carry canes in public. This appeared to the older college men to be an assumption of too great dignity, and so raids were made on the bearers of the obnoxious twigs. The freshmen were in too great numbers, however, and retained the possession of their canes much to the disgust of their opponents, seven of whom were expelled for a time from the college.

WEATHER AND CROP REPORT.

The weather has again become very changeable, and during the past week has run to extremes of heat and cold, with hard frost in nearly all northern sections accompanied by snow in many localities. Potato digging is about completed everywhere, but in the Province of Quebec, where there is a considerable portion of the crop still in the ground, complaints of rot are very general, and in some sections resulted in the total destruction of the crop. A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* writing from Western New York says: "From all I can see and hear, potatoes are rotting badly, even where the vines did not blight during August. Some farmers I know have abandoned fields which, a month ago, gave promise of 200 and 300 bushels per acre. It is a heavy loss, as the potato crop has already cost, in seed and cultivation, nearly as much per acre as an average grain crop. One farmer in a neighboring town has ploughed up a field of fourteen acres of potatoes, and is trying to get the mass of vines off, or under, so as to sow the land with wheat. My early potatoes have rotted more or less since they were dug, though I have kept them spread thinly, and as dry as possible. My late potatoes have not rotted very badly as yet, but the tops are dying, and there is enough rot near the surface to soon spoil the whole. And yet, from all I hear, digging potatoes in such condition is worse than labor lost. As soon as dug, the rot proceeds so violently that it is scarcely possible to save any." Turnips and other roots have been growing rapidly during the warm spell and the pastures have assumed a greener aspect.

FIGHTING IN THE EAST.

The Roumelian revolt has assumed a more serious aspect than ever and it is said that the Sultan is beginning to lose his head—get a little crazy in fact. This is believed as well as many unfounded stories about attempts to poison him. Things certainly do not look bright for Turkey as the other European powers do not seem to care about interfering.

The Turkish army has been almost entirely neglected and the large sums of money voted for military purposes were diverted to other channels. The inquiry has revealed that the Adrianople army, which was supposed to be 15,000 strong, contains not half of that number of men. The soldiers have no uniforms and are shoeless. The cavalry is unable to march owing to its lack of horses and necessary accoutrements.

On the 29th of September the Turkish troops fired on the Roumelian outposts at the Mustapha Pass, twenty-miles north-west of Adrianople. The outposts were immediately reinforced, and a skirmish ensued, in which the Turks were defeated and forced to retire and carry with them a number of wounded.

During the last two days of September there was heavy fighting between Turks and Arnauts. The latter wish to see Turkey parted between other nations of Europe and hope to come in for a large acquisition of territory themselves in the process. The

general opinion in Vienna is that war is inevitable. In Constantinople it is thought that the Czar is the only real opponent of the Bulgarian union and will try to dethrone Prince Alexander putting an easier tool in his place.

When Big Bulgaria was artificially divided into the Principality of Bulgaria and the Province of Eastern Roumelia, the change was for the purpose of making a "buffer" between Turkey and Russia. This was accomplished by Lord Beaconsfield while Premier of England, and Lord Salisbury highly complimented his great chief and himself on the manoeuvre. The sudden disappearance of this live "buffer" now gives him some little shock in his office of Premier and that is the reason why the Liberals have rejoiced over the Roumelian revolution.

What makes this revolution so important is that it is possible that the whole Eastern question may be opened up by it, resulting in a great war involving the chief nations of Europe. The question of peace or war does not rest with the Sultan to answer, but entirely depends on the course the other powers take, and chiefly on the advice which Prince Bismarck sees fit to advise the Sultan to adopt.

THE HORRORS OF DELIRIUM TREMENS.

An Italian laborer of Chicago, Gastone Molinari by name, has been in the habit of frequenting saloons until he now is in delirium. He told a queer story the other day in a Chicago police court in a warrant which was issued for the arrest of the keeper of one of the saloons he patronized.

He says that on Sept. 21st he was ill at De Bartolo's boarding house and saloon, and asked his landlord to go for a physician. By a ruse, according to Molinari's story, De Bartolo lured him into a cab. Away they drove through the streets for a long time. By-and-by they reached a building, which Molinari says he never saw before. In a room devoid of furniture three young men sat waiting. When he entered they turned down the gas and tried to make him drink some sort of liquid. He refused and they left him alone. Then they brought an iron bedstead, on which a smooth slab was placed instead of a mattress. He was stripped, thrown on a slab face downward, and forced to lie there for an hour. The young men, who he believes were medical students, sat on his body, tried to force his mouth open with a two-pronged fork and make him take the liquid, and when they could not do that went away and left him naked and alone in the dark for the night. The next day they returned, and when he threw himself face downward on the slab tried to turn him over, and after succeeding made small holes in his back with some sharp instruments. A terrible struggle ensued, and he drove them from the room with a chair which one of the men had brought in. He fell asleep from fatigue and weakness, and somebody stole the chair. Hour after hour he remained in the room, suffering tortures from thirst, hunger and fright, hearing wild shrieks from other parts of the building,

Then, on what he thinks was the third day, an old man gave him a suit of clothes and twenty-five cents and released him, telling him he would find a street car line a few hundred feet away. He found the line, and made his way to the house of a friend, where he has been since.

He says that since his escape he visited De Bartolo's place. The saloon-keeper seemed greatly surprised to see him, and cursed him roundly, telling him he was sorry he had not died. Molinari has a slight wound at the edge of his mouth, and two or three little punctures in his back. He can give no description of the building where he was taken.

On enquiring concerning this tale it was found to be purely imaginary. The man had, through the kindness of the saloon-keeper, been taken to a hospital where his delirium turned the hospital and its attendants into horrors. The wounds in his back were made whilst infusing restoratives beneath his skin with a syringe.

DESPATCHES just received tell about a one-sided battle which was fought in the Congo district. A German, Lieutenant Wissmann, who was exploring one of the tributaries to the Congo, states that for twenty-four hours he had to navigate between crowds of ferocious cannibals belonging to the Bakoutous tribe. Men and women gathered in thousands on the river banks shouting, yelling and gesticulating furiously. The women were more ferocious than the men, and finally the Bakoutous attacked the expedition in fleets of canoes, the men beating their breasts and throwing spears. Lieut. Wissmann and his men repulsed them after a hard fought battle, which lasted six hours, killing hundreds of men and women. The entire region traversed was found to be very rich in ivory and was covered with vast forests of Indian rubber trees. In shooting a cataract one of Lieut. Wissmann's canoes was wrecked and a dozen of his blacks were drowned. The Kasai is a noble river, being in some places ten thousand yards wide. In many parts navigation was blocked by the thousands of hippopotami bathing in the river bed.

ONE WHO SAW the aerolite fall near Claysville, Pennsylvania, says he never beheld a more awful or impressive scene. His horse suddenly stopped, and he heard a noise as if the winds were rushing onward with great violence. Looking up he saw, moving high above him, with incredible velocity, a huge mass, which he describes as resembling a great coal of fire as large as a barn. There appeared to be attached to it an immense flame of a deeper color than the coal which tapered off into a dark tail. All in a moment the noise accompanying it ceased, the firelike appearance, the flame and the black tail disappeared, and in their stead the stone assumed a whitish-blue hue, which it retained until it passed out of sight. When the stone fell it broke into three pieces. It is grayish in color, with a tendency to red in streaks, and is more than 30 feet square. The people flocked to see the wonder in great numbers.

HOW BILLY WENT UP IN THE WORLD.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.

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CHAPTER VIII.

A NEW SIGHT OF OLD THINGS.

Mrs. Ellery and Nan were very fond of Stanton. He never behaved disagreeably around the house, or said anything very unpleasant. The men about the farm were always too busy to render any sort of little services that the feminine part of the family could well do without; yet when Stan was ready to step in and proffer them, he seemed doubly agreeable. He often drove into town and left messages at the dressmaker's; he matched cloth for them. He cracked nuts and popped corn when Nan expected young girls to visit. He even stayed home and helped them eat the nuts; and this, as he was entirely out of "round-about," and, as he modestly let them know that he had eaten philopotas with young ladies recklessly and habitually, impressed the girls as being kindly courtesy. To his uncle he was always respectful, and, so far as was apparent, obedient. Mrs. Ellery was far from approving of Stan, yet he could not bring anything worse against him than a lack of earnestness in his studies and the tendency to extravagance. Billy's opinion of Stan came to be a kind of compound sentiment. He vastly admired his easy air of assurance, which was just deferential enough not to make him appear conceited. He wondered at Stan's ability to give "eat" answers, which sheered clear of actual falsehood yet never implicated him, no matter how much he seemed at fault in any matter. Perhaps the chief attraction, after all, was his good nature. St. Barnard would scowl and mutter to himself about hypocrites, and then confess to Prissy that the fellow had a mighty taking way with him.

Billy for several months was flattered by the interest Stan seemed to take in hearing of his past life and adventures. He never presumed on his apparent friendliness and grew too familiar, but he contented himself with watching the young man—for so Stan wished to be considered. At first it was rather pleasing to Stan's conceit to have Billy take admiring recognition of everything he did or said, of where he went and when he returned. Not that Billy knew or saw half as much as he probably supposed was passing under his observation, but he was proving himself observant, shrewd, and able to read character. Gradually it was borne into Stan that Billy was a positive chap, who must be for or against him.

When Stan stayed out nights until one or two o'clock, it was convenient to have Billy slip down the back stairs, and let him in. Stan was sure Billy would do this for an indefinite length of time; but he was not sure, that, if some day he were questioned, he would lie judiciously to screen him. Billy had, as Stan thought, an unconsciously horrid way of reckless truth-telling. Once, after Stan had ridden the farmer's best horse fast and furiously, forgetting to take proper care of it later, but meaning to keep the whole affair quiet, Billy had helped him very clumsily—telling no tales, but shirking the straightforward falsehood which Stan expected from him, as a good ally. Therefore, as the summer went by, Stan came to have his private opinion of the desirability of Billy's presence in his uncle's family, unless Billy could be made perfectly pliable in his hands.

He became, however, a great deal more gracious, and began to give the boy "something to read." Naturally, Billy's taste was rather poor in literary matters, and so in the cheap books Stan brought him, he soon delighted. "Off to the Moon with a Madman" and "Sue Sykes" or the "Slaughter House Demon"—time novels with terrific pictures, were delightful in Billy's eyes, though some instinct made him read them on the sly. A pretty long course of such reading had its effect; only once Stan missed the mark. A far worse book than any of those trashy yarns, was thrust smilingly into Billy's hands one day, when the boys were for a moment alone together. An hour later, Stan, sitting by the old well whittling, looked up as Billy dropped something at his feet, saying:

"You didn't say what you gave it to me for, but I think this was what he needed. St. would think so, I reckon, if I'd showed it to him."

Stan stooped over, and recognized his

book covered—yes, stampered with soft-soap. Billy never explained why he applied it, and Stan never again alluded to the matter; but he muttered to himself:

"He's inclined to be a goody chap, and everybody here will help him on. If he was smart he'd see I could teach him a trick or two worth knowing; as it is, I'm about sick of him."

This being the case, one would have supposed that Stan would have ignored him after that, but he still continually lent him books of boys' adventures; of wild life on the frontiers, of unnatural, yet to ignorant Billy, wonderfully fascinating exploits. In these books boys never submitted to do "chore" for their bread and butter; never lived with farmers for the mere sake of a home, O no! From driving mules, they attained by rapid, brilliant strokes of vaguely described genius, to the ownership of countless acres, where wild horses roamed; where savages existed only to fall before them, after vain strifes.

From the glaring frontispiece, to the advertisements on the back cover, Billy accepted all as literally true. Stan used to discuss the heroes and situations with him, as gravely as if the question was of some well-known scene in history. He did more than this; he labored to show Billy that the youths who led these exciting lives were not naturally any "smarter" than Billy himself. It was only that they had the pluck to put themselves in circumstances favorable to the development of their daring dispositions. For a long time Stan affected this apparently disinterested appreciation of Billy, and, after a while, he was agreeably surprised to find his pupil had learned his lesson only too well.

One chilly evening in the early autumn, when, for a wonder, Stan Ellery was at home and in bed, Billy tapped on his chamber door, and whispered:

"I want to speak to you a minute."

"Come in, then—step softly; the sitting room is just below," returned Stan, who always suspected some motive for secrecy—a bad trait in anybody.

The room was dark, but Billy felt with his hand along the wall until he reached the bed, and sat down by Stan's feet.

"What's up?" said Stan.

"I am."

"So I see; but it isn't late. I should be lively myself if I'd had had more sleep last night. Heard anybody speak of the serenade a few fellows gave the girls down by the Bend, at Miss Crowfoot's boarding-school? I believe the old maid poured hot water out of the window, at last, she got so enraged."

"Si was telling about it. Somebody told Prissy. Were you?"

"I heard of it, sonny! That's enough. Well, what are you up for?"

"I am going to light out, Stan!"

"Where are you going to young man?"

"You see there is not the same reason now for my staying that I thought there was in the first place. Granny is well cared for, and—"

"Exactly so, Billy; but what are you going to do?"

"I'm going first to New York. I've got the tin for that trip. When I get there, I'm going to hunt up four boys I know. Pete Hurdson, the cutest chap ever you saw; he'd make his living off the sharp end of the North Pole. Ned Wilkes—he's little, but he isn't green—Sam Poole, and the Snipe, as we always called a fellow you could count on very tight."

"When you've found them, what then?" asked Stan, out of the darkness, a laugh in his voice that Billy only took for sympathetic enjoyment, of his enterprise in its first stage.

"Then we will start for Texas—or some such place. To be sure, I tried it once, but I didn't know how the thing was managed; now I could do it. I know, as nice as a pin, as so could the others. We'll call ourselves a band, and have a name, you know."

"Of course," assented Stan; and if the room had been light, Billy would have seen the bed clothes shake. "Of course, go in and win! You're a chap!" What did Stan care what became of the "little fool," so he got him away from the farm!

"Everybody has been mighty good to me. I'd like to tell Si to tell—"

"As sure as you drop a word, Si will tie you to a post in the barn, or spank you, and that'll be as far on your way to Texas as you'll get," was Stan's quick reply.

Billy felt its force; he did not, however,

confess that he had left a printed epistle in the barn, pinned to a waggon cushion, which, if it was ever deciphered, would throw some light on the path by which he had departed. He only added:

"I shall get over to the station in time for the early morning train. Good-by."

"Success to you, old chap! You deserve it. Take my blessing, and my consent."

"He don't care a snap," was the rather sorrowful thought in Billy's mind, as he went out and shut the door. He certainly wished to get away silently, it was so put down in all the books; but it would have been pleasant to think some one was a little sorry; for under his firm determination to "go and seek his fortune," Billy himself was very sorry to leave the farm. He steadfastly put all that out of his calculations at this time, and going back to his own little den, picked up his stick and bundle—he would not have taken a bag if he had owned one—opened wide the door, that, from the feeble light of a lamp below, he might take a last look, and started.

He went down the lane up which he had followed Peter's cow that other night that seemed so long ago, and stopped at the cottage. Not at the door; he went, instead, around to a little bed-room window, softly unfastened a rude shutter, and peered in. Everything was as he expected it would be. Prissy had left the little tin kerosene night-lamp burning, and by its light he could discern the old lady asleep, her hands peacefully clasped over her breast.

"She don't want many things; but Prissy can get something for her with it. Anyway, I never before could spar her a real present," muttered the boy, taking out of his pocket a silver half dollar rolled in blue tissue paper. He lifted the window softly, and aiming well shot the coin not far from granny's wrinkled hands; then more soberly than he had left Stan, he turned away from his first home. He reflected as he went that a boy who had a mother certainly would never run away, if only to leave somebody else's feeble old grandmother, made him so uncomfortable.

There was no need that he should hurry, so he turned back a little way, and creeping into an old tool-house belonging to the farm, he allowed himself a few winks of sleep; being sure his cramped position would prevent his losing too much time. The moon was up later, and about midnight Billy came out again, and tramped away toward the station, where would stop the earliest eastern train. When he reached it, the first streak of daylight had not yet appeared, and no one was moving but a surly baggage-man, who eyed him distrustfully. When he bought his ticket of the yawning agent within, the latter stared before he remarked, jocosely:

"Great pres of business on hand, young man, that you are required to start for town so early!"

"Yes, stocks going up so fast I must be back in Wall Street," was the prompt reply. Already Billy felt more like a saucy gamin than for months. When the great headlight came near and nearer, and the train moved in, stopping only for a moment or two, Billy made a rush, and plunged into a smoky, foul smelling car full of sleepy passengers. None roused out of their uncomfortable naps to look at the boy who dived into the one vacant seat by the water tank. He soon fell asleep, and did not awake until broad daylight, when they steamed into a covered depot, where a man was loudly proclaiming to the ringing of a big bell, that "Cars stop twenty minutes for breakfast."

Billy, mindful of the future, gave not a quarter of that time to his morning repast; and if he was once or twice also mindful of the past, in that the bountiful farm breakfast recurred to his thoughts, he assured himself that he had "roughed it once," and he must "learn to do it again."

It was just noon when the train ran into the city, and Billy heard again the old familiar cries, and saw the old land marks, as he worked his way down town. The life and bustle of the streets excited him; he wondered then, while the sun shone and a particularly good strolling band played "Yankee Doodle"—he wondered that he could ever have left New York. It almost seemed as if he never had been away—as if Ellery farm and the little cabin, where Ben once lived, had all been something he dreamed of. He amused himself with whatever passed under his eyes for a while; then he remembered that about five o'clock a waggon

load of evening papers arrived at a certain point on the Sixth Avenue, and that several of his old cronies used to supply themselves then and there with papers for sale. If they had retired from that branch of the trade, some of the rest of the fraternity might put him on their track. Sure enough, when Billy was within half a block of the place, the news cart came tearing past, and soon the papers were flying all around, and scores of boys were grabbing, running, yelling in all directions.

"By the cut of his job I should vow that was Pete Hurdson!" said Billy, "if he want so all-killing long-legged; but then, bless me, Pete's legs ought to have grown since I saw them last."

He broke into a run and chased the fast fleeing legs aforementioned, until Pete—for it proved to be he—stopped to make change for an old gentleman buying a paper. He would have escaped Billy then had the latter been less nimble. As it was, he started blankly a second at a well-dressed boy, who caught him by the arm, exclaiming: "Hello, Pete! don't you know me, old fellow?"

"Hello—why, is it you, Billy?"

"Guessed it the first go—stood back here, the papers 'll keep." And as Billy spoke he drew Pete out of the crowd into a quiet corner of Jefferson Market. Pete yielded, but as he glanced over Billy's decent attire, he remarked, with a slight sneer,

"Cash, are ye?"

"No s're. I haven't been in the city for a good deal more than a year."

"Honest Injun?"

"True as you live. I've had all sorts of luck—been on a farm lately."

"I'd like that. What did you quit for—lick you mebbe?"

"Never. I'll tell you by an'-by. Where is Tommy Boole, and the Snipe, and Ned Wilkes?"

"Ned's gone back to Snipes; he's got a chair and all the fixings down by Bleeker near Broadway. Tom's at papers by Grand Street Ferry, and—why, didn't ye hear about the Snipe?"

"Of course not. I don't take a daily paper," returned Billy, ironically.

"Wall, now, he did get into the papers, a hull line to himself: 'Boy busted—pieces picked up and toted off to the Island.' I reckon it said that, anyway. The Snipe was run over by a steam fire-engine. They popped him into a nambulance and rushed him off with a big bell a ringin'. My! wouldn't he be liked the racket if he hadn't been like dead, so they said he was, with a blood trickin' out of his mouth! Tommy and I got a permit to go and see him one day, and there he was dying in style. Nice white bed-clothes as ye ever see in a shop window, and a 'ospital nurse in a ruffled muslin bonnet, feeding him jilly. He was mighty glad to see us, but he seemed that tired he couldn't move. It was just as well he didn't want to, 'cause his legs was both arcuated."

"What?"

"Cut off, I do believe that woman meant by what she said, for the bed-clothes was all flat—mashed like, no room for his legs below his knees there. But I didn't ask—I couldn't sort o', you know."

"Of course—poor Snipe!" echoed Billy, his sharp eyes dimmer.

Pete's pinched face was very grave. He watched a car horse stuntable and regain its footing; then he added: "Folks do get around on stumps, but he'll never be that sort of a begger. A fellow in the 'ospital hall they called a norderly, he said he'd die, because his inside works was all some way crushed. He sent his love to all the boys. His face was white as paper, and clean; his hair was combed, and looked curly, like a baby's and he had a posy and greens pinned right on his shirt—(that was white)."

Pete stopped for a keen glance at Billy. Evidently this report was not being given unfeelingly, but if his hearer was not with him, he was done. Billy's sympathy was expressed in a franker, clearer face than Pete had ever seen in him before, so he went on. "He was kind o' like a baby, anyway; for when we come away he reached out his paw, and pulled us over, and kissed us both."

No—Billy did not laugh, he only winked hard while Pete looked off a minute over the elevated road to the long stretch of blue sky, adding, under his breath, "I suppose he went up for sure, after that, some day."

"Where do you put up?" asked Billy, swallowing something.

"Oh, lodgin' 'ouse, mostly; but tell what you've been up to yourself, can ye?"

"Yes, brayn'ly. Give us half your papers. I'll sell 'em for you, and we'll meet at Twenty-first street, then I'll go down with you for the night."

How natural it seemed to our boy, who yesterday was on a quiet farm, to rush now like a winged imp up the Avenue, yelling: "Tel-e-gram! Tel-e-gram! Evenin' Post!" He espied a man on a door step, who looked toward him; he shot through the car that halted before Macy's; he rejoined Pete in excellent spirits. Somewhat later he had greeted several old associates, and visited an old haunt or two; but even before midnight a change came over the spirit of Billy's waking dreams. The gay, noisy old city of the afternoon lost some of its charms. The summer heat had not died out here, as in the fresh country. The old eating-house, which Billy patronised when the tide of his fortunes ran particularly high (and where this night he took Pete for a treat), the place was horribly close, and the stench of stale tobacco, garlic, beer, cabbage and unclean guests, and their garments, actually turned his stomach. He said he was not hungry; and saw Pete devour his share with secret disgust. At the lodging-house it was even worse. While at Farmer Ellery's he had enjoyed and gradually become accustomed to exquisite neatness, without even being conscious of it. As a fact, Mrs. Ellery's cooking was perfection; his kitchen was spotless; while Mr. Ellery's barns were in almost as good order as were her rooms; and what was true of the farm, was equally true of Prissy's smaller domain. The cabin was as sweet and clean as pure air, soap and water could make it. Now, the resting-place Billy had once found luxurious, was hard, dirty, and full of vermin. Unwisely he gave vent to his emotions by derisive sniffs, and muttered sarcasms about the condition of his couch. It was the signal for an outburst of ridicule from his old-time cronies.

Pete had accepted Billy on the former kindly nature, partly because he was of a kindly nature, partly because the poor Snipe had been a bond of union between them; but with Ned Wilkes, Tommy Boole, and the rest, it was different. Billy having seen more of the world, wearing very objectionably clean whole clothes, had, so it appeared to them, returned to put on airs; to tell what he had been reading;—to talk grandly of his future exploits. They gathered about him during the evening and listened rather silently at first, but in the end they began to taunt him. Tommy Boole, a red-headed boot-black had been head of his clique for several months, and he was decidedly jealous of the new comer.

"What are you down here to-night for, any way, Vanderbilt?" broke out "The Brunswick and the Windsor will keep you for a trifle more," put in Ned, viciously. "Just order out your baggage, my boy, and have it sent."

"Oh, he's been out on his country seat, where everything is fresh. He'll come out right when he's got a pawn-ticket for his watch and set up his diamonds," added another, and so they kept it going. Billy knew them well enough to show no spite; but when they beguiled him into confidential statements regarding his Texas enterprise, and then scouted the whole programme, his indignation was extreme. Billy had gone entirely beyond them in the literary way. They had no time for spelling-out blood-and-thunder romances. They were, it is true, open to skilful attacks on the romantic side of their nature; but just now, every scamp of waem was wild for the high seas. They scoffed at Texas as "played out" long ago. Ned said the grasshoppers ate it up when they devoured Kansas; and Tom added that if they did not the western fires burned up buffaloes and plains alike.

Billy having thrown buffaloes in as bait, they displayed such coarseness in their witticisms, such ignorance along with their real shrewdness that now Billy saw them somewhat as Si, or even as Mr. Ellery, might have seen them. He had remembered them as quick to plan, dashing and bold to execute. Now he reflected, that what they planned and carried out, was, after all, some single bit of fun or mischief, and never anything that required any real knowledge of the world, or any ability to act with continuity of purpose.

Long after every one of them was asleep

and snoring, Billy, hot, uncomfortable, and wide awake, was turning over in his mind schemes, which, even then, had he been back in his bed at the farm, he would gladly have given up forever—schemes that were fast appearing to him impractical, if not foolish. These wild Arab's talk of sea life was plainly absurd to Billy—why might not his Texas visions be as silly? He wished he had confided in Si Barnard. Here, in the stifling heat and foul air of the cheap lodging-house everything connected with city low life seemed suddenly fuel by contrast with the sweet quiet of the country. How could he have over-rated these old comrades, as he certainly had done, in thinking them capable of travel—of romantic research! Pete Hurlston was undeniably clever; but he had grown so lank, so hollow-chested, and coughed so persistently, he was not likely to come out strong in a raid with possible savages. The rest were nothing more or less than dirty, saucy, little wretches. Alas, poor Billy! He had only got far enough away from them to despise them. It took an older and better person than he was then, to look at them pitifully.

But what should he do? The thought of staying right here in the city, and taking up the former life just where these old mates were in it—and he could, perhaps, not do better than they—was very distasteful. To start forlornly off alone for some unknown regions, with no clear line of procedure marked out, was not an alluring arrangement. Before dawn of the next day, Billy would have given six inches of his stature to have been back at Farmer Ellery's. For what had he come, anyway? What put these notions into his foolish pate? As he mused there in the darkness, he came to a better appreciation of Stan Ellery's character, than weeks of previous intercourse with him had afforded him. Stan had been "stuffing him," and he had been a fool. Better still, he partially realized what true friends he had turned his back on so ungratefully. This last train of ideas never left him, after its start. All the following day it kept with him, gradually weighing him down with sadness.

He wandered about the docks, trying to get odd jobs, for selling papers had lost its old charm. In that day, it might truly be said, that Billy first saw New York city. He was a child no longer. He had been, insensibly, somewhat educated, and considerably elevated by contact with industrious, cleanly, sober men, and pure, motherly, Christian women. All the fifth, the drunkenness, the crime, the poverty, stood out plainly, in bold relief, before the eyes so lately turned from blue skies, green grass, and wild flowers.

At seven o'clock that night, there never was a more home-sick boy on earth than Billy Knox. As he sat on a curbstone opposite Fulton market, watching with a doleful face, the crowds for Brooklyn boats, there suddenly flashed into his mind—something Mr. Ellery once said to him: "Never be ashamed to repent. Don't go on in a foolish way because you've started. If your very shoes refuse to turn, get out of them, and go back barefooted. The cuts you get will make you more careful how you start another time."

He sprang to his feet with a whoop of joy that found the peanut man nearly suspect he'd found somebody's purse.

Billy had been missing nearly a day, before the mystery of his disappearance was cleared up by Si Barnard, who found the missive pinned to the wagon cushion in the barn. It was very blindly worded, but when he had carried it in to the assembled family, they made out that Billy had run away to seek his fortune in the far West. Si was out of all patience; Mr. Ellery was sincerely sorry, while his wife grieved openly. Billy, in his letter, had spent much time and pains in telling them how kind he thought them all.

"That shows," said Mrs. Ellery, "that the poor foolish child had right feelings. He was doing so well, and might have made a good, industrious man. What do you suppose will become of him, now?"

The farmer shook his head regretfully, and made no reply. When Si, during the rest of the day, would vent his indignation by mild abuse of the young "vagabond," Mr. Ellery would only express a fear that he had trusted too much to Billy's being influenced by his surroundings, and had given him too little direct instruction and advice. He understood matters more clearly when his good wife found in Billy's room, under

the bed, a few of the trashy yarns Stan had given him. He saw too, that several had Stan's name scrawled on their covers. But Stan, when questioned, seemed greatly surprised at Billy's flight. The books, he said, were some nonsensical things he bought out of curiosity, and threw away. Billy must have fished them out of the waste paper barrel.

When Prissy found the silver on granny's bed, she knew what it meant. Her heart was very soft towards the young "scalla-wag," as Si called him, and after she had mourned a little over him in Si's presence, the latter relented enough to say: "If he had the least idea where the chap had got for, he'd 'quit work for a day or two and follow him up."

About six o'clock of the third day, Silas Barnard was milking Brownie in the lane. He did not see a boy who came slowly toward the cottage, lagging now and then, where the golden rod and asters were thickest, as if he meditated hiding under some hedge. Brownie placidly chewed her cud. Billy, for he it was who approached, came nearer and nearer, uncertain of his reception, and exceedingly ashamed of himself.

A shadow passed between Si and the sunset light; he looked up, and it was almost a miracle that every drop of milk was not upset, when he saw Billy Knox standing there, every feature quivering with excitement. Si's lips puckered for a long whistle expressive of astonishment. Suddenly Billy made a dive for Brownie, flung his arms around her neck, and, half sobbing, half laughing, kissed her honest old face. Si understood all the forlorn, homesick penitence implied by the performance, but it all struck him so comically, that he roared with laughter. In the twinkling of an eye, Prissy Tarbox was on the scene; and how her face lighted up at the sight of sheepish Billy! She did not laugh when Si, convulsed with emotion, choked out:

"You can't be first, Prissy; he has kissed the cow already!"

She cried reprovingly: "Now you stop teasing him, Si Barnard. I will kiss him, for I'm perfectly overjoyed to see him back! What did possess you to run away, child!" And, good as her word, the rosy young woman gave the boy a sounding salute, that made his heart warm with gratitude, and which caused Si, who was usually terribly bashful, to exclaim boldly:

"Don't stop, Prissy, don't! If he could give one to the cow, you certainly might count me in!"

Miss Tarbox offered to box his ears; then laying hold of Billy, she bore him triumphantly into her cottage. How inexpressibly beautiful the humble place looked! To sit again at a neat table and eat wholesome food daintily cooked; to have granny make a little extra fuss over him, chiefly because Prissy was doing so, and not that she understood the situation; to pour out every detail of his experiences, not sparing himself, and to have Prissy believe that Mr. Ellery would overlook his wrong doing this once—how good and comforting it all was!

"The first thing you do," said the practical spinster; you go down to the brook and take a bath. It has been a warm day, and the water won't be too cold. Meanwhile I'll beat and dust your coat, and make sure you have brought no awful creatures back from that city lodging-house. Then, when you are clean, go up and make your neekest apologies to Mr. Ellery, and tell him how ashamed you are of yourself, as you well may be."

Billy, swallowing a big bite of apple pie, nodded approval of her sentiments. "I kind of think," said Prissy, with an idea of finding out something herself, "that he'll be more lenient, because he suspects Stan Ellery hasn't done you any good."

"Oh, I was a fool on my own account, and I shan't go up to him a confessing some other fellow's sin."

"Well, maybe you had better not," assented Prissy, "it generally is unnecessary."

That was the only time Stan Ellery's name was mentioned in connection with the events related. Billy was no tell-tale; but he had found out, for himself, who were his friends, and who not. This was enough.

In the twilight he went to the farm. Mrs. Ellery was very kind to him. Nan said, frankly, she was "very glad to see him again." Mr. Ellery took him alone into a room, but his hand on the boy's arm was as gentle as it was firm. He talked for an hour to Billy, and it was a talk and an hour that left its stamp on his soul. He drew from

him all his crude ideas of what he wanted to become, or to possess; and then, because he was good and manly himself, he showed Billy that to become a good man was a grand aim. Beyond this he went, and made the boy see that work well done was noble, was inspiring, was enough to fill any life with interest.

When the wanderer fell asleep that night again in his clean bed, it was with a great sigh of content, and the reflection: "Si Barnard will never forget that I kissed the cow, and Stan Ellery will twist me of it forever. I don't care, I'd kiss her again. I didn't see a person in the city that looked so good to me."

Si never told Stan, and never himself again alluded to that burst of affection.

(To be continued.)

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

SGGUESIONS TO TEACHERS.

Oct. 18.—2 Kings 10: 15-31.

It will be necessary to read over carefully the intervening history, and teach the main outlines to the scholars.

A great revolution now takes place in the history of Israel. The work of Elijah is completed years after his death.

Subject,—true and false zeal.

I. The new king Jehu. Draw from the scholars a brief history of this man, and the way he became king, and his first acts as king.

If his first exhibition of zeal—in the destruction of the house of Ahab (ver. 15-17). The reason for this destruction in the sins of Ahab and his house, and the ruin that had brought and were bringing upon the nation.

Illustrations The righteousness of executing laws against criminals; of defending a home or a nation against robbers and destroyers. As we destroy wild beasts who otherwise would destroy us and ours.

Find the good and the false elements in this exhibition of zeal. A good work may be done with bad or selfish motives. Jehu's advantage in this work of his.

Illustrations from paste diamonds and imitation jewels.

III. His second exhibition of zeal—in the destruction of the worshippers of Baal (ver. 18-28).

Illustration of Jehu's treacherous promise to the Baalites, from the story in early Roman history of the Sabine maiden who agreed to betray the garrison of her father for what the Roman soldiers wore on their left arms, meaning their golden bracelets. They agreed to give the price asked. But when they entered the city they cast their shields, which they wore also on their left arms, upon the traitor maiden, and killed her.

Note the good and the bad elements in this exhibition of zeal.

IV. The imperfection of Jehu's work (ver. 29-31). This shows that his zeal in what he did was imperfect, and the source of the imperfection in a bad and selfish heart. Note especially the temporal reward for outward service, and the utter failure to receive the higher and more spiritual rewards, and why.

Illustrate by the prayers and aims of the Pharisees (Matt. 6: 1-5).

HOW MANY PEOPLE buy simply what is essential for the comfort of their households and put the surplus, be it only seventy-five or a hundred dollars a year, into the purchase of books! Yet all sorts of books, old and new, profound and wise, witty and bright, lying close at hand, needing but to be opened and read to give companionship, variety, and instruction to the passing hour, have far more to do with diversifying and enlarging the perception and taste than all the decorations that a general ransacking of the ages and climes can furnish. Yet very few people of substantial means expend regularly a hundred dollars on books during a year. It would not occur to a person of taste to borrow or hire a plaque for a week or a month in order to enjoy its beauty. But even the enthusiastic reader of a book is indifferent to its possession, and will make use of almost any expedient rather than expend a few shillings on the purchase of it. Yet for making life many-sided and of real worth, the easy acquisition and possession of books is of the highest importance.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

NOW IS YOUR CHANCE.

If you have any friends who do not take the *Weekly Messenger* you should see that they get a few sample copies in order that they may judge of its merits for themselves. For this purpose we are prepared to send sample copies for three weeks free to anyone who may be proposed by our readers. All our subscribers to this paper have to do in order to have a copy sent to a friend is to write a postal card containing the names and addresses of those to whom they wish the paper sent. The post-card should be addressed to the "Editor of the *Weekly Messenger*, Montreal, P. Q.," and might be written like this to save trouble.

Sample copies to:

George McFarlane,
Lisbon, Dak. Terr.
James Whitaker,
Toronto, Ont.
Isaac Key,
12 Duke St., Glasgow.
and oblige, yours, &c.,
CHARLES LAMB,
Stratford, Ont.

If you have more than three names to send it would be better to send them in an envelope.

WHO WOULD LIKE IT?

It is to the large circle of its friends that the success of the *Weekly Messenger* is due. No newspaper can succeed without friends who are active and enthusiastic in speaking for it and in working for it. That we have large numbers of such friends the large increase in the number of subscriptions shows. For instance, for the week ending September 24th, the names of 131 subscribers were added to our lists; and for the week ending October 1st, 145 new subscribers were added. What more tangible evidence could we have that every plan we make to render the *Messenger* more useful is heartily taken up by our readers and pushed forward to a successful issue. Now that our competition to the end of the year is all but out, we begin to think of having a "jolly good" competition in which everyone that gets even one subscriber will get well paid for the work done—paid so well that he or she will wish to get as many subscribers for us as possible. Look out for particulars, and in the meantime the shrewd, knowing ones will take time by the forelock and will make out a list of the neighbors and acquaintances who should take the *Weekly Messenger*. Especially is this a chance for boys and girls (young ladies and gentlemen perhaps we should say) to make some pocket money to be used in the Christmas holiday season.

THE LETTERS which are continually coming to us praising the *Weekly Messenger* are very refreshing. The following are samples:—

"Will you please send me twelve copies of the *Weekly Messenger* and I will remit again before the year closes. It is the best paper for the schoolroom I have ever used."

Countess County, New York.

"I received your notice in reference to your valuable little paper saying that my term of subscription was just closing, and after reading it a year I feel that I cannot do without it. It is a blessed paper and is indispensable. I therefore enclose fifteen cents worth of stamps for which please send me the paper till the end of the year. I have been very busy and have not had time to get you more subscribers, but if spared, I hope to have more leisure and then I will try and send you some." Yours, etc.,

A. Z. P.

It is DIFFICULT when subscriptions are coming in as fast as they now are to send off all the premiums immediately. We have managed, however, through hard work, not to keep any one waiting very long. We have received one post-card stating that the papers had not gone the same week as the subscriptions arrived. We found on looking up the matter that the papers had gone from the first and that the difficulty was elsewhere than in our office.

DOES YOUR SUBSCRIPTION run out in a few weeks? Then you ought to renew now so as to be sure and not miss any copies. You will not lose anything by so doing and it will be easier for us to get your name on our lists in time. The date printed on the address of your paper indicates the time when your subscription expires.

OUR SPECIAL OFFER in regard to yearly subscribers is that to everyone who obtains five names we will either give a book of reprinted stories worth sixty cents or fifty cents out of the \$2.50 he collects. This offer expires at the end of this month.

ANY SUBSCRIPTIONS to the end of the year that are to count in our competition must be sent in immediately.

THE WEEK.

A RECENT CYCLONE in India destroyed five hundred villages.

THE LARGEST telescope in the world is to be erected at the Royal Observatory at Greenwich.

KING ALFONSO though ill with intermittent fever was well enough the other day to hold a reception.

A STRICTLY PROHIBITION cyclone in New Jersey has destroyed an immense quantity of apple jack or "Jersey lightning" as it is usually called. Thirty thousand gallons of cider were also won from their evil destination by this storm, which, in accomplishing its object, demolished a church that stood in the way.

THE MORMON MISSIONARIES are playing their vocation in the State of Illinois, and are not altogether unsuccessful in their efforts to make converts to their religion.

THERE IS AN INDIAN RISING in Arizona and New Mexico. The militia have been called out for active service and settlers have been warned of their danger. The Indians have already committed serious depredations.

IT IS THOUGHT that a match will be arranged between Hanlan and Beach, the Australian oarsman and present champion of the world. Beach will likely come over to America.

EVERYTHING seems to point to the annexation of Burma to India. This would greatly anger France who is doing all in her power to prevent it.

TWO YEARS and five months ago the Dutch fitted out an Arctic exploring expedition to East Greenland. The expedition has just returned to Copenhagen after having made the discovery of a hitherto unknown coast which they named Christian IX Land. Some schoolboys will look upon this discovery as one which adds another Geography name to those they already have to learn.

THE TOWN OF IQUIQUE, in Peru, has been completely destroyed by fire, resulting in a loss of two million dollars.

LORD LANSDOWNE is an accomplished rider. In two days he made a trip of 100 miles, from Fort McLeod to Calgary, keeping in the saddle the whole way. Lord Lansdowne says that he has spent a very pleasant time so far in his trip through the North-West.

A YOUNG CHILD of Cohoes, New York, has been poisoned by eating horse chestnuts. His body swelled before death to an enormous size and was greatly discolored. Many will say that they have eaten horse chestnuts and not been poisoned, but this shows that there is danger in trying the experiment.

EVERY NEW STEP towards civilization tends to make the communication between man and man more easy. The penny letter post was one great step in this direction and has been from time to time improved on. The telegraph was another great step but has not yet been nearly brought to that perfection which scientists look forward to. In England six-penny telegrams have just been introduced and the number of telegrams sent has been increased considerably. On the first day of the change the increase in telegrams amounted to over thirty percent.

OFFICERS of the Salvation Army in a Pennsylvania town were arrested on Tuesday of last week and fined \$2 each for obstructing the sidewalk. This fine they refused to pay and consequently they were sent to gaol for six hours. A howling mob surrounded the prison and endeavored to tear it down. The whole police force was called out and with difficulty dispersed the mob saving the prison. In the evening the Salvationists were released and paraded the town with nearly a thousand followers.

THE GRAND JURY for the County of Oxford was unanimous in expressing gratification at the decrease of drunkenness and crime in the County under the Scott Act, as shown by the fact that since May 1st, when the Act came into force, there have been only seven committed as drunk and disorderly, while during the corresponding period of 1884, under the license law, there were thirty committed for this offence. The Grand Jury trusts that the expectations of the friends of the Act may be fully realized.

AN INTERESTING incident is reported in connection with the late disastrous prairie fire in Dakota. A lady school teacher, seeing that her neighbors wheat stacks were in danger of being destroyed and knowing that her neighbor was absent, rose from her bed and harnessing a team to a plough turned several furrows between the stacks and the fire. Then she put the team in the barn and went back to bed, having saved the grain.

FORTY NIBILISTS including a number of professors and other well known persons have been arrested in Russia on a charge of having conspired to murder the Czar. The Nihilist party is greatly excited over the event.

RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION LABORERS are in one respect very much like sailors. As soon as they get their pay they look about them for the most speedy mode of getting rid of it. At Yale, British Columbia, there was a scene last Monday which beggars description. A thousand white men and as many Chinese were discharged by contractors on the Canadian Pacific Railway and were paid at Yale. The saloons and streets are full of intoxicated men, and the residents have been obliged to bar the doors of their dwellings to keep the howling throng from forcing an entrance.

CHARLES SMITH, son of a prominent business man of Bismarck, Dakota Territory, was lost on the prairie, a hundred miles north of that city, and when found was on the verge of starvation. He was on his way to a cattle ranch, which he had just purchased, and not being familiar with the country lost his way. For two days and two nights he roamed about, camping the second evening near what he thought was a lake, but which afterward proved to be a swamp, in which he nearly lost his horses and waggon. On the third day he was found roaming about bewildered, exhausted and almost out of his sense.

THE ENGLISH CONSERVATIVES have been anxiously looking forward for Lord Salisbury's manifesto, but it is now stated that they are to be disappointed—that the Premier does not intend issuing a manifesto at all. Mr. Gladstone has so far recovered from the trouble in his throat as to be permitted by his physicians to deliver speeches. Although the ex-Premier's manifesto has been criticised on all sides as misleading and uncertain, yet nothing has been offered by the Tory leaders as a substitute for it.

THE NATIONALISTS continue to boycott all with whom they are displeased. Mrs. Morgan O'Connell, niece of Daniel O'Connell, having refused to reduce her rents twenty percent is being boycotted by the Irish Land League. She is refused even the necessaries of life, and persons seeing speaking to her servants are also boycotted. Members of the League have been ordered not to sit in the same gallery with her at mass. Mrs. O'Connell attending mass found herself the sole occupant of the gallery. The Irish situation is assuming such a grave aspect, on account of the continued violent boycotting outrages, that the English papers have begun to suggest that the next Parliament shall treat Ireland as a revolted province and deny her representation.

THE BRITISH SEAMEN on board the "Genesta" protested against sailing her back to England under her lofty racing mast. They did not like the idea of climbing up an Atlantic wave, steep as the side of a house, in a boat with seventy tons of lead on her keel and with the unnecessary weight of a racing mast aloft. The sailors carried their point and a shorter mast is to replace the present one.

AN APPLICATION was recently made in a court of Pennsylvania State that the King James version of the Bible and the Gospel Hymns should not be used in the opening exercises of public schools. The persons who made this application were members of the Roman Catholic Church. They alleged that in their belief the only correct version of the Holy Bible is the version ordered to be used in worship by their Church and that all other versions of the Sacred Scriptures are incorrect and sectarian in character. They complain that their children have been compelled to read and sing that which was offensive to them. The Court before which the case was brought decided that there was no cause of complaint, that the simple reading of the Scriptures in schools was not an unlawful interference with the rights of conscience nor a prohibited sectarian instruction. The Court also decided that it had no power to decide as to the correctness of either the Authorized or the Roman Catholic Bible as all versions stand equal before the law.

SOLEMN SERVICES in memory of Sir Moses Montefiore filled the synagogues of New York last Sunday and drew to witness them many of the Christian faith.

IN SYRACUSE, N. Y., there is a woman who has not tasted food since the last of August. At the beginning of this week she was rapidly failing and her pulse was very weak. She sleeps a great portion of the time and it is not thought that she can live much longer.

THERE APPEARS to be some ill feeling between the English and Afghans at Herat. It is not to be presumed, however, that things are so bad as the following dispatch to a Russian paper would make it appear:—"The English, says the *Telegram*, have taken possession of Herat, and have ordered the inhabitants to quit the town immediately. The inhabitants, angered by the action of the English, have thrown up earthworks opposite the citadel. The English are being strongly reinforced."

SEVERAL ORCHID PLANTS were sold not long ago to gentlemen of New York, at tremendously high prices. One plant alone brought \$1,575. The cost of the two-foot vegetable curiosity had amounted to \$2,000 so that it was sold at a low enough rate. The flower of the orchid is very peculiar and different varieties have been sought and found in almost every part of the globe. There are more species of this plant known than there are even of grasses and it may be interesting to know that out of the pods of some varieties vanilla is made.

A WELL-TO-DO citizen of Raleigh, N. C., died two months ago of a contagious fever, and was hurriedly buried in his clothes. His relations not being able to find his "estate," got over their fear of contagion and exhumed the corpse, being rewarded by the discovery of \$2,500 in the deceased man's pocket.

THE PRESENT DEATH RATE in the great city of London is exceptionally small the official figures showing it to be the healthiest city in the world. The death rate is about 14 in the thousand per year. The London papers are continually grumbling about the filthiness of the Thames or the unhealthiness of the slums and keep agitating for sanitary improvements.

A LEADING MILLING COMPANY of Minneapolis, Minnesota, appears to have found out the way to prevent strikes among their workmen. For three years they have been accustomed to divide all surplus over a certain amount of earnings with the workmen who have been with them five years. Two years ago the amount thus given out was \$20,000, last year it was \$24,000 and this year it was \$27,000. This co-operative plan of working so stimulates the interest the men take in the company's success that another milling firm of the same city is thinking of beginning it next year.

THE CHOLERA EPIDEMIC in Spain is steadily decreasing, and the average number of cases daily is only one third of what it was when the plague was at its height. In France and Japan too, the death rate is considerably less. Palermo in Sicily is indeed a town where cholera is doing deadly work. Nearly every day considerably over fifty persons are buried.

THE "GENESTA" is considered to be worth about \$12,000 more than the "Paritan" notwithstanding the defeat she sustained while racing with the latter. It will be remembered that the "Paritan" was sold at auction for about \$13,000. A New York gentleman has offered \$20,000 for the "Genesta" but the price demanded by Sir Richard Sutton is \$30,000. It is thought that a compromise will be made.

AN ACCIDENT happened last Sunday on the British Columbian section of the Canadian Pacific Railway. A cow threw the engine from the track and one white man and five Chinese were killed.

A MEETING of the Ontario branch of the Dominion Alliance was held last Saturday. The following declaration was drawn up and recommended to be adopted by all local electoral unions in Ontario. "Whereas, it is desirable and in the interest of temperance reform that prohibitionists should be elected as representatives in educational, municipal and parliamentary bodies, therefore we, the undersigned, do hereby agree to unite in an organization to be called 'The Temperance Electoral Union,' and pledge ourselves to support for educational, municipal and parliamentary positions, only candidates who are known and professed prohibitionists, and who will vote for the enacting, sustaining, and enforcing of prohibitory legislation. There will be a meeting of the Toronto Electoral Union on Tuesday night to consider the matter. Whatever action is taken on the above pledge the school and municipal elections are likely to be affected very largely by the temperance vote including that of women, who have now the franchise in school and municipal matters."

THE TRAFFIC IN SLAVES is not yet stopped by any means, as the following report shows:—"The commander of a Portuguese gunboat has arranged to buy 12,000 slaves to work on coffee plantations at St. Thomas, an island in the Gulf of Guinea belonging to Portugal."

THROUGHOUT the eastern portion of Switzerland there have been heavy floods. The whole of the Upper Rhine valley has been inundated and horses, cattle and other live stock have been swept away, the harvest also being destroyed.

AT PITTSBURG, Pennsylvania, a large boiler exploded in an iron factory last Saturday. The portion of the works near the boilers was filled with a cloud of steam. Through the dense mist came shrieks and groans telling the employees beyond the reach of danger that a frightful calamity had overtaken a number of their fellow-workmen. As soon as the steam had cleared away a rush was made for the spot where the explosion occurred, when it was ascertained that the lined drain of the boilers had exploded and that the escaping steam had scalded seventeen men. Closer investigation showed that of this number fourteen were burned and that three were fatally injured.

BOHEMIAN DYNAMITERS have been at work. They attempted to blow up a clubhouse at Duc, a town in Bohemia. Fortunately no one was injured but the windows of the building were badly shattered.

ALL IS NOW WELL between Germany and Spain, the former having given up all claim to Yap on condition that Germany shall be free to trade there and shall be allowed a coaling station. The Pope's arbitration has been rendered unnecessary.

THE CONSERVATIVES in France are wild with excitement over the fact that they have polled a much larger vote than they expected and one which will render changes necessary in the present Cabinet.

SIR JOHN HAWLEY GLOVER, who was Governor of Newfoundland from the year 1876 to 1881, died on the same day as Lord Shaftesbury.

A SECOND CROP of raspberries is being gathered in Quebec owing to the mildness of the Fall.

NEWS TAKES a long time to travel from Madagascar. Admiral Miot, commander of the French troops there, had a battle with the Hovas on the 10th of September. The news came from Mozambique just a few days ago that the French forces were defeated. The Hovas occupied a strongly entrenched position, which Admiral Miot attempted to capture. After very severe fighting, lasting two hours, the French were compelled to fall back on Tamatave, which they did in an orderly manner, with the loss of 30 men killed and wounded.

IN ORDER to have Mrs. Vanderbilt's dresses fit well her dressmaker has found her double. Mrs. Vanderbilt will not endure the fatigue of being fitted herself even when in town, and it was her own suggestion that a duplicate of herself be employed. On her order the dressmaker sought and found a perfect counterpart—a girl who was working in a cloak-shop connected with the business—and she has served in lieu of Mrs. Vanderbilt for nearly a year. Not only in dimensions is she suited to the requirements, but in movements and carriage she is wonderfully like her employer; and so it is possible for the latter to see herself as others see her—in the matter of dress.

IT HAS BEEN FOUND that the mysterious Lake Mistassini, which lies about 400 miles to the north east of Quebec, is by no means so large as it was at first represented to be. A fair survey of the lake has just been made and it has been found to be about one hundred and twenty-five miles long by about twenty wide. The river St. Rupert, which connects the lake with James Bay, is a rapid stream almost unfit for navigation although it has a volume of water as great as that of the Ottawa river. The discovery is not a very important one in a commercial way as the land near the lake is not at all adapted to grain growing on account of the early autumn frosts.

IF A MURDERER is not discovered in his crime he is very likely to be so ill at ease as to rather face death than have to keep his secret to himself. Even the conscience of a hardened man is troubled when he kills one of his fellow men. On Saturday night last a drunken man, who said his name was Wilson, gave himself up to the Chicago police and told a horrible story of a murder he had committed in Philadelphia. He says a year ago he got into an altercation with Anthony Daley on Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, about a business matter and struck him on the head with an axe, killing him instantly. He dragged the body several hundred yards and threw it into the Wissahickon river, where it remained two months before being discovered.

A FOUR MASTED SHIP which is owned by the Hon. A. W. McLellan, Canadian Minister of Marine, is to be launched at Londonderry, Nova Scotia, shortly. This is the first four-masted ship ever launched in Canadian waters, and the second in North America. Three of her four masts will be square rigged and she will carry in all twenty-one yards, and spread eight thousand square yards of canvas.

THE GREAT ENGLISH CRICKETERS who came to America a short time ago have returned home, having been defeated only in one match. That match was at Philadelphia and the Englishmen subsequently retrieved their loss by winning a game against the Philadelphia players, who have given special attention to the game.

ARE ADVERTISEMENTS READ?

One of the largest advertisers in New York says:—"We once hit upon a novel expedient for ascertaining over what area our advertisements were read. We published a couple of half-column 'ads' in which we purposely misstated half a dozen historical facts. In less than a week we received between 300 and 400 letters, from all parts of the country, from people wishing to know why on earth we kept such a consummate fool who knew so little about American history. The letters came pouring in for three or four weeks. It was one of the best-paying 'ads' we ever printed. But we did not repeat the experiment, because the one I refer to served its purpose. Our letters came from school-boys, girls, professors, clergymen, school-teachers, and in two instances from eminent men who have a world-wide reputation. I was more impressed with the value of advertising from those two advertisements than I should have been by volumes of theories."

EARLY RISING.

A person should never be waked except in cases of urgent necessity. When a man falls asleep he is in a shape for repairs. All the intricate machinery of his body is being overhauled and put into order for next day's work. Nature knows what the tired body needs. She lays it on the bed, surrounds it with the refreshing air of night, covers it with darkness and lets the man rest. "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," visits him, and as the hours pass by his energies are renewed, his strength comes back, and when the daylight steals through the window, he opens his eyes and feels like a new man. If he is early to bed, he awakes correspondingly early. Now, who will go to that man's side an hour before he opens his eyes, and say to nature: "Stand aside and let him get up; he has had enough rest!" Nature will say: "You can take him, if you will, but I will charge him with an hour's loss of sleep, and I'll collect out of his bones and nerves, and hair and eyesight. You can't cheat me, I'll find property to levy on." Nature is the best book-keeper in the world. You may over-draw, but you must pay back, even to the pound of flesh.—*N. Y. Day Star.*

FUN.

"And the lady, pensively eyeing the healthy boarder, "These new potatoes cost just twice as much as the other kind." "That's all right," responded the healthy boarder. "They are twice as good, and we eat twice as many of them."

A countryman sowing his ground, two smart fellows riding that way, one of them called to him, with an insolent air, "Well honest fellow," said he, "it is your business to sow, but we reap the fruit of your labors." To which the countryman replied, "It is very likely you may, for I am sowing hemp."

GRAPE JELLY.—Take ripe grapes, pluck from the stems into a pan of cold water; take from the water into preserving kettle, let them simmer slowly until the skins are soft. Then drain through a sieve into an earthen vessel. Squeeze the pulp through a bag; Measure all into the preserving kettle, let it come to a boil, skim, and when no more scum arises, add one pound of sugar to each pint of juice. Boil until jellied. If you prefer making it into syrup for mince pies, etc., add a pound of sugar to each quart instead of each pint of juice.

WHAT WE SHOULD EXPECT.

To become religious does not make a prodigy of a boy or girl. It does not ripen and mature the character all at once. It is not a hot-bed process. The religious child is still a child, needing training, instruction, warning, and we must not expect or look for anything else. When we see the seed sown in fickle April weather springing up in April and flowering in April and bearing fruit in April, when we see seedlings grow visibly before our eyes, expand in girth and throw out far-reaching roots and gigantic limbs in a single season, then may we expect to see a child Christian become an old Christian in a week; but till then we need not expect to see any such phenomena. Of course a child's ideas of religion are crude, of course his knowledge of duty is imperfect, of course he falls into childish blunders and errors; there would be no such thing as growth in grace were it otherwise. But the acorn contains the oak, the straight, branchless sapling is the forerunner of the wide-spreading shade tree; in the child Christian's heart lie the germs of the aged Christian's experience.

We think there is a lesson of vast importance in these considerations of child life in the Bible. We beg for it careful and prayerful attention, for it is a lesson which the church has too long neglected to its own sad hurt. It is this: It is natural, it is possible, it is desirable for children to grow up into Christian manhood and womanhood without experiencing any sharp and sudden transition from an evil life to a good life. Nay, it is not only possible and desirable, it is the thing we ought to expect; it ought to be as common for young children to be born into the kingdom of God as to be born into the world. It is possible and natural for children to be converted at their mother's knee, and never know the time when they did not love the Saviour. And this should not be something rare, occasional, remarkable, a phenomenon, a thing to excite remark, like a comet or a meteor. It should be the usual, expected thing that children of religious parents should choose to live for the Saviour as early as they are able to make any choice, and should be received into the church and receive its nurturing, fostering care. Search the child biographies of the Bible through and see if this idea is not borne out. Was Samuel a weak, independent man before he heard God speak his name? Was John the Baptist allowed to sow any wild oats before he became a preacher of righteousness? Could Timothy better have strengthened the early church if he had been a *rose* in his youth? Did Jesus Himself pass through a period of boyhood growth? Did even He not require thirty long years of training before He called a single disciple to Him? The churches and Christian parents at large have had their eyes blinded to this matter. The church has often said to the children, "You cannot come in here; stand out there in the vestibule until you are grown up"; and a very cold, cheerless vestibule it has often been. Or else it has said, "Go to the Sunday-school; that will do for you while you are young." Devout parents have prayed earnestly that their children might become Christian men and women, but they have forgotten to pray that they might become Christian boys and girls; and the men and women have too often remained what the boys and girls were. It has been considered almost a necessity that they should become somewhat bad before becoming very good. Hence the sad lapses from virtue in the children of Christian parents; hence the drunken boys and ruined girls who have brought shame into Christian homes; hence the facts which have given rise to the old saw about ministers' sons and deacons' daughters.—*The Children and the Church.*

THE "ENTRY-CLERK'S" RELIGION.

BY HELEN PEARSON BARNARD.

A vacancy had occurred in a department of a large mercantile house called the "entry room." There was much speculation among the clerks about who would fill the place.

"Nice berth for the right one, boys," said Marcotte, who was leader, "but a mighty poor place for the other kind,—Sam Welch, for instance!"

Everybody laughed and told comical stories of the defeated Welch.

"He thought there was no man like himself," said Marcotte. "We sounded him. He was orthodox because he 'was brought

up that way; I didn't know as theatres were any harm, but wouldn't go,—the minister might hear of it! Why didn't he take a square stand? A man has a right to his opinions."

One morning shortly after, there was a stranger in the entry-room, slight, pale, almost boyish-looking. He sat beside the door, evidently awaiting orders, and each one on entering received from him a quiet, penetrating glance. Marcotte and his companions directly "sounded" the new-comer. But he evidently was on his guard. Marcotte first assured himself that the young man was a stranger and had no personal acquaintance with "our firm." Then the attack began. Robert Campbell's low papies were almost unheeded in the laughter that followed. Marcotte's malicious wit. It was a trying position but bravely borne. Marcotte presently begged pardon for putting him through the customary course with "us fellows," then asked if he had seen the "Countess's Diamonds."

The young man inquired if they were on exhibition. There was another burst of laughter. Marcotte said it was a popular play.

"I never attend theatres," replied Robert Campbell.

"Sam Welch again, boys!" said Marcotte. "How do you spend your evenings?"

"At home, usually. If I needed recreation," continued the stranger calmly, "there are many places less questionable than the theatre."

"Perhaps he takes his fun Sundays," said one, winking at the others.

"Gentlemen—for such you doubtless call yourselves despite your attack upon me"—several faces flushed as Robert Campbell pained, "if you wish to know my principles I can give them to you briefly. I do not attend theatres or take amusement on the Sabbath, because I believe these things are wrong. I am a disciple of Christ. We probably will be associated in business. I hope so to live that you will respect me and my faith. While I hear you no ill will for what has passed, I trust we shall henceforth treat each other as gentlemen."

Each felt the rebuke. Marcotte strode off, secretly resolved to drive the stranger away. He felt that Robert Campbell was a true Christian,—it the "square stand" he had taken failed to please Marcotte. The entrance of Mayhew, the head of the department, sent the clerks to their places. Robert Campbell was assigned his work. The coolness shown at first seemed to abide with him in every emergency. He had a secret source of help of which the others knew not. Despite Marcotte's plots the young hero held his own, growing daily in favor with Mayhew. But no sooner was his work finished than he became absorbed in a little work of the Bible. It was always returned to his pocket. The clerks were much amused, and tried to draw his attention away by jokes and popular songs. Robert appeared deaf to all such interruptions, as he read or pencilled opposite a favorite passage, but Marcotte knew his sensitive nature was tortured. He read it in the feverish cheek and too bright eye. Only once did Robert give voice to his suffering. Marcotte had wounded him again and again by his irony, and made the burden of work doubly hard by his tricks.

"O Marcotte, why do you hate me so?" he cried. Marcotte will never forget those imploring eyes.

"I like you well enough," his enemy admitted. "It's your notions I hate."

"Do you mean my religion?" asked Robert Campbell, quickly. "Then it isn't me you dislike? That is worse for you."

"Why?"

"Because Jesus Christ is the foundation and author of my faith. When you hate that you hate Him. 'Me they hated without a cause,' He said. O Marcotte, how I wish you loved Him! You who have so much influence among these young men!"

This leaped forth like a long pent steam. In silence, but strongly moved, Marcotte turned to his desk. The young disciple had peace for a few days. He began to brighten, a natural vein of humor showed itself, so quaint and dry that he was irresistibly attractive. Marcotte soon began to incite the others again.

One forenoon Robert did not seem himself. In silence, but correct, and Mayhew spoke sharply to him. Marcotte saw him often press his hands to his temples. He left his Bible behind when he went off at noon. Marcotte held it up.

"Let's read his notes, boys, and then hide his precious book!"

They all crowded about as Marcotte opened the volume. Next the cover was a woman's picture, a thoughtful face so like Campbell's that the inscription "Mother" was scarcely needed. On the fly-leaf was written,—

"Robert Campbell, from his dying mother. Read and keep it's faithful saying 'I go before in peace, for He is with me.' May He help you in life's hard journey and bring us safely together at its close. Margaret Campbell."

Marcotte read aloud these last tender words, the rest gazing at the trembling characters in silence. "She being dead" yes, spoke to each careless heart.

"Boys," said Marcotte, huskily, "this is too sacred for trifling."

Marcotte's gift was reverently laid on Campbell's desk. But he did not return that day. Marcotte took up the little book in his first leisure moment. No one railed him; there was a new sentiment in the entry-room.

"It's useless to fight Campbell's religion," said Marcotte, when the day closed. "We've made the journey of which his mother speaks pretty rough, but he hasn't veered from his ground. He'd go to the stake before he'd give up his faith. His mother has the same steadfast look."

Margaret's picture was looked at again, and in silence, as they look on the face of the dead.

Marcotte hastened to Campbell's lodgings to restore the book. The young man was too ill to see him. Marcotte was full of grief and self-accusations. During the anxious days that followed there was a marked change in him. He read Campbell's Bible often, dwelling much on the pencilled passages. One of these—"Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven!"—was like an arrow in the heart of his tormentor. "Perhaps he is almost in that kingdom now," he thought. "I cannot have him go before I ask his pardon."

There were others who felt so, too. And when, one morning, Robert went again out into the sunshine and appeared in the entry-room, a young prince could not have received more honor.

"I have come to say good-by. It has pleased God to supply me with funds and restore my health that I may resume my interrupted theological course." His face shone with solemn joy. "Now I can spend the rest of my days working for Jesus. I wish I could have done something here,—his gentle, wistful look was not soon forgotten by them,—but somehow I repelled you all. I thank you for your kindness and friends when sickness comes."

They all broke down when he left. He never dreamed that his persistent Christian life had been the means, under God, of changing the infidel Marcotte, and sowing seeds of good among the rest.

Robert Campbell now breaks the bread of life to a humble parish far away from our mercantile city. There are precious souls led by him to the Saviour, and not the least among them those who learned to love "religion," as exemplified in the young "entry-clerk."—*Witchman.*

THE VERY SAME CHAP.

Mr. Paxon relates the following: "In a log school-house on the banks of the Grand Chariton, in Missouri, after I had finished a speech in favor of a Sunday-school, a plainly-dressed farmer rose and said he would like to make a few remarks. I said, 'Speak on, sir.'"

"He said to the audience, pointing across the room at me. 'I've seen that chap before. I used to live in Maconquin County, Ill., and that man came there to start a school. I told my wife that when Sunday-schools come round game got scarce, and that I would not go to his school or let any of my folks go. It was not long before a railway came along, and I sold out my farm for a good price and came to Pike County. I hadn't been there more than six months before that same chap came to start a Sunday-school. I said to my wife, 'That Sunday-school fellow is about, so I guess we'd better move to Missouri.' Land was cheaper in Missouri, so I came and bought a farm and went back for my family. I told them Missouri was a fine

State; game plenty, and better than all, no Sunday-school there."

"Day before yesterday I heard that there was to be a Sunday-school lecture at the school-house by some stranger. Says I to my wife, 'I wonder if it can be possible that it is an Illinoisian!' I came here myself on purpose to see; and, my neighbors, it is the very same chap."

"Now, if what he says about Sunday-schools is true, it's a better thing than I thought. If he has learned so much in Sunday-school, I can learn a little, so I've just concluded to come to Sunday-school and to bring my seven boys!"

"Patting his hand in his pocket he pulled out a dollar, and coming to the stand where I was he laid it down, saying 'That'll help to buy a library. For, neighbors,' he added, 'if I should go to California or Oregon, I'd expect to see that chap there in less than a year.'"

"Some one in the audience spoke up: 'You are tired.'"

"Yes," he said, "I am tired at last. Now, I'm going to see this thing through, for if there is any good in it, I am going to have it."

Question Corner.—No. 19.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

SCRIPTURE SCENE.

Our young readers are invited to trace the history of a place in Palestine from the following notes. Abraham, it is well known, when Lot was taken captive, gathered an armed band to rescue him. This is one of the places where he halted, perhaps the place from which he made his final attack. After the Israelites were settled in Canaan, one of their tribes found they had not room to dwell in, and sent out spies to discover a suitable place wherein to make a settlement. They pitched upon this place. A band of men was sent, who captured the town and destroyed the inhabitants. The first king of Israel, wishing to draw away the people from the temple at Jerusalem, arranged that a certain worship should be offered here. It was a noted spot in all ages, and either upon it or not far off, one of Herod's sons built a city, to which he gave a name which reminds us of the Roman emperor and of himself at the same time. In this neighborhood our Saviour held a remarkable conversation with his disciples, and revealed to them a secret which made them shudder. Here, too, one of the apostles made a declaration worthy of the name he bore.

So there are these questions to answer:

- 1. What are the three names the place bore at different times?
- 2. What was the cause for the second name being given instead of the first?
- 3. What worship was set up there, and by whom?
- 4. Who built the city in our Saviour's time?
- 5. What was the secret made known by Jesus, and what was the apostle's declaration?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 17.

SCRIPTURE SCENE.

Jericho, called "the city of palm-trees," was situated in the plain of Jordan, almost due east of Jerusalem. It was at some distance from the river Jordan. The plain to the west is bounded by precipitous mountains. One of these is supposed to be the exceeding high mountain on which our Lord was placed by the tempter, and in memory of his forty days' fast has been called Mount Quarantania. The road from Jerusalem winds down through these mountains along a steep and slippery track. In great part the dry bed of a water-course. This road was often haunted by robbers. Hence our Saviour's words, "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves." This low situation accords in part for the fertility of the spot. High upon the hills the air was chill, and travellers were glad of warm clothing when they reached the plain, their garments were all they could bear. The heat, combined with abundance of water, produced a climate resembling that of Egypt.

At the base of a lower hill, there gushes forth a fountain of sweet water, which now, as in former times, waters the plain all the way to the Jordan. There are now no palm-trees to be seen, though the abundance of water might easily be used to make the plain fertile. Herod the Great had here almost a forest of palm-trees, from which he drew a large revenue. In very early times, must have been a rich city as is shown by the spoils that Achan coveted. Zachæus also, the publican, became very rich by collecting the taxes from the citizens of Jericho. The city was finally destroyed by the Romans about the same time as Jerusalem, and the site of the old city is marked by clusters of ruins at the base of the hills.

See also Josh. 6: 1-27; Kings 16: 34; 2 Kings 21: 19, 20; Matt. 20: 29, 34; Luke 19: 9.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received by Jennie Lytle, Lizzie E. Caldwell, George Garbutt, Albert Jesse French and Hannah E. Greene.

THE PANTHEON AT ROME.

When the great fire which destroyed the greater part of Chicago a few years since had spent its force, and the smoke had cleared away, in the very heart of what had once been the city stood the walls of its courthouse, apparently uninjured and intact. Around it spread acres and acres of desolation where scarcely one stone lay upon another. So the Pantheon must have stood more than once, the solitary survivor of days of sack and nights of conflagration.

The inscription over the portico gives us the date of its erection, *M. Agrippa, L. F. Cos. Tertium Fecit*. The third consulate of Agrippa we know to correspond with the year 27 B.C. The portico is therefore over 1,900 years old. It is generally believed that the rotunda, though in all probability built by Agrippa, is somewhat older than the portico, as a pediment and entablature are distinctly visible behind the present portico, which seems to have been built to conceal them. Whether the addition of the building, or simply dissatisfaction with its first appearance, we cannot tell. Nor can any one certainly affirm the original purpose of the building itself. As many people take all their theology from Milton, so others receive all their classical history from Byron. To such this is an undoubted Pantheon,

"Shrine of all saints and temple of all gods,
From Jove to Louis."
But in spite of the passages in Pliny, upon which this theory is chiefly founded, no one familiar with the construction of the ancient Roman buildings can fail to see in this an exact fac-simile of the *Caladriana* of the great baths of Rome. The baths built by Agrippa were certainly in this neighborhood, and in the days of Agrippa consuls built baths for the honoring of the people rather than temples for the honor of the gods.

While the Pantheon has preserved through so many centuries its matchless lines and proportions, it has lost the greater part of its ancient wealth and beauty. The walls of the rotunda are of plain brick strengthened, as is seen in the smaller illustration, by blind arches; but these walls were once covered by a veneering of beautiful marbles. The pediment, which now shows only so many plain blocks of masonry, was filled in with elaborate bas-reliefs, the marks of the iron bolts which secured the same to the wall being plainly visible. The roof of the portico and of the rotunda was covered with heavy plates of gilded bronze, but emperor and pope have long since shared these spoils between them.

The bell towers which to-day disfigure this majestic front are the work of pope Urban VIII. who equally marred whether he added to or took from a work of art. And the elevation of the whole mass is reduced by the filling up of the surrounding space to the depth, or height, of several feet.

It is now over a thousand years since the Pantheon was dedicated to services of the Christian faith. The larger illustration gives an admirable view of the interior as it now appears. The rotunda is 142 feet in diameter, and the height 143 feet. The opening in the centre is 28 feet across, and it lights the interior in a most charming manner. The water which in time of storm necessarily enters is carried off by a drain below the centre of the pavement, towards which the pavement itself almost imperceptibly inclines. The pavement is composed of porphyry and different marbles, more or less restored, but of undoubted antiquity. The beautiful columns and pilasters which support the frieze are nearly 50 feet in height; and the first cornice, which is of white marble, perfectly preserved, is one of the most elegant

architectural remains of ancient Rome. The ceiling of the dome, now showing only so many plain, square recesses, was, it is supposed, decorated with reliefs of gilded bronze, whose value proved their ruin. The altars which are built between the pilasters are of modern date; but the niches before which they stand were once occupied by statues of Julius Caesar and other historical or mythical patrons of the imperial city.

The last chapter of the history of the Pantheon reminds us thus of its first and earliest; for close beside the figure of the great Julius stood we of to-day have seen laid away the form of Victor Emmanuel, the first king of a restored and reunited Italy; a man not worthy to be remembered among the greatest of Rome's defenders, a ruler whose heart was ever loyal to her liberties, and a general whose hand was ever dreaded of her foes.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly*.

ANIMALS AS BAROMETERS.

I do not know, says a writer in the *Cincinnati Inquirer*, any surer way of predicting the changes in the weather than by observing the habits of the snail. They do not drink, but imbibe moisture during a rain and exude it afterwards. This animal is never seen abroad except before a rain, when you will see it climbing the bark of trees

Every farmer knows when swallows fly low that rain is coming; sailors, when the sea-gull flies toward the land, when the stormy petrel appears, or Mother Carey's chickens, as they are called, predict foul weather.

Take the ants; have you ever noticed the activity they display before a storm—hurry, scurry, rushing thither and yon, as if they were letter-carriers making six trips a day, or expressmen behind time? Dogs grow sleepy and dull, and like to lie before a fire, as rain approaches; chickens pick up pebbles, fowls roll in the dust, flies sting and bite more viciously, frogs croak more clamorously, gnats assemble under trees, and horses display restlessness. When you see a swan flying against the wind, spiders crowding on a wall, toads coming out of their holes in unusual numbers of an evening, slugs, worms and snails appearing, robin redbreasts pecking at our windows, pigeons coring to the dovecot earlier than usual, peacocks squalling at night, mice squeaking, or geese washing, you can put them down as rain signs. Nearly all the animals have some way of telling the weather in advance. It may be that the altered condition of the atmosphere in regard to electricity, which generally accompanies changes of weather, makes them feel disagreeable or pleasant. The fact that a cat licks herself before a storm is urged by



THE FRONT VIEW OF THE PANTHEON.



THE INTERIOR OF THE PANTHEON.

and getting on the leaves. The tree-snail, as it is called, two days before rain will climb up the stems of plants, and if the rain is going to be a hard and long one, then they get on the sheltered side of a leaf, but if a short rain or the outside. Then there are other species that before a rain are yellow; after it, blue. Others indicate rain by holes and protuberances, which before a rain rise as large as tubercles. These will begin to show themselves ten days before a rain. At the end of each tubercle is a pore which opens when the rain comes to absorb and draw in the moisture. In other snails deep indentations, beginning at the head between the horns and ending with the jointure of the tail, appear a few days before a storm.

some naturalists as proof of the special influence of electricity. Man is not so sensitive. Yet many people feel less before a storm, to say nothing of aggravated headaches, toothaches, rheumatic pains, and last, but not least, corns.

MOLLY'S PENNIES.

The young assistant editor of one of the most important magazines in New York is also the teacher of a class of little ragamuffins in a mission Sunday-school. These children are allowed to bring a penny each on Sunday, for the help of other children still worse off than themselves. Mind, they are allowed, as a privilege—not required or

even expected. It is set before them as an honor to help in the good work; and many of them bring their penny regularly—others seldom; but there is scarcely one so poor as not some time to produce it.

Among the class is one little mite, perhaps six years old, who always comes well-patched and clean, yet whose whole aspect shows her to be one of the very poorest of the poor. She is not a pretty child. Life has been hard on her, and pinched her little face, and made sharp angles where there ought to be soft outlines and dimples; but she has bright, eager eyes, and she never loses a word the teacher says to her, and he feels that she is one of his most hopeful scholars.

One Sunday last winter, when the times were very hard, he heard a small voice at his elbow:

"Teacher?"

"Well, Molly?"

"Please, sir, here's four pennies, for this Sunday, and three more Sundays."

"Why do you bring them all at once, Molly?" the teacher asked, with curious interest.

"Because, please, father is out of work, and he said there might not be any pennies if I did not take them now," and the thin little brown hand slipped into his brown-paper parcel in which the four pennies were carefully wrapped.

So the good work was not to suffer, however hungry the child's mouth might be before the month was over. The teacher wondered how many of the rich men, playing with fortunes as a child plays with toys, would remember to provide for the charities they were wont to help, lest there should not be any money in the weeks to come.—*Youth's Companion*.

THOMAS PAINE'S PREDICTION.

The Bible Society's house in Earl Street, Blackfriars, stands on the site where, in 1378, the council met to forbid Wycliffe to circulate portions of the Holy Scripture, and where he uttered those memorable words "The truth shall prevail;" and the Religious Tract Society's premises are built on the spot where Bibles were publicly burnt at St. Paul's Cross. In 1782, the publication of the first American Bible was sanctioned and approved by the Federal Government, after a due examination by the chaplains of Congress. It was about this time that Thomas Paine declared, "In five years there will not be a Bible in all America." The report of the American Bible Society for 1884 assures us that over 160,000,000 copies of the Bible, in whole or in part, have been given to the world since this century began; and when that Society prints its twenty-five cent Bibles at the rate of over 500 a day, and its ten cent Testaments at the rate of 1,000 copies a day, it does not appear that Mr. Paine was much of a prophet.—*Ez.*

THE SECRET of muscular recuperation is in stopping when fatigue begins. He or she who is not the fresher in body and mind for the exercise taken has had an overdose of what in proper measure would have been a benefit. The gain in strength is shown and felt in the increasing ability to do more and more without exhaustion. The measure of success is not in the greatness of the feat accomplished, but in the ease with which the exercise is indulged in, and in the absence of exhaustion after it. There are occasions frequent enough in which people in the struggle of life are forced beyond their powers of endurance, and there is no need to carry into the pursuit of recreation the fatigue which exacting work imposes.—*Ez.*

than all, no heard that d lecture at ger. Says I i be possible ne here my neighbors, ut Sunday- ling that I so much in ttle, so I've inlay-school ket he pulled stand where That'll help he added, Oregon, I'd less than a spoke up: sed at last- ing through, am going to No. 19. S. t to trace the from the fol- lowing know, gathered an his is one of perhaps the final attack d in Canaan, ad not room to discover a settlement. A band of he town and he first king y the people arranged that ered here. It d either upon sons built a e which re- per and of a this neigh- remarkable and revealed em shudder, ade a declara- to answer: nes the place r the second e first? there, and by our Saviour's de known by 's declaration? DNS IN No. 17. im-trees," was dmost due east dnce from the est is bounded of these is sup- mountain on a temple, and has been called rom Jerusalem ntains along a at part the dry out was often our Saviour's, rr, from Jerusa- lieves," is part for the u the hills the e glad of warm he plain, then ear. The heat, ater, produced ypt. ere gushes forth rich now, as in all the way to aintrees to be if water might fertile. Herod rest of paint- ge revenue. In een a rich city. A chain covered, came very rich the citizens of destroyed by the as Jerusalem, rked by clusters 16: 34; 2 Kings 9: 9. RIVED. sent by Jennie rge Garbutt, At- E. Greene.

YOUNG FOLKS.

A CURIOUS COMBAT.

A traveller in South Africa witnessed not long since a singular combat. He was musing one morning, with his eyes on the ground, when he noticed a caterpillar crawling along at a rapid pace; pursuing him, a host of small black ants.

Being quicker in their movements, the ants would catch up with the caterpillar, and one would mount on his back and bite him. Pausing, the caterpillar would turn his back, and bite and kill the tormentor. After slaughtering a dozen or more of his persecutors, the caterpillar showed signs of fatigue.

The ants made a combined attack. Beating himself to a stalk of grass, the caterpillar climbed up, tail first, followed by the ants. As one approached, he seized it in his jaws, and threw it off the stalk.

The ants, seeing that the caterpillar had too strong a position for them to overthrow, resorted to strategy. They began sowing through the grass stalk. In a few minutes, the stalk fell, and hundreds of ants pounced upon the fallen caterpillar. He was killed at once, and the victors marched off in triumph, leaving the foe's body on the field.

DANDY AND COWBOY.

A young man whom I knew went up to Montana to establish a trading post, says a writer in the *Brooklyn Union*, he wore kid gloves, a silk neck-scarf, a tall silk hat and patent leather shoes. The things were enough to impel the cowboys of his region to the belief that he ought to be murdered. One of them assumed the pleasant task of performing the obligation to the region. The kid-gloved gentleman heard that he was to be slain, but there was no way in which he could get away from the post. While sitting in the rude store meditating what he should do, the cowboy who was to take his life entered. The kid-gloved trader confessed after that his knees knocked together. He was sitting on a barrel. Within reach was a number of axehelves. The slayer, announcing the object of his visit, reached for his revolver. Before he could reach it the trader seized an axehelve and brought it down with all his might on his head. The cowboy dropped on the floor. The trader picked up his revolver, went to the door and addressed himself to the other cowboys, who were waiting on the exterior to drag out the corpse, saying: "Any of you who want to be killed step up in line with this weapon and I will put a bullet through you." After that the trader was the most popular man in the region, and the man who was going to slay him vowed his eternal friendship.

EXTRAORDINARY ACCIDENT.

There is something about the misfortune which occurred on Saturday last to a clergyman of Cheshire which appeals strongly to the imagination. We hardly remember an occurrence within the last thirty years which was so purely an accident, in the strictest sense of the word—so completely beyond human prevision, or prevention, or control. The Rev. W. C. Vaughan, vicar of Tallarn Green, near Malpas, in Cheshire, had driven out with his wife in a pony carriage to pay a professional visit to a sick parishioner. He went into the house in discharge of his functions, leaving his wife to take care of the pony, when a cart loaded with corn came up the road. The pony for some reason was frightened, and Mrs. Vaughan called to her husband for help. Mr. Vaughan ran

out, when a laborer who had been, as usual, riding on the top of the corn in readiness to unload the sheaves, craned forward to look at the pony. He over-balanced himself, fell forward, and with his weight drove the pitchfork he had in his hand into the lungs of the clergyman, who died within twenty minutes, leaving his wife nearly insane, and quite prostrate with the horror and the shock.—*London Spectator*, Sept. 5.

KEEPING COOL IN DANGER.

Mr. Murphy was conducting one of his famous meetings. An immense congregation had collected within the church. Even the aisles were full of people standing. The signers could scarcely push their way to the front to enroll their names and receive their badges. The speaker had just finished his exhortation when word was whispered to him that the wall was sinking. Mr. Murphy took in the situation at a glance. He dismissed the congregation instantly, urging the people to retire that the signers might have room to come to the platform. Slowly they arose and withdrew. The pastor also insisted on the throng to move at once, not giving any further reason. The rescued drunkards came up; the congregation leisurely moved out; Mr. Murphy and the pastor sat at the table. Badge after badge they pinned upon the signers, every moment expecting the great walls to come crashing upon their heads. For half an hour they endured the suspense. By this time most of the people were gone. Then they departed telling all to leave the church at once. They were highly congratulated for their coolness and wisdom. Had they notified the audience of the danger, a panic would have ensued; and without doubt the stampede would have brought down the walls, with great destruction of life.

A cool head is worth much. Any person can have it on ordinary occasions. But it is a rare possession when in the midst of dangers. By keeping the mind well poised, we can grow into this valuable possession. By worrying and peevishness, we will lose all the deliberation and coolness we may have. Let our young folks learn to keep calm, cheerful and hopeful; then will they acquire the elements of true heroism.

STRONG MEN.

Strength of character consists of two things—power of will and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence—strong feelings and a strong command over them. Now, we very often mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him, before whose wild bursts of fury the children of the household quake, because he has his own way in all things, we call him a strong man. The truth is, he is a weak man; it is his passions that are strong; he, mastered by them, is weak. You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those that subdue him. And hence composure is the highest result of strength. Did we ever see a man receive a flagrant injury, and reply calmly; that man is morally strong. Or did we ever see a man in anguish stand as if carved out of solid rock, mastering himself? Or one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent, and never tell the world what cankered his home-peace? This is strength. He, who, with strong passions, remains chaste, he who, indignation within him, can be provoked, and yet remain himself and forgives, these are strong men, the moral heroes.—*Es.*

A REMARKABLE MEMORY FOR THINGS PLEASANT.

"And you pretend to say," remarked a lawyer to a witness, "that you remember the exact words this man said to you ten years ago?" "I do." "Well, if my memory serves me, I met you at Saratoga about five years ago, and I should like to know if you can swear to any expression which I then made." "I can." "Now, Mr. J.—, I want you to remember that you are under oath—now, under oath, you swear that you can quote with great accuracy a remark I made to you at Saratoga five years ago?" "I can." "Well, what was it?" "You met me in the hotel corridor." "Yes, quite correct." "And you shook hands with me." "Naturally I did." "And you said to me, 'Let's go and take something.'" The Crier of the Court had to call silence for ten minutes, and the lawyer confessed that the witness had a remarkable memory.

NOAH'S ARK.

Some Turkish commissioners appointed to investigate the question of avalanches on Mount Ararat suddenly came upon a gigantic structure of very dark wood protruding from a glacier. They made enquiries of the inhabitants. They had seen it for six years, but had been afraid to approach it because a spirit of fierce aspect had been seen looking out of the upper window. Turkish commissioners, however, are bold men, not deterred by such trifles, and they determined to reach it. Situated as it was among the fastnesses of one of the glens of Mount Ararat, it was a work of enormous difficulty, and it was only after incredible hardships that they succeeded.

The ark was in a good state of preservation, although the angles had been a good deal broken in its descent. There was an Englishman present who had presumably read his Bible, and he saw it was made of the ancient gopher wood, which everyone knows grows only on the plains of the Euphrates.

Effecting an entrance to the vessel, which was painted brown, they found that the admiralty requirements for the conveyance of horses had been carried out, and the interior was divided into partitions fifteen feet high. Into three of these only could they get, the others being full of ice, and how far the ark extended into the glacier they could not tell. If, however, on being uncovered it turns out to be eight hundred cubits long it will go hard with the misbelievers in the book of Genesis. "Needless to say," says an English paper, "an American was soon on the spot, and negotiations have since been entered into with the local pasha for its speedy transfer to the United States."

AN ASTONISHED HORSE.

A great many queer things are done in California no doubt, but of those that have come to our notice this, the account of which is taken from local paper, is the strangest: I. McLean purchased a large bay mare to match his bay animal, and proposed to drive her in a double team to his buggy. He hitched them up together and started them up. His old horse started but the other did not. She appeared to be hitched the wrong end too, for she wanted to go stern first. The doctor tried moral suasion, strengthened by a whip he had. The mare dragged her, but it was no use; he could not get her to go the right way, so he conceived the idea of trying an electric charge. He hitched her with a strong mate, to a heavy

dray, and, attaching a battery, he arranged two wires, one leading to her head and the other ending under her tail; then they started, or rather did not start. She began to balk and back. The doctor opened out the charge from his battery, and that mare had a peculiar sensation under her tail. She couldn't kick, for her tail was tied down. She looked back and there stood the doctor smiling, but not saying a word. She looked at her mate, who was quietly blinking his eyes and switching the flies off, utterly oblivious. The electricity still kept her tail end interested.

Taking in the mysterious situation it was too much for her. She lay down and bawled. She screamed with fright and consternation. The doctor then put on another charge heavier, which helped her up like a flash, and off she went like the wind. When she would go too fast he would give her a charge in front. When she would back he would startle her with a charge around the roots of her tail. It completely cured her. She does not believe in electricity, and has, in consequence, quit balking.

"They can talk all they please about the West," said a passenger from Western Kansas, "but I stand up for it every time. It's the best country in the United States for a farmer. All a man has to do is to give nature a little assistance, and she'll provide for him and well too."

"But don't you have fearful storms out there?"

"Yes, sometimes, 'specially hailstorms. But that only goes to prove the truth of what I'm tellin' you. Hailstorms are a part of nature and they help a man, if he only knows how to take advantage of 'em. Why last fall a big hailstorm came along over my place, and I'll be hanged if it didn't shuck out sixty acres of corn for me as slick as a whistle. All I had to do was to drive a waggon through and pick up the corn."

"Wonderful!"

"Wonderful! I should say so. And that wasn't all of it, either. Them big hailstones buried themselves two feet under the ground, and I marked where a lot of 'em fell. This summer we had all the ice we could use and some to sell, jus' by digging up them hailstones."

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