

# Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

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## The Weekly Messenger.

### LOUIS RIEL'S DEATH.

Up till Monday morning it was only a few privileged persons who knew what was to be done with Riel. The special messenger bringing the warrant signed by the Governor-General of Canada, directing that the execution of Louis Riel should take place, arrived at Regina on a special train at eight o'clock last Sunday evening. An hour later the rebel leader received the intelligence that he was to be hanged. It was High Sheriff Chapleau himself who

#### TOLD HIM HIS FATE.

The scene was remarkable in many ways. Riel's cell was next to the guard room, where the troops were doing night patrol duty, fully fifty being in the room. Through the iron gate, in front of the cell, was seen an armed sentinel on duty, and outside the building a cordon of armed men were pacing their beats. The iron gate was thrown open on the approach of High Sheriff Chapleau and Col. Irvine, commandant of the Mounted Police. Riel, who had been conversing with the surgeon of the post, arose and welcomed the Sheriff in a hearty and thoroughly unconstrained way. His voice was modulated, and he displayed no sign of excitement. His initial greeting was: "Well, and so you have come with the great announcement; I am glad." Sheriff Chapleau replied that the death warrant had come. Riel, continuing in the same cheery way, said: "I am glad that at last I am to be released from my sufferings." He then broke off into French and thanked the sheriff for his personal consideration. He proceeded again in English: "I desire that my body shall be given to my friends to be laid in St. Boniface" (the French Cemetery across the Red River from the city of Winnipeg.) The sheriff then asked him if he had any wishes to convey as to the disposition of his personal estate or effects. "Mon cher" replied he, "I have only this," touching his breast above the region of the heart, "this I gave to my country fifteen ago and it is all I have to give now." He was asked as to his peace of mind and replied "I long ago made my peace with my God. I am as prepared now as I can be at any time. You will find that I had a mission to perform. I want you to thank my friends in Quebec for all they have done for me." He continued, in reply to another question, "I am willing to go. I shall be permitted to say something on the scaffold?" he said in a tone of enquiry. When told that he would be allowed, he said smilingly, "You think I may speak too long, that it will unnerve me: Oh, no; I shall not be weak. I shall feel that when the moment comes I shall have wings which will carry me upward." After talking for some time on different subjects, remaining perfectly calm all the while, his spiritual adviser, Father Andre arrived, and Riel, turning to Sheriff Chapleau, shook hands with him and said, "Good-bye, my friend." Pere Andre said masses for the doomed man during the earlier part of the night. Riel then lay

down and appeared to sleep soundly, awakening at an early hour and again resuming his devotions, and continuing without intermission until the time for his execution.

#### HIS LAST MORNING.

Although he had supped early the previous night, Riel took nothing to eat in the morning. He said he had another vision in the night, the guardian angel revealing to him that he would live three years in the North-West. He would rise three days after his execution and share the premiership with Sir John Macdonald.

The hour fixed for the execution was eight o'clock, but it was fifteen minutes past that hour before those who had passes from the Sheriff were admitted to the guard-room. Here was found the prisoner kneeling on the floor of the upper room from which he was to step to the gallows. It was a sad scene, and around him were gathered numbers of Mounted Police, Sheriff Chapleau, Deputy Sheriff Gibson, press representatives and a few others. The room, naturally dark, was illuminated only with a set all window through which the sun, now risen but a few hours, shot a few bright rays. Riel had passed the night in prayer with Father Andre. He now knelt beside the open window, through which could be seen the dread instrument of death, and prayed incessantly for fully half an hour, Fathers McWilliams and Andre, conducting the service for the dying in French. Riel repeated the responses in a clear voice, which could be heard distinctly above the murmur of the Fathers' whispering tones. At 8:05 Pere Andre administered the last sacrament to Riel. Although pale he was firm. He was dressed in a black coat, brown tweed pants and moccasins. The figure of the hangman now appeared out of the gloom of the loft holding the straps to bind Riel. He wore a mask over his face. At twenty five minutes past eight the pinning of the condemned man began, during which he repeated Ave Marias, Father Andre with a lighted candle standing in front.

#### THE LAST MOMENTS.

At the door on the way to the ghastly place of execution knelt Riel, his profile showing clear against the light. Father Andre addressing Riel in French, said:

"Do you pardon all your enemies from the bottom of your heart?"

Riel—"I do, *mon pere*; I pardon all my enemies for the love of the good God."

Father Andre—"Have you any sentiment of malice, any feeling of bitterness against any one?"

Riel—"No, my father, I forgive all."

Father Andre—"Do you offer your life as a sacrifice to God?"

Riel—"I do, *mon pere*."

Father Andre—"My child, the flesh is weak and the spirit strong. Do you repent of all your sins, thought, word and deed?"

Riel—"I do, my father: I have committed many sins, and I asked my God pardon for them all in the name of Jesus, Marie and Joseph."

Father Andre—"You do not wish to speak in public? You make that a sacrifice to God."

Riel—"No, *mon pere*. I make to my God as a sacrifice the speaking to the public—in this my last hour."

Father Andre—"God has been good to you, my son, to give you an opportunity of repenting, and are you thankful for this?"

Riel—"I thank the good God that in His Providence he has enabled me to make my peace with him and all mankind before I go away."

The two clergymen then placed their hands on his head and pronounced the absolution.

"Oh, my God," cried Riel, still speaking in French, as he went down the stairs. "You are my support." He now stood on the drop and said: "Courage, Father Andre, courage, courage." The priests shook hands with him, as he did with Dr. Jukes, and Riel, preserving to the last that politeness which was so characteristic of him, said: "Thank you, doctor." Riel and Father McWilliams then said The Lord's Prayer. As the words "Deliver us" were uttered the hangman pressed the crank and Riel fell a drop of nine feet. Exactly at 8:23 the drop fell, giving a shock to all present. At the first moment of the fall Riel's body remained still, his knees drawn up violently three or four times, the body swayed to and fro, quivering, and Riel was dead. From the first moment of the drop to the time when the body became quiet was under two minutes.

#### RESULTS.

As a result of the hanging of Riel there were demonstrations in his favor both in Montreal and Quebec. In the former city a crowd of between three and five thousand people paraded the streets with banners. There was no violence of any kind however, and all passed off quietly enough. The flag of the City Hall was flying at half-mast for a short time, but as soon as the circumstance was brought to the notice of the city authorities the flag was taken down. The feeling in Quebec is much more intense than at Montreal. It is thought that the hanging will take the support of the French from Sir John who is chiefly blamed by those who were in favor of having Riel reprieved.

#### CHANGING OCEAN CURRENTS.

A wellknown New York engineer has thought of a plan for lessening the severity of winter and spring in the North Atlantic States, and also for warming the inhabitants of Nova Scotia. On looking at a map of ocean currents it will be seen that the warm gulf stream is represented as issuing from the Gulf of Mexico and continuing its way across the Atlantic to warm the shores of the British Isles and South-Western Europe, and to extend its influence to the climates of the countries by which it passes. Looking again at the map it will be seen that a strong current of ice water from the Arctic ocean meets the gulf stream before it can reach the New England States, and pushes that warm current of water away from the shores of America. Now the engineer we refer to proposes to dam the polar river in the Strait of Belle Isle and turn its waters eastward

into the wide Atlantic. This strait, which separates Newfoundland from Labrador, is at one point only ten miles wide and one hundred and fifty feet deep. There he would invest \$40,000,000 in a dam. He thinks that if this were done the temperature of the coast would be raised from Newfoundland to Cape Hatteras. Cape Cod, now so cold, would become a resort for invalids even in the winter time, the St. Lawrence gulf and river would become navigable throughout the year, and the seaside bathing resorts would be on the shores of Nova Scotia. This plan seems reasonable enough, but the Arctic current has not been sufficiently explored to be able to say that all its waters pass through the Straits of Belle Isle. In fact it is supposed that for the most part it passes outward around the eastern coast of Newfoundland. If this is the case, the dam, though it might greatly benefit the inhabitants of the shores of the St. Lawrence Gulf, yet it is extremely doubtful that it would make any change in the climate in the New England States or New York.

It was not a hundred years ago that Byron wrote the lines:

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!  
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;  
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control  
Stops with the shore.

Many persons will still laugh at the idea of man's being able to change the course of an ocean river, just as there were those who ridiculed the idea of steam being used as a power of locomotion, but the lapse of centuries only tends to show that man has been given a more complete control over the earth than has ever been dreamed of.

Supposing the idea of turning the Arctic current away from the American shores was fully realized, there would likely arise an extremely difficult question to settle. The heat of the Gulf Stream being utilized on this side of the Atlantic and the Arctic current being directed over the ocean toward the British Isles would leave the latter to become as cold as Labrador is at present. The British would naturally object to this, but though there are laws laid down concerning land rivers, prohibiting a change of direction to be made, who is to decide that it is unlawful to change the direction of ocean rivers, inasmuch as the ocean belongs to none. Although for some time to come there is no likelihood of such changes being made it is quite possible that in some future century there may be a discussion as to what rights a country has to build dams, even on its own shores, which will alter the direction of ocean currents.

A more remarkable plan than that for deflecting the Gulf Stream was proposed some years ago in the American Congress. The proposal was to have the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico driven northward into Hudson's Bay by way of the channel of the Mississippi River, and also to have the Gulf Stream extended northward through the Bay of Fundy, the St. Lawrence Gulf and Labrador into Hudson's Bay. This plan was scarcely as practicable as the one at present proposed.

HOW BILLY WENT UP IN THE WORLD.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.

The previous conversation, if only mildly humorous, certainly need not have been depressing in its effect; yet the thought of Nan not liking a man to be a farmer—worse still, the idea of this section of country being haunted by a sentimental college professor, made Billy uneasy and inclined to gloom. He gave a dry response to Nan's question, and began talking of impersonal matters.

"Where is the professor?" persisted Mr. Ellery. "Why don't he come out? Is he afraid of the dew?" "He is talking with mother; he knows friends of hers."

"I'll warrant he does. I never knew anybody from New England who did not know friends of your mother," said the old farmer. In a few minutes the party in-doors came to join the three without. First came Miss Sara Wells, with whom Billy had already a slight acquaintance; then Mrs. Ellery, anxious lest they take cold; last, the "professor," looking very manly and dignified, and soon appearing both sensible and interesting. There was no reason why the professor should not have found the same truth of Billy, for the latter aroused himself, so as not to seem stupid to Nan, and talked and jested with the rest.

All the while as they were there together, however, Billy was arguing with his jealous fears, and trying to allay them. How perfectly natural it was that Nan should make agreeable acquaintances, and invite them to her home. If she did so, what concern was it of his? None whatever, he assured himself; yet all the time he knew he meant—what if some acquaintance, like this gentleman, should be finding out how "agreeable" Nan was, should try to please her, and should succeed? That was his concern. The fear and jealous pain of the very thought, let him plainly realize he had given all the love he had to give to any human being, to this woman. She shared it with no father, sister, or brother—only with the faint memory of a long dead mother; and Billy was of a nature to feel with his might where he felt at all. As a boy, he had awakened to his first love for her when poor Ned Fenton had seemed to please her girlish fancy; now as a man, he was tenfold more in earnest.

With Nan herself, he was aware he had made no headway. They had been continually separated, meeting often, but in tantalizing ways like the present brief interview; and their old time, commonplace familiarity was an obstacle to any nearer understanding. Nan, at least, made it so, by a cunning always that she knew all about him—or, sometimes it was that he fancied she did not care to know anything about him, which was equally grievous to his heart and his pride.

Billy was unconsciously proud in one respect. Nan, as the only child of a rich farmer, was considered a "catch," by the young men thereabouts, and Mr. Ellery often laughed at the interest they took in him. Knowing this, Billy set a task always before himself, the gaining of a position among men, honorable if relatively humble, and something to call his own, before he would even venture to make the first direct effort to win Nan Ellery's love. He would do this, lest somebody should dare to say he was mercenary, was "after a rich wife." Early in the evening, as he heard Nan singing, he was fancying himself a little older, wiser, in every way more worthy of her; was verifying the poet's words:

"The thing we long for, that we were, For one transcendent moment, Before the present, cold and bare, Can give its answering comment."

But the last lines had been trusted after the professor appeared. He called himself a fool, and a very presumptuous one at that. "Let us go down the lane by the orchard," exclaimed Sara Wells, in a pause of the conversation. "I want to see the apple blossoms in the moonlight."

Mr. Ellery nodded slyly at Billy, as much as to say: "Did I not tell you we were sentimental these days?"

Billy did not heed him, for as the young people instantly assented to Miss Wells's plan, he sprang quickly into place by Nan. They left Mrs. Ellery expostulating about dew, night air, and malaria, and strolled away laughing and chatting.

"What did you give for your farm, Billy?" was Nan's first practical speech.

"It is not paid for yet, nor will it be in some time. Haywood asked five thousand dollars. I gave five hundred down, and agreed to pay so much each year until it is paid for in full."

"You will have work enough ahead of you to keep you out of mischief," said Nan. "I am not afraid of work, but I don't want work just for work's sake," he returned.

"Nobody wants that. There is a rainbow with a pot of gold at the end of it before every one of us, is there not, Sara?" Nan asked laughingly, as she stopped to get a ruffle of her dress off a briar.

"Certainly," replied Sara; "so you must remember what you read this morning—Strive; yet I do not promise."

The prize you dream of to-day Will not fade when you think to grasp it, And melt in your hand away."

"That is particularly adapted to you, Billy," began Nan, as Sara went on with her companion. "Don't set your affections on this farm of yours, and fancy you will astonish us all. Say to yourself that crops fail, droughts come, and there is the busy little potato bug, on which I heard father growing eloquent a while ago."

"Your father said you were sentimental, but I do not perceive it."

"I am not, but the professor is," she answered, laughing low to herself, and starting in surprise when Billy exclaimed:

"What is he doing here, anyway?"

"He is visiting us with Sara Wells."

"I never want to see him again."

"He is a very scholarly man and a perfect gentleman."

"So much the worse."

"What a savage you are," remarked Nan, coolly.

"I hope he is going to marry Miss Wells."

"Sara is engaged to a young minister out West."

Billy was desperate. He had no controlling idea beyond the thought that he could not and would not strive for years to come after something that he must lose after all. He would rather know once for all that striving was utterly folly. He did what he had always said he must, not do. He told Nan that he loved her, that for five years he had hoped and feared, planned and waited, expecting to keep silence for a long time to come, but he could not hold his peace any longer. Words came fast, and much was told in a short time. He gave Nan no chance to speak, had she wished to do so; but if she were proud, there was nothing in this man's confession that need irritate her, and if she were not "sentimental," she could not but be moved by his earnestness, unless she disliked him.

By the way she drew back he feared she felt an aversion to him, and he ended with the sudden pained query: "You can't like me, perhaps; but you don't dislike me, do you, Nan?"

She spoke then, impetuously, "I am dreadfully sorry for it all! I like you—that is just it—like you, and that is all of it, or that there ever can be of it; so don't say another word! Come, Sara! Let us go back now, we have gone far enough."

The professor was studying the moonlit landscape from the top of a stone fence, and took his time about coming down. Billy said good-night in haste, and strode along the lane homeward. If he "writhed" in the days that followed, even sharp-eyed Prissy failed to detect it. He went about his farm work with the energy of a young giant; and all the steady-going farmers in that part of the country prophesied that Knox would succeed for there was "no nonsense about him."

A few days after this evening walk, Sara and the professor departed from the Ellery's; Nan remained with her mother, but Billy seldom saw her.

FATHER HAMILTON'S TEST.

If there was a trouble in Billy's heart about these days, he took the wisest way to conquer it; for with tireless industry and intelligent energy he gave himself to his farm work. Much as Silas Barnard liked Billy, he had joined himself to him with some doubts about his entire ability to "run a farm." His doubts vanished with a rapidity he could hardly have explained to an outsider's satisfaction. Before Billy had done anything in the least remarkable in an agricultural way, Silas was sure he could accomplish whatever his hand found to do; and certain it was he showed a great deal of foresight and sagacity in all his operations.

The first season was one of the most favorable a farmer could desire. There was just enough sun, just enough rain, and as the summer months passed, Billy had every reason to anticipate a bountiful harvest.

He was particularly satisfied with his barley, which was coming on splendidly, and he resolved to cultivate it more extensively each year; for no crop could be easier to raise, less exhausting, or bring in better returns. He watched it with great interest, and at last, in just about three months' time from sowing it, his barley crop was grown, threshed, and ready for market. It had not lodged and was not stained in harvesting, but was in every respect of a quality to command the highest market price. From his twenty-five acres he had thirty-five bushels to the acre, and he readily sold it to the Sefton brewery for eighty cents a bushel making his share of the profits three hundred dollars, and the same amount, of course, went to Haywood.

The day he sold his barley, he reflected that everything else about the farm promised equally well, and naturally he was exceedingly gratified. After supper that same night, he went over to the farm to report himself to Mr. Ellery, according to the latter's request. Knox had been frequently to the Ellery farm throughout the summer, but he went very seldom within doors, and when he saw Mrs. Ellery he had not seen her daughter. Nan did not openly avoid him. He sat two pews away from her every Sunday, and he knew just how the pink rose-buds on her best bonnet fell against the rings of soft hair over her left ear. But he had made up his mind not to annoy her in the future; perhaps he was the least bit sulky when he remembered the professor, who in Billy's slightly disturbed imagination, was always, as he saw him last, perched on the stone wall, in the moonlight, ready to descend and conquer when he would.

This evening, as Billy entered the house, he found the family together in the dining-room, and, a little to his surprise, Nan greeted him with unusual cordiality; but he vaguely understood that, knowing she had hurt him, she might be endeavoring to be doubly kind.

Farm matters were talked over, and Billy lingered until the lamps were lighted; then until the school-house bell began to ring for the Wednesday evening meeting.

"I can't go over there to-night, Nan," said Mrs. Ellery. "My rheumatism is troubling me again, and your father is too tired, he says; so Billy can go and come with you, if he will; these evenings are pretty dark."

Nan colored, but said to Billy, very simply: "I will be glad to have you do so." Then she put on her bonnet and made ready to go. On their way to the school-house she talked rapidly, and drew him into the half-playful style of dialogue once common between them. Billy took his part easily, for to talk seriously with Nan was more difficult in his present state of mind toward her. He had carried himself bravely these past months; but more sun must shine, and more rain fall on the young farmer, before he could outgrow his old love. When they reached the school-house they found about twenty neighbors assembled, and already singing the hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee!"

There was no vacant place by the door for here, as often in larger prayer-meetings the attendants chose their seats as if with a view to sudden flight from the spot; so the new comers were forced to go forward, and sit side by side.

In the chair by the battered desk, where day by day the school-teacher sat, was an old man, who was universally esteemed for his blameless character. His words were usually few, but they always came from the heart; and so, as Goethe says, they never failed "to go to the heart." Being feeble, he did not stand, and because he was too dim-eyed to read out of the fine-print Bible there, he merely folded his trembling hands, and sitting, with the mellow lamp-light on his silvery hair, said:

"I have only two short verses in my mind to-night, but they mean whole volumes. One means the most honest outcry that a human soul can send up to its Creator; and the other means the greatest work the Almighty Father can do for his children. The first is an awfully solemn prayer, if we can only comprehend it, my friends. Don't ever dare to say carelessly to your Maker: 'Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts.' Above all never fall into the error of supposing you can sincerely pray that prayer, and have the matter end there. Years ago I prayed this old prayer with earnestness, and I thought it likely that God would pour down on me at once, some rich, peculiar blessing, because of his pleasure in my willingness to have Him read my inmost thoughts. How I thank Him, now, that I had not really first read them plainly myself. If I had done so, I might have kept them forever as they were; for, although He blessed me—yes, in the end, most abundantly, yet first, He proved me! Oh, when God brings us to the proving, if it need be, for our own purity, there will be struggle, or bitterness, or tears, or agony, or loss! But when all is over, God knows that we love Him, and we know in whom we have believed."

The plain words of old "Father Hamilton" had put Billy into a thoughtful mood; and he was applying the ideas suggested to his own consciousness, when he was startled by the request:

"Will you pray, my young brother?" He sat nearest the old man, who was looking directly at him when he glanced up, and who must have meant him. Regaining his self-possession in a moment, he began, but could not at once forget himself, or the fact that Nan was at his side; then frightened, lest his words be a mockery, his quick unuttered petition was for the true spirit of prayer; and soon out of the "abundance of his heart," his mouth began to speak.

While he was praying, it came to him suddenly, to say: "Search me and know me," etc.—the request which the old man had rightly called "a awfully solemn;" but instantly after the impulse, there was borne into him the impression that unless he meant it all—unless he was indeed willing to be proven by God, it would be profane for him to go on. Then, as quick as lightning, came the suggestion: "Change your intended prayer; say something else." He dared not do it, for the old man's later words returned to him, in regard to the reason for a possible secret shrinking from uttering that prayer.

The listeners supposed the young man was hesitating a second from some embarrassment, but it seemed to him he was a long time silent, so many conflicting thoughts were in his mind. "I ought to be able to say it," he thought, "and I will, for God knows that I do not want to be double-minded." Then, a little out of breath, as one after a struggle, he finished his prayer, and the meeting went on in the old quiet way.

Before they sang the closing hymn, Billy had wondered how he could have made so much of so simple a matter, for on calm reflection, he was aware of no covered wrong-doing in his life or conduct. Indeed, as he went out into the night, a quiet happiness filled his soul. After all, when the Lord proved his children, what was it but the "good hand" of their God upon them?

Old Father Hamilton never makes talk for the sake of talk, in prayer-meeting," said Nan, as they walked home together. "He is very feeble and forgetful about common matters—is just a simple, gentle, old man; yet, when I listen to him, I always feel as if in some past time he might have been a hero, although maybe nobody but God knows it. He seems to me the kind of a man who, if every one else about him was going wrong, would make true to himself the saying I have read somewhere: 'One with God is a majority; weakness with God is omnipotence.'"

Nan seldom spoke so reverently. She usually kept her best thoughts, but she had been impressed to-night by the spirit of earnestness manifest in the speaker. She showed this so plainly, that Billy soon found himself telling her how the passage of Scripture had, for a little while, stayed the prayer on his lips. She understood him, and their after talk took on a new tone of interest. He remained with the Ellerys an hour or more, then returned home, grateful that, temporarily and spiritually, it was as well with him as it was.

As communities go, the region about Sefton was not worse than many another farming section, still there was in it a great deal of impatience, some infidelity, and various forms of immorality. The nearest church was four miles from our friend's farm, but just within easy walking distance from them was the school-house, where

bot was Son oft and into sing said into I can sam the cau him liste who be a m con you the eph indi like into ino be siler pur easi and once into into Si Acco pray Spri right to b liste bally surf only tecti cons lovi qua stak A weri matt and gath in th ctoc prv brv him disc on come hang "Ho if ne W one hom well poin hous den, three cret met quit "Ru you T dent for t so h scul than chil ing l and latte uncti dea thou E train imp will futu P viti one beco no v out whi Legh

both Sunday and Wednesday evenings there was held a prayer and singing service. Sometimes a minister led the exercises, oftener Mr. Ellery, or old Mr. Hamilton; and occasionally Billy Knox was pressed into the position of leader. He was a good singer, and when he had anything to say, he said it forcibly.

During the excitement before the fall elections political meetings were held in this same building, and Knox allied himself with the Temperance branch of his party. His cause was far from being popular, but as he himself was known and liked, he was listened to with more tolerance by those who did not agree with him than might have been supposed. Mr. Ellery, who, although a man of strong convictions, was decidedly conservative, often rallied Billy on being a young "radical." The simple truth was, the latter's Christian character was developing steadily, and according to a certain individuality he possessed. He had not, like many a young man, seemed to come into religion as a sort of respectable family inheritance, like a name, a social passport, a something added to him from the outside, but his Christianity started within and was silently penetrating all his thoughts and purposes. Why it was working thus is easily explained: he had studied his Bible, and prayed with the whole-heartedness he once put into study, and which he now put into farming.

Since that Sunday night in the Sefton Academy, he had never repented him of his prayer: "Teach me to do Thy will; thy Spirit is good; lead me into the land of arightness." If he knew himself, he wished to be led; he meant to follow, and would listen to the breathing of the Spirit. Naturally full of life and humor, he gave his surface thoughts to anybody, and it was only on closer acquaintance that one detected the workings of a singularly sensitive conscience, the warmth of an intense nature, loving and loyal—one who would "find quarrel in a straw when honor's at the stake."

After all the issues of the fall election were settled, Knox's interest in temperance matters was only just thoroughly aroused; and it came to be a common thing for him to gather a crowd about him, talking briskly in the little building which was the post-office, grocery and general rendezvous of the neighborhood. It was evident that he had no private ends to serve, and it was too late for him to be electioneering for any one, so the discussions he started were usually carried on very amicably. However, when the conclave broke up, about a third of the hangers-on proceeded to cross the road to "Holmes's" bar, and get a schooner of lager, if nothing stronger.

(To be continued.)

#### VITAL CONSEQUENCES.

We were driving, the other day, through one of our streets whose neat, attractive homes belong to the middle class of very well-to-do people. Just as we reached a point in the road opposite one of these houses, we were surprised by the loud, sudden, frightened cry of a little boy, perhaps three years old, who ran as fast as he could, screaming, through the gate. His mother met him on the porch, saying rapidly, but quite loud enough for us to hear distinctly, "Run in quick; the horse will eat you up if you don't stay in the house."

The cause of the boy's fright was too evident. Surprise was succeeded by true pity for the children who are brought up under so harmful an influence. The clay in the sculptor's hand is not more impressionable than the body, mind and heart of a young child. To say nothing of the harm of being kept within doors on fine sunny days, and nothing of the unutterable misery and bitterness the whole child-life through an unnecessary fear to which it is daily subjected, what must become of every innate idea of truth in those little ones thus thoughtlessly and constantly deceived?

Every child, from a few weeks old, is in a training school for good or evil, and early impressions are not eradicated; he never will recover from them; they tell in every future year of his life.

Parents are undoubtedly ignorant of such vital consequences, and many well-meaning ones are culpably thoughtless. It surely becomes all to consider most earnestly that no word or cause of action is trivial or without meaning in the building of character, which is the great work of life.—*Dr. Albert Leffingwell in Lives of Life.*

#### HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

So much information about everything is now so easily obtainable that there is little excuse for enduring many of the small domestic worries to which housekeepers and others are often subjected. Why, for instance, need any one be inconvenienced by damp eboards, when we read that a bowl of quicklime placed therein will speedily absorb the moisture? Some of us are nervous about beds not being well aired, and yet we have only to fill a large stone bottle with boiling water and put it into the bed, pressing the bolster and pillows round it in a heap. By this simple contrivance, it is comforting to learn, no one need fear giving a friend a damp bed, even if this is done only once a fortnight.

Flies are a familiar nuisance; but we are told of a remedy in laurel oil, which, better than glass fly-catchers and others, will not only rid us of these pests, but preserves looking-glasses and picture-frames when coated with it. Jane, the "help," should derive satisfaction from the assurance that beetles may be effectually got rid of by sprinkling once or twice on the floor a mixture of pure carbolic acid and water, one part to ten.

It is not frequenters of restaurants only who wonder why the simple preparations of throwing red pepper pods or a few pieces of charcoal into the pan—said to prevent odors from boiling ham, cat's-paw, etc.—is not oftener observed. Cooks are further reminded that in roasting meat, salt should not be put upon the joint before it is put in the oven, as salt extracts the juice; and that lime-water will improve the condition of old potatoes in boiling.

Eggs could be purchased with greater confidence if the German method of preserving them by means of silicate of soda was generally followed. A small quantity of the clear syrup solution is smeared over the surface of the shell. On drying, a thin, hard, glassy film remains, which serves as an admirable protection and substitute for wax, oil, gums, etc.

Economy in housekeeping would be facilitated by the better observance of what are known in common parlance as "wrinkles." For example, why purchase inferior nutmegs, when their quality can be tested by pricking them with a pin? If they are good, the oil will instantly spread around the puncture. It is worth recollecting that bar soap should be cut into square pieces and put in a dry place, as it lasts better after shrinking. If we wish to keep lemons fresh for some time, we have only to place them in a jar of water and change it every morning. In selecting flour, we are advised to look to the color. If it is white with a yellowish straw-color tint, we should buy it; but if it is white with a bluish cast or with black specks, we should refuse it.

Broken china can be mended with a useful glutine made with a piece of old cheese mixed with lime; and the wooden panings of the garden may be preserved from the weather by coating them with a composition of boiled linseed-oil and pulverized charcoal, mixed to the consistency of paint. In this way wood can be made to last longer than iron in the ground. If we consult our health, we should plant the garden with odoriferous plants such as wall-flowers, monardella and other old-fashioned flowers and herbs, which have a remarkable power of developing ozone and purifying the atmosphere from miasmatic poisons.

Amateur joiners may derive comfort from the knowledge that nails and screws, if rubbed with a little soap, are easily driven into hard woods. The same household commodity, of a fine white quality, if rubbed over new linen, will enable it to be more easily embroidered, as it prevents the threads from cracking.—*Harper's Bazar.*

#### NOT MY OWN CARETAKER.

If we expect to have plans of our own for the days as they come and go and to carry out these plans without hindrance just according to our own judgment or desire, we shall be liable to have frequent disappointments and troubles of many kinds. Happy will it be for us therefore, when we learn that we cannot take care of ourselves, and choose Christ to be our caretaker and leader in all things. You know he said, "Not a sparrow shall fall on the ground without your Father;" and, "The hairs of your head are all numbered." So you see he is interested in all the very least things

that his children have to do, or which in any way concern them.

When we rise and dress in the morning there is a way to do it to please him. And so in getting a breakfast or in studying a lesson, and so in everything. He notices all about us and knows how he wishes us to do. We may plan to get our work all done up quickly and then have a long afternoon in which to sit down to write, or read, or sew. But perhaps before we have the table cleared away, a poor woman comes to the door with berries to sell, which she has worked hard to pick because she needs money. May be our first thought is, "We do not really need the berries, and besides I cannot be interrupted. If I let the woman come in and stop to talk with her, I shall waste my time and shall not be able to carry out my plan for mending a garment or finishing a letter."

But then we remember, "I do not belong to myself; I am not my own caretaker. My time is not my own, for I have given myself to the Lord, and I belong to him. My business is not to do my own will but to do his will. What does he wish me to do in this matter?"

We consider that it is he who has brought this woman to our door, and it may be that he expects us to give our time to her instead of spending it as we intended. Then we notice the woman more particularly. We see that her clothes are poor, and that she looks tired and not very happy. Surely we ought to be eager to do anything and everything in our power to help and comfort this person who may be a dear child of our loving Father in Heaven. And he has sent her straight to us, and has thus given us an opportunity to do something for him; for inasmuch as we do anything for his children we do it for him.

We feel that way we forget at once all about dishes, and writing, and plans of every sort, and we say, "Yes, I shall be glad to buy your berries. But you must be tired walking in the hot sun." Then we hasten to bring an easy chair, and we seat her in it, and untie her old sun-bonnet and take it off, and we give her a glass of cold water from the spring, or a cup of milk or tea to drink, and if she is hungry we give her something to eat.

Then we sit down by her and ask her about her home, and talk of other and pleasant things till she forgets that she is weary and old and poor, and by the time she is ready to start on her walk home she is quite cheerful.

Would not this be a beautiful way to live? We will always live so, we shall be so happy that we can say as our Lord did, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me." That is, "I love so much to do what my Saviour wishes me to do, even in all little common things, that it is as good as food (meat) to me. I can live on it. It satisfies me, and builds me up, and makes me strong." If we live that way, we shall regard every least event in our lives as arranged for us, or permitted to be so, by our blessed Caretaker. And then, do you not see that we shall be content and that nothing can disappoint us?

Suppose we expected a dear friend to visit us and were anticipating a very happy time with her. It may be that when she came we should be engaged in taking care of some sick person, or in other work that we could not possibly leave, so that we could scarcely find even a few minutes in which to talk with her. We should not be in the least unhappy about it, for we would say, "My precious Saviour and best friend! I know that you love me more than I love myself, and you know far better than I do what is best for me. You have arranged all this for me and I will be satisfied and happy about it. It is my meat to do this work instead of visiting with my friend, because it is your blessed will that I should do so." Thus we would rest thoroughly contented.—*Harriet N. Austin.*

#### THE SUM OF IT ALL.

[Written to comfort a young friend many years ago.]

The boy that by addition grows,  
And suffers no subtraction  
Who multiplies the things he knows,  
And carries every fraction,  
Who well divides his precious time,  
The due proportion giving,  
To sure success aloft will climb,  
Interest compound receiving.  
—*Dr. Ray Palmer.*

#### HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From *Poloubet's Select Notes.*)

Dec. 6.—Isa. 1: 1-18.

#### SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

Nov. 29.—2 Kings 20: 1-17.

Subject.—Lessons from the prayer of Hezekiah

I. Hezekiah's sickness (ver. 1). Show some of the lessons of which sickness is the best teacher.

II. Hezekiah's prayer (vers. 2, 3). Bring out the characteristics of true prayer as shown in this example.

III. The answer to his prayer (vers. 4-11).

Note (1) that the answer was immediate. Illustration. God answers immediately, but the answer may not reach us for some time, because we are not ready to receive it.

A son asks his father for an education, and the father answers immediately. But it may be months before he can go to school, and years before he obtains the education asked for. Another illustration is given in Dan. 10: 12-14, where God heard immediately, but the answer did not come for months.

Note (2) means were used here. God did the healing, but we are always to do our part.

Note (3) the aids to his faith in the miracle of the dial, showing that the God who could do that wonder was also able to fulfill his promise to heal.

Illustration from *Jacob's Waggon* (see Gen. 45: 16-27). Jacob could not believe that his son Joseph was alive till he saw the waggon Joseph sent. Every daily mercy is a proof of God's love. Every answer to prayer in smaller things is a proof that God answers in greater things.

Note (4) Hezekiah's hymn of praise as given in Isa. 38: 9-20.

IV. Hezekiah's trial. (1) What was the wrong? (2) The motives of the king in yielding. (3) The pride and ambition out of which his wrong conduct grew. (4) The punishment.

This trial was to show what was in Hezekiah's heart (2 Chron. 32: 31), and make him a more perfect man.

Men often fall after high experiences. As Peter denied the Lord just after the Lord's Supper, and the scene in the garden.

#### BOOKS FOR THE GUEST CHAMBER.

At one time I was staying in a house where the guest chamber contained among the furniture a little shelf of books. I have often thought of them since, with a wonder that more careful hostesses did not provide the same. Nights when I could not sleep, and mornings when I waited in my room for the breakfast-bell, I dipped into the contents—a volume or two of poems, some short stories, and interesting travels comprised the whole—and I found not the least pleasant part of my visit in those quiet moments by the window which overlooked the great old-fashioned garden. Any housekeeper could spare six or eight books from her library, and almost any guest would bless her for the thought. A little workbasket fully stocked, pen, ink, and paper ready to hand—the visitor cares nearly as much for these as for fresh towels and extra coverings. The Golden Rule, which is a guide to all branches of good housekeeping as to all branches of all business, comes to one's aid here, and what we care most for in another's home we should endeavor to give the owner in our own.—*Ruth Hall, in Good Housekeeper.*

INSTEAD OF STIMULANTS.—Instead of stimulants, take rest. It is a good plan for tired mothers and for all working women who can, to lie down for a little while after each meal in some cool and pleasant place, upon a lounge or hammock, whereas can rest back and nervous system, and digest her food more easily. If one has a nursing child, this is exceedingly important, for quiet, good-natured habits must have quiet mothers, who are not overworked. Take some pleasant book or paper to divert your thoughts whenever anything happens to trouble you. Do not let the mind dwell upon any unpleasant subject. Look on the bright side. Take time to read, to write letters, and to enjoy the society of congenial Christian friends.—*Household.*



## PICTURES AND PRIZES.

A little girl of ten years of age seeing a copy of the *Weekly Messenger*, thought she would canvass for it. Her mother writes saying that she encouraged her in the idea, and the result was a list of eleven subscriptions. There is not one of our readers who cannot do as this little girl has done, and the work of obtaining ten subscriptions or more does not need to take them much time. Much can be done in making a few evening calls, if the daytime is filled up with work. There are many cases of young children who have successfully canvassed for our paper. The fact that it is the cheapest weekly newspaper in America is never overlooked, and a glance through its eight pages is enough to satisfy anyone that it is one of the liveliest. We never hear a word spoken of it excepting it be to praise it even more than we would like to do ourselves. A mother who had forgotten to renew in time missed four copies of the *Messenger* and says she was very much annoyed at her mistake for she not only found this paper a great help in educating her children but was herself very much interested in it and looked forward to its weekly visits as to those of a dear friend. Small lists of subscriptions are being sent to us in great numbers and we now have to print a thousand more papers than we did a few weeks ago. Nearly every one who sees the paper is not only willing but anxious to subscribe for it.

The lists so far sent in are almost all small and very few appear to be competing for our money prizes—all the more chance for those who are.

Anyone who chooses to begin to canvass now stands a splendid chance of obtaining \$10. If there are those who have already got small lists of subscriptions let them try hard to add to these by obtaining still further lists.

No prize pictures can be sent out until the beginning of next month as many will wish to add to former lists and will consequently be entitled to more valuable rewards.

Our new prize competition will last only until the 30th of this month. Besides giving the *Weekly Messenger* for the

REST OF THE YEAR FREE,

we make the following offer of money prizes for those who obtain the five largest lists of new subscriptions at fifty cents each—these subscriptions only expiring on the

1st of JANUARY, 1887.

For the largest list we will give a prize of **\$10.00**; for the second largest list, a prize of **\$5.00**; for the third largest list a prize of **\$2.50**; for the fourth and fifth largest lists a prize of **\$1.00** each.

Every letter sent in for this competition must be plainly marked **WEEKLY MESSENGER COMPETITION** on the envelope as well as on the paper on which are the names of the new subscribers.

Besides getting the remaining two months' issues of this paper free, and the chance of

winning one of these five money prizes everybody who sends us in a new fifty-cent subscription will be entitled to receive one of three handsome pictures which we attempt to describe. Be particular to state which one is wished for:

"Their Foster Mother."

"Nobody asked You."

or "He won't go to Sleep."

Everyone should send in subscription lists as early as possible for the prizes will be sent in order and those who have sent in first will receive their prizes first. We expect to send off thousands of our pictures and that will take some time.

The following rules must be observed in sending in subscriptions to the *Weekly Messenger* for this competition.

1st.—"Weekly Messenger Competition" must be written on the paper on which are the names of the new subscribers.

2nd.—It must always be stated whether the subscriptions are new or renewals. We may as well remark here that some persons having sent in renewals as new subscriptions, we take good care to look up each case in order that all may be fairly treated.

3rd.—The date on which the letter is sent, and the ADDRESS IN FULL must also be written on the same paper as the names of subscribers.

We have not space this week to republish our prize list. Suffice it to say that the things which are attracting the most attention are the LIST OF BOOKS WHICH WE OFFER, the HISTORY OF THE RIEL REBELLION, and the ILLUMINATED FAMILY RECORD.

### IMPORTANT.

We have stated, as clearly as it was possible to do, that all subscriptions sent in for the *Weekly Messenger* competition must be at the rate of fifty cents each. Some few persons have actually deducted from the fifty cents the three or five cents which it cost them to send their letter. Injustice to those who send in the full amount we must refuse to send those persons a prize. Except to those who send in lists of new subscriptions for a prize or to those who send in clubs of over five we can make no reduction whatever. The price of the *Messenger* is fifty cents, except in Montreal city, where an extra charge of twenty-five cents is rendered necessary for delivery.

### PRIZE BOOKS.

The following is the list of books from which we offer the choice of one volume to all who send us in ten new subscriptions to the *Weekly Messenger*:

The Popular Poets series handsomely bound with gilt edge:—Scott, Shakespeare, Burns, Wordsworth, Hoel, Schiller, Campbell.

The following of Walter Scott's novels very well bound:—Ivanhoe, Waverley, Guy Mannering, Tales from French History.

The following of Dickens' works, neatly bound in cloth:—Pickwick papers, Martin Chuzzlewit, Oliver Twist, David Copperfield, Nicholas Nickleby.

These books by Agnes Strickland:—Tales from English History, True Stories from Ancient History, True Stories from Modern History.

A. L. O. E. series in gilt edges:—The Giant Killer, House Beautiful, A wreath of Indian Stories, The Silver Casket, Battling with the World, The Mine, Rambles of a Rat. Stories of Home and School Life by Mrs. Prentiss:—Stepping Heavenward, Flower of the Family.

The following books, any one of which may be chosen, are extremely popular, they are handsomely bound in cloth, extra, black and gold:—Robinson Crusoe, the Scottish Chiefs, Gulliver's Travels, Dickens' Child's History of England, Arabian Nights' Entertainments, Swiss Family Robinson, Don Quixote, Vicar of Wakefield, Paul and Virginia, Pilgrim's Progress, The Last Days of Pompeii, Dog Crusoe, Gorilla Hunters, Wild Man of the West, Bear Hunters.

Still other books to choose from are the following:—Quinby's Bee-Keeping; The Story of the Life of Jesus, a 220 page book, profusely illustrated and printed on very good paper; Self Formation, by Paxton Hood; Children of China; Half Hours with the Best Authors; From the Log Cabin to the White House.

There are no shoddy books amongst these, every volume being strongly bound. In most cases the books contain over four hundred pages, and in some volumes there are as many as between six and seven hundred pages.

### THREE COLORED PICTURES.

Three more pleasing and graceful pictures than the three large ones of which we offer the choice to all who send us one new subscription, it would be difficult to procure.

A written description is impossible in the case of such works. Only the artist's brush could do justice to the beautiful young "Foster-Mother," with her golden hair flowing in captivating negligence,—her sweet beseeching expression and uplifted hand together appealing for the safety of the frightened new-fledged birds whose mossy nest is gently borne in the other hand of their "Foster Mother."

The picture so appropriately called "Who Invited You?" is full of brightness, heightened by the rich dark background so happily chosen by the artist. It is a question which of the figures in this picture will be considered of greater interest,—the little miss with her dainty white frock and laces of auburn hair, or the great dog who has slyly poked his nose on the table beside her, and at whom she is quietly looking down to see if he is audacious enough to take the biscuits he so covets.

Who can help falling in love with the motherly little damsel, so quaint and yet so natural, who stands there with her bare feet peeping from under the old-fashioned little gown? It is time she was in bed herself, dear little soul,—but "He won't go to sleep," she says, as she takes, from his cradle the chubby little fellow, almost as big as herself, and as wide-awake as you please!

It would be difficult to recommend any one of these in preference to any other, when all are of such an extremely taking character. We can only call attention to the fact, that everyone has here an ample opportunity of exercising his or her particular taste.

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

AT THE REQUEST of our readers we have sent off thousands of sample copies of this paper to different persons of whom they have given us the addresses. We now offer to send sample copies for two weeks to those friends whose names and addresses our subscribers may see fit to send us.

### THE WOUNDED ELEPHANT.

Matthew Scott, who was the keeper of Jumbo, writes to an acquaintance that he is now looking after the little trick elephant, Tom Thumb, whose leg was so badly injured in the collision at St. Thomas, which killed Jumbo. The leg has been bound in plaster of Paris to keep it in position, but the antics of Tom Thumb render a constant surveillance by Mr. Scott necessary. The other morning Tom Thumb heard a band playing on the street and he attempted to perform his laughable feat of standing on his head. In doing so he threw his plastered leg out of position, and his piteous cries brought Scott to the rescue. The little elephant looked at his injured leg in a comically humorous manner, and big tears rolled down his cheeks. He is allowed to sit in a large chair and nurse the injured member, and his attention to it provokes a smile from on-lookers. Scott continues: "He handles his injured limb as if it were a baby. We think it will be healed in a short time if we can keep Tom Thumb quiet long enough to give it a chance."

### THE WEEK.

STILL ANOTHER expedition to the North Pole is set out from Berlin next Spring.

A DENVER MAN has found a snake with three heads, and has refused \$175 for the curiosity.

THE ELEVENTH WEEK of the strike of 6,000 coal miners in the Monongahela, Pennsylvania, valley, has closed, and yet there are no signs of settlement.

SOME PEOPLE seem to take actual delight in inflicting pain on their fellow-creatures. In Bluffton, on Saturday evening, a novel execution of Lynch-Court sentence took place. A pair of boots had been stolen from one of the stores during the day, and their possession was traced to John Rogers, a fifteen years old negro. The merchant immediately organized a court by selecting a judge, prosecuting attorney, counsel for defence and six colored men for a jury, the foreman of which was the stepfather of the accused. After the presentation of evidence and argument by counsel, the jury retired, and in a few minutes returned a verdict of guilty, and affixed as penalty that 100 lashes should be inflicted on defendant's naked back, to be laid on by his stepfather with a whalebone whip. The prisoner was led out and tied so that he could not squirm under the blows. The old man laid on the blows rapidly, drowning screams of agony from the boy. On the fiftieth lash he exclaimed:—"If you let me off, my God, I won't do it again!" The lashman was inexorable, however, and not until the even hundred had been inflicted was the detestable work suspended.

NOT MANY DAYS after the news came that peace was guaranteed in the Balkans by an agreement between the powers, war broke out. Milan, King of Servia, only waited until he was well prepared, and then declared war on Bulgaria.

ON THE 13TH INST., the official order for the invasion of Burmah was given. It is likely that before next week there will be news of a battle between the British and Burmese troops.

NOW THAT FLOOD ROCK is blown up Gen. Newton says that it will take three years and \$600,000 to remove the fragments of rock.

ROVING BANDS OF INDIANS IN NEW MEXICO have committed another bloody outrage near Lake Valley, killing three Chinamen who conducted a vegetable farm on Mimbres Creek. They were found dead on the roadside, their bodies being terribly mutilated.

AGOSTINO GELARDI, Ignazio Silvestri, and Giovanni Asori, the Italians who murdered and robbed their countryman, Filippo Carmoso, and packed his body in a trunk and sent it to Pittsburg, were hung at Chicago. Silvestri's and Gelardi's necks were broken by the fall and they died without a struggle. The noose slipped around Asori's neck and lodged under his chin. The poor wretch drew up his legs and his convulsive gasps were awful to see. He was slowly strangled to death, it being seven minutes before the pulse ceased to beat.

THERE IS NO CHANGE in the strike of brakemen on the Illinois Central Railway. The freight conductors joined the striking brakemen. No trains have been able to leave the yards. The side tracks are filled with cars for which no cars can be obtained. Their number is being rapidly swelled by those coming in, the crews deserting immediately upon their arrival. Shortly after one o'clock a freight train, manned by the assistant superintendent and other officers of the road, and consisting of thirty-seven cars loaded with freight for southern points, was started from the yards. It had not proceeded far when it was boarded by a number of strikers, who took complete possession of it and ran it on a side track. Train Master Jeffreys says if the strikers are not reasonable in their demands he will at once put on new hands and run the trains under police protection. The strikers scoff at the idea of the company being able to do this, and threaten trouble should the attempt be made.

THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR of Victoria, British Columbia, have decided to ask the employers of Chinese labor to discharge their hands, on condition that the Knights supply white labor to take the place of the Chinese. If the whites will do as much for the money as the Chinese do, the employers may consider the question. If not, the Chinese will retain their hold.

GENERAL DE COURCY, commander of the French forces in Anuam, has sent the news to France that he has encounters with the Black Flags almost daily, and that many of the latter are killed whilst the French loss is slight. It is hard to see what satisfaction the general can get out of this, because what the French call the "insurgents" in Tonguin are far more numerous than the armies sent against them. Their slaughter then does not bring the French any nearer the end of the war than they were at its beginning, or at least it does not appear to have done so thus far.

A BAND of moonlighters at Malahaffe attacked the house of a man named Curlin, and Curlin, during the melee, shot one of the moonlighters. The latter then retired, but returned in a short time and renewed the attack. They captured the house, shot Curlin dead, and wounded a servant named Sullivan. Casey and Jeremiah Casey, brothers, two young men named Sullivan, sons of farmers; Terence McMahon and John Spring are under arrest in connection with the killing of Curlin. All the prisoners are well known. Other arrests are expected.

IN ORDER that the numerous islands of the Pacific may not be dragged into any war that may come, there is a movement now on foot to have them made neutral and to unite them into local representative Governments. This would prevent them belonging to any power, and would leave them open to free trade with every nation.

A REFUGEE, who has arrived in Cairo from Khartoum, states that after the murder of Gen. Gordon his head hung on a butcher's hook for five days, and was pelted and spat upon by the natives.

A TELEGRAM for Cleveland, Ohio, gives an account of the way in which the Toledo House of Refuge is conducted. Charles Connolly, aged fifteen, says the Superintendent of the Refuge, one McDonald, compelled him to make twenty beds, scrub a floor, and knit thirty-six pairs of socks per day. If he failed in any particular he was fearfully beaten. Every boy, he says, was treated in like manner. McDonald used a thick leather strap to beat the boys, and always whipped them until the blood ran down their backs. They were fed with meat which was literally crawling with maggots, and the rats frequently fought with the boys for the miserable allowance. In winter the boys were compelled to carry ice from the river to fill the ice-house. They were frequently whipped until they were sick, when they were compelled to take heavy doses of quinine. Not a few boys have died of consumption after having served a term in the Refuge. Young Connolly showed horrible scars all over his body, some of which were still sore. He is a physical wreck, and shows the effect of the harsh treatment. It is well to give those who unnecessarily frequent refuges, plenty of hard work to do, but to treat them as described above is barbarous.

RECENTLY, THE EMPEROR WILLIAM, speaking to the court chaplain, said: "In my lifetime Heaven has covered me with blessings and mercies, especially in my old age; but the homage paid me I lay at the throne of the Highest, from whom we derive strength to execute all the best things that can be done on earth. Within the last few years, before the eyes of all of you, things have happened by which Prussia has been raised higher than ever we expected. You have all been witnesses of the great work accomplished, which will continue to endure if its foundations remain in the purity of its religion, and progress in every good deed. In my old days I call Heaven to witness that I have ever looked upon religion as the sole foundation on which every thing reposes, and as the highest good of my people."

TRY AS HARD as it will the United States cannot keep the Chinese from entering the country and starting laundries. One Chinaman looks so much like another that it is impossible to tell one from the other. The story is told of a photographer who went to China. He took only one negative and that did service to make as many likenesses as he chose. To satisfy the Chinamen that he was treating them squarely he would point the camera at them and after making them wait a time present them with one of the pictures he had already made. The truth is that if the United States would get rid of the almond-eyed Celestial it will have to expel them all. It would be as easy to distinguish between one needle in a package and another as to identify one Chinaman as being one who had entered the country after the prohibitory law against Chinamen had been passed, from another who had the right to stay.

THE REV. H. R. HAWES, the English art lecturer, who has been delivering a series of lectures in Boston, has been robbed of over \$300, the proceeds of his recent lecture season in Canada. He and his wife were staying at the Hotel Oxford, in the Back Bay district, and their apartments were entered and his trunk broken open during their absence for an hour or two on a recent afternoon.

A LARGE AMOUNT OF MONEY has already been collected for the Grant Memorial Fund. The London *Standard* has an editorial in a recent issue on the subject of monuments to departed great ones, and the amount of money wasted on such erections which might be turned to much better account. Just at this moment the remarks of the *Standard* are timely. It is proposed to erect a monument to the late General Grant, to cost \$1,000,000. No one will deny that, if ever a man deserved a lasting monument, General Grant is entitled to one; but why should this memorial take the form of a useless pile of stone or marble when there are such vast numbers of suffering human beings whose woes and miseries might be so greatly alleviated by the expenditure of the sum proposed to be used in the erection of the Grant monument, in some manner that would be of real benefit to these unfortunates. A million dollars would build a magnificent hospital and furnish many of the necessaries for such an institution, and such a building would keep the departed ex-president's memory green quite as effectually as a useless pile of stone. Suggestion made by the *Standard* is as good a one as could be put forward; it is that the money be devoted to building and in some degree maintaining an American soldiers' hospital similar to the great institution at Chelsea, England, for disabled and superannuated warriors.

A million dollars will do much toward lightening the sufferings of a large number of human beings, but a million dollar monument will do nothing in that direction. Had the late General Grant been asked what shape he would prefer the proposed memorial to his memory to take, he would undoubtedly have decided in favor of something that would benefit his fellow creatures—especially those old veteran warriors he loved so well—in preference to a useless mass of stone or marble.

#### WOMAN'S WORK IN HINDOSTAN

In Siam I saw a well twenty-five feet deep and six feet across, dug by a woman with her fingers. She did this so that when she died and was transmigrated to the earth she might become a man. She was reached by a woman and converted. It is beginning to be understood that the education of a woman has become the great necessity in Hindostan. Go into the houses and you will find in the centre, excluded almost from light and air, the zenanas where they live. The walls and floor are bare, and the plainest and scantiest of furniture has to suffice them. I have seen child widows, little girls nine and ten years old, with unbound hair and clad in coarse garments. They must always live so, even though they never saw their boy husbands. They are careful not to let even their shadow fall on food, for it would thereby become contaminated. Their lives are spent in misery and degradation. There are 25,000 of these child widows in India. Here is the grandest possible work for women. The Indian zenanas are open to women, but not to men. American girls are wanted for the work. The climate is good and the salaries remunerative.—*Mrs. Bainbridge.*

#### PIGEONS AS COURIERS.

In the two ocean races following the America's cup contest, pigeons were used by the reporters of the *Morning Journal* and the *Star* with satisfactory results, considering the unfavorable atmospheric conditions prevailing. In the first, off the south coast of Long Island, around Brenton's Reef and return, the weather was as unfavorable for pigeon flying as could be, both storm and heavy fog prevailing the greater part of the time out. One bird, a Lambertson, did all but well. Liberated when off the eastern extremity of Long Island, in the afternoon, instead of carrying its message of nine hundred words to its home in Keyport to be transmitted by wire, it took it direct and into the nearest telegraph office where it was relieved of its burden. Had the bird added speed to its "intuition" the performance would have been unparalleled. But alas! it was a day late.

Over the Cape May course the start was on Saturday, and on Sunday the New Jersey coast was enshrouded in fog. On Monday the birds arrived one after another almost in the order started and with not a message missing. If the story had been for an afternoon paper the success would have been complete as the "Dauntless" had not been sighted since Sunday night, and there was both curiosity and anxiety regarding it, whereabouts. One of the pigeons sent off carried a column story about the race under its wing. The *Journal* in giving the news which was brought by the pigeons concluded its report as follows: "The story was received by pigeons. The birds made excellent time, and it is the only case on record where constant communication has been kept up from racing yachts during two days by means of these aerial messengers."—*Ec.*

#### CHINESE FARM HOUSE.

The Chinese farm-house is a curious looking abode. Usually it is sheltered with groves of feathery bamboo and thick-spreading banyans. The walls are of clay or wood, and the interior of the house consists of one main room, extending from the floor to the tiled roof, with closet-looking apartments in the corners for sleeping rooms. There is a sliding window in the roof, made of cut oyster shells arranged in rows, while the side windows are mere wooden shutters. The floor is bare earth, where at nightfall there often gather together a miscellaneous family of dirty children, fowls, ducks, pigeons, and a litter of pigs, all living together in delightful harmony.

#### WEATHER AND CROP REPORT.

After nearly three weeks of unusually wet weather, a fine, dry, frosty spell has come and many farmers are busy securing root crops which they could not gather while the ground was so wet, and which they had almost lost hopes of saving at all. Indeed there are not a few fields of potatoes still undug, owing to the excess of moisture in sky, and earth and as the ground is rapidly freezing up, it is probable that most of these potato fields will prove a dead loss to their owners. Live stock have suffered much more than usual from the late long spell of cold, wet weather, and will require better care and more food to bring them through the winter in good shape. Threshing, ploughing, draining, &c., have also been greatly retarded by the wet weather and the effects will be felt more fully next spring. There is one comforting thought, however, and that is the abundance of rain filling all the wells and reservoirs will insure plenty of water for stock without the inconvenience of being driven long distances in cold stormy weather, as has often been the case after beautiful dry autumn weather.

THE HILLSIDE LITERARY CLUB  
BY HELEN HERBERT.

Hillside is a pretty, little country town, innocent of the rush and bustle and clatter of railway lines and manufacturing interests. A quiet cluster of farm houses, with a church, a doctor's office, and a few shops interspersed. It is set, as its name would indicate, among pleasant, picturesque hills and valleys; but just where, in the east or west, these sunny slopes may lie, matters little to our story.

At present we need concern ourselves only with the three girls who, one bright October day, were walking along a field-path that led away from the village, up the hill, and into the forest.

As they grew more earnest their steps loitered, and at last they came to a full stop under a great maple.

"Yes, it is too bad."

"What's the use of trying?"

"Why couldn't we have lived somewhere else?"

"Ah, well! I don't," said the first speaker; "so I suppose we must just do our duty, which means our best, in that state of life into which it has pleased God to call us."

"Don't preach, Win," said Mollie, impatiently.

"That's not preaching. It's just common sense."

"But it is hard to tell what our duty is, here," said Rachel. "At school it was plain enough. We had to obey the rules, keep our tempers and learn our lessons. Now, there is no course marked out for us. We must decide on something for ourselves; and how are we to be sure what way is best and nearest right? Miss Norton, you know, said it was our duty to go on studying and learning all our lives, and made us promise to do something in that way every year. But I'd like to know how we are going to do it. For all I can see we may go on indefinitely as we have done this summer, helping our mothers and looking after the children, riding, walking, playing croquet, and gossiping. This is all very well for a vacation, but if it goes on what will we come to? Fussy, fretful, gossiping old women, like Mrs. Leather and Miss Pryor, nothing to think of but our neighbors' business. It is just this petty, contracted circle of thought round cooking and cleaning and sewing and mending that causes the petty, contracted minds and lives that men are always criticizing in women."

"But, Ray," said Winnie, "cooking and cleaning and sewing and mending are all necessary things, and since they are necessary they ought not to be belittling."

"They need not be. They would not be, if taken in the right way. They are necessary. They are means of existence, but they are not the aim and object of it. Do you remember that Dutchman who worked for father in harvest one summer, and whom we heard one day explaining to him his philosophy of life? 'All what a man lives for is to eat and drink,' he said; and so he argued, why shouldn't he make it his business to get the best he could, and not fret about the rest. Looking at him, it was not difficult to perceive that he lived to eat and drink. But we—we want a little more than that, don't we, girls?"

"Well—but how are we to get it?"

"That is the question—how?"

No one answered, and with tacit agreement they resumed their interrupted journey toward the wood and walked on for a time in silence.

The three girls were different in many ways, as warm friends often are. Winnie Dutton was a quiet, thoughtful, serious girl, not inclined to assert herself, but conscientiously striving to be content with the life that came to her day by day.

Rachel was not less thoughtful, perhaps not less conscientious; but she was more daring. Her heart cried out for a freer, broader life than that she saw about her, and it had become her fixed purpose to compass such a life, if it lay within her power.

Mollie was unlike either of the others, and the pet of both. She was bright, affectionate, impetuous, sometimes impatient. And the three together had almost unbounded influence with their companions in the little village where they were born, played together as children, and together grew to womanhood.

When the resources of the village school were exhausted, they had been sent together for a year to a famous school in a city not far away. They were sorry when the year closed, but knowing their parents had done

for them in this respect all they could well afford to do, they did not complain, but went cheerfully back to home friends and home duties. They spent as happy a summer as girls need have; but now summer was past, winter was coming, and they thought it time to begin serious work of some sort.

The village, made up of some five or six hundred plain people whose daily work absorbed time and mind, did not present a very promising field for an intellectual revival. Rachel's heart revolted as she looked about her and saw the cramped, denied, yet patient lives lived on and out by women whom nature had endowed with all noble and womanly qualities. The other girls might not feel all this quite so deeply as did Rachel. Their perceptions were, perhaps, a little less keen and far-reaching. Still they were heartily with her, and ready to follow wherever she might choose to lead. And thus came about this earnest consultation, as they climbed the hill, and searched the forest for ferns, mosses, vines and brilliant leaves.

Winnie was the first to speak.

"Miss Norton once spoke of our organizing a reading-club or something of that kind. I wonder if we could."

"Not without books; and where will we get them?"

"What have we among us?"

"Not much besides school books, I fancy."

They found that a very few volumes made up the number. These were chiefly of poetry, gifts from friends.

"We can't count on any thing beyond Pilgrim's Progress, Baxter's Saint's Rest, an old volume or two of Josephus or Rollin, and a collection of almanacs, in the whole village," said Mollie. "I suppose Mr. Grayson has a few books; but we can't ask for them, and if we could, I don't know as we want to study theology."

"Isn't there a township library?" asked Rachel suddenly.

"Is there? I don't know."

"I am sure I got some library books when I was a little girl. I didn't like them then, but maybe I should now."

"If there is one, father will know," said Mollie. "He knows everything that ever happened in this town."

This new idea had taken entire possession of them, and they did not wait to make a very exhaustive collection of autumn curiosities, but soon turned their steps homeward. Then they went together to see Mollie's father, the magistrate of the village.

Yes, there was a library, or had been one, he did not know in what condition it might be by this time. It was kept at the house of Mr. Manning, the town clerk, and they could investigate for themselves.

In its day the library had been a small but very good collection of standard historical and biographical works. Most of these had been lost or worn out, and a few old books, no longer read or called for, were all that remained. The girls turned them over with rather blank faces.

"Well," said Winnie, at last, drawing a long breath, "I suppose we should be much wiser if we knew all that is in these books. They look rather prosy and formidable, but that won't matter if we can only get interested. Let's count them up and see what we have. Four volumes of Hume; two of Macaulay; Plutarch's Lives; Josephus; two volumes of Herodotus; three Waverley novels, very much dilapidated, but still readable, I think; Shakespeare's plays in much the same condition."

"These would do to start with," said Rachel; "but I wish we could have a few more books, newer and—different. Let's ask Mr. Manning."

Mr. Manning said the town-board had once in a while talked of buying more books; but nobody seemed to care much for what there was, and he guessed they couldn't rightly afford it that year. However, he'd mention it at the next board meeting, and they would think about it.

"They'll have to think about it for a year at least before anything is done," said Rachel; "in the meantime we'll have to do the best we can with the books we have. We can learn something of both Greek and English history; and that will be a good foundation for other things. The next thing is to organize a club. We three alone will not amount to much. Who else?"

They made a list of all the young people in the village they thought likely to be interested in the undertaking, and interviewed them all the very next Sunday after church service.

Some were glad, some indifferent, some wanted to be coaxed, but nearly all joined the club—a few because they were glad of the opportunity to extend their knowledge, more because the others did, and they did not want to be left out of anything set on foot by the three acknowledged leaders of all young Hillside.

When they counted fifteen members, they felt justified in organizing their forces and going to work. This number grew to twenty before they had fairly made a beginning, and there was no falling off.

Rachel was elected president by a unanimous vote. Winnie was made secretary. Sam Harrison was elected treasurer with great applause; for he was a prime favorite in the village. His duties were not onerous. They consisted chiefly in collecting and caring for the fines imposed on those who for any reason absented themselves from a meeting.

As Alice Manning was a member of the club, her mother gave them permission to meet at her house in the room where the library was kept; and so the books were at hand for convenient reference.

They met one afternoon in the week, the president appointing a member to take charge of each day in turn. It was this member's duty to arrange the topics for study, to suggest selections for reading, recitation, etc., and to see that these plans were understood and carried out in good order.

They began with English history, thinking this would be of more general interest than anything else they could undertake with their limited supply of books. They often worked in one of Shakespeare's historical plays, or one of Scott's novels, at a suitable point, and with great increase of interest. They also at times varied and enlivened the programme by recitations or readings of little poems, stories, or biographical sketches, whose subjects were connected with the period of history they were at the moment considering. Occasionally a member would carry in some new poem, anecdote, or news item which had happened in his or her way, and which from its fresh literary, political, or other interest, or for intrinsic merit, was thought to be worthy of the attention of the club.

This was a popular feature of the work, and the interest with which these bits were usually received, stimulated all to keep eyes and ears open, and pencil and notebook at hand, when they were browsing about among the newspapers, books and magazines chance occasionally threw in their way. Thus they cultivated, almost unconsciously, several very desirable qualities, observation, attention, memory, and the capacity for comparison and criticism. In fact, before the year was out, they had become quite acute and discriminating young critics, and could discuss the merits and demerits of a new magazine article in a way that would not have been creditable to older and more disciplined minds. For the club was in possession of one standard magazine. A small task on the purse of each had made this possible. Another year they meant to have at least one more.

Music enlivened the exercises at nearly every meeting. Several members of the club had good voices, and Alice had her little cabinet organ brought into the room, where it met with such appreciation as had seldom before been bestowed upon it.

Yet though they in this way imparted a pleasant interest and variety to the exercises they never lost sight of the original intention. Little of importance was taken up which was not in some way connected with their historical study. The chief aim in all selections was to make clearer, or more entertaining the special subject then under consideration.

The president exercised a general supervision over the working of the club, and once in the month took charge of the meeting, gave out the topics and conducted the exercises for the afternoon.

An appointed critic sat in judgment upon mispronounced words, confused narrations, undue levity of deportment, etc.; and at each meeting the mistakes and misdoings which had occurred at the one preceding it were corrected or reproof.

The secretary attended to the minutes, and read them at the beginning of each meeting. As she possessed a goodly share of quiet humor, the reading of the minutes usually proved a very welcome and entertaining exercise.

The treasurer found his office almost a

sinicure. As no one was absent except in case of absolute necessity, few fines could be collected, and the slight expenses of the club were met by an equally apportioned tax, seldom more than a few cents each.

And so the winter slipped by, all too swiftly for our eager students. The last meeting for the year was held the first week in May. On that occasion the club returned a unanimous vote of thanks to the three girls who had originated the plan. All felt that they were well repaid for the winter's work. Their store of knowledge was increased, their capacity enlarged, and life itself seemed to them to take on new meaning. There was a pleasure in mere existence before unknown.

The town board had been thinking all this time to some purpose, it proved. At this last meeting of the club it was made known that they had decided to set aside a sum of money with which to replenish the library, a very liberal sum it seemed, for the place. They desired the officers of the club to make out a list of the books required to further their next year's work, and promised that all such books should be forthcoming.

When this was announced, great rejoicings arose. It was with difficulty that the president restored order that she might subject to the consideration of the club a plan for summer work. But as soon as it was understood that she had something to say, a plan to propose, the commotion instantly subsided, and eyes and ears were all attentively alert.

Rachel's plan was that they should provide themselves with inexpensive lenses and a small manual, and take up the study of botany, spending one afternoon each week in the woods and fields, and as much more time as they could spare in analyzing and mounting the specimens so acquired.

The idea was applauded, and nearly all the little band entered into the new work with enthusiasm. A few found that daily duties would not admit of an "afternoon out" each week during the busy summer time. These the others volunteered to supply with specimens for analysis, that they need not miss the benefit of the study, even though they must miss the happy afternoons spent afield.

They were happy afternoons. Care and weariness, and the thought of plodding, work-a-day duties were joyously cast aside for the time, as they went rambling through the woods and up the hillsides in search of old friends or interesting strangers in the world of plant and flower.

Many a pleasant, busy evening was spent in arranging and comparing the herbariums which it was every one's ambition to make. Indeed, when autumn came, and the regular club work was again in progress under new and more favorable auspices, the flora of that region was very well, if not exhaustively, represented in these treasured collections.

If any one fears that home duties were neglected during this reign of historical and botanical research, let him ask the mothers who surely ought to know. I am sure they will tell any such inquirer their boys and girls were never so helpful, never such comforts to them as now, with the happy, contented faces, the quick, deft, purposeful ways of doing things which a new aim and interest in life have given them.—*Household.*

#### SHY CHILDREN.

We ought to be tender with naturally shy children. The agonies these little creatures have to go through, they alone can understand. But those of us who have passed through the same ordeal can remember what we suffered in our day of small beginnings and unused experiences, and by ourselves we can judge for them. To be told to go and speak to a stranger—to be taken between his knees and kissed by a big dark man with a scrubby beard and a red nose—to be asked, when older, to repeat that bit of poetry which it is as much as the poor stammerer can do to say to its governor in camera—to be made to play that sonata before a proficient—to be sent down to dinner with a spectacled stranger who has a reputation—to be taken out to drive with a formidable old aunt who asks questions and finds faults—to be, in fact, initiated from childhood upwards in any of the necessary procedures of life—is to be simply tortured. We should not force a weakly child to take the exercise only natural to a healthy, strong and powerful one; nor should we force a shy child to moral exertion over-severe for its constitution.—*Watchman.*



BEAVERS AT WORK.

The beaver is a quadruped which does some remarkable things, but all the stories told about it are not true. Thus it is stated in some books that the beaver was the first plasterer, and that it plastered its cabins with mud, using its tail as a trowel. The fact is, that very little is known about the work of the beaver, as it is chiefly industrious at night, when its ways can not be watched. It is known, however, that this plastering story is not considered true. The beaver belongs to the order of Rodents, or Gnawers. This large order is especially distinguished by having in front, in each jaw, two large teeth, shaped like chisels, and so constructed that they always present a sharp edge, and they grow at the base as fast as they are worn away by use. This great order includes the squirrels, the gophers, the rats and mice, the porcupines, and the rabbits and hares. The beaver is the largest of all the gnawers, save one. There is in South America a gnawing animal, called Capybara, which is three feet long, and very bulky, being as large as a good-sized pig. This is awkward on land, but is a good swimmer, and is said to do much damage to the sugar plantations. It is said to be good as food.

There is a beaver in the old world, as well as on this continent, and naturalists are not agreed as to whether they are both the same, or are two distinct species. The animal, when full grown, measures three feet and six or eight inches, from its nose to the end of its tail; its hind feet have the toes webbed the whole length. Its tail is ten or eleven inches long, five and a half inches broad, and flat. The tail is not covered, like the body, with fur, but with horny scales. It makes great use of the tail in swimming, and can strike a powerful blow with it, and when the animal sits up, it makes use of the tail as a kind of prop. The beaver builds houses or lodges, in which to live, and they live in streams in which they do not build but burrow. They excavate a hole in the bank to serve as a home, the entrance to which is below the surface of the water. Even when they build houses they also

make these burrows, as places to which they can retreat if disturbed. When the beavers build houses, it is done in the stream, and if the water is shallow, they build a dam to check the flow of the stream, and secure a sufficient depth of water to prevent it from freezing solid. In building a dam, they cut down trees higher up the stream than the place where the structure is to be. The engraving shows the beavers at work felling the timber for their dam. They show great skill in so cutting a tree that it will fall into the stream and be carried down to the spot selected for the dam. They have been known to cut down trees eighteen inches through, but they usually select those much smaller. Dams have been built by these animals that were three hundred yards in length. The dam is curved up stream, that being the form which best resists the force of the current. Besides the trunks of trees, branches, sticks, stones, moss, and grass are used, and with these all together, a water-tight dam is built. Their houses, sometimes seven feet across on the inside, are built of sticks, stones, mud, etc., with the entrance below the surface of the water. The houses usually contain four old

beavers. The food of the beaver is the bark of trees, especially the willows and poplars; they accumulate a large stock of the branches of these trees, on the bank near their houses, to be used in winter. Beavers were formerly found all over the country, but they have been so trapped and destroyed, that they are now found only in far northern, and north-western streams. Formerly the fur was in demand for making hats, and trapping was carried on extensively by the Hudson's Bay and other companies, and large sums were realized from the sale of beaver skins. Though the demand for the fur is at present small, trapping is still continued, and probably in time this interesting animal will be as completely exterminated, as it has been in the older states.—*American Agriculturist.*

THE BOOK TOMMY TUCKER HID.

BY ERNEST EARLSTON.

As I went down to the meadow this morning, whom should I see but Tommy Tucker half buried in a cosy heap of Farmer Brown's new hay. He was reading out of a book with yellow-paper covers; but when

all, and rescued a lot of soldiers who had been captured, and had a great many other wonderful adventures. I'll show you the book," continued Tommy.

"No, don't," I said. "I don't want to read any book that you think had enough to hide from me."

Tommy looked hurt, but did not say anything; so I went on:

"You see, Tommy, I am just taking your own judgment on the book. It isn't so very wrong, you say, and yet it is so wrong that you would rather I hadn't seen it, neither would you like to go home and read it to your little brothers. If it isn't a wicked book, it is a foolish book. Who ever heard of a boy who did the wonderful things that your hero does in the story every day? It isn't likely the you'll ever be called upon to fight a band of highwaymen, and it isn't likely that you'll whip them single-handed if you have to fight them."

Tommy was still silent.

"May I ask you a question, Tommy? Does the reading of that book make you study your lessons better, or make you more content at home, or fit you better for the every-day work you have to do? Or does it take you away from your lessons,

and calculate among friends, soliciting orders from the samples thus shown. A concert, in which the children themselves can take some part, is a very unobjectionable way of raising money.

In the country, children can cultivate a garden patch or keep a missionary hen, and sell the produce. Flower-seeds can be given at the proper season to the children, and when the time for blossoms comes have a flower show and sell either the plants or cut flowers; this might be made a very beautiful festival.

Some children can save more readily than they can earn. A clergyman once remarked that the difference between a four and a six buttoned glove among the young ladies of his congregation would in course of a year, amount to the salary of a missionary. But enough has been said on the subject. Ingenuity will devise many more ways of increasing the receipts of the Treasurer. Mite boxes and birthday boxes should be given to the children to collect the stray pennies.

SUPPORTING HERSELF.

The education by which you mean to get your bread and butter

your gloves and by nets, is a very different affair from that which you take upon yourself as an ornament and an interval in life. The chemical experiment which you may some day have to explain to pupils of your own, is quite another thing from the lessons you may never think of again.

The practice in book-keeping which may some time regulate your dealings with live, flesh-and-blood customers, becomes as interesting as a new story.

The dull, old rules for inflection and enunciation fairly turn into poetry, if you hope to find yourself a great public reader some coming day.

And the very saw-dust of the French or Latin grammar becomes ashes of roses to the stout little fancy that dreams of brave work and big salary, in some foreign department at Washington, or tutoring boys or girls for college.

All over the terrible ocean, among the lawless sailors, the men with wives and children to work for, are those

who lead the gentlest and cleanest lives.—

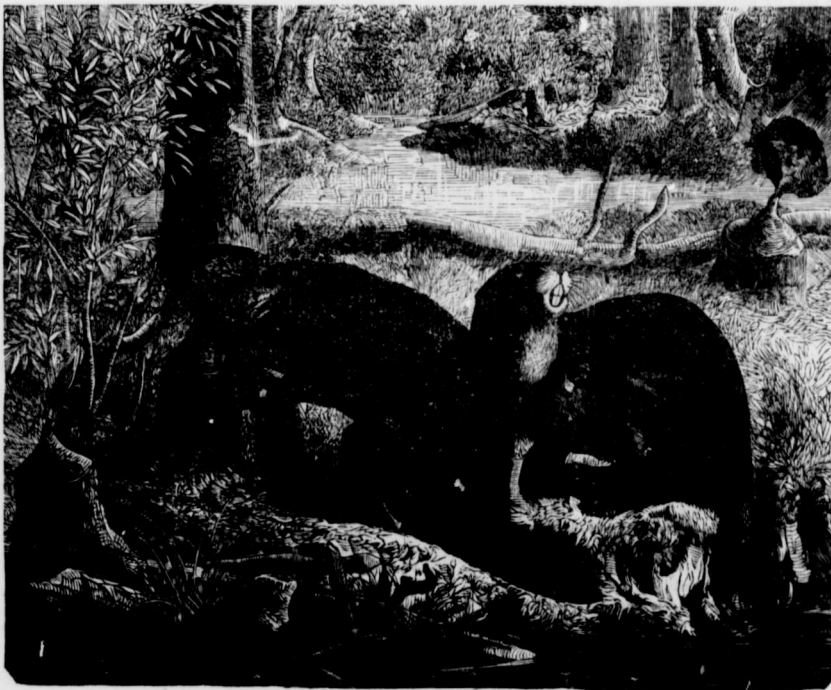
So, on the great ocean of school life, the girls with aims to study for are those whose labor is the richest and the ripest.

Ah, you will never realize till you have tried it what an immense power over the life is the power of possessing distinct aims.

The voice, the dress, the look, the very notions of a person define and alter when he or she begins to live for a reason.

I fancy that I can select in a crowded street the busy, blessed women who support themselves. They carry themselves with an air of conscious self-respect and self-content, which a shabby alpaca cannot hide, nor a bonnet-silk enhance, nor even sickness or exhaustion quite drag out.—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in St. Nicholas.*

IN MAKING PICKLES never use vessels of brass, copper or tin, as the action of the acid on such metals often results in poisoning the pickles. Either a porcelain or granite iron kettle is the best for such purposes.



BEAVERS AT WORK.

I came near he gave a little start, closed the book, and slipped it out of sight. Tommy and I are quite good friends, so I knew, when he put the book away so quickly, it was something that he was a little ashamed of.

"A bright day to you, Tommy Tucker," I said. "Don't let me stop your reading. Indeed, if your book is so interesting as it seemed to be a minute ago, and if you don't object, I wish you would read aloud."

Tommy's face flushed crimson.

"I—I don't think you would care for the story, Mr. Earliston; and I'd—I'd rather talk."

Now, this was so unlike the straightforward Tommy Tucker, who tells me all his little secrets, that I said right out:

"Surely, Tommy Tucker doesn't read books that he is ashamed to let his friend see."

The blush which had begun to die out of Tommy Tucker's face came back with a deeper glow.

"I don't know that it's very wrong," he said. "It's only a book about a boy who went off to kill Indians, and who fought six highwaymen single-handed and beat them

make you discontented with home, make you want to do impossible things, instead of the plain things that God gives you to do?"

"You are right, Mr. Earliston," said Tommy, forgetting that I had only asked some questions, and that he was really answering the accusation of his own conscience. "You are right. It is a foolish book; and if it isn't wicked, it was making me wicked. It was making me careless in everything. Mother doesn't know why my school averages were lower last week, and why I forgot some errands I had to do. She didn't know about the book. I didn't want her to know. I'll never read a book again that I don't want her to know of."

He took the yellow book from his pocket, and tore it to pieces.

"Tommy Tucker," I said, "you will never go far wrong if you don't hide anything from your mother."—*Sunday School Times.*

METHODS OF RAISING MONEY FOR MISSIONS.

A good way is to have a missionary basket containing specimens of handiwork to cir-

## YOUNG FOLKS.

## AN OLD NEGRO'S PHILOSOPHY.

De man what tells de truf wid er effort is nine times outen ten er easy liar.

De eye often misleads people. De hawk's got a better eye den de game rooster.

Yer ken impose on er enemy an' he doan't think much about it, but when yer imposes on er dear frien' he is dun wid yer fur life.

Er man may larn ter lub er 'oman but e' chile kain't larn ter lub his fodder an' mudder. Ef de lub an't born dar it ain't gwine ter come.

De wildes' man sometimes becomes de quietest citizen. Dar ain't nothin' more skittish den a young deer, but once ketch him an' he is de easies' thing in de worl' ter tame.

It 'peers dat all through life de hardest thing ter do is de bes' arter it am done. It takes de hardes' sorter work ter split er knotty piece o' wood, but arter it is split it makes de bes' fire.

Some chillun kain't be teached how ter berhabe darselves. Yer may take de wile turkey's legs an' hatch 'em out un'er de tamest turkey in de lan', but jes' ez soon ez de young ones gits big eruff da will rise an' fly erway.—*Arkansas Traveller.*

## THE SOUP.

A coachman suddenly raised to the post of waiter at a dinner party, when a sudden resignation had left the place vacant within an hour of the assembling of the guests, was delighted. The host was delighted to find that an old dress coat and vest would fit the coachman, and ten minutes were spent in acquainting the servant with the usages of polite society at a dinner. Among other things, the host told the coachman that he was on no account to ask any of the guests to be helped a second time to soup. The guests took their place at table, and the soup was quite creditably served. The coachman observed that one gentleman pushed his plate of soup away from him. The servant leaned over and drew the plate back again in front of the gentleman, who in turn pushed it from him again. This displeased the coachman. He thought he saw a breach of decorum in the action. "Ate your soup, sorr?" said he, in trumpet tones, "yez'll get no more."

## CHINESE GIRLS AND MATRIMONY.

Our American girls occasionally commit suicide through disappointment at not getting married, but it will surprise them to learn that the Chinese young ladies have such a dread of the matrimonial chain that they frequently prefer death to marriage. "Of all people," said Confucius, "women are the most difficult to manage. If you are familiar with them they become forward, and if you keep them at a distance they become discontented." So many are the disabilities of married women that many girls prefer going into Buddhist or Taoist nunneries, or even committing suicide, to trusting their future to men of whom they can know nothing but from the interested reports of the go-between.

Archdeacon Gray, in his work on China, states that in 1878 eight young girls, residing near Canton, "who had been affianced drowned themselves in order to avoid marriage. They clothed themselves in their best attire, and at 11 o'clock, in the darkness of the night, having bound themselves together, they threw themselves into a tributary stream of the Canton river."

## A MINING CAMP IN '49.

The mines put all men for once on a level. Clothes, money, manners, family connections, letters of introduction, never before counted for so little. The whole community was given substantially an even start in the race. Gold was so abundant, and its sources seemed for a time so inexhaustible that the aggrandizing power of wealth was momentarily annihilated. Social and financial inequalities between man and man were together swept out of sight. Each stranger was welcomed and told to take a pan and pick, and go to work for himself. The richest miner in camp was seldom able to hire a servant; those who had been glad to serve others were digging in their own claims. The veriest greenhorn was as likely to uncover the richest mine in the gulf as was the wisest of ex-professors of geology; and, on the other hand, the best claim on the river might suddenly give out and never again yield a dollar.

The poorest man in the camp could have a handful of gold dust for the asking from a more successful neighbor to give him an other start and help "hunt for better luck." No one was ever allowed to suffer; the treasure vaults of the Sierra were too near and seemingly too exhaustless. "To a little camp of 1848"—so an old miner writes me—"a lad of 16 came one day, footsore, weary, hungry and penniless. There were thirty robust and cheerful miners at work in the ravine, and the lad sat on the bank watching them a while in silence, his face telling the sad story of his fortunes. At last one stalwart miner spoke to his fellows, saying: "Boys, I'll work an hour if you will." At the end of the hour \$100 worth of gold dust was laid in the youth's handkerchief. The miners made out a list of tools and necessaries. "You go," they said, "and buy these and come back. We'll have a good claim staked out for you. Then you've got to paddle for yourself." Thus genuine and unconventional was the hospitality of the miners' camp.—*The Mining Camp.*

## THE LIFE OF AN OYSTER.

The oyster, when first born, is only a minute dot, scarcely visible to the naked eye, says the *New York Cook*. As quickly as possible when he realizes that he is afloat, he makes himself fast to something; anything will do for an anchorage, a lump of coal or stone, an old shell, or a stick, or a big house of some old oyster. Once fixed, the young oyster busies himself in summer with growing, but that only. What he does to occupy his mind in winter nobody has yet discovered, but it is affirmed that he does not grow then. When the warm, calm days of June come, the oyster opens his shell, and by means of his beard begins building an additional story to his house. This he does by depositing very fine particles of carbonate of lime, till at last they form a substance as thin as silver paper and exceedingly fragile. Gradually it gets thicker, and the distinct lines on the shell mark the years the bivalve has lived, just as the ring in the section of a trunk of a tree denote the years of its growth. His "beard" is both a feeling and a breathing apparatus. While he is so young that his shells are invisible, one can see, under a powerful microscope, the action of the heart which beats as regularly as that of a grown person and quite rapidly. Later in life to the casual observer he seems more stomach than anything else. It is not as generally known as it should be that he has valuable medicinal qualities. Oysters are not only nutritious, but wholesome, especially in cases of indigestion. It is said, "there is no

elementary substance, not even excepting bread, that does not produce indigestion under certain circumstances—but oysters never." Oyster juice promotes digestion. By taking oysters daily, indigestion, supposed to be almost incurable, has been cured; in fact they are to be regarded as one of the most healthful articles of food known to man. Invalids who have found all other kinds of food disagree with them, frequently discover in the oyster the required aliment. Raw oysters are highly recommended for hoarseness. Many of the leading vocalists use them regularly before concerts and operas.

## CLAMS, HOGS AND CROWS.

Clams are very abundant at the mouth of Frazer river, Washington territory. When the tide is out, the hogs that are pastured in the adjoining woods rush down the bank and begin rooting in the sand for the luscious bivalves. No sooner are the hogs down the bank than crows light upon their shoulders, and no sooner are the clams uncovered than the birds snatch them and fly away. They get over a rock, and dropping the clams, immediately dart down after them. If the shells are not broken the first time, they ascend higher and let them fall again. This account is from a San Francisco paper.

## BARNUM'S IDEA.

I will undertake and give bonds for the fulfillment of the contract that if the city of Philadelphia will stop selling liquor, and give me as much as was expended here for liquor last year to run the city next year, I will pay all the city expenses; no person in her borders shall pay taxes, there shall be no insurance on property, a good dress suit shall be given to every poor boy, girl, man or woman; all the educational expenses shall be paid; a barrel of flour shall be given to every needy and worthy person, and I will clear a half-million or a million dollars by the operation.—*P. T. Barnum, San Luis Obispo (California), Standard.*

## ORIGIN OF THE POSTAGE STAMP.

Few people perhaps realize of how recent origin is the postage stamp. It was first issued by Great Britain in 1840. Brazil was the first nation to follow the example, which they did in 1844, and in 1847 the United States began the use of postage stamps. It is estimated now that every year some 50,000,000,000 letters are posted in the world. America leads with about 2,500,000,000, and England follows with 700,000,000. Japan now mails annually 95,000,000 letters. Last year there were 26,000 letters posted in England without any address upon them. In 1,600 of these gold coins and money were enclosed.

## CURIOSITIES.

"Did you divide that chocolate with your little brother?" asked Mrs. Fizzletop of her greedy little Johnny. "Yes, ma." "Did you divide it fairly?" "Yes, ma, I ate the chocolate and gave him the paper with the pretty pictures. He likes to look at the pictures."

To take ink stains out of table cloths, napkins, etc., put the article to soak immediately in thick sour milk, changing the milk as often as necessary.

A little girl attending church last Sunday with her mother was given the change to put in the collection box. After it had been passed around, the little girl looked up and said, "Ma, I paid for four, was that right?"

## GEORGIA'S COMMON SCHOOLS.

In the rural districts in the State of Georgia, three months constitute the school year, and it requires the most rigid economy to keep them going three months with the present appropriation. All the cities and the enterprising towns supplement their pittance from the state school funds by local taxation and maintain excellent schools for about nine months in the year.

## QUERIES.

MR. EDITOR.—As you have invited letters from subscribers on any subject I have taken the liberty to ask a few questions.

1st. What is "Corpus Christi," when is it, and how should the word be pronounced? 2nd. How are Calidarium, Lodogran, Torquemada, Canchard, pronounced; and what is the meaning of Calidarium? 3rd. What does "Tegner's Drapa," mean and how should it be pronounced?

## KING MAY.

[As we intimated some weeks ago we will insert questions sent us by subscribers, and invite answers.]

ANSWER TO PUZZLE.—Put 54 in Roman letters and you have LIV. The addition of an E makes LIVE.

ANSWERS TO GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLES in last week's paper:—

Brest, Hull, Toulouse, Toulon, Cork, Dublin, (Doubling) Cleveland, Stirling, Sedan, Brighton (Brighten), Rome. Because it is Belfast.

## OUR TERMS.

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

## THE OFFER OF THE SEASON!

The *Montreal Witness* is now completing the Fortieth Year of its publication, and the publishers are making the occasion memorable by issuing "ANNIVERSARY PICTURES" to its subscribers. Sample copies of the papers, with full particulars of the various *Witness* competitions and prizes, will be sent to any address on application.

Any one of the three subjects which may be preferred will be sent to every new subscriber and to every old subscriber who renews before his subscription runs out. All THREE pictures will be sent to everyone sending four or more new subscriptions along with his own. And if the subscriber only sends one, two, or three new subscriptions with his own, he may choose any TWO of the pictures,—each of the new subscribers also having his choice of one of the pictures.

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