

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

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FIFTY CENTS A YEAR.

The Weekly Messenger.

A PUFF FOR BARNUM.

Barnum has of late been rather unfortunate. His show exhibited at Titusville, Pennsylvania, on the 22nd of September, and during the afternoon performance a cyclone struck the tents carrying them up in balloon shape. The canvas afterwards collapsed on many people in attendance. There were 10,000 tickets sold, but many persons perceiving the storm approaching made for the open air, leaving about 3,000 under the canvas. No one was killed, but many were injured. Ambulances were immediately sent to the circus, and all the doctors in the city were soon on the ground. The majority of those seriously hurt are farmers living within a radius of twenty miles, while a few live in the city. The tent was torn into shreds, and the centre poles fell, breaking arms and limbs, cutting people's heads open, and causing a terrible stampede. The seats were thrown about, women fainted, children screamed, and even strong men realized that it was a case of life or death. Many were injured from falling and being trampled upon by the crowd.

In the menagerie the elephants got loose but were quiet before any serious damage was done. The monkey cage was broken open and a few of the monkeys gained their liberty. The wires of another cage containing wild animals were broken, but the keepers kept the beasts in till assistance arrived.

THE FATE OF REBELS.

The Indians of the North-West, having made up their mind that they cannot rebel with any degree of success, have settled down to work. All the bands are now quiet and are likely to remain so. The rebellion, Governor Dewdney believes, will have a beneficial effect upon the Indians generally. In future they will be kept on their reserves and not allowed to roam about the country as formerly. Piapot is now settled on his reserve and is perfectly contented, and will shortly commence supplying the Mounted Police with hay. The trials of several of the Indians who participated in the late rebellion have been concluded before Judge Rouleau. Considerable interest has been manifested in the proceedings from first to last, and the court room has been crowded by residents of Battleford and vicinity, many of whom have known the prisoners intimately for years past.

Wandering Spirit, the murderer of poor Quinn at Frog Lake, who, after a desperate attempt to commit suicide at Fort Pitt, expressed a wish to recover, that he might tell all he knew, acted during the whole of his trial in a way that showed his disgust for Big Bear and those whose fear led them to recommend a surrender to the police. When the pro-secuting counsel asked for the sentence of the Court on him, he rose and listened to the words that consigned him to the gallows without the movement of a muscle. After referring to the fairness and impartiality of the trial Judge Rouleau sen-

tenced the prisoner to be hanged on the 27th of November.

Eight others were sentenced to various terms in the penitentiary. They are:—

Fair Sky Thunder, fourteen years; Calling Bull, ten years; Little Wolf, ten years; Old Man, six years; Straight Man, six years; The Gopher, four years; Little Runner, four years; Lazy Man, two years for stealing and arson.

WHAT JUMBO SWALLOWED.

When Jumbo's stomach was cut open at St. Thomas by the butchers, a miscellaneous collection of all sorts of articles, unfit for anything but goat and ostrich food, was found therein. The collection was composed of cartridges, buttons, nails, screws, stones, coins, etc., about half a peck in all. Amongst the coins are America, nickels, Canadian coppers, and a few silver pieces, but the largest number were British farthings, showing that Jumbo had been imposed upon by the guileless British gamins, when he was the great attraction in the "Zoo." A large number of persons are in possession of coins, nails, etc., taken from the Jumbo grub bag, and intend keeping them as mementoes.

The exact weight of Jumbo's hide was 1,587 pounds. Jumbo's bones were preserved with salt and alum, and packed in cases. The hide has been taken to Rochester, N. Y., there to be stuffed for Ward's Natural Science establishment.

ELECTIONEERING.

The teetotallers are determined, if possible, to make local option a distinct question in the ensuing English elections. Heretofore the different alliances have depended more for the promotion of their cause upon the individual work of their members than upon legislation, and many people think that a departure from this programme is a mistake. However this may be, the Newcastle Temperance Conference resulted in the formation of a distinct temperance party, pledged to support only those parliamentary candidates who will pledge themselves in favor of local option. The action of the Newcastle conference is endorsed by the Rev. Mr. Garrett, president of the Methodist Temperance Union, who has issued a strong political appeal to the people of England, in concluding which he says: "Let party land-marks go, and vote straight for a sober country."

It is believed that the Right Hon. John Bright will again assume active political work and make speeches in the coming election contest in support of his friends. It will be remembered that Mr. John Bright retired in 1882 from the Gladstone Cabinet owing to the bombardment of Alexandria being repugnant to his peace policy. Mr. Bright is now seventy-four years old, and has led a very active life.

A fair idea of the interest taken in the elections may be had from an account of Mr. Chamberlain's meeting which was a tremendous success in point of numbers and enthusiasm. Nothing has been seen in London for many years to equal the crowds

which packed and surrounded Victoria Hall. Hours before the opening of the meeting the building was crammed and ten thousand belated outsiders blocked the road and vainly fought for admittance. Among this outside crowd were several members of Parliament. Inside the hall it was impossible to move. The exits which had been arranged for emergencies were hopelessly blocked. Reporters and messengers who were compelled to get their copy to the newspapers or the telegraph offices were dropped from side windows and then had to fight their way through the crowd.

"THE CHINESE MUST GO."

The persecution of the Chinese still continues in Wyoming Territory. At the Newcastle mines the Chinese camp was visited by a crowd of masked white men who compelled the guard to surrender. After some talk the mob agreed to give the Chinamen twenty-four hours to leave, and they said they would riddle with bullets all Chinamen found at the expiration of that time. At Cheyenne near, which the terrible massacre of Chinamen took place a few weeks ago, workmen representing every class of labor held secret meetings and the outcome of their deliberations was the following threat which they posted up on all the houses in the place occupied by Chinese:

"A FAIR WARNING!!!"

"All Chinamen found in this city after October 1st will be subjected to a coat of tar and feathers, and ridden from the city on a rail.

(Signed) THE WORKINGMEN.

The Chinese must go!!!

The Chinese in San Francisco are troubled about the cruelties shown their countrymen at Rock Springs, Cheyenne and other places and are afraid that they may be repeated on a larger scale among themselves.

DRINKS AWFUL DOINGS.

While under the influence of liquor men do the wildest things, for which they are afterwards very remorseful. Their remorse has generally no repentance in it, and when they can resume their drinking habits they do so despite the knowledge of what may result.

A local paper has the following account of a tragedy which has created great excitement throughout the State of Georgia:

The trial of Eugene Beck, who murdered his wife and her sister in Clayton last winter, has begun at that town. It will probably be the most celebrated trial ever held in the State, and already the little town is crowded with visitors. Beck was one of the prominent young men of Rabun county, and but shortly before married a beautiful woman, a daughter of one of the best families of this section. He was, however, addicted to strong drink. Miss Addie Bailey, his wife's sister, was visiting his home previous to her marriage to J. A. Swafford, which was to occur in a short while, and Swafford was at the time visiting the young lady at her sister's home.

On the night of October 28, shortly after the household had retired, Beck arose from

his bed and went to that occupied by his wife and her sister, and with his pistol gave his wife two fearful blows on the head, crushing her skull. He then shot her and rushed from the room exclaiming, "There goes a dog!" Miss Addie screamed, and he returned and attacked her, holding her down as he fired two shots into her breast, exclaiming, "Ha, I've killed another dog!" Swafford heard the screams and rushed from the room where he slept to the scene. Beck instantly fired, but fortunately missed him, and then escaped.

Swafford raised from the floor his affianced bride, covered with blood, and held her in his arms as she died. He then laid her beside her dead sister, and began a pursuit of the murderer, who was soon after captured and lodged in Gainesville Gaol. Remorse seized him when he was told of the horrible crime he had committed. He said he had delirium tremens, and thought a houseful of dogs were after him and he shot them. He said he hoped he would be hanged and would plead guilty, but he has given up that idea and will enter a plea of insanity. The trial is watched with the greatest interest. The families involved are among the best people of that section.

MUCH SYMPATHY was created in favor of the London Socialists by the breaking up of the meeting they held two weeks ago, and as was expected the next meeting, which was held on the 27th inst. was attended by crowds of people. There has been a giving way on the part of the police as well as on the part of the Socialists. Through this compromise the immense meeting, comprising 40,000 people, passed off quietly enough. The police were kept in readiness but as much out of sight as possible. There was a singular absence of soldiers in the streets, but these also were in readiness at the barracks for the expected fray. The Socialists first assembled, in plain defiance of police orders, at Limehouse yard, but they did no more than assemble there. While on the way to the docks where the meeting was to be held the procession passed a police depot, and this was the only time during the day when the outlook became at all serious. Banners were waved defiantly in the faces of the police, and there was some hooting and groaning, but the Socialist leaders worked hard to keep order, and their efforts, with the forbearance of the constables, sufficed to preserve the peace.

THERE HAVE BEEN now just about 100,000 deaths from cholera in the south of Europe. The plague is spreading but is not doing so much destruction as formerly. Wherever the cholera breaks out in a new place it can be traced to the imprudence of some individual. Often the desire of gain leads the person to wear or sell the garments of those who have died of cholera, and they and those who buy them suffer in consequence. It has been evident from the course of the epidemic this summer that defective drainage is the main cause of the spread of the disease. In Spain there are fewer deaths than usual but at Palermo, in Sicily, the deaths average about a hundred a day.

HOW BILLY WENT UP IN THE WORLD.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.
(National Publication House, N. Y.)
CHAPTER VII.

BILLY PUTS AN ENEMY TO ROUT.

About a week after Billy had so unceivily refused Nan's offer of help, he went over to the cabin to see his friends. Prissy was sewing in a chair just outside the door; and Billy, having upset her work-box, first picked up the scattered spoons, and then exclaimed: "Think, Miss Prissy, of something you want me to do for you; because I want you to do something for me."

"That is right, boy! Don't you go asking favors if you don't expect to render favors. What is it you want?"

"I want to learn to read without blundering so awfully as now. I want to figure on the slate, and to—well, you know—I want to learn the things I would have learned if I had gone to school. Mr. Ellery says I may go to school this winter, but I'll hate to go in without knowing anything."

"Exactly so, Billy! In these days-poverty doesn't hinder anybody from getting some learning. Why, even Mrs. O'Gorman, the washerwoman, says her Patrick shall have a regular 'epidemic education,' and I'm sure he'll take it that way if he ever gets it at all, judging from what I've seen of him. Yes, Billy, you come over here!"

"Evenings?" suggested Billy.

"No, not evenings, for I'm likely to be interrupted," replied Prissy, hurriedly. "I'll tend to you any other time. I'll ask St. Bernard to see that you get time; then I'll find my old school-books and put you through. I taught school once in Newton, and boarded around. I wonder I ain't as green as a verde antonio Venus, with the saleratus bread stuff I was kept on. Will you study faithfully?"

"Yes, I will; no fooling, Prissy."

"And you'll do something for me?"

"Sure as you live."

"Then it is a bargain. You know I always went out dressmaking before I came to live with granny, but now I take my work all home here, to make and finish. I like this way; we are so cozy as kittens in a rag barrel; but there is one disadvantage I don't like to go away on an errand and leave granny all alone. I can, but I worry. She might tumble down, or set herself on fire, or get hurt in some way. I don't often care to go away, for I get plenty of exercise around the house and yard; and for company I have all the people who come and go for their work. Still, when I do want to leave granny for an hour or so, if you could stay around where you would have an eye on her, it would be a great accommodation."

Billy agreed to do this, at once. He had a variety of work, and some time to himself; besides, the cabin was so near he could bring a few of the tasks set for him by Mrs. Ellery, and do them here. Thus the matter of "knowing," something, was fairly matters taken. Prissy was a strict teacher, and Billy was very much in earnest. Nobody had ever called him stupid. Prissy soon privately considered him remarkably precocious. He had early trained himself to habits of observation. His first look at a word was a keen one, and ever after he could spell or pronounce that word. He liked arithmetic, and detested grammar; declaring to Prissy, that anybody talked just as well without knowing what a noun was, as after he had learned; but Prissy kept him at it all the same.

One day, after reciting his lessons, Billy told her Nan had offered to teach him. He also told how he had received her offer; not because he was at all proud of his rudeness, now, but really because he would like to know in what light it appeared to another. Prissy had no hesitation about telling him that he ought to be ashamed of himself.

Billy seemed not particularly surprised at this verdict, but he added, coolly:

"Nan said I was the most ill-mannered boy she ever saw, and she didn't know what her father took me for, anyway."

"Why do you suppose he did take you?" asked Prissy.

"Why—to work for him."

"You don't earn your bread yet, for your work is here and there in bits," returned Prissy, very kindly, but going on plainly.

"No, Billy, he didn't take you for any help or good you could be to him at present; he just took you for your own sake, to help

you make something of yourself. If Nan offered to teach you, why, you can be pretty sure it was not for any pleasure she was going to get out of it."

"Then I'm mighty glad she isn't doing it," said Billy, stoutly, as he picked up his cap and started homeward.

It was a pleasant mid-summer afternoon; and as Billy was going up the lane towards the farm-house, he saw Mr. Ellery and his wife just starting for a drive to Sefton, the nearest town. While he was thinking what he would busy himself about, Mrs. Ellery called out:

"You can finish that work in the garden, Billy; and don't go far away from the house, for Nan is alone. The men are away in the north field, out of call, if she needed them, and there is a company of gypsy tramps down by the bend, I hear."

No sooner had Billy learned of the gypsies, than he resolved to make them a visit at his earliest leisure; but he promised Mrs. Ellery to "stay around," and went to working in the garden. As he worked off-hand sort of a fashion—not, of course, as if he really cared the least bit in the world to do it—render some service to Nan.

Before their little unpleasant talk, she had sent him on errands, once or twice, and in a mildly patronizing way, approved of him when he did them well. Now she put turnip or potato on his plate at dinner, with the same indifferent and superior air with which she fed the cat and dog after dinner. It irritated Billy, but he had sense enough to see he could only "get even" with her by making her, in some faint way, under obligation to him. He racked his brains for an idea, until he was forced to give up that line of thought. Was it not a proof that Billy was a boy to the core of his heart, that, failing to think what he could do to conciliate Nan, he fell back on the suggestion that, at least, he might "scare her half out of her wits;" for was she not left alone to his tender mercies? How to accomplish this last feat, in a very simple way, by means almost always at hand, occurred to him, and when his wedding was nearly done, he resolved to go into the house very quietly.

Nan was crocheting a red shawl, sitting in the big cool kitchen alone. He could hear her sing, and could see her through the open window. He had just risen from his stooping posture when he discovered a rascally-looking fellow slouching along in the rear tramp gait. He was making for the open door of the room where Nan was sitting. Billy darted away in the opposite direction, made a complete detour of the yard, and stopped, unperceived, at the pantry window. It was open, and not far from the ground. Dropping his shoes, Billy got in as softly as a cat, and immediately placing his eye to the crack of the door letting into the kitchen he watched proceedings there.

The moment the tramp framed himself in the outside doorway, Nan sprang up, letting her work drop to the floor, for his face was as sneaking and as ugly as a human face well could be. He asked for "the folks," and Nan hesitated so long before she stammered out that they were "all busy," that he probably suspected she was alone, and stepped boldly in, demanding "something to eat."

Billy saw Nan glance at the pantry, then evidently fear to do anything. She turned very white, and her voice shook as she said:

"The dinner is all cleared away, and there is nothing I can give you, now."

Her silver thimble had rolled on the floor, the rascal coolly swooped it up, and casting an evil eye around on the table, the dresser, and the mantel-piece, growled:

"I'm out of work and very poor. I must have something—a little money, miss!"

Billy took in the situation. The great fraternity of lazy, cowardly wretches, who scare women and servants into giving them food in summers, and herd in the city-land institutions all winter, was well known to him of old. He instantly resolved, inasmuch as poor little Nan had been already scared out of her wits, to turn his ammunition on the new comer. He dived toward a certain shelf in the pantry, seized a well-made paper bag, such as grocer's use, and pulled out his "jack-knife." He was back to the look-out in time to see the tramp start for a silver spoon dish that had been left on the dresser. As the man approached her, Nan gave one terrified shriek for "Father's father!"

Now Billy's voice had begun to change,

and on occasions, sounded like each and every instrument of a brass band, so muffling his mouth a trifle, he effected at this crisis, a terrific bass, and roared:

"Two seconds to git, before I fire!"

Without pausing to know if it were man or beast that bellowed, the tramp turned. There was a sharp click of steel as Billy's old knife snapped into its case—then, with a deafening noise, off went his pistol—or, his exploded paper-bag!

Nan began on a succession of ear-splitting screeches. The tramp had pushed her half over a chair, in the bound he gave toward freedom and the back lane. Billy, prone on the pantry floor, was rolling and writhing in laughter at the success of his exploit. He had overturned a churn, and no end of tin pails, before Nan, white and breathless, came, half believing she would find her father, shot by his own deadly weapon, though, at the very time, she was thinking with amazement, "Father is nites away, and the old shot-gun burst last year."

Billy, with a scarlet face, could only sit up, and point to the fragments of the paper bag, and then go off again in new peals of fun, as Nan, seeing the joke, added her merry voice to his. They had to talk it all over in detail, when they were a little calmed; how the man was most likely one of the vagabonds from the gypsy encampment; how he had Nan's pretty thimble, a birthday gift; but chiefest of all, how queer it was that a mere blown up paper bag could make such an awful noise! In her girlish excitement, Nan declared it sounded "exactly like a cannon."

They picked up the pans and churn, then Nan, who had berries to look over for supper, graciously allowed Billy to help her, and evidently regarded him as a hero in a humble sort of a way. He, on his part, repeatedly assured himself, that he had put a tag to a far better use than that first suggested to him by the spirit of mischief. When the berries were nearly picked over, he managed to get out, rather awkwardly, the statement that he was learning "something" now. He "thought he wouldn't bother" her to teach him. Prissy Tarbox could do it as well as not. Nan colored, then bravely exclaimed:

"It was mean in me to say I didn't see what father took you for. He says you are a real handy boy, and quick to understand work."

Billy was wonderfully pleased; but he began instantly to talk about St. Bernard and the black coil, for fear he should betray his basal gratification. At this point Mr. and Mrs. Ellery drove up to the door, and before their mother had untied her bonnet strings, Nan was releasing the thrilling episode of the afternoon. Nan's danger, or what Mrs. Ellery fancied might have been her danger, prevented her from entering as fully into the fun of Billy's performance as did Mr. Ellery and Silas somewhat later; but on the whole it was a fortunate occurrence for the young people. Billy modified gradually his aversion to girls in general, because, after that day, Nan was very kind to him. She took an interest in his progress with Prissy; she lent him Pilgrim's Progress, the Rollo books and Robinson Crusoe. She had the true feminine tact of letting her opinions be known on certain matters about which she did not talk openly or in any pointed manner. It was little by little borne into Billy that he must keep his face, hands and nails cleaner; that "if you please," and "thank you," were agreeable words to say and to hear. In many such ways the home influence began to tell on him. He went to church and to Sabbath-school; he came to have some well-defined ideas of his relations to God and to man. As he proved himself capable and trustworthy, Mr. Ellery increased his work and made it more methodical than at first. The result was soon apparent in Billy's increased thoughtfulness regarding his future. He had a great many practical talks with Silas, and profited by advice like this: "What you want to do, Billy, for the next two years, is to learn—as fast and as thorough as ever you can; first, about work, and next about books. I missed it in getting no education. When my work was over I learned to fiddle, instead of to spell. I was a goose."

"What will I do after two years?" Billy would inquire, very seriously.

"Well, that depends. If you have beat every scholar in the old school-house, and want to go on to know more and be something else besides a farmer, then'll be your time to try to get yourself through the Sefton

Academy, may be to college. Who knows! But you needn't think a farmer like Mr. Ellery isn't worth forty 'leven gumps who go to college and come out too fine to work, too humane to kill, but havin' to eat as much and wear as costly clothes as other folks."

"I expect I shall be a farmer," returned Billy. "Mr. Ellery says I can get on if I am plucky and do my best. First, of course, it will be work by the day, at all sorts of farm work in the season; then in time I may get to work land on shares; small fields, he says, of various crops, such as corn, potatoes, beans, or I might, in time, become a market gardener."

"That's the talk! Why Ned Wait, on the Holcomb farm, raised barley last year and cleared a good round sum. Not long ago Mr. Bruce had a choice field, just right for growing hops, and he wanted a thorough-going active young man to work that on shares. He could sell the hops right off to the distilleries, and make it pay quite well. Oh, there's ways enough to work and get on in the world, Billy, if you do your best."

"You had better believe I'll try it," was the boy's hopeful reply.

(To be Continued.)

PRESENT ENJOYMENTS.

"When we get a new house, I am going to have a nice flower-garden," said Mrs. H. "No one loves flowers better than I do, but there is no use trying to cultivate them where we are now; for the grass and weeds overrun them before the seeds are fairly out of the ground." How many, many people there are, who throw away half the real joys of life, in just the same way. The future is a great store-house of bright possibilities, but the present is a bare of pleasures as the barren desert is of vegetation. To a true lover of flowers, what an ever present enjoyment is a plot of gay-colored annuals. And the little fairies are not so particular about their surroundings. A grand house with handsome furnishings for a background or side view, does not add a particle to their delicious fragrance or bright coloring. Given appropriate soil, moisture, light and warmth, they grow just as lovely by the cabin door as in the elegantly laid out grounds of a Stewart, Vanderbilt or Gould. The labor of caring for them is much the same. But little that is truly desirable comes without labor; and flowers that have become domesticated, must have the ground properly prepared for their reception, and then, to thrive well, like human children, they must be kept out of bad company. And for want of a certain spirit of ambition, Mrs. H. goes hungering for the beautiful, a greater part of her life, for no new house is likely to make its appearance for long years to come, if ever, on her domain, except in imagination.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones lived in the old pioneer cabin that looked for many years as though it would tumble down around them. The nice large farm was paid for; they had large flocks of sheep, and fine herds of cattle, and the stables were occupied with valuable horses. They were out of debt, and well-to-do farmers in every respect. Then, why did they live in the little old cabin, with its many lowly additions? Because, Mrs. Jones must have a lovely mansion, or none at all; and so they plodded on to acquire more means. And when the bank account was satisfactory, she must look across the way, and covet a portion of her neighbor's orchard, for a site on which to build. But for years the neighbor did not choose to sell, and still the platonic residence was delayed. At last he was prevailed upon to relinquish his claim for a liberal compensation. The new house was built, and the first family gathering beneath its roof, was occasioned by the death of Mr. Jones, now "well-stricken in years." Did Mrs. Jones enjoy her grand house and its elegant furnishing in her old age as she would in her more youthful days one of simple design and of less dimension? We think not. She was in a constant fret about something or somebody, and her face was a perfect index of her character; selfish, exacting, with charity for none.

It is well to look out for the future that we may not come to want. At the same time, we may have many enjoyments as we step along through the journey of life, if we choose to take them as they go, and really be none the poorer in purse but richer in mind, because we have gathered sweets, as the bee does honey, from the wayside flowers.

—Rural New Yorker.

VISIT YOUR SCHOLARS.

The teacher who would be successful must win the confidence of his scholars and be in sympathy with them; he must know their natures, their surroundings, and their needs.

How such visiting enables you to bind the children's heart to your own! I go around in the district and see the parents, brothers, and sisters of my scholars; I am shown a favorite picture book, or a pet dog, or pussy, or pony, or a little garden over which a pupil exercises absolute ownership, and afterwards I take occasion to inquire about these things.

The parents, too, are pleased with the attention, and no longer regard me as a school teacher merely, but more as a friend. As far as my experience goes, I must say I have found no surer way of securing the support and co-operation of the parents, than by paying them an occasional visit.

Then, too, I get many valuable hints. I know that the most effective way to manage White R. is to drop a letter to his mother. I have learned that Jennie B. is to have the nice apple tree at the side of her father's house if she maintains a good standing in her class, and that suggests to me a way of making Jennie study. I know what course of discipline the several families endorse, and that shows me what mode of punishment will be most judicious and effective with different pupils.

These calls are also beneficial to myself; for, though I have more book learning than any one else in the district, I find there is a number of men who can teach me a great many things about the practical affairs of life. I find that in some things I am pretty green. Intercourse with people of various occupations and conditions in life teaches me many valuable lessons and dispels the crude notions which I brought from college.

Thus I am abundantly repaid for the time spent in the homes of my pupils. I get more correct views of life, secure the good-will of the district, and pick up many bits of information which aid me in managing the school.—L., in Pedagogy.

REST A DUTY.

Frances Power Cobbe, in her excellent little volume "The Duties of Women," (a book which every woman should read), says, "Little girls may fidget with toys, and dress dolls, and chatter in the nursery for hours over some weighty concern of the baby-house; but it is a pitiful sight to see grown women making all life a child's play. Rise, I pray you, to the true dignity of a human being to whom petty feelings and small vanities and servile, wheedling tricks must be repugnant and abominable. Respect yourself too much to dress like a doll, or a peacock, or to betray that you have spent hours in devising the trimming of a gown."

How many children die every year because the mother does not take time to read and study the laws of health; and many others die because their parents are so worn out with overwork and undue anxiety that the children do not inherit vitality sufficient to enable them to resist the attacks of disease. "He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent."

In this age of excitement, hurry and bustle, we must all take great care to secure as a duty periods of rest and recreation. If some of us take a little more rest now day by day, we shall not need the grave's rest quite so soon.

Let us not forget that ever since the

world began, the best achievements have always been after a season of rest and quiet. The diamond and all the precious stones gain their perfect crystalline shape only in perfect quiet and silence. Of burdened, weary mothers, we may often say with the prophet Isaiah, "Their strength is to sit still." But even the "shut in" ones may find ample scope for their benevolence in words and deeds of mercy. What good may they do by letters to those who do not come within the sunlight of their presence! Oh, the blessing that may be conveyed in a letter, or even in a postal card! And, surely, we may all find time to cheer some lonely hearts in this way. Let us each stop and think how we should feel if it should prove that the answer sent to some dear friend, whose letter we have long delayed to answer, should at last arrive just too late, when the tender, patient, long-suffering spirit had at last been released forever from earthly trials and longings.

Surely, however busy, we may allow ourselves time for short misses of love and sympathy for the absent. As to time it takes no longer to write a letter than to make a call, not so long, indeed, and common courtesy, to say nothing of friendship, requires us to call upon our friends at least once a year. A careful and methodical arrangement of work will enable one to do much more than could otherwise be done, and a judicious succession of active and quiet employments will economize strength.

We have only one life to live, let us then try to get a just and definite idea of the duties and possibilities before us; and, day by day, prayerfully and carefully make our selection from them, before it is too late, remembering always this, as one of the most important must-be's, "Every one of us must give an account of himself to God." Anna Holyoke Howard, in the Household.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubat's Select Notes.)

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

Oct. 11.—2 Kings 7: 1-17. The intervening history given in 2 Kings 6: 24-33 is an essential part of this lesson.

Note the facts briefly,—who were the kings of these nations; the date; the place on the map; the short interval of peace.

Subject.—God's promise fulfilled. I. The famine in Samaria, its cause and its severity.

II. The trial of faith. The famine was the result of the sins of the people (see Deut. 28: 47-58), and hence, though God had often sent relief before, this continued till the punishment could produce its proper effect. Hence it was a trial of the faith of the king and people. Elisha's faith was tried in two ways: (1) by the long-continued famine, though doubtless he had prayed for its removal, and the king and the people were excited against him for not doing something for their relief. (2) The king threatened him with death.

Illustration. Parents continuing to punish a child when they desire to cease, but must see signs of repentance. The surgeon continuing to cut off the diseased limb to save the life of the patient, even while he is sorry for the pain he must inflict.

III. The promise of relief (vers. 1, 2). Mark especially God's manifold ways of helping our need, often in the most unexpected ways. There is no limit to his resources,—he can see multitudes of ways of helping us when we can see none.

Illustrations. (1) The unseen guardians revealed in our last lesson. (2) The new and unexpected forces and powers men are finding continually in nature. Who would have suspected the powers of steam, of the

telegraph, the telephone, a hundred years ago! But every power was there, though unknown.

V. The fate of unbelief (ver. 17). Note the difference between the doubt of the king, which led him to search for the truth of the lepers' report, and the mocking, hard-hearted unbelief of the lord. Show why such an unbelief is deadly, and worthy of punishment. The prophecy of Elisha was fulfilled, not by miracle, but by the people, as a natural result of his unbelieving and haughty disposition.

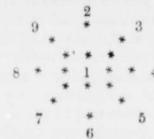
Illustration. This lesson suggests the folly of the sinner who perishes within sight and reach of the Gospel feast. A ship, after long buffeting with the storm, driven hither and thither, and making no port, was without water, and its crew, fainting with thirst, hailed a passing vessel with the cry, "Water, water!" The answer came back, "Let down your buckets; you are surrounded with fresh water." They were off the coast of Brazil, in the outflow of the Amazon, which pushes its tide of living waters away out into the Atlantic a hundred miles.—S. S. Times.

PUZZLES.

REBUS.



PUZZLE WHEEL.



- 1-2. A transparent drop. 1-3. A gown. 1-4. Therefore. 1-5. Sailors. 1-6. To ensnare. 1-7. A beginner. 1-8. The highest parts. 1-9. Gentle. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. To change the place or order.

ENIGMA.

(By Miss Haverall.)

A whimsical set we must often seem, Of crochets as full as an organist's dream; If we were abolished, there'd straightway be A piscatorian jubilee. We are frequently clothed in a snowy array As a maiden fair on her bridal day; Yet we're often black as the blackest night, E'en when we're lauding the soft moonlight. The depths of the ocean we faithfully show, On us hundreds of miles you may swiftly go; We measure the distance from place to place And encircle the globe in our wide embrace. Woe, woe to the soldier who dares to fly From us when the hour of battle is nigh! Yet the gardener himself, in his peaceful trade, For planting his cabbages needs our aid. If a lady endeavors her age to hide, We ruthlessly publish it far and wide Wherever she ventures to show her head; Yet in us her destiny oft is read. In the hearts of a friend long, long forsaken A few of ourselves may deep gladness awaken, Yet ours is a many-stringed, changeful lyre, For dismay and despair we may often inspire. We're essential to poets, to artists, musicians.

To all washerwomen, and mathematicians; It required a Euclid to tell what we be. Yet us at this moment, fair reader, you see. ANSWERS TO PUZZLES. ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE—2, OIL. 3, DOLL. 4, LID. 5, MIDS. 6, COLL. 7, VIOL. ENIGMA.—TURK. CHARADE.—WATCH-SPRING. CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED FROM EVELYN D. STONE.

Come unto Me, and Rest.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

Musical score for 'Come unto Me, and Rest' by El. Nathan and James McGranahan. Includes lyrics: 1. Brother, art thou worn and weary, Tempted, tried, and sore oppress'd? 2. Oh, He knows the dark fore-bod-lings Of the conscience-troubled breast; 3. To the Lord bring all your burden, Put the promise to the test;

Musical score for 'Come unto Me, and Rest' (continued). Includes lyrics: Listen to the word of Jesus, "Come un-to Me, and rest!" And to such His word is given, "Come un-to Me, and rest!" Hear Him say, your burden-bearer, "Come un-to Me, and rest!"

Musical score for 'Come unto Me, and Rest' (continued). Includes lyrics: "Come un-to Me, and rest!" "Come un-to Me, and rest!" Come, Oh, come and rest! Come, Oh, come and rest!

Musical score for 'Come unto Me, and Rest' (continued). Includes lyrics: Come, ye weary, heavy-laden, "Come un-to Me, and rest!"

5 If in sorrow thou art weeping, Grieving for the loved ones missed, Surely then to you He whispers, "Come unto Me, and rest!"

5 Trust to Him for all thy future, He will give thee what is best; Why then fear when He is saying, "Come unto Me, and rest!"

SPREAD THE GOOD TIDINGS.

Let all of our readers continue to spread the good news that an eight-page weekly paper is to be had for the small sum of fifty cents a year. Everyone in your neighborhood and all your friends, no matter where they are, should be told about the *Weekly Messenger*. If they do not know what good reading they can get for fifty cents, whose fault is it but that of the person who does not take the trouble to inform them? Anyone who wishes to have three sample copies of the paper sent to a friend has only got to write a post-card, addressed to the editor of this paper and we will send the copie for three weeks free. There is still more than two weeks in which to work for the prizes we have offered. Who says that they cannot do anything in that time? Two weeks is quite sufficient in which to roll up a large list of names without much trouble. Let everyone, then, make an effort to secure us subscribers to the end of the year at fifteen cents apiece.

Begin working now for no more lists will be counted after the 15th of October, shortly after which

THE PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED.

We have determined to give the *Messenger* from now until the end of the year for FIFTEEN CENTS, so that everyone may have a chance to take it for a short time on trial. Speak to your neighbors at once, and if you cannot get them to take the *Messenger* for a year, ask them to take it on trial till the 1st of January, 1886. Every day that passes there is less chance of getting so many papers.

To the person who sends us the largest number of subscribers to the end of the year at fifteen cents each, we will give a prize of \$5 and our book of reprinted stories. To the one who sends us the second largest list of subscribers to the end of the year, we will give a prize of \$2.50, and to the next 15 most successful competitors, we will give our large story-book described elsewhere in this paper. There is a chance for everyone to obtain one or other of these

SEVENTEEN PRIZES, WORTH \$16.50 IN ALL, which will be awarded in the middle of October.

Clip this offer out and keep it in mind. Remember, too, our special offer in regard to yearly subscribers. In obtaining yearly subscribers to form clubs of five, you may either send \$2.00 for each five, keeping fifty cents for yourself, or you may send \$2.50 and obtain our story book. Young folks will find that they can spend a few hours very profitably in canvassing for this paper.

WE AGAIN INVITE our readers to write us letters on any subject which may interest them. A young lady has started an interesting subject of correspondence. We hope some others will state their difficulties and give their opinions on this subject.

WE WILL ALWAYS be happy to send sample copies of the *Messenger* to anyone asking for them. We will also supply back numbers in so far as it is within our power.

HERE IS ONE of the numerous letters we receive complimenting the *Messenger*:

Dear Sirs,—I have got these eight names for the *Messenger* till the first of the year and would like to get more but my time is limited. It is a work that my heart yearns to do, for the young need such a paper.

A. McP.

PAPERS SENT FREE.

If any of our subscribers wish any of their friends, no matter where they live, to have a chance of judging of the *Weekly Messenger* on its own merits, let them send a postal card addressed to the editor of this paper and we will send it to them free for three weeks. Be sure and address your postal card "to the editor of the *Weekly Messenger*" and write the name and address of the person you want it sent to very distinctly.

NOW IS THE TIME for those who are trying for our proffered prizes to add all the names they can to the lists already secured by them. If there is one person in your town to whom you have not spoken, who you think would like the *Messenger*, it were best to try and see if you cannot get that person on your list, as the competition will necessarily be close. Anyone who has not yet got subscribers has over two weeks before him in which he can redeem lost time and he stands almost as good a chance of getting something for his pains as those who began earlier. To do this, however, it is necessary not to lose a day or an hour that can be helped. Even if you can only get a few subscribers it would be doing yourself and your neighborhood good to speak to them about a paper which is found so acceptable a companion as the *Weekly Messenger*. If you once get them to take the paper they would thank you afterwards for bringing such a source of enjoyment to their notice.

THE WEEK.

ALFONSO, KING OF SPAIN, has been seriously ill.

THE YELLOW FEVER at Vera Cruz is becoming more destructive, and of a worse type.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES while in Copenhagen founded a new English church, members of the Russian, Danish and other royal families being present on the occasion.

A BICYCLIST of Springfield, Massachusetts has beaten the two-forty rate and the previous record. He made a mile in two minutes and thirty-five seconds.

THE MEXICANS have begun a warfare against polygamy and it is stated that President Diaz has been asked to take back the land granted to the Mormons. The Catholic church is at the head of the movement, and demands that the laws against polygamy be enforced.

LORD LANSDOWNE has visited those Indians and half-breeds who have been sentenced to a term of imprisonment at Stony Mountain, near Winnipeg, for participating in rebellion.

TWO PARISIAN GENTLEMEN have been successful in their efforts at balloon steering. A few days ago they gave an exhibition, and after showing how it was possible to move again, the wind descended at the starting point.

LORD TENNYSON'S latest poem deals with Home Rule in Ireland. The author is dramatizing a work for Mr. Henry Irving. The health of the Poet Laureate is breaking, and this is probably the last literary work he will undertake. The announcement of Lord Tennyson's writings no longer awakens much interest. His acceptance of knighthood did not please the people, and Lord Tennyson is not so popular as Alfred Tennyson would have been. Victor Hugo knew what he was doing when he refused all titles.

THE POPE has set apart October as a solemn month of prayer. The subjects mentioned in the letter as requiring the prayers of the faithful for their removal are the recent attacks upon the power and authority of the Church and the cholera pestilence in Spain and Italy, which his Holiness says may be taken as signs of the times.

WHILE ACTING in the play of "Romeo and Juliet" in Dublin, lately, Miss Anderson who appeared as "Juliet" accidentally inflicted a slight wound in her bosom in the stabbing scene. The incident created a sensation which was only allayed by Miss Anderson's appearance before the curtain assuring the audience the wound was only a trifling one.

HOP PICKERS who were employed on the estate of H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh, in the County of Kent, after finishing their work refused to take the pay offered them saying that it was not enough. The workmen made serious threats and were preparing to carry them out. The Duke became frightened at the demonstration and yielded to their demands.

THE TRIAL of the man suspected of the hotel murder in St. Louis has not yet come off. Mr. Samuel N. Brooks of London, Eng., believes, from the description given of the supposed murderer, that he is his son. He has, therefore, determined to come to America and see for himself if he is right. It is believed that Mr. Brooks will have some important evidence to give at the trial.

A BOY of a little more than nine years of age was sent to an industrial school in London, England. His father told of his numerous bad deeds and then related how he had punished him. He had treated his son to unlimited beatings; he had kept him locked up for days on bread and water; he had hung him up for hours at a time by the wrists; but as soon as he was released he renewed his thefts and his evil conduct.

AT ROUEN, France, the employees at one of the dockyards opened a number of casks of wine and became drunk. They then assaulted several Custom House officials wounding some of them severely. The police appeared and used their revolvers freely, but it was some time before the stubborn resistance of the rioters could be overcome. Ultimately two battalions of infantry succeeded in dispersing the mob at the point of the bayonet.

KING THEBAU of Burmah has been attempting to extort a large sum of money from a Bombay timber company. A few years ago King Thebau was a rascally young sot who drank more than any civilized person could do without being killed. While drunk the King used to perpetrate the most awful deeds of cruelty. On occasions he would have women and children thrown down a well and covered up with stones. Lately the King has been better behaved but seems to be returning to his old ways.

THE DETAILS of the terrible massacre of Catholic Christians in Annam are now stirring the religious world. The infuriated heathens respected neither age nor sex; the fact of the victims being Christians was a sufficient warrant for their death, administered according to the ingenuity and brutality of their assailants. Women, and even children, were as ruthlessly slaughtered as the men, and neither the vestments of the priest nor the garb of the nuns gave immunity from slaughter. The vast majority were brutally hacked to death. Hundreds of Christian men and women were tied together by their hands and feet and thrown into the sea.

A BOSTON PAPER publishes a five-column article giving some disclosures with regard to the use of opium in the city. The addresses of several opium resorts are given. These have been fitted up in the most luxurious manner possible and are situated on the most fashionable streets. The persons who patronize these gilded hells go to them in carriages and are recognized as belonging to the best circles of society.

A DISGUSTING DOG-FIGHT was witnessed a few miles south of Syracuse, N. Y., 1,300 "sporting" men, last Sunday. One six-year-old dog was pitted against a two-year-old bull dog. The fight lasted twenty minutes when the six-year-old dog refusing to face his antagonist was shot in the head by one of the men who was urging him on. People may well ask what we are coming to when such a savage performance is made a source of amusement to fill up the Sabbath hours.

THE PRESS ASSOCIATION of London, England, furnishes a lengthy account of an alleged discovery whereby telephonic communications across the Atlantic is made possible. The inventor of the new instrument, it is said, is a native of Texas, and has no scientific reputation. He employs an instrument of enormous power. It is also alleged that a certain company has acquired the sole right to use the instrument, and that a well known millionaire has given the inventor, whose means are exhausted, *carte blanche* to perfect the invention, which will cost \$500,000. The new instrument, it is asserted, has been successfully experimented with in the Gulf of Mexico. The story lacks scientific data and has the appearance of being a hoax.

MR. MARK LATHROP, a wealthy farmer of Stoughton, Massachusetts has a yoke of bulls which he used in farmwork. A neighbor, Mrs. McCourt, went into the pasture where the animals were, when one of them, probably attracted by the bright color of her clothing, began pawing the earth and bellowing in a frightful manner. Mrs. Lathrop, who was near, went at once to her neighbor's rescue and attempted to drive the animal away. Without warning the bull turned upon her, and, throwing her to the ground, gored her with one of his horns—on which the farmer had neglected to place the customary brass ball—in the abdomen. The unfortunate woman was rescued as soon as possible and promptly removed to the house, where physicians were summoned and sewed up the terrible wound, which the doctors say cannot but result fatally.

THE LOT of an IRISH LANDLORD is not a happy one. It is not enough that he, or his agent, takes his life in his hand when he goes to collect his rents, but he very seldom finds any rents to collect. There are rumors afloat through the country that this winter the "no rent" campaign will be inaugurated with its attendant boycotting. To meet this the Irish landlords are arranging to send a deputation to the Marquis of Salisbury, urging that it is impossible to collect rents, and asking for protection. It is extremely doubtful whether Lord Salisbury will be able to do anything whatever in the matter. Speaking of boycotting, recent investigations by the committee of the National League have resulted in the discovery that a number of persons have been unjustly persecuted by the present system of boycotting by outsiders giving damaging information against neighbors through private spite. The Leaguers therefore intend to restrict boycotting to offenders against the League.

A SAN FRANCISCO TELEGRAM gives this account of the Chinese charnel house discovered the other day:—"A horrible discovery was made in Chinatown. Information being given the city coroner that a frightful stench was being emitted from a cellar on Pacific street, he went to the cellar and found the floor covered with human skulls and bones, partially covered with flesh in the last stage of decomposition. In an inner room he found a number of Chinese engaged in boiling down the remains of other bodies, while several other Chinamen were engaged in scraping the boiled bones, and packing them in boxes for shipment to China. It is estimated that the cellar contained over 3,000 dead bodies, which have been taken secretly from various cemeteries throughout the State. As an instance of Chinese ingenuity, it is stated that those in charge of these operations, fearing the stench would be so great as to attract attention outside, had procured two living skunks, so that the odor of the latter might overcome that of the former. The coroner took charge of all the remains."

A TRADITION PREVAILED at one time in Ireland that if any woman could be found brave enough to offer her hand in marriage to a murderer on his way to the scaffold, she could save his neck from the rope; and if the man was willing to take this leap in the dark it would save him from the other leap which would end so fatally. A Paris gentleman has apparently some such notion in his head, who has just tendered his hand and his heart to Jeanne Lorette, whom the judges at the Hague court have found guilty of the murder of the Japanese Consul Sakurada at Rotterdam. Jeanne Lorette is only nineteen years of age, and is represented to be remarkably beautiful, vivacious in disposition, and well educated, having supported herself as a music teacher. At her trial the plea of emotional insanity was advanced, and so deep an impression did the prisoner's tearful beauty and air of youthful innocence make upon the court that the Crown prosecutor instead of asking for a death sentence only called for a ten years' imprisonment, and the judges having taken the question into consideration to-day sentenced her to three years. The French gentleman who proposed to her is certainly romantic.

EGGS AS IS EGGS.

The egg of the ostrich is equal in size and nourishment to about two dozen hens' eggs, and sometimes weighs three pounds. The flavor is wholesome, and an omelette made of them could not be detected. One egg makes a good meal for a half a dozen persons. They are sold to passing vessels for food; but there is great risk in purchasing the eggs, the shells being so dense as to prevent accurate judgment as to their merit. A decaying hen's egg will not sink in water, because of the gases inside the shell, but no such rule can be applied to the eggs of the ostrich. They will sink in water whether good or bad, and when a bad one is opened the odor is sufficient to destroy the peace of the whole village. Many a camp has been removed a long distance because of the indiscretion of a cook, who has broken an egg instead of tapping it with the tip of his hunting knife, and it is said that the stench of a very antique one can be felt for several miles. When an egg is tapped and found to be rotten, the whole is immediately covered with a quid of tobacco, if the cook happens to have one in his mouth, otherwise he claps on a chunk of mud, and immediately digs a hole in which the cause of offence is buried.

THE FAMOUS CUP.

Underneath is a picture of the Queen's cup, raced for by the "Puritan" and "Genesta," and won by the former. It is an ugly enough piece of solid silver and has sentences engraved on all sides telling of the races in which it has been contested for.



THE AMERICA CUP.

CHRISTINE NILSSON is now returned to her own country and is receiving every possible homage at Christiania, Norway. Her reception in the capital was very enthusiastic. The streets through which the great singer passed were crowded with people who heartily cheered. After each concert she gave she has been obliged to appear at the windows of her hotel and sing native songs. The King sent his chamberlain to welcome Mme. Nilsson home and the nobility showed her every mark of esteem. At one of Mme. Nilsson's performances one of her brothers, a peasant, was present, and wept with emotion. On Wednesday of last week Christine Nilsson gave a concert at Stockholm which was attended by immense crowds. After the concert was over the great singer was, according to custom, singing from the balcony of the grand hotel. The crowd which gathered to hear her numbered over 30,000 people. In one portion of it near the singer there was such a crush, that seventeen persons were crushed to death, and nineteen others severely injured. Mme. Nilsson was so prostrated by the shock, on learning of the accident which the crush had occasioned, that she has temporarily postponed the fulfilment of her engagements. One account of the accident says: "Mme. Nilsson had just finished a song and was bowing her adieu when an enthusiastic crowd began to rush forward without any particular object in view. The police vainly tried to check the rush. Women and children screamed, causing a panic. A horrible scene ensued. For fifteen minutes the air was filled with the groans of the dying. The dresses were torn from women and many persons were trampled under foot while fighting for their lives like maniacs. The night was clear. A large staff of physicians worked all night caring for the sufferers. Many persons are still missing and it is feared they were drowned in the canal. Mme. Nilsson has spent large sums of money in behalf of the wounded and pays the funeral expenses of those who were killed. She gave a concert last evening in behalf of the sufferers."

WEATHER AND CROP REPORT.

The weather during the past week has been unusually fine and warm although there have been slight frosts on several nights. The past three or four weeks have been remarkable for the number of frosty nights which have occurred, yet none of them have done any serious damage to field crops, which are now so far advanced as to be safe from damage by any further frost that may come. The *Prairie Farmer* under the date of Sept. 22 says:—"The warm, sunny days continue, and we may now consider the main corn crop of nearly the entire country as safe. Frosts have cut off some fields in limited localities in the Northern tier of States, but not enough to largely affect the total crop, which some estimate at 2,000,000,000 bushels. Potato-digging and corn-cutting have been progressing rapidly during the fine autumn days, and complaints of rot among the potatoes are more common than agreeable. The warm weather and seasonable showers have given a good start to the aftergrass which had been very backward in many places. The long period of drought in northern Dakota has been followed by prairie fires of greater extent than usual, causing not only great loss of grass, but also grain-stacks, barns, and in many cases of farmers' dwellings."

THE BLOODLESS REVOLUTION in Roumelia is daily becoming more and more interesting. There are good grounds for the conjectures that serious troubles may be caused among the nations of Western Europe. The joint troops of Roumelia and Bulgaria number about 80,000 while those which Turkey has mobilized number considerably less. The Turkish troops are ready to march at a moment's notice, and things look adverse to the reign of peace. Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, Prince Bismarck and other statesmen have received letters from persons in Roumelia asking that the union of the latter with Bulgaria be recognized and supported by them. The way two Englishmen of note were sent back from Philippopolis immediately on their arrival there is of interest and shows how secret the military preparations are being kept among the revolutionists. They narrate that on their arrival at Philippopolis they were arrested. After having an interview with Prince Alexander they were blindfolded and escorted to the frontier, and left in an open field at nightfall in a carriage. They wandered about for several hours, and finally reached the tent of a pasha, who treated them well and forwarded them to Constantinople.

THE "GENESTA" has run several races since she was defeated by the "Puritan" and has won in each case, carrying off some of the most valuable trophies the New York yacht club has to offer. In a race with the schooner "Dauntless," when there was a very heavy storm, the English cutter won by a long distance. The "Genesta's" jib was blown to ribbons. The greater part of the time the cutter was under water, excepting the weather quarter, to which the crew clung. Three of her crew were injured. The "Dauntless" had to give up the race on account of the storm. In another race between the same two vessels the "Genesta" came to the winning point so far ahead of her rival that the latter was not in sight. The fact that neither the "Puritan" nor the "Priscilla" have entered any of these races to compete with the "Genesta" has given rise to much comment. It looks like a let-well-alone policy.

PROTECTION OF GREAT WEALTH.

A person who is permitted to see all the treasure of the Bank of England wonders what precautions are taken to protect the three million pounds sterling of gold kept in the vaults. The precautions taken against robbery from without are very numerous, though one would never suspect them. An account of the defences of the bank are given in *Chambers's Journal*. "These heaps of precious metal, these piles of still more precious notes, are handled by the officials in such an easy-going, matter-of-course way, that one would almost fancy that a few thousands would never be missed; and that a dishonest person had only to walk in and help himself to as many sovereigns, or hundred pound notes as his pockets would accommodate. Such, however, is far from being the case. The safeguards against robbery, either by force or fraud, are many and elaborate. At night the bank is guarded at all accessible points by an ample military force, which would, no doubt, give a good account of any intruder rash enough to attempt to gain an entrance. In the event of attack from without there are sliding galleries which can be thrust out from the roof and which would enable a body of sharpshooters to rake the streets in all directions. "Few people are aware that the Bank of England contains within its walls a graveyard, but such is nevertheless the fact. The Gordon riots, a hundred years ago, during which the bank was attacked by a mob, called attention to the necessity for strengthening the defence. The adjoining church with its gardens were purchased for this purpose, and the old churchyard, tastefully laid out, now forms what is known as the Bank garden. There is a magnificent lime tree, one of the largest in London, in the centre of the garden, and tradition states that under this tree a former clerk of the bank, eight feet high, lies buried."

STORY BOOKS GIVEN AWAY.

Everyone should read through the article headed "Spread the Good Tidings" on the 4th page of this paper, and read the following offer:

From now till the end of October we have decided to give a large book of stories, which sells at sixty cents, to anyone who will send us a list of five new subscribers, to the *Weekly Messenger* at fifty cents each. This offer does not include the club rates, but is of greater benefit to him who wins it. Take care, on sending in your list of subscribers, to write the names and post-offices very distinctly. The book in paper covers is eleven inches by fourteen and contains sixty stories of great interest, the continued ones not being too long. There are 237 pages and about 140 pictures illustrative of the stories. Anyone who has seen the book would be well pleased to take the trouble to secure it by sending in five new subscribers to the *Weekly Messenger*. The offer is too good a one for us to be able to make it for an unlimited time and we therefore place the time till the end of October.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR preached to young men last Sunday at St. Paul's Cathedral, London. On the 23rd instant he delivered a lecture in Toronto on Browning. The lecture was a complete success. He mentioned that this was the first time it was delivered and that it would be given in only Boston and New York during his American tour.

BESIDES THE MEDALS to be given to the volunteers who served in the North-West rebellion a clasp will be given to all those who were engaged in the several battles.

War Notes.

TRY, JOHN! TRY, JOHN!

Try, John; try, John: from temptation fly, John;
Hurry, Joe and the Ned—pass such comrades
by, John.
Shut the tempting tavern door,
See not foot within, John;
Each old chin avoid, though dear,
That would lure to sin, John.
Every thing and every place
That tends to lead astray, John,
Give them up, renounce them all,
From this very day, John.

Try, John; try, John: I will tell you why, John,—
He who fights against what is bad, will conquer
by and by, John.
If with all your powers you strive
With your limbs a-weak, John,
While they daily weaker grow,
You will grow more strong, John.
What if slopnetts fest and stiff
Because you hate the sin, John,
Steadily if they laugh that lose,
They may smile that win, John.

Try, John; try, John: wherefore do you sigh
John?
'‘I'm afraid I shan't succeed’—is this what you
rely, John?
Nonsense, man! such coward fear
Never won a fight, John;
Let's have faith and courage too,
In what is true and right, John,
Like the little barking curs,
That love to snarl and scold, John,
Evil habits soon will fly
When we're stern and bold, John.

Try, John; try, John: think, in days gone by,
John,
Habits have been conquered, vile as those 'er
which you sigh, John?
How this idle loon became
An energetic man, John;
How that hoary, hopeless sot
Leathed the pipe and pot, John—
Mark their upward histories well,
Histories stern and true, John,
Teaching you what you may be,
How you may dare and do, John.

Try, John; try, John: were that mother nigh,
John,
Who her dear, her darling boy, once did proudly
eye, John,
How that loving heart would mourn
O'er the wretched change, John,
Turn her from the sight away—
Sight so sad and strange, John,
Shall a vile degrading sin
Keep you unforgiven, John,
Not alone from peace and joy,
But from her and heaven, John?

Try, John; try, John: look with faith on high,
John,
You've a Father and a Friend, mighty, loving,
nigh, John,
Go and tell Him you repent
Of your evil ways, John;
Pray for help and strength to live
Happier, holier days, John,
Prayer and effort, this combined,
All success ensures, John;
And, with joy and peace of mind,
Victory shall be yours, John.
—Starlight Series.

THE SCOTT ACT has been carried in Peter-
boro'. The Act is beginning to be looked
on more favorably in large towns. The
evident advantage of it in country places
and the demonstration that it can be and is
enforced has made the cities fall into line to
try and do away with some of their drinks.
Kingston came within a very little of vot-
ing in favor of the Act and St. Thomas
carried it. Toronto is now being worked
and from the spirit shown at the temperance
meetings held, one would say that the Act
will stand a very good chance of being
carried in the capital of Ontario when it is
submitted.

W. J. MACDONELL, French consul at
Toronto, tells a very amusing story of a
night's experience in a Scott Act town not
a hundred miles from Toronto. Arriving
there late at night he was refused admission
to no less than five hotels, being told in each
case that the proprietor was "not afraid of
anybody, and had nothing wrong about his
house." The fact is, Mr. MacDonnell was
taken for a whiskey detective. This account
from a contemporary, if true, shows pretty
well what means can be taken to enforce the
Scott Act. If the hotels are afraid of every
one that comes along being a detective they
are not likely to sell so much liquor as they
otherwise would. And, besides, they cannot
tell but that the very men who get drunk at
their bar will inform on them.

SHOCKING DEGRADATION.

The depth of degradation to which strong
drink will bring a man was strikingly il-
lustrated recently by a resident of Lowell,
Mass., who, without money, but with an
overmastering craving for drink, took his
baby in its carriage, on a pretext of giving
it an airing, and visited the nearest rum-
shop, and pawned it for a drink. Then,
he confidentially whispered to the bar-keeper
that he would sell him the child for \$9.
The offer was declined. The toper then
offered his offspring for \$3. It was not
wanted. He would sell it for \$1.50. The
offer was not accepted. Finally, laying the
child on the counter, its father said: "Well,
look here, my friend; take the baby and
give me one good, square drink." The bar-
keeper complied the unnatural father to
pick up the child and leave the store."
Thus does the alcoholic appetite degrade to
the deepest depth its wretched, unhappy
victim!

BESSIE'S FINE PLANS.

WHAT MARRIED AND WHAT MENDED THEM.
Bess had a new diary. Like many an-
other she had written: in it after a very ir-
regular fashion; every page was well filled for
the first fortnight of the year, then a few
hurried lines in one place, a blank in an-
other, showed that interest flagged, and the
task was becoming irksome. By the first
of February dust lay thickly on the pretty
little blue book, and the Bible which lay
beneath it, as well. Neither had been opened
for several days, but Bess had found time
for an afternoon's skating now and then.
She had learned a new stitch in crochet, also,
and several books had been hastily read and
sent back to the library.

Why was it that she could not find time
to write down, or even to keep, any more
good resolves? that not a Psalm had been
read since Monday morning, when the break-
fast bell startled her from a happy day-
dream of prizes to be won at school and
praise at home? Perhaps she did not begin
the week in the very best way; late to
breakfast, and only just in time for school,
she was cross and hurried all the morning,
and made a failure of her lessons instead of
receiving the perfect marks she had planned
for herself.

Old people say that if you lose half an
hour in the morning, you may chase after
it all day, and that the week is very apt to
go on as it begins. Bess found before Fri-
day night that there was far more truth than
poetry in both these sayings. She was quite
fond of making elaborate plans for the day's
work and pleasure, but if the slightest check
came in carrying them out, she would lose
heart and give them up altogether, and per-
haps skim through a novel, when she ought
to be practising her piano music, or throw
an interrupted piece of work aside and for-
get it.

In a large family it is never easy to finish
your day's work exactly as you plan it, but
you can imagine that Bess did not find her
week's work a very satisfactory one, with
lessons half learned, sewing unfinished, and
the fretted, tired feeling that comes from
such trials as one makes for one's self by
mismanagement.

The hardest work in the world is play out
of season, and so Bess concluded, when she
sprang up Saturday morning, knowing that
all sorts of things must be done before night,
and she might expect very little leisure in
this holiday. Her room ought to have been
nicely swept and dusted on Thursday, but
Fred was looking over a new St. Nicholas
when she went down to her breakfast, and
the pictures fascinated her, too, for a half
hour, and then it was too late.

Her work basket was heaped with the
boys' stockings which she had promised
grandma to mend regularly every week, be-
fore Friday night, if grandma would only
knit Fred and Gus some long scarfs to tie
over their caps when they went skating.
Grandma had done her part faithfully; and
the scarfs hung on the Christmas tree, and
Bess was ashamed to give up quite yet, though
she had preferred reading Miss Alcott's
"Work" the night before, to doing her own
work.

And mamma would expect to hear the
piano for an hour after breakfast, and the
parlor would be left for Bess to dust, and
when it was time for baby to take his nap,
she would have to rock him to sleep, and
very likely set the dinner table after that.

A good deal of work to be crowded into the
short winter's day! Bess felt quite ill-used
as she hastily braided her hair. But, after
all, whose fault was it? Though when you
are in trouble, it is no special comfort to
know that you yourself are to blame for it.
Bess planned out her day's work as she
sat at the breakfast table, and finally con-
cluded that, after all, if she hurried a good
deal there would be an hour or two of the
afternoon left her. She could have a little
skating, or a walk down town, and another
look from the library. So she rushed up-
stairs with broom and dust-pan, quite for-
getting to latch a door behind her.

"Come back and shut the door," shouted
Fred from the lower hall; "the wind's
blowing all over grandma, and my hands are
all pained."

"Do shut it yourself! I'm in a hurry,"
Bess called back, in rather a sharp tone, as
she went on, and closed her own door.

Papa stood by the front door, putting on
his overcoat, and before Bess could find her
sweating cap and apron he called her.

"What is it?" she asked, just putting her
head out of the door. But he made no re-
ply, so she had to run downstairs again.

"Shut the dining-room door," was all
papa said, and Bess began to feel extremely
cross, when grandma and mamma both spoke
at once:—

"Here's a stitch dropped, dear; will you
pick it up for me?" asked grandma, busy
with baby's red stockings.

"My dear, you'll have to make a pudding
for dinner; both the girls are busy this
morning, and I cannot finish baby's dress if
I stop to make it," said mamma.

"Oh, dear me!" said Bess; but she picked
up the stitch, and went into the kitchen to
make her pudding without any more words.
It was never worth while to argue with
mamma, for she was not easily convinced;
so Bess flew to the pantry and brought out
milk and eggs and sugar and presently was
beating up the frothy whites in a large bowl
for the floating island which all the family
thought she made as well as mamma or cook.
The clock struck eight.

"Oh, well," thought Bess, "it's not so
very late, after all. If I hurry, maybe I
shall have some time to myself, and this
evening I'll write up that diary. I cer-
tainly will, and next week I won't leave off
a single day, no matter what happens."

And just as she started to slip the soft
white mass on to the hot milk, what should
that bowl do but fall to the floor, broken
into twenty pieces. Too much haste, alto-
gether!

Fred was rubbing the paint from his hands
at the kitchen sink, and he shouted with
laughter at this catastrophe, and the sour
face Bess made. This was not agreeable to
her at all, and as she finished her custard,
she observed,—

"You needn't ask me to make sails for
your boat, if you have got it painted. I
won't do a single thing for you this winter.
A boy that can't even shut a door for his
sister!"

"Mighty good now, aren't you?" laughed
Fred. It took a good deal to ruffle his tem-
per. "Haven't got your diary full of good
resolves this year, have you? Thought you
were going to turn over a new leaf now. If
I was you, I'd finish up some of the old ones."

But Bess was gone; she did not want to
hear anything about new leaves, and it was
surprising to see how fast the broom swept
across her carpet, and in how short a time
the room was neat and orderly again. Then
came the piano practising, which met with
no interruptions, and after that Bess took
her dust and went to work in the parlor;
her fingers were rather itchy as the con-
stant effort to make haste would be very apt
to make them. So nothing seemed to go
back into place as it should. The fringe on
a Christmas card caught in her cuff button
and tore out one whole side before she could
untangle it. Several times she dropped
books on the floor, and heard mamma in
the next room say, "Oh, what is that?" And
finally a small vase struck on the edge of the
mantel and was badly cracked.

Bess grew more and more nervous and
irritated as the day wore on. Baby was not
one bit sleepy when the time came for his
nap, and after she had rocked and sung a
long, long time, and long lashes were slowly
drooping over sleepy blue eyes, Gus came
whistling up the front steps, and dropped
his umbrella with a clash, and baby cried
out, with a start. So then it was all to do
over again, though Bess felt like anything
but singing, as she heard the clock strike one.

And after dinner grandma must have some
yarn wound, and Bess could not ask Fred to
do it for her, after his evil behavior, neither
would he offer to help "such a sulky," so
there went a half hour. Bess had made out
her plan very nicely for the day, but she left
no room for these labors of love, and it was
a very cross little girl who sat by her win-
dow late that afternoon, darning holes of
all shapes and sizes in pair after pair of
socks. She would get no walk unless she
could run down to the library after tea, and
mamma did not like to have her out in the
evening very often.

Before the stockings were done, mamma
called Bess to her room. Baby was fretting
for a playmate, and his dress was not yet
ready, so Bess must take nurse's place while
mamma sewed. Bess did not want to do it
one bit.

"Why, my stockings are not all darned
yet, and it is Saturday night, you know,
mamma, and I've had to do so many things
to-day for other people! I did want to get
through and write in my diary to-night, so
I needn't begin in a snarl next week."

And Bess sighed like one who bears a
heavy burden.

"I have been meaning to speak to you
about your work," said mamma. "You
take very little pains to be obliging, and if
you were to write an honest diary this week,
it would please you very little to read it
afterwards. Now take care of baby till
nurse comes upstairs, for I must finish this
work before dark."

Poor Bess! She had played one day, and
skated another; begun without finishing,
and planned to no purpose, and when the
clock struck nine she was just driving her
needle through the last hole.

"Oh, how horrid everything is!" she said
to herself, with eyes very full of very im-
patient tears. "I'll go and talk to grandma a
little while before bedtime. Maybe she'll
help me."

But when Bess had drawn her stool close
to grandma's chair in the lamp-light, she
could do nothing but cry over her failures
and disappointed hopes of perfection.

"There! There! Poor child, you didn't
begin right," said grandma, finally. "My
mother used to say, 'Well begun's half done,'
and so it is, dear; but I doubt you didn't
begin in the right place."

"Why, grandma?" cried astonished Bess;
"I'm sure I began well enough, always. It's
the keeping on that bothers! Why, my
diary is all full, every page, just the first of
it, you know, and I used to read six Psalms
every day, and I never had a bad mark till
last week. Why, I began beautifully this
year! And you don't know how many
plans I've made, to get work done and do
good—and why—everything, you know,
grandma. But it's no use! I can't keep it
up, and besides, everybody hinders me so."

And Bess cried bitterly.

"No," said grandma, gently; "did you
ask for help when you made your plans this
year, or did you think it wasn't necessary?"

"Why, yes, of course. At least, I did
sometimes. Well, generally. Not about
my diary or every-day things like that, you
know, so much. But I always say my
prayers, grandma, of course."

"Why, where do you want to be helped,
little Bess, if you don't ask for it in every-
day things? You didn't begin right when
you planned perfection in your own
strength. Now, Bess, have you finished one
piece of work this month?"

"No, except I've read four new books
from the library," said honest Bess.

"Your lessons are not very well marked
either?"

"No, ma'am."

"And mamma thinks you might keep
your room nicer, and help her more down-
stairs?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"You were late to breakfast nearly all
the week, got discouraged every day because
you had to hurry so, and since one was not
perfect, you let everything else go. Is that
a good way? To give up a good plan be-
cause you cannot carry it out altogether?"

"No, I know it isn't, grandma," said Bess,
"but what shall I do? Not have any plans
at all? And I really think I'll burn my
diary up, for I never have written in one
much, after the first part, you know. Don't
you think it would be just as well not to try
at all? And then I shouldn't get so cross."

"My dear," said grandma. "I think it is
very good discipline for you to keep a diary
and write in it faithfully all the year, only
don't be cross when you neglect it for a

time. Make up your mind to begin right, now, to-night. Make your plans and ask God to help you carry them out, and then remember that if the interruptions come, it is because He sends them. You know that, Bess, and if you will think of it oftener, I don't believe you'll find it so hard to keep your temper. And when you begin a piece of work, don't give it up; but if away for a while if you have to, put it aside for a while before you call your conscience clear. I would try to put in a line to that diary every day all the year, and let it tell of something finished. You can make all the plans you want to, dear, but don't give them up and sit about with a story-book when things go crooked. The time for that is after all your work is done. And if you can't read six Psalms a day, try one, or even one verse, if you profit by it afterwards. But remember, little girl, nothing will ever go right if you try to work in your own strength."

"I'll try again, grandma," Bess said, in a tired voice, "but I'm almost discouraged, and that's the truth."

"I think you needed to be, or the trouble would not have come," said grandma, with her good-night kiss.

Bess did try again with an earnest prayer for wisdom and strength, and the new leaf was a brighter one. Old habits are not easily broken; sometimes a task was neglected, or a cross word irritated the boys, but day after day Bess tried to improve her record, and when the year closed, her diary had few blotted pages and no blanks; and on a little page was the record of such and such a little task "all done and finished up to-day." Every one of these little useful works thus "finished up" was a victory for Bess. It gave her great satisfaction to think, "Well, that's done, anyhow," and she grew stronger all the while in the feeling that she could do and finish what she undertook, and the habit of doing so became a great strength and blessing to her. How was it that she got into this better way of doing? I'll tell you. She remembered what grandma told her. She began to get up a little earlier in the morning, and began to pray every morning that God would help her to keep her good plans and resolves about the little every-day matters of life, and then she tried hard, and over and over, to help herself. And every little success made her stronger for good, and made the next success easier.—*Zion's Herald.*

KING MAY OR GRANDMOTHER'S PIANO.

BY M. KINGSTON.

After years of silence and neglect my grandmother's piano has come to me in my city home to stand at long modern furniture, a little old-fashioned thing, rusty and worn. The carrier brought it in the evening, and as it came up the stairs, I heard a dull vibration, a low protest, as if unwilling in its old age to be thrust into modern life.

With my own grandchildren as wondering spectators, I lifted its thin cover and touched the worn and discolored keys,—to them only discordant sounds, but to me full of memories.

The children went to bed after each one had played on the piano, and Ellinore had sung a quaint ballad to a very uncertain and quavering accompaniment. I had been reading "Pagoda Shadows," Miss Field's rare and touching pictures of life in China, before the piano came. Somehow, I could not take up the "Shadows" again, perhaps for the reason that with the advent of the old instrument, I was thrust into a realm of long-forgotten shadowy memories. So I laid down the book on the old case, and as I did so, the rusty strings and disabled hammers gave forth a dull, half-articulate sound, which formed themselves, by the law of association, into two words,—

KING MAY.

She was a little Chinese girl brought to this country by a missionary and his wife, and for three weeks they were my grandmother's guests. Even now I can remember just how my little Chinese playmate looked, and how often she would remove the cruel bandages from her feet, and wish she could have feet like mine and wear lace slippers. For her amusement, I would dance before her, my sister playing some simple music, and then King May would shake her head, and the tears would come

into her eyes as she pointed to her distorted feet. She had two words when much surprised which seemed the strongest she could use, and whenever I hopped around in an impromptu dance, King May would exclaim, "I marvel!"

One day when she was suffering from the pain in her feet, I brought her my very best bronze slippers, and told her she should have them for all her own and a pair of my open-work hose, if she would take off her bandages and let her toes come back to their original position. No, that could not be. She had promised, and the missionary had promised, that the bandages should not be taken off, nor she marry in this country. She felt herself to be a prize, and that the mothers in America would be looking to her for their sons. On reading Miss Field's book, and particularly the fourth chapter, a wonderful bit of word-painting, the old pain of that hour came back to me, and the added pain, when I thought that the cruel work still goes on, and we sluggish Christians are so indifferent to the needs of the souls as well as the bodies of our sisters in China.

One day, after much trouble, many mistakes, and queer motions with her hands, King May asked me how much money my mother was to have for me when I married. I tried to make her understand that girls were not sold, but she only shook her head, and seemed to pity me as if I was an unsalable bit of property. She tottered to her feet and laid her dusky hand on my shoulder in a caressing way I had learned to love.

The three weeks went all too quickly, and then King May left our home. She cried when they told her she must go, and, taking one of my slippers from her hands, she knelt and kissed it to show that she considered me a friend and equal. I begged the missionary to leave her with us, and promised rash things, but no, they took her away.

As I leaned back in my comfortable chair, the soft moonlight paled, the old piano became indistinct, and in a dreaming state, I again took up life with my little friend. I followed her home, and stood by her side as she made a loveless marriage, then watched her with pity as she became household-servant and waiting-maid to a cruel mother-in-law; felt the horror and disgust in my own soul as King May shrank from her coarse and brutal husband. I went with her as she wandered away by herself to settle the question in her own mind what she would do if her baby was a girl. I longed to counsel her to do right and God would bless her, when some one said to me,—

"Too late! Too late! Infanticide has been going on for ages, and you might have done something to have checked it, but you preferred your ease, wanted your money for dress, pleasure, and household adornments. You thought, if you did not say it, 'The Missionary Board is always begging; the missionaries have endless wants; why should I deny myself when rich Christians give out of their abundance, and don't know the meaning of the word sacrifice?'"

I felt that King May's soul was in danger. I would do something to save her.

"Too late!" sounded again in my ears. "Thousands have died in their sins since this Chinese girl was an inmate of your home, but you did nothing for them. Dress, the opera, social calls, society entertainments, took your time, your money, your heart."

In agony I stood by King May's bed, and saw her girl-baby scorned, and waited and watched the natural mother-love die out and a fiendish resolve take possession of her heart.

"Suffer little children to come unto me," trust the One who said these words," I tried to say; but I was dumb. I stretched out my hand to take the baby, but it shrank from my grasp. I next saw King May on the bank of the river; there was the disturbed water, an uplifted baby-hand, a tiny struggling form, and I knew one more had been added to the throng of innocent slain. A breeze stirred the leaves on the tree under which I stood, and as the sound died away in a wail, to my tortured ear it was from thousands of little ones whom I had let die.

Then I remembered an appeal I had heard long ago at a missionary meeting for our poor degraded sisters of China. I was sorry for them, oh yes; it was certainly awful, pitiful, but my winter outfit would take all my money. I must go to concerts and lectures to keep cultivated to the proper pitch; I should have to give dollars to send my one; I wanted a velvet cloak, a dress to go with it, gloves, and new ornaments; the heathen must wait, must die in their sins. After all, I reasoned, societies always need

money; the managers are paid to beg. In my meanness and hardness, I said, "How do I know that my dollar ever reaches these sisters in China? Most of it will go for salaries at home."

My suffering, unforgetting eyes. God let me see in part the value of a soul, and the anguish of the soul lost. In part only: the whole would have killed me. The velvet cloak, the rich dress, the brilliant ornaments I had owned and worn, were filthy rags, mere refuse and dirt, as heaven's light shone on them, but the money I had paid for them was gone, the opportunity for sending it to the heathen lost.

I tried to find shelter and comfort in saying, "You have the heathen at home; you have done something for them."

Yes, I had; but how? "Weighed and found wanting; a name to live but dead." These words described my state. A selfish Christian! What woe is to be put together? Can we imagine a selfish Christ?

Women and children, wretched and helpless, thronged the river banks, looking at me with piercing, unforgetting eyes. I sank lower and lower on the earth, putting my hands on my ears to drown the wail of lost souls, and when I could bear it no longer, I awoke to hear my husband softly playing the Missionary Hymn on grandmother's old piano. It is only a dream; but it has a lesson, reader, for you, for us all.—*Watchman.*

FOR MERCY'S SAKE.

BY MARY BLAKE.

In a magazine which I took up to-night, for a little rest and refreshment, are three articles concerning women's work. Two, with great minuteness and nicety, give directions about housekeeping. The other is a delightful account of a neighborhood reading circle, and of the books read and the essays written. Next month there will be an article about elaborate and careful sewing, with lamentations because the machine has done away with the beautiful one thread and two thread stitching of old time.

This is all pleasant reading, it sounds delightfully, and of course the moral is, go and do likewise. But, suppose the average woman with three or four children, and one incompetent servant, or perhaps none at all, tries to follow out all these suggestions; where is time for rest and exercise, or else, where are the children? Every year our housekeeping grows more dainty and complicated. Every year it is more difficult to get good servants, and American mothers grow more haggard and nervous. Husbands tell about the wonderful amount of work which their mothers and grandmothers accomplished, but they forget that in those days one knife, fork and plate served each person for the entire meal, and the sunny kitchens were sitting and dining-rooms as well. Think of the difference between their weekly sweepings and ours, with houses full of lanthequins, and spreads, and tidies and bric-a-brac generally.

My good women, busy mothers, count this dainty housekeeping with "its clean sheets twice a week and its fresh napkins every day," its pleasant, leisurely breakfasts, its dinners with soup, roast and delicate dessert, as luxuries, just as you do the seakins and lovely parlor furniture of your richer neighbors, and possess your soul in contentment. Do not torment yourself with thoughts of inefficiency and bad management if you cannot take care of a teething baby all night and be ready the next day, with one heedless, ignorant maid-servant to carry out all these suggestions.

But where are the directions for the care of the children in all such articles? Where would come the time for the thoughtfulness which notices that four-year old Mary has got up ready to cry at every word, and lightly eases her burdens for that day; that mediates between heedless Tommy and careful Jennie in the matter of school-bags and rubbers, which Jennie had got ready for school and which Tommy has scattered in his wild search for his own missing goose, which pauses in the breathless hurry of Monday morning to hear nervous Nellie's spelling lesson that she may not wear out her anxious little soul before recitation with fears lest she shall "miss"? There is danger that there shall not be room enough in our living for the children and their inevitable care and hindering. No, mothers, give yourselves and your children a fair chance. Take dainty care of them,

souls as well as bodies, then do not feel "as if you should sink into the ground" if your neighbor finds that you do not dust your whole house over every day. Never work to hard that you cannot find the strength of their mental and moral requirements; never be so eager after the unattainable perfection in housekeeping that their precious things and their most precious selves are tucked away into back-rooms, out of the light and warmth of the daily family living.

Not long ago I was passing some days with an old school-friend. One small kitchen-girl and her own hands did the housework for a family of four children, one of them a restless baby of two. It had been a hard day for her. Up at half past six to "see about the breakfast," which meant to dress and feed the hungry baby, to build a fire in the dining-room, for it was a chilly fall morning, besides making johnny-cake and coffee, and practically cooking the rest of the breakfast. Then came the whirlwind of getting the older children off to school. A lunch put up for one who had only one session; the mending of a rent in No. 2's dress, caught on a door-knob as she hurried through; the sending of orders by No. 3, who passed by the market, while all the time the half-sick baby fretted and cried for something which nobody but mamma could do. After that the busy mamma, two or three rooms swept and dusted, ginger-bread made, a little fruit "put up," baby washed and fed and put to bed for his morning nap. There was not one moment's cessation till the hungry children came home for their dinner. The careless servant had forgotten the fire and the baked potatoes were not quite done—a delay which made the writing of "excuses" necessary for fear of possible tardiness; then the dinner for the baby, and, lastly, dinner for the oldest. In the afternoon the mother tried to lessee the great pile in the mending basket, but the baby tangled her spools and hid her scissors, dropped her button-box and cried to be taken up. A call or two filled up the spaces. After tea, and the children sent to bed, she gave an involuntary sigh of relief and reached out her hand toward the last magazine. She had been one of the best scholars in our class and loved books as she loved her daily bread.

Presently the youngest girl, a reticent, quiet child, came shyly back and said, "If I want to have a talk with you, to-night, mamma"; and "So do I," burst out the impetuous older one. The mother hesitated and a shade of impatience passed over her face. Then she answered, brightly, "All right, I will come up as soon as you get undressed." It was half-past eight when she returned. There were stitches to be taken for the husband, who started on a short journey in the morning, and the only leisure of the day was gone forever.

She told me with a little tremble in her voice what the whispered confidences had been; confessions of small deeds which the tender consciences were not quite sure about, questions about the right and wrong of school-room and playground ethics.

"Why wasn't it right to copy from the next girl at the blackboard?" And the reticent Belle had said with a kiss and a hug, "Mamma, I don't think Edith has talks with her mother as we do, for when she told me a bad story to-day, I asked her what her mother would say when she told her, and she opened her eyes wide and said, 'Why, you don't suppose I tell my mother everything, do you?'"

Busy mothers, take courage and be happy; you may not be able to compass dainty housekeeping, elaborate cooking and beautiful dressmaking with such time and strength and help as you can command, but don't you dare to neglect or push aside these little children. Let all the rest go without a sigh, but keep fast hold of their love and confidence; watch the unfolding of their minds more earnestly than you do the baking of your cake; be more careful of the newly awakened conscience than you do the baking of your cake; be more careful of the newly awakened conscience than you are of your new parlor curtains; take more time to think over the problems of each child's inherited temperament than you do the best way to make pickles. These things perish with the using, but souls look out of the blue, and black and gray eyes. Whether they are to make the most of their faculties, their temperaments and their education depends very much on how you understand them and how you help them.—*The Congregationalist.*

YOUNG FOLKS.

SOMETHING ABOUT COWBOYS.

"Quite an exciting time occurred when the ferryboat went over the rapids ten days ago." This item appears in a paper of the Far West, and then follows an account of how the boat was captured. It says: "The cool-headed cowmen soon overhauled the runaway ferryboat, and, with their accustomed dexterity, landed it like a wild steer and tied it to the land. Mr. Starr, the only occupant of the boat, took the matter rather coolly, and the next day tried to pull the boat up the falls to its place, but the rapid and powerful stream was a greater motor than a span of mules, and, in order to save the latter from being taken down the stream, the ropes were cut and the boat again landed to be rebuilt above the rapids."

The two following accounts of the peculiarities and customs of cowboys will be of interest. They differ in one important point—the veracity of cowboys. This is the first.

They are unquestionably the finest horsemen in the world, and are constantly practising with rifles or revolvers in their endeavors to become dead shots, and they generally succeed. Living in the saddle, they worship their horses, and are perfectly happy when on the backs of their animals flying over the plains. During the herding season sixty or seventy miles is an ordinary day's ride. They are brave, will share their last ration with a stranger, never lie nor cheat, and hate a horse thief like they do the devil himself. It is a mistake to imagine that cowboys are a dangerous set. Anyone is as safe with them as with any people in the world, unless he steals a horse or is hunting for a fight. In their eyes death is mild punishment for a horse stealer. Indeed, it is the highest crime known to the unwritten law of ranching. Nearly every horse thief strung up last season in Montana (and there were fifty-nine casualties of that sort from April to October) was sent on his last journey by cowboys. The numerous vigilance committees were composed almost exclusively of cattle herders, who waged a never ending war of extermination against horse-thieving rascals, until all the bands were either broken up or driven from the territory. Their life, habits, education and necessities breed this feeling in them, and they delight in appearing rougher than they actually are. To a tenderfoot (all eastern men or new arrivals are called tenderfeet) they love to tell blood-curdling stories, and impress him with the dangers of the frontier. But no man need get into a quarrel with them unless he seeks it, and then he will find the cowboy is always prepared to shoot quicker than chain-lightning. They also have a slang peculiar to the range, and it is astonishing how quickly eastern bred and educated people will drop into using it. Cowboys often have interests in the herds they are watching, and very frequently become owners of ranches. It is the ambition of their lives to become herd owners themselves and employ on as large a scale as possible other cowboys to watch their cattle. Unless you want to insult him never offer a cowboy pay for any kindness he has done or for a share of his rude meal. They pride themselves on their hospitality and are exceedingly touchy on all matters relating to it. The rougher element of the class have been in the west nearly all their lives, and many of them are married.

The second account is taken from a letter written by a Westerner for a New York paper. In describing the mode of separating cattle the account says: "Cow-boys on specially trained horses were riding into the

herd, letting their horse's nose touch the particular steer they wanted out. A well-trained horse needs no further direction as to his duties. That particular steer must come out of the herd. Sneak as he will, dodge as he may, the horse knows him and him alone. One must be a good rider if he does not "go to grass," for a speed of ten miles per hour may be reduced to a dead halt, and the rider is likely to be projected. A sudden halt followed by a turn almost at right angles is a precarious evolution to the unskilled rider. He will think each particular joint in his spinal column is dislocated. Again, if the rope has to be used, the horse shows his intelligence in a way that amazes you. He watches the circling rope, and, the instant it falls upon the head of the steer, he stops and braces himself for the coming test of strength. He watches every movement of the steer, never diverting his eyes for an instant. He keeps the line of force parallel to the length of his body. It will be an accident if the line of resistance takes an obtuse angle. Such a horse, even if he does not weigh over 700 to 800 pounds, will hold a 1,000 pound steer, until his duty is done. Horses enjoy such work greatly; but it is very fatiguing, and they quickly die from overwork and inadequate food and shelter in winter. After the summer's work is done, they are turned out to seek their own feed through storms and snows just as the cattle are. A ride of 50 or 60 miles a day is an average journey; 70 to 80 miles is not infrequent.

It is not known with any degree of certainty what numbers of cattle occupy any given territory, as stock-men keep the amount of their "brand" as secret as possible. If a man has 10,000 head, he is liable to tell you 20,000 or 3,000 just as his "policy" may be favored this way or that by his statements. Be assured every cattle-man is a liar, either plus or minus, in the matter of his possessions. There is no surer evidence than an interlocutor is a "tenderfoot" than the query: "How many cattle have you?" The ethics of the plains forbid the question.

And now lest we should be responsible for influencing anyone to take to the wild, lawless, and dreary life of a cowboy we give the following decision of a gentleman who for a short time had participated in their work. "I was much taken," he says, "with the free and easy sort of life experienced by this round-up party, and enjoyed the trip and camping-out experience so hugely that I was almost tempted to give up the profession of a scribe and become a cowboy myself but thought better of it next day, and, although I have had lots of fun and enjoyment, I conclude that cowboy life must have its dark as well as its bright, sunny side."

WHY INDIANS LOVE THE WARPATH.

Colonel Royall of the United States army is one of the best known Indian fighters in the service. He is now on leave, his health being much impaired by many years' life on the frontier. Speaking of the present disturbances and the love for murder which every Indian seems to possess in a greater or less degree, he said: "I once asked a remarkably intelligent Indian who was known to have killed a white man some years ago, why it was that his race enjoyed so much going on the war-path and killing people. The conversation which ensued ran something like this, the Indian beginning: "Did you ever shoot a rabbit?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever shoot a deer?"

"Yes."

"Didn't you get more fun out of killing the deer than the rabbit?"

"Yes, I guess so."

"Well, there's a heap more fun for an Indian to kill a man than a deer."

"That was Indian logic, and pretty good logic, too, I should say," Colonel Royall remarked, and added: "My experience has been that the minute an Indian sheds human blood, it seems to affect the whole tribe in the same way that the smell of blood would affect a pack of wild beasts. It intoxicates them. They become devils. They are bereft of all reason. They must satisfy their lust for murder, and the settlers on the trail they take become their victims."

ELEGANT HANDS.

A pretty hand can no more be unfashionable than a pretty face, but just now, we are told, it is particularly "the fashion" to display a pretty hand. Some young ladies spend a good deal of time in polishing their hands with pink powder, cleaning their nails with implements to be found in little toilet cases, and in other ways seeing that there is not a blemish on their hands.

There is good in all this, but the thing may be carried too far. A young lady's hands should always be well-cared for and pleasing to behold, but there are some blemishes possible upon its beauty which no one should become unwilling to incur. Such is that roughness of the forefinger which is apt to follow much use of the needle.

Such also is the puckered appearance of the hand of a young lady who has recently washed dishes, or the stained fingers of the preserve-maker; and who would not regard the row of blisters along a rosy palm that has not disdained to grasp a flat-iron as honorable scars, no more to be considered a disfigurement than the sword-cut on the forehead of a soldier?

The prettier your hands the better, young ladies, until they become too pretty to be useful. The white, smooth hand with a ring upon it is a charming thing, but the hand that is redder and rougher, and does good work, has the first claim upon our admiration.

QUEER THINGS IN QUEER PLACES.

I have a trunk with two lids, so have you—eye-lids.

We have two caps—on our knees.

Two musical instruments that we mustn't touch—our ear drums.

We have two very playful little animals—our calves.

We have some weapons of war to crush those we love with—our arms.

And two lofty trees that we shake with anybody—our palms.

We have two scholars—our pupils.

And two travellers—two wrists (tourists).

We have a number of tools that carpenters must have—our nails.

And dozens of whips without handles—our lashes.

Any number of shell-fish—our muscles.

We have two lovely places for worship—our temples.

And a desert place—a waist (waste).

SMALL WORK, LARGE PAY.

All young folks will do us a pleasure and will certainly do themselves no harm, by canvassing for subscriptions to the *Weekly Messenger*, remembering that if they get us five yearly subscriptions at fifty cents each they will receive a large book of reprinted stories as a reward for their trouble.

HOW TO BE AGREEABLE.

MR EDITOR,—I am a reader of your paper and take a special delight in reading people's thoughts. Knowing their thoughts I can study their natures. I love reading and Nature and agreeable people. I should be obliged if some person possessing the knack of pleasing would kindly explain how to acquire the knack. We love and admire persons that possess the gift, (I think agreeableness must be a gift,) seek their companionship, which always affords pleasure like the pages of an interesting book, and study their wishes; loving them we always try to please them as they please and amuse us. They are never quite the same, they are ever changing. We never tire of their presence or conversation. Those who do not possess the gift are wearisome to the last degree, their presence intolerable, their disagreeableness breeding dislike in us for all that they may say or do. I have often tried to please such people and have as often met with failure. My dislike of them being distasteful, I dread to be like them. I think I cannot at present be agreeable or my efforts to please would be rewarded with success instead of failure and I should not have written these lines. I have a fear that this letter may be condemned as uninteresting and conveyed to the waste-basket. If so know that I shall try again.

ADA MAY THORNE, (age 15.)

Hancock, Wisconsin.

[This letter is written in the right spirit. We hope our friends will take up the discussion of this interesting subject. Let no one be afraid to write lest the letter should not be inserted. We will find room for as many letters as we can.—Ed.]

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