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The Weekly Messenger.

THE CATTLE KINGS.

"Will there be a fight?" was the question asked of one who had dealings with the cattlemen and knew what their feelings were in regard to President Cleveland's order to leave the Indian territory.

"Yes, I know there will be a long and bitter fight," was the answer.

"Will the cattle be moved?"

"Of course not. You couldn't move a colored picnic, let alone 500,000 head of cattle, by any mere proclamation, let it issue from the President or any one else. Yes the fight will be made. It involves important questions—the rights of property, the power of the Indians to make contracts, and the power and authority of the Government to interfere. Of one thing rest assured, the cattle will stay, the fight will go on."

All the official information received in Washington indicates that the cattlemen have done all in their power to get out of the Indian Territory during the forty days allowed them. Unofficial telegrams intimate that the larger leaseholders have not pursued this course, but have, on the contrary, prepared to stubbornly resist the enforcement of the President's proclamation. The latter statements are not credited. It is thought that the cattlemen are fully aware of the determination and ability of the Government to execute its orders.

FIRE BURIAL.

The idea of cremation is steadily gaining ground in the United States, England, Germany and Italy. Two noteworthy cases where well known men have given up their bodies to be burned have recently come before the public. One of these men was a prominent lawyer and politician of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, who had been an earnest advocate of funeral reform. The ordinary funeral services were held while the body was being burned. The cleanliness, expedition and completely satisfactory processes of the cremation very favorably impressed the spectators.

The other case is that of a prominent New York doctor who was an advocate of cremation, and long before his death expressed a wish that his body might be disposed of in that manner. The body of Dr. Hoppel was placed upon a heavy iron frame, shaped in the form of a flat grate, which stood upon rollers upon a platform about the height of the door of the retort. All the rings and shirt studs were then removed, and the clothing was arranged as if there was to be a burial. The body was then covered with a heavy white shroud of cotton that had been steeped in alum to make it partly fireproof. The heavy iron door of the retort was opened and the platform upon which the body rested was pushed in front of the opening. A small wire which ran through the retort was then attached to the iron gate, and was wound

around a roller by means of a crank, and the body was slowly drawn into the retort.

After the feet of the doctor had got inside the wire caught in the opening, and despite the efforts of the attendant the body could not be drawn any further into the furnace. While seeking for some other means to move the corpse the alum-sheet caught fire, and the flames were speedily communicated to the clothing upon the body, and before it could be moved into the retort the flesh was already burning, and the odor filled the room to the disgust of Dr. Hoppel's friends, who were sadly watching the proceedings. The body finally fell in the retort, the doors were closed and shut out the hiss of the steaming flesh. The stean. blower hummed in the chimney, and the intense heat was kept up for an hour and a half, when the furnace-tender looked through a peep hole in the retort and pronounced the incineration complete. A glance at the body showed that it appeared exactly as it did when it was put into the furnace. The heat had made no apparent change. There were the perfect outlines of the body under the white cloth extended stiff and solid. When the furnace door was opened, however, and a draft of cold air struck the form within, it seemed to melt away as if by magic, and a few handfuls of dust was all that remained of Dr. Hoppel's body. Dr. Hoppel weighed about 165 pounds; the ashes weighed three pounds.

In France this practice is still illegal but in Germany the number of bodies disposed of in this way grows larger every year, the number last year being 54. In Italy half a dozen crematories have been built and there have been over 350 "Fire Burials" in a year. In the United States quite a number of companies have been formed, some of which have had so much business that they have been forced to put a limit on the district from which they will take bodies.

BOOKS GIVEN AWAY.

Take a look over the article headed "Seventeen Prizes" on the fourth page of this paper and read this:

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 October 31st, about two months from now.

IRELAND WITHOUT THE CRIMES ACT.

It will be remembered how in the Queen's Speech at the closing of Parliament, not long ago, reference was made to the quiet state of affairs in Ireland attributing it to the policy of the Salisbury Government. Now we hear of more agrarian crimes which seem on the increase instead of decrease because of the expiration of the obnoxious Crimes Act. The tendency in the country districts seems to be to take advantage of the extra freedom, and the Irish National League rules with greater power than heretofore. The League orders that a certain trader is to be boycotted, or that a certain landlord must not be sold anything, and their orders are to a great extent carried out. Some persons who have been expelled by the League find it difficult to get food; as no one will sell to them.

The mobbing has begun again and there have been quite a few serious rows lately. Near Dublin a great riot occurred in connection with the eviction of tenants. The chapel bells rang early in the day, and when the bailiffs and police arrived a crowd of 2,000 people confronted them. Mr. Bodkin, the resident magistrate, ordered the parish priest to stop the bells ringing, but the priest refused, and when the magistrate said he would employ force the priest stood at the chapel gate and said those who attempted force would have to pass over his body. The police charged the crowd with bayonets and a fierce encounter ensued, many on both sides being wounded.

Mr. Parnell's great idea is to have a parliament in Dublin which shall rule Ireland and he, of course, would like to be head ruler. At a banquet given in his honor he gave his ideas of what an Irish Parliament would be like. He hoped that after the coming elections the party which was for Home Rule in Ireland would be strong enough to restore independence to the "Emerald Isle." Because Mr. Parnell has been able to force the Irish Land Act upon the English Parliament with a following of forty members he seems to think that with twice that number to back him up he will be able to repeal the union between Great Britain and Ireland. He will find his mistake.

Speaking of the Irish National League, Mr. Parnell said that its policy was to support evicted tenants to the utmost, where it was shown they were determined to suffer from principle, and thereby encourage the tenantry generally. He was glad to say that that policy had succeeded. Many evicted families had been restored to their holdings, their arrears cancelled and a reduction of 15 to 20 percent in rents obtained. The indirect results were even greater. Landlords feared to evict unjustly, and hundreds and thousands of families thereby escaped eviction. It was the duty of tenants to subscribe freely for the support of those evicted.

During a torchlight procession at Galway, last Monday night, in honor of Timothy O'Connor, a number of the processionists attacked a detachment of the Yorkshire Regiment on garrison duty there. The

noise of the disturbance attracted the attention of the latter's comrades, and they issued from the barracks in force and joined in the row. For four hours the fight waged fiercely, clubs and stones being freely used on both sides. A large number of windows were smashed and many persons injured. Finally, the police, who had in the meantime been reinforced, with the aid of the military not engaged, quelled the disturbance.

THE MEETING OF THE EMPERORS.

The Emperor Francis Joseph and Crown Prince Randolph met the Czar on his arrival at the railway station of Kremser. At the railway station the monarchs embraced. The Czar and the Emperor then entered the same carriage and went together. All the depots from the frontier to Kremser were gaily decorated with Russian and Austrian colors, while guards of honor stood on the platforms and saluted the train carrying the Czar as it passed. The Emperors and Empress indulged in much embracing and kissing. The Czar knelt and kissed the hand of the Austrian Empress. The Emperor Francis Joseph sent a large staff to meet the Czar at the frontier.

An eye-witness of the whole pageant at Kremser asserts, that despite the efforts to make it appear that no dread of personal danger to the Czar was entertained, Alexander was really alert and uneasy and added to the secret precautions arranged for his safety more than one device of his own. He was pale and careworn during his stay and he suggested several precautions to the Austrian authorities. The Czar owns a large mastiff possessed of uncommon strength and intelligence. The mastiff has been carefully trained as a bodyguard, and, as is well known in St. Petersburg and Moscow, and watches beside his master's couch every day. The dog accompanied the Czar to and from Kremser.

The emperors met on business. It is not to be supposed that the Czar, for instance, was so anxious for a friendly talk with the Emperor Francis Joseph that he was willing to risk his precious life in a journey to Kremser. It is likely that some very important business was transacted between the two emperors, and that in connection with the dispute between England and Russia. Perhaps the Czar wished to make an arrangement with Austria and Germany to force Turkey to remain neutral if there should be war between England and Russia. Naturally he wished his interview private if it was on any such subject, and could not trust to the secrecy of letters. The common-sense view is then that the emperors had something very important to commune with each other about. That something will not be known except from the action the emperors take, but it is very natural to think it had to do with England.

It is rather striking that these rulers who meet to decide the fate of nations should have to be guarded from treachery with the greatest of care—that their lives are not as usual guarded by bayonets.

be better to wash the sweat of honest labor off your face than to be smearing it into a blackamoors'.

The boy thought of dull days in the fields, with oxen for companions; then of foot lights, gay music, and laughter.

"Very well," I have said all I am going to say. I shall never ask you again."

"O yes. When you were in your cradle, I told my husband you would live to take care of me."

"What if granny should not have any supper some night when I am gone?"

"After supper he made ready for certain exercises very common in the cabin of late—exercises which he considered likely to improve him in his chosen 'profession.'"

Poor Ben! His face grew more mournful than ever. It was no longer any fun for him, but he patiently consented, and arranged the stage "properties."

Well, after Ben had been, with some changes of costume, a giraffe, a Zulu, a Broadway belle, and a propounder of conundrums, he became so incapable of being anything else but a tired little boy, that Billy relented, and let him lie on the ragged old lounge.

"If it was me," said little Ben, promptly, "I would rather be out in the sunlight making th-things gr-grow. Wheat fields are so pretty, and I like ca-cattle. They always seem to know me, if I co-co-come near them. I never would allow until I got dizzy, if I

could help it. I think it is si-si-silly; it ain't being a man."

"Ben," he said, "you don't really know anything about minstrel shows. Some day I will take you to the regular thing."

"I would rather stay here and read to granny. I should be afraid."

"Granny dozed and snored softly; the loan cat sprang into Ben's arms, and they slept peacefully together; while Billy walked the room, and peered out the window pained. He half decided that he would go to the farmer in the morning. Then he half decided that he never would go. At last granny awoke, and said, 'Bring the Book and read good words; we have had enough of this day.'"

Ben would not wake up. He really could not do so after his hard evening exercises; and when Billy shook him, the cat took Ben's part, and scratched Billy resentfully.

"Well, I would as soon read as to hear him stutter over it," said the older boy, getting the Bible, the cover of which had been bright and fresh when granny had been so herself. Now it was as nearly out of its binding as was her soul.

"The children of Ephraim, being armed and carrying bows, turned back in the day of battle," read Billy, just where he opened the Book. Then he asked "wouldn't they fight?"

"Able, but not willing to do what a body ought to do. I don't remember about the fighting. Perhaps it was only to endure something. Now I will go to bed," said granny, forgetting that Billy had read but one verse.

When he was left alone, he sat and pondered on those children of Ephraim until Peter tumbled into the house in his usual state. Then he let Ben sleep on, and he himself helped the tailor to bed, doing it with much less ceremony than the latter approved of.

(To be continued.)

POOR JOHN WITHERS!

John Withers had been only a week in London, but he was not now feeling so strange as he had done, because a young fellow in his department, a smart fellow, too, had taken him in hand that very day, and had promised to show him what "life" is like. So John went after business—he was in a wholesale drapery house in the city—with his new friend, and they paid for seats in a theatre. John had never seen anything like this in his country home; he was dazzled and dazzled, but his conscience was not all right. His mother seemed to be somewhere near him, and he could not turn his head to look at her, because she felt his eyes were hardly fit to do so.

"Snelling," he said to his companion, "if my mother were here!"

"Ah, I daresay she would like to see you enjoying yourself—women do like a fellow that's seen something of life, you know!" The specious tempter! It was half a lie, and half a shameful truth, but it told with John; and when the curtain fell for the last time, the victim was led to the refreshment bar, his throat parched with excitement, and he drank as bewildered brain and the fever of excitement will make men drink—drank and talked until he could no longer do either, and was dragged insensible, to see more of "life" in its worst and vilest forms.

His face next morning told the tale—to drown remembrance he did the same thing again at night, and in the morning had not such stings of conscience. So he went on, till mind and body craved what at first had seemed a wild dream—drink and sin. No letters are written home now; his mother would not be able to sympathize with a man's pursuits; better tell her nothing about it, though "women do like a fellow that's seen something of life." And his sisters? Well, they are such a contrast to the girls he meets, that somehow he cannot think of the two together. And so he goes on to the bitter end.

A Christian young fellow in his business house one day button-holes him: "I say, Withers, is it all right with you?"

"Never righter! Why do you ask, Graham? Don't I look it?"

"No, dear fellow, you don't. Come to our Y.M.C.A. meeting to-night."

"Can't Graham, I'm going out particular-ly, or I would."

Poor Withers! God alone knows where thou standest to-night!

In the morning Withers' place at table was empty, and some one was reading a paragraph headed "Found Drowned," but none imagined it was Withers, until a note was found in his room saying that he had become a hopeless drunkard, ruinous entanglements made life a burden, enfeebled energies made work impossible. God pity his mother! but he meant to die! A bright young life, his mother's pride, ending in ruin! A soul, capable of the highest and best hopes and cultivation, lost!

Oh, let us unite to win these young brothers from "the snare of the fowler"—let us agitate against drink and while we agitate let us pray!—Herald of Mercy.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

REVIEW.

Spt. 13. 2 Kings 4: 13-37.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

Call attention to the beauty of the story. In simplicity, in fidelity to life, in delicate description of character, and powerful appeal to human sympathies and feelings, it is unsurpassed by anything in ancient or modern literature.—Todd.

Make clear the nature of Elisha's missionary tours throughout Israel, among people far from the temple worship, and corrupted by calf-worship. Picture the childless home of the strong, prompt, wise, devout, affectionate Shunamite, and her hospitable plan, resulting in the preparing of an upper room, furnished as befitted her wealth and the prophet's position. She rejoices in the birth of a son, but through his precious gift she is to be taught that whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and in her experience is to show, The power of a living faith.

I. The trial of faith (vers. 18-20). The story of the child going out to his father in the great harvest fields, and being brought home to die in his mother's arms, is best told in the simple, familiar words of the Bible.

II. The work of faith (vers. 21-35). This mother showed her faith by her works. (1) By laying the child on the prophet's bed until he should come. (2) By concealing his death. (3) By setting forth on the wearisome journey to Mt. Carmel. (4) By her promptness of action. (5) By her half-uttered appeal to the prophet. (6) By her persistence. (7) By her gratitude. Faith without works is dead, and would never have saved her child.

Call attention to Gehazi, insolent and officious, vain-glorious in his commission, running swiftly with the prophet's staff, making frantic attempts to arouse the insensible child, then returning baffled and crestfallen to his master. Contrast with him Elisha, courteous and patient, anxious to comfort, easy to be entreated, going alone to the chamber, and manifesting his faith (1) by prayer, humble and fervent (2) by using the means that suggest themselves to him, or that Elijah used on a similar occasion.

III. The triumph of faith (35, 1.e.-37). (1) The woman received her dead raised to life again, but before taking him to her arms fell on her face in an ecstasy of loving gratitude.

Illustration. Doubtless, if we are so happy as ever to reach heaven, we shall find ourselves so overwhelmed with wonder, love, and praise "that we shall not at first think of the social joys and lesser privilege to which we now look forward."

(2) Many years later this wonderful story was the means of her regaining lands that were forfeited by her absence.

Call attention to the truth that what neither a mother's love, nor Gehazi's efforts, nor the prophet-staff could accomplish, Elisha was enabled to do through the power of God, and Jesus Christ, the Resurrection and the Life, does for every believing soul. Illustration. In a quaint English book Daniel Quorn says, "It is wonderful, wonderful how we can stretch ourselves out 'pon the promises—lie down on 'em full length—and they begin to live, and speak, and bend words that somebody spoke a long time ago, but do come fresh and warm from the lips o' the blessed Lord, and all full o' his gentle love, and tenderness, an' power."

Question Corner.—No. 16.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

SCRIPTURE SCENE.

The subject of this paper is a place well known to all readers of the New Testament. Jesus was there so frequently, and did so many great works, that it is called His own city, rather than Nazareth, where He was brought up; indeed this very fact made the people of Nazareth jealous of their neighbors. There was a Roman garrison here, and one of its officers obtained from Jesus the commendation of showing greater faith in him than any one in Israel. The same Roman officer had endeavored himself to the Jews by building a synagogue. In this building our Lord delivered some of his most striking discourses. In the town itself He called one of His disciples from the receipt of custom; He attached another more closely to Him by healing a near relative; and here He taught His disciples humility, by putting a little child before them. It was here also that a sick man was brought before Jesus in a way which showed the determination springing from faith. These and other works caused our Lord to speak of the city as being "called unto heaven." He went on to add that it should "be brought down to hell," a doom which has been too sadly fulfilled.

Answers may be found to the following questions:

- 1. What is the name of the place?
2. How did the people of Nazareth show their jealousy?
3. Who was the Roman officer, and what did he ask Jesus to do?
4. How did he earn praise for his faith?
5. Which of the apostles was at the receipt of customs?
6. Who had a near relative healed by Jesus?
7. What did Jesus say to His disciples about the little child?
8. What sick man is meant, and how was he brought before Jesus?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN No. 14.

BIBLE CLASS.—The following are some of the places in which the words occur:—

- 1. 1 Cor. 8:13.
2. John 2: 8, 9.
3. 2 Sam. 17:28.
4. 1 Sam. 28:24.
5. Num. 11:5.
6. Lev. 19:10.
7. Gen. 25:29.
8. 2 John. 9, 9.
9. Gen. 43:11.
10. Gen. 43:11.
11. Num. 11:5.
12. Num. 11:5.
13. Num. 11:5.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Table with 2 columns: Word and Reference. Includes M-a-cchus, J-en-poo-let man, R-oo-t, A-n-ge-ls, C-a-n-a, L-e-p-r-o-s-y, E-y-e-s.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED. Correct answers have been received from Albert Jesse French, Joseph E. Hancock, E. Greene, Mary J. Macpherson, Alfred Gould, and George A. Riddell.

RESPONSIBILITY OF TEACHERS.—The responsibility of moulding the minds of our youth, of both sexes, aright, cannot be overestimated; and the responsibility assumed in Sabbath-school enterprise is of the gravest order. What is taught there as the truth of God will not be easily effaced by after effort. It is a serious evil, and one readily taken cognizance of, when a minister from the desk teaches false doctrine, or whose department is glaringly at variance with the teaching of the church. But he is addressing people whose habits of thought are formed; while the flippant, thoughtless, worldly-conversation Sabbath-school teacher, or the intelligent, earnest one, whose conversation is in heaven, are impressing their thoughts, and their acts upon very plastic material. We have seen the impress of feet of men and beasts that had been made upon the clay long years before. The clay had hardened into stone under the petrifying influences with which it was brought in contact, but the footprints were not removed thereby; but otherwise, were indelibly fixed. Thus the history and facts of other ages have been brought to us. A thousand petrifying influences will tend to induce fixity of mind in those who in their youth are now under our care, but it will be fixedness with the footprints there—in the impressions we now make.—The Methodist.

THE WEEK.

SEVENTEEN PRIZES.

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 in last week's number of this paper. There is a chance for everyone to obtain one or other of these

SEVENTEEN PRIZES.

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.

GOVERNOR ST. JOHN tells a very touching story which we have printed on the 6th page. Who will accuse him for setting the man free who was but the instrument which the murderer used to accomplish his wicked deed?

SOME STORIES there are which fascinate without giving anything further to those who read them than a sense of pleasure. Everyone should read the story which we begin in this number which is both fascinating and instructive.

YOUNG FOLKS! We invite you to write us letters on all sorts of interesting subjects, addressing them to the "Editor of the *Weekly Messenger*." If you have questions to ask, write, and some of our readers will, no doubt be able to answer them. The last page of our paper is peculiarly a young folks' page, and they can use part of it in writing letters to one another. For instance, if a boy finds a nest and does not know what bird the eggs belong to, let him write, giving a description of the eggs and nest, and some other reader will be able to tell him at once what bird it is. If any of our readers live in places which have legends, witch stories or anything of that sort connected with them, we will be glad to hear from them. All who write should remember the following rules: Write very briefly. Write plainly and punctuate carefully. Write on one side of the paper only. Sign your own name or any other, but never omit to send us your own name, address and age.

A DYNAMITE EXPLOSION which occurred in Philadelphia broke all the windows in a dozen stores in the vicinity.

EX-GOVERNOR ST. JOHN of Kansas addressed a large audience in Milton, Ontario, a few days ago, his subject being prohibition.

THE PRINCE OF WALES, while in Norway took tea on board Mr. Gladstone's cruising yacht, the "Sunbeam," with Mrs. Gladstone. The Prince has invited Prince William, third son of King Oscar of Sweden and Norway, to visit England this fall and be his guest during the autumn royal hunting season.

GENERAL BOOTH, of the Salvation Army was mobbed at Hull recently. An unknown person threw a stick at the General and struck him, but he was not badly hurt.

THE BELIEF is growing among military and other friends of General Gordon that he really escaped alive from Khartoum and succeeded in fleeing to the Equator. So strong has this faith become that a mission will be organized to search for and rescue him. It is scarcely possible that the hero of Khartoum can be living, but the faintest indications that he may be are eagerly seized on by those who almost worship him.

MR. GLADSTONE states that his cruise to Norway and travels through that country have greatly benefited his health. He pronounces Norway admirable, and says its inhabitants were hospitable and he was received everywhere with such cordiality that the only regret he entertained was that he was unable to accept all invitations tendered him. The yacht "Sunbeam," with Mr. Gladstone and party on board, arrived at Wick, Scotland, on Monday. A deputation of the inhabitants of the town went on board the "Sunbeam" and greeted Mr. Gladstone very warmly, inviting him to land. Mrs. Gladstone, speaking for her husband, said that his health was unequal to the fatigue of landing. The "Sunbeam" afterward proceeded south. Mr. Gladstone reached Aberdeen, on Tuesday last, and was met by an enormous crowd and accorded a popular ovation. Mr. Gladstone will remain in Aberdeen a few days, the guest of his brother, before proceeding to his own residence. He has arranged to return some time during the coming campaign and make a political address to the electors of Aberdeen. Before leaving the "Sunbeam" Mr. Gladstone addressed the crew in a clear and strong voice. His physician, Sir Andrew Clark, declares that his patient is better and that a further change of air will restore him completely.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND is now spending his holiday in the Adirondack Mountains far from any inhabited spot. The journey to the place is a very difficult one as a great part of it lies through the thick woods. The President acts in a very democratic way, chatting and joking with his guides, who call him "governor" not "President." He has a doctor and a lawyer with him, the first to attend to his health, and the latter probably to decide any little disputes that may arise. The President has managed to get where he will not be bothered with telegrams and the affairs of state. His physician thinks it is doing him good. With the restlessness of one who is not accustomed to a camping out life, the President is ever on the alert for game, and what with fishing and deer-shooting by day, and hunting again at night, it is said that Mr. Cleveland does not get more than three or four hours sleep out of the twenty-four.

THE BRITISH, having been attacked again and again in their stronghold at Suakim by the Mahdi's forces, have thought it was time to show fight themselves, and seeing a good chance have made an attack on Shinat, a village a hundred and forty miles north of Suakim. Two hundred and forty friendly natives in one of their own steamboats accompanied an English steamer to the village which was attacked and destroyed. The British and allies in battle killed a large number of hostile Arabs who inhabited Shinat, and captured enough grain and cloth to make a large cargo. The Mahdi's son will find it a difficult thing to carry out his father's threat and drive all the English soldiers from Suakim into the Red Sea.

WEATHER AND CROP REPORT.

The weather has been rather cold during the past week, with frost in many places in the North-West, but the damage done is comparatively small. The *New York Commercial Bulletin* says: "The fuller accounts which are now reaching us of the effects of the last week's cold snap on the North-western grain fields are such as to confirm previous statements, that no damage has resulted to either wheat or corn to any considerable extent. In Illinois only slight damage is reported. In Iowa the rain has spoiled some of the grain that was not in stock. Throughout Minnesota everything is in good shape, and the harvest is so well advanced that it is independent of the weather. Indiana's corn crop, we are told, will be "enormous," and in Kansas it bids to be the best ever raised."

The last few days have been very favorable for harvesting the small grains, which is now almost completed except in a few northern localities. The cool weather has been favorable to potatoes and other root crops and the yield of potatoes promises to be large and very few symptoms of rot have yet appeared. The rapid maturing of corn has been checked, but this will rather improve the yield should frost not come for two or three weeks longer. The certainty of an abundant harvest has had a beneficial effect on the general business of the country, especially in the west and the south.

HOW THE SPANIARDS FARE.

A description of the state of things which the plague has brought on in Murcia, a town of Spain, may be taken as an example of what the cholera can do. The aspect of the town is dull. Many of the shops are closed and many houses untenanted. A few people gather in the cafes and casinos. Processions from the churches pass along the streets with unwonted frequency, the priests carrying the host to the dying, and people kneeling in the streets uncover their heads and cross themselves. Other processions twice a day parade the infested streets, and carry about the relics and images of saints. The bishop has instituted solemn services in the cathedral and the churches to implore the Divine assistance. The bishop and the governor are also uncasing in their visits to persons attacked, and in the distribution of rations and medicines to the poor. Day and night the dreaded "dead cars" pass to and fro along the streets, and often take bodies away without coffins within an hour after the decease.

King Alfonso has visited the cholera hospitals in Madrid where the plague is gradually abating. In a town of Andalusia, Spain, the cholera has driven most of the wealthy people from the place. The desertion on the part of the rich employers deprived many of employment. The laboring people were angry and showed it by rioting. Many of the houses of the wealthy were wrecked by the mob. The soldiers were called out, and in the fight which followed, eight persons were killed and twelve wounded.

GERMANY AND SPAIN QUARREL.

Germany having seized the Caroline Islands will not surrender them, let Spain say what she will. France is taking a hand in the quarrel, and has offered Spain material support if she sees fit to make her demand with arms in her hands. Great and imposing meetings were held in numerous cities of both France and Spain last Sunday, to protest against the action of Germany on the subject. It is thought that the seizure of the Caroline Islands is merely a ruse by which Germany means

in the end to obtain possession of Cuba, having secured an understanding with the United States. A German paper, and an influential one it is too, remarks that the beautiful ladies of Cuba will soon be lovely subjects of the Emperor William. Some measures have been taken, according to French papers, to have the Spanish army in readiness. Whether this be true or not it is certain that all Spain is in great excitement about the affair. The German Government have answered the indignant messages of the Spanish Government explaining that its action had been inspired altogether by friendly motives, and that Germany regarded the affair as unworthy of interrupting the ancient amity between the two nations. The reply further explains that Germany, seeing no evidences of Spanish rule in the Carolines, thought the islands to have been virtually abandoned. The German Government, however, does not mention whether any of the islands have been actually occupied.

THE YACHT RACE.

The coming international yacht race which is to take place in New York on the 7th, 9th and 11th of September is to decide the championship of the world in the matter of sailing-yacht racing. The race is creating interest and even excitement. There have been five contests between English and American sail-boats for the challenge cup, and at each contest the American yachts have won. The first race was in 1851, the second in 1870, the third in 1871, the fourth in 1876 and the fifth in 1881. After another lapse of four years the English cutter "Genesta" appears as a contestant for the much coveted cup. The "Puritan" of the Eastern Yacht Club and the "Priscilla" of the New York Yacht Club (both new boats) are now having trial races with other yachts to determine which is the best boat to meet the Englishman. It is only fair to state a fact well known to yachtsmen, that new boats labor under more or less disadvantages and that a year's trial is generally considered to greatly increase a boat's racing qualities.

The "America", which won the race in 1851, stands to-day the pride of Americans, as having won the cup in a race against the entire fleet of the best English yachts, which for 34 years have been—after four trials—unable to recover it. The cup is of solid silver, ever shapely and elaborately ornamented. It stands full two feet high and weighs at least 100 ounces. Around its broadest part are medallions variously inscribed. The first inscription is as follows: "One hundred guinea cup, won Aug. 22, 1861, at Cowes, Eng, by yacht "America" at the royal yacht squadron regatta, open to all nations." It is an understood thing that the cup does not belong to the owners of the vessel that wins it, but to the club, and that it is to be a perpetual challenge cup which is to be forever open to be sailed for by organized yacht clubs of all foreign countries.

As to the qualities of the English cutter, she appears to have made her best races in heavy winds, but she has lately been given more canvas and it must be supposed that her ability in light breezes is better now than before. The "Genesta's" fastest time averaged 4 m. 12 s. to the mile. She is longer by a foot than the "Puritan" which will likely be the boat chosen to compete with her. The greatest difference between the two boats is in the width, the "Puritan" being 22 feet wide whilst the "Genesta" is only 15 feet. This difference, it is thought, will tell against the American yacht. The "Puritan," however, has a good deal more sail than the English cutter.

TEN FATAL CASES of cholera have occurred within Gibraltar since the outbreak of the plague in Spain. Cholera is beginning to make its appearance in Italy near Rome and is attributed to fugitives from Marselles.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL attempt was made by a gang of masked men on Sunday morning to burn a bridge on the Indianapolis & Western Railway, near Danvers station, Illinois. A farmer discovered the bridge on fire and started to quench the flames, but was commanded to "move on and let that alone." He drove hastily to Danvers, six miles distant, and gave the alarm in time to stop the express. The train approached cautiously, stopped, and a half dozen men fled to the bush. The bridge had been saturated with kerosene and badly burned.

THERE IS A GREAT DROUGHT throughout the southern part of Tennessee and the cattle are suffering terribly. Nearly all the wells are dried up. The army worm is also doing great damage in the state, devastating whole fields of cotton.

THERE IS A SAYING "What's in a name?" If one were to try and answer the question in regard to the name of the Czar of Russia, which is not complete without all its titles, it would take ten minutes rattling off names as fast as possible. It takes the Czar quite a time to sign his name, and he would not need to do it very often. We will not tire our readers by giving the list of places he is duke of, suffice it to say that he is Czar of ten countries. One must not then forget in reading about this great emperor that he is an exceedingly important personage.

THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY question is at last definitely settled for the time being at least. Some prominent European diplomatists are certain, however, that war must yet come between England and Russia. The Governor of Herat has been found tampering with letters sent from England to the Afghan Boundary Commission. It was thought that he had done this in the interests of Russia, but it may have been because he suspected that he had been complained of by the Boundary Commission. The Ameer has sent to investigate the reasons of his meddling with the letters.

CAPTAIN ROBERTS of the British ship "Emblem", which recently arrived at Queenstown, reports that he saw a sea serpent sixty feet long and seven feet in circumference, lying on the surface of a smooth sea, nine feet from the ship's side. It was light pink in color, and was observable for fifteen minutes.

A MONSTER of a small town in Texas was so greatly troubled by the sins he had committed that he set about murdering people right and left. Before he was done with his bloody work eight persons were shot and killed including his nearest relatives, and twenty children were left orphans. The man finished by cutting his own throat, and riding along on horseback at great speed, he was not captured till he had nearly bled to death.

THE TREATY OF PEACE made between France and China is not being very well kept. The treaty stipulated that the Chinese should leave Tonquin. This has not been done. The troops have refused to return to China or disarm, and are forming a strong army of irregulars and preparing to attack the French. Philoc, Chief of the Black Flags, offered his services to the French to suppress piracy and anarchy in Northern Tonquin on condition that he be appointed Governor of the district. His offer was declined by Gen. DeLisle, the French commander.

THERE ARE OVER 80,000 more acres of land under crop in Ireland this year than in 1884 which shows that the Land Act is working so as to give more employment to the peasantry.

EARLY ON LAST MONDAY MORNING a large elephant connected with a circus in Philadelphia broke loose, and pulling down part of the tent rushed around the enclosure wildly. A young man was picked up by the elephant and hurled a long distance, receiving serious injuries. Eventually a force of workmen secured the beast.

THERE ARE RUMORS that Preller, who is said to have been murdered by Maxwell in St. Louis, is still alive. Maxwell received a letter from a man who signed himself A. C. Preller and who said he was going to start for England right away. Then, again, a citizen of Philadelphia says he saw Preller after the report of the murder, but Preller refused to recognize him although they were well acquainted. These stories seem to be got up merely for the sake of setting Maxwell free.

IT IS REPORTED that Olivier Pain has died of fever. He has followed his master the Mahdi within a short time. The Arab paper *Achbar* learns from Suakim the following details about the Mahdi's death. He sickened on Friday, the 19th June, and was carried by his own desire to a tent outside the camp. No doctors being present, two captured missionaries were called, who declared that he was suffering from small-pox, and was past help. After this the Mahdi called his nephew, gave him his sword, and appointed him his successor. On the following day, his condition growing worse, he took leave of his relations, enjoining them to prosecute the war against the Christians, and died at five o'clock in the evening. He was buried the same evening, and his tent was burnt.

FOUR CHILDREN were walking over a railway bridge, near Ottawa city, when suddenly a train rounded a curve and bore down on them. There was not a moment to spare. Seeing that the train was gaining upon them rapidly and that it would be impossible for all four to be saved, the eldest girl, Minnie Tobin, with a self-sacrificing heroism seldom seen, seems to have determined to rescue her companions regardless of her own life. She jerked the terrified little boys, who were running along the ties, to a place of safety at the extreme outer edge of the bridge, returned to the centre of the track and had her hands upon her little sister in the effort to save her when both were struck by the train and must have been killed instantly as the bodies were crushed and mangled beyond recognition.

A FARMER of Hastings county, Ontario, went to Madoc last Saturday, and returned about two o'clock on Sunday morning the worse of liquor. He broke into a house occupied by Mrs. Mary Adams, a widow, who lives on the road. She told him to go home and warned him that if he came in she would strike him with an axe, but he persisted and broke open the door and seized the woman and threw her to the floor. She called to her boy, who seized an axe and struck Archibald, who loosed his hold of Mrs. Adams. The woman got the axe and inflicted seven cuts on Archibald's head and five on the shoulder. Dr. Boulter, of Stirling, dressed the wounds and it is not probable that he will recover. After the affray was over Mrs. Adams went to a neighbor's and said that she had killed Archibald. The injured man is about 80 years of age and has a wife and family.

MORMONISM is not much appreciated in London, England. For some time past several Mormon missionaries have been laboring with great energy in the east end of London, and have succeeded in making many converts and proselytes in spite of persistent and brutal opposition. Recently there have been reports that these missionaries had been systematically kidnapping the handsome young women and shipping them to Utah to be "sealed" to rich Mormons. All sorts of stories have been told about the harems kept by the wealthy Mormons and the indignities inflicted upon the girls who were entrapped into becoming their wives. These reports have greatly exasperated the East-Enders, and the other night an infuriated mob invaded and took possession of the hall in which the missionaries were speaking. The invaders stormed the platform, smashed most of the furniture in the hall and made a total wreck of everything on the platform. The seven elders who had been conducting the services fled for their lives. The rioters chased them through the streets, pelting them with filth and every sort of missile that could be picked up. Several of the elders were captured and were terribly abused by the mob. Their clothing was torn to shreds, and they were beaten until they were unconscious and almost lifeless. The rioters, evidently believing them dead, fled and left the Mormons lying naked and bleeding on the pavement, where they were afterward found by the police.

THE WORKMEN of the shops of the Denver & Rio Grande Railway company in Colorado are on strike. Not content with inconveniencing the company by their strike, they are trying other means of intimidation. Several dynamite explosions have occurred on the road, and another on a larger scale had been planned a few days ago by the strikers. The dynamite was laid in sufficient quantity to have blown up the entire train, and to have occasioned great loss of life. Owing to several explosions under trains and the terrible effect upon the locomotives which dynamite has had, a very close watch of the railway tracks in Denver city has been kept, a patrol being constantly maintained. The Salt Lake express was due at 9.10 and the Leadville express had left at 8.30. A watchman patrolling the track in the meantime, discovered near the limits of the city, and about the place where two locomotives have already been blown up, a large quantity of dynamite placed upon the track and so arranged that it could not avoid being exploded under the locomotive of the incoming express. The dynamite was taken up carefully and filled the watchman's hat. The amount was much larger than could have been placed in any of the other explosions.

THE FUNERAL OF ADMIRAL COURBET, in Paris, on Friday, was conducted with great pomp and solemnity. A large model of the "Bayard," the flagship of the French fleet commanded in China by the deceased had been constructed in front of the Hotel des Invalides. The coffin was placed in a colossal sarcophagus, which was ornamented at the corners by statues of Faith, Hope, Charity and Religion, which bore shield emblazoned with scenes of battles in which Admiral Courbet had taken a leading part. This was lighted by incense burners and tapers which emitted green flames and cast a weird glimmering through the darkened light of the chapels where the body lay. During the funeral ceremonies the French troops paraded slowly up and down the esplanade and afterwards filed past the coffin.

THE PASTOR of a Pennsylvania County church some time ago announced that he would preach a Grant memorial sermon. J. H. P. Fulton, a well-known resident, gave notice that such a sermon should not be preached in that church. But little attention was paid to his threat, and on Sunday the Rev. Mr. Shultz announced, his text and proceeded with his sermon, enumerating great men of modern times. Fulton sat quietly until Gen. Grant's name was mentioned, when he sprang to his feet, brandished his arms and cried to the minister, "Stop that!" The preacher continued his discourse, and Fulton advanced up the aisle. Great confusion prevailed, which reached a crisis when the angry member sprang into the pulpit and violently assaulted the minister, knocking him down. A rush was made by the congregation to defend the pastor, and in the *melee* one man received a blow from Fulton's fist, and another had his clothing badly torn. Order was finally restored and the sermon finished. Fulton will probably be prosecuted. His actions have aroused great indignation.

CANADIAN CHEESE.

A meeting took place at the New York produce exchange, last week, that has special significance to the dairymen of Canada. It was for the purpose of listening to the report of a committee of the cheese trade in relation to the depressed condition of the trade and the general causes that have led to it. The following is an abstract from the very interesting report: "The committee believe that the make of June cheese this year has been far superior to that of several years past, and possesses excellent keeping qualities. It is hoped that the same quality will be shown in the make of the balance of the year, particularly that of the fall months, in order that the general complaint of the keeping quality of New York State cheese, which was so commonly heard last winter, both here and in Great Britain, may not be repeated the coming season. It is of vital importance to the factorymen of this state that they should fully realize that in order to maintain the prestige they have so long held, and to preserve New York city as the outlet for the bulk of the shipments to the British Isles it is absolutely necessary that they should use every exertion to secure the high standard of quality which none know better how to obtain than the factorymen of this state, provided the necessary care and watchfulness is used. What was particularly wanted to be brought to the attention of the farmer was that there was a competitor on his border, which was regarded with more favor abroad than our own cheese. Canadian cheese should have been particularly mentioned, and the fact that the Canada competition was most active should be brought more carefully to the attention of our dairymen. Mr. Smith said that he had been in England this season, and had heard the question discussed. Our farmers seemed to care more about the sale of their cheese than its keeping quality. He saw Canadian cheese tested there, which kept well, while he saw our cheese, which had been spoiled. It is a question with the farmers whether they would make cheese which would ripen quickly and decay quickly, or cheese which would ripen slowly and keep for a long time. Mr. Folsom said that it had been the object of the committee to keep the name of Canada out of the report. He did not propose to advertise Canada in the report, but they meant to call the attention of the dairymen to the matter.

HOW BRITAIN BECAME CHRISTIAN.

THE TIME BEFORE AUGUSTIN.

By Rev. James M. Ludlow, D. D.

The exact time of the dawn of Christianity upon the British Islands, as, like the natural dawn, it travelled from the East, cannot be given. That "baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire" which came upon men first in Palestine, poured with the rapidity of actual conflagration along the shores of the Mediterranean, consuming paganism in Asia Minor, Greece, Italy, Spain, North Africa, those sites of ancient culture; but at the same time it scattered its sparks on the wind of a north-moving civilization over the forests of semi-barbaric Germania and across the waters to Britannia, Caledonia, and Hibernia, places which were about as important in the Roman mind as Siberia and Kamschatka are to us.

A tradition asserts that Joseph of Arimathea, driven away from his elegant estates by the persecution which followed the death of Jesus, came to Britain and founded Glastonbury Abbey as a memorial of his love for the Saviour. Until the time of the Puritans (whose incredulity prevented the priests from working miracle) there was shown to visitors at the Abbey a thorn-bush which flowered every Christmas day, and which had grown from the identical staff which Joseph used in his pilgrimage from the Holy Land. The hill upon which he rested the last day of his journey is still pointed out by the peasants. But we cannot root this story deeper in history than the days of the mediæval monks who adorned the world with their sacred romance as Walter Scott poured the glamour of agreeable fiction over his native hills.

A more probable story is that Lucius, an English king, hearing of the Christian doctrine, in the year 161 sent to Rome for information, and that the Christians there sent him a band of missionaries. But unfortunately we have no other evidence than the tradition itself that such a king as Lucius ever sat upon an English throne, though there were so many petty kings in early England that not finding his name among them is not a fatal objection to the story.

Neander, our best authority upon such matters, thinks that British Christianity came directly from the East by means of the extensive commerce in minerals which was carried on between these extremities of Europe. An argument for this view is found in the fact—which we shall show hereafter—that the Roman Church from the first met with opposition from our ancestors, who fought the ground inch by inch against the introduction of its peculiar forms of doctrine and worship.

The English Church is first definitely discerned as it rises through the lurid light of the great persecution which swept over the world in the time of Diocletian, A. D. 302. The present town of St. Albans is a memorial of Alban, the story of whose martyrdom has consecrated it. He was an educated pagan who had been brought to Rome, but met in his Christian doctrine. When the edict for the persecution reached Britain and was being executed by the Governor-General Constantius, the father of Constantine, Alban's natural compassion, sense of right, and English liberty-loving spirit led him to conceal in his house one of the fugitive Christians who was a preacher. He was so impressed with the transforming grace of this man's character that, notwithstanding the danger of death, he confessed conversion. Deeming that such a man as his guest would be more serviceable to God than himself, he exchanged clothing with him and then facilitated his escape. Alban was sentenced to death. His sincerity and courage at the block were so sublime that the executioner threw away his sword and stood as a convert at his side until a new officer cut them both down.

Such scenes as these electrified the young Christianity of Britain, and it thrived marvelously after its baptism of blood. Constantine the Great, the son of the very Roman Governor of Britain under whom this persecution was conducted, on coming to the throne endowed the original cathedral of St. Albans in memory of the proto-martyr of the English Church. A few years later the British Christians were sufficiently numerous to send several delegates to the First Great Council at Nicea. The next hundred years tell us nothing of them until they appear as a source of missionary

movements reaching out to Ireland, Scotland and even to the Northern nations of the continent.

About the year 400 A. D., in a little village between the present Dumbarton and Glasgow in Scotland, was born one Succoth, better known by the Latinized name he afterwards assumed, Patricius, in plain Irish, Patrick. The village still cherishes the honor of his birth, and instead of its original name Bownaven, has taken that of Kilpatrick. His father was a deacon in the almost aboriginal Scotch kirk of the place. When about sixteen years of age he was captured by certain pagan Scottish pirates, who made a raid along the Clyde and carried him away into the wilds of Ireland and there sold him to a chieftain. Six years he spent

as a sheep-tender on the mountains. He shows much of the spirit of the shepherd-boy David. His early affliction, his long hours of meditation among the mountains, rooted the principles of Christianity in his heart and developed a sweet and fragrant spirituality. Escaping from Ireland, he was afterwards captured again by a band of freebooters and sold into Gaul (France). Bought back by some Christian merchants, he determined to give his life as a missionary to the wild Irish people among whom he had spent so much of his youth, and to whom, notwithstanding his sufferings when with them, he was greatly attached. A Pauline "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel" to Ireland seems to have filled him, for he says of those friends who tried to dissuade him, "It was not in my own power, but it was God who conquered in me and withstood them all."

The legends say that he went to Rome for ordination. But the fact that such a journey for such a purpose would have been unnecessary, since, even according to the customs of the Roman Church, he could have been ordained at Rome, and the fact that the

unseen Master stood in strong but winsome contrast with the uncouth, semi-savage, independent, but tyrannical Irish lordships of the day. Such was his zeal in improving public vices that King Dermot, a diminutive Herod, made it advisable for monks to flee the country. He passed in a wicker-boat, with twelve companions, over to Scotland in the year 565.

He found there already the nucleus of a church, namely that of the Culdees—the word meaning, perhaps, "men of seclusion," in allusion to the fact that they were refugees who had been driven northward from England and the Scotch Lowlands, first by the persecution under Diocletian, and

afterward by the invasion of the wild pagans whose blood we inherit, the Angles and the Saxons. Colme gathered about him these men, and established a religious seat on the island of Iona, or Ioulnikill, off the west coast. Over this spot hangs to-day the romance of the ancient kings who are buried in this sacred ground, and whose ghosts still flit among the ruins of the churches and tombs, as Collins tells:

"Yet frequent now, at midnight's solemn hour,
The fitted moulds their yawning cells unfold,
And forth the monarchs stalk with sovereign power,
And on their twilight tombs aerial council hold."

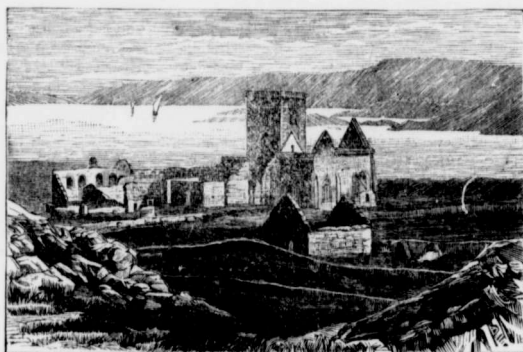
But the religious influence of Iona keeps it perpetually green in the memory of Christian Great Britain.

The Romish writers call the institution at Iona a monastery. It was not in the Romish sense, as even Bede confesses, "It had an unusual constitution. The monks (so called by Romish writers) were often married, resided with their families, and went to the monastery simply for study and spiritual discipline, in order that they might be fitted for missionary work. It was a theological seminary. We find in the teaching of those who came from Iona no trace of the doctrine of Purgatory, Saint-worship, Mariolatry, Auricular Confession, the Mass, nor of any prelacy. The great works of Columba and his pupils was that of transcribing the sacred Scriptures into the dialect of the people—a strange occupation for a body of Romish priests to-day. And, as we shall see, Caldecism was one of the obstacles to the establishment of the Romish Church when it came. For thirty-five years Columba was permitted to labor for his adopted land. Iona sent its rays over Scotland and England, rekindling the knowledge of the truth where the Saxons had extinguished almost every trace of it, and, in conjunction with those of the Irish Church, penetrating Germany.

But as his brethren and disciples were laying Columba's body to rest at Iona there arrived in England the first great missionary of the Church of Rome, Augustin.—*Illus. Chris. Weekly.*



ST. MARTIN'S CROSS. IONA.



RUINS OF THE CATHEDRAL. I. NA.

early Irish Church taught by Patrick, like the early English Church, showed opposition to the claims of Rome when, a century or two later, the Pope sent their emissaries, suggests that this is one of the hundred fables invented by the monks of the Dark Ages, like that, for instance, that the Scotch boy was nephew to St. Martin of Tours, a Hungarian—the only real relation being that he lived in the same century.

At the age of forty-five he returned to Ireland. His method of work seems to have been very much that adopted by the founders of Methodism in reaching the undisciplined masses. He became a field-

preacher. At the least of a drum he gathered a concourse of people and told them the story of the cross. We need not assume the working of miracles, such as the driving out of snakes, to account for the multitude of converts. These legends belittle an otherwise grand life of missionary devotion. The gospel addressed to the hearts of men, under the commission of the Holy Spirit, is fully sufficient, as witness the work of the later field preachers. The Druidical religion, which appealed only to the fears and enjoined the practice of cruel rites, could not stand before the promises of the gospel as exemplified in such a life of devotion as Patricius lived. The petty chieftains or kings of the Irish seconded the apostle of a better civilization, and the Druid lords themselves, moved by the softer doctrine

THE PHYSICAL NATURE AND CONDITION OF THE PUPIL.

1. As Sunday-school teachers, we work for eternity, and, therefore, give especial attention to the souls of our pupils.

2. In giving attention to our pupils, it becomes necessary for us to take heed to their bodies.

(1) There is a close relation between soul and body. They come into existence at the same time. They inter-act and are inter-dependent in many ways. The soul receives its knowledge principally through the body. The soul makes its knowledge and power a factor in the world through the body.

(2) There are certain conditions of body which affect the soul, such as health or disease, strength or feebleness, inherited tendencies. The nervous system is especially susceptible and influential.

3. Sunday-school teachers would do well to understand the general laws of physical and psychological inter-dependence, and trace their application to individual pupils.

4. Sunday-school teachers should seek, by acquaintance, visitation, and discreet inquiry to ascertain the physical nature and conditions of their pupils:

(1) With respect to their health.

(2) With respect to their nervous temperament.

(3) With respect to their diet.

(4) With respect to their habits of eating, sleeping, study, exercise, and recreation.

5. Sunday-school teachers may favorably influence the physical conditions of their pupils.

(1) By providing comfortable seats, securing good ventilation, and avoiding undue crowding at school.

(2) By suggestions as to habits, companionships, etc.

(3) By the distribution of good literature.

(4) By judicious warnings against evil tendencies toward dissipation. Growing boys need special attention from judicious, frank, and worthy teachers, in reference to dangers from the use of tobacco and stimulants, the cultivation of appetite, passions, the reading of sensational and obscene literature, remaining on the streets at night, and a proper respect for the advice of parents.—*Living Epistle.*

YOUNG FOLKS.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

A traveller gives this account of Robinson Crusoe's Island: "Opposite the harbor of Valparaiso stands the island of Juan Fernandez, sacred to the memory of Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday, who kept things tidily and listened to the tales his master told." There isn't a boy where the English tongue is spoken who hasn't read a description of this island better told than I am able to give it, and it is only necessary to say that Daniel Defoe, or whoever wrote the book, must have studied the place with great attention or had the island created to suit the picture he gave of it.

The little harbor is there, with its rocks and coves, just as it was when Robinson went ashore; the cave is in good order still, and the cliffs up which he and Friday used to chase the mountain goats. The goats are there, and the armadillos, the birds of wonderful plumage and the crawfish among the rocks. Every boy in North America who has read the story recently could go all over the place without a guide and find everything except Robinson himself and the faithful Friday.

The island belongs to Chili and is leased to a cattle company, which has 20,000 or 30,000 head of cattle and as many more sheep grazing over the hills. There are about fifty or sixty inhabitants, ranchmen with their families, under the charge of a Frenchman named Crawe, and besides the stock they raise a quantity of poultry and ship chickens and eggs, with some vegetables to the Valparaiso market. The timber on the island is said to be of excellent quality, but is not much used. No one goes there without bringing away a cane or two as a memento, and the brush from which these canes are made is of very beautiful fibre, and polishes well.

A DECIDEDLY COOL RECEPTION.

A well-known balloonist tells an amusing story of how he attempted, after a voyage through the air, to land in a locality where nobody had ever heard of a balloon, much less seen one. He dropped, he says, into a farmer's orchard, where the horses, boys, and dogs raised a very bedlam about him. The boys screamed, the dogs barked, and the teams at plough snuffed up like war-steeds and bolted with the plough behind them. Inside the orchard some horses snorted and reared up in the fence corner, and a negro boy lay on his back paralysed with terror as the balloon went surging up and down, ripping the grappling iron from one apple tree to another. The poultry were all in commotion, and the matron of the domicile stood at the door wringing her hands in anguish. The climax of excitement was reached, however, when the farmer himself rushed out, gun in hand, ready to shoot the "blamed thing." It was now the aeronaut's turn to experience some terror, for there could be no doubt that the old man would let fly with his blunderbuss the minute he saw it, though fortunately he turned first to look for the phenomenon in the wrong direction. This gave the balloonist a moment in which to cut the grappling-ropes and make off, and as the balloon rose the old fellow was heard to exclaim, in a satisfied tone, and standing in a half stooping position—"There, there, it goes!" "And" says the traveller, "I did go, too, glad to get out of range of the farmer's fowling-piece."

This is quite a different landing to what the hero of our new story had.

A LIVELY BANK ACCOUNT.

A small messenger boy in a large town was making a deposit in a savings bank. After passing up a battered and dog-eared bank book to the receiving teller, he proceeded to explore one after another of his numerous pockets. A long search among a miscellaneous assortment of keys, knives, match-safes, etc., finally developed the sum of thirty-three cents, which he handed up with a malign twinkle in his shrewd grey eye.

"So you're back again!" growled the receiving teller, as he chased the coins over the slippery surface of the glass, on the extreme edge of which the boy had carefully arranged them. "You're running down pretty low on your account. I suppose you are afraid the bank would fail if you had more than a dollar here at a time?"

"Well, I don't know," replied the boy in a ruminative tone: "I don't want to run no risks. I know a feller over yer in a telegraph office whose brother had six dollars wunst in a big bank down town eleven or eight years ago, and it busted on he never got only sixty cents outen it."

"Well," said the teller, in a peppery way as he shut the book with a snap, "any time you're afraid of your money you just come around and let me know, and I'll see you get it. Your account is too lively for us any way. We can't keep it in sight half the time—too much here to-day and gone to-morrow about it. This thing of depositing twenty cents in the morning and drawing out fifteen cents about 5.25 p. m., is getting played out."

"Why, last Saturday," said the teller, raising his voice, "you had a balance of thirty cents, and came around before I could get my coat off in the morning to deposit a quarter—afraid somebody would rob you, I suppose, if you waited till later in the day—and you were back again at one o'clock and drew out all but five cents. What was that for?"

"Wanted to go to a matinee with the feller in the telegraph office I wuz tellin' you about. You can bet it was a boss show. Say, did you ever see the minstrels?" inquired the boy, with an affection of the greatest interest.

"No, I don't go to such low places; and if I'd know you drew that money out to go to the theatre with, I'm here to tell you, you would have slipped up on it."

"What people don't know don't hurt 'em," answered the boy, with a grin.

"Well, now, see here," continued the teller, as he handed the book over, "your account is valuable, but hadn't you better transfer it to some bank where they can afford to hire one clerk to do nothing else but keep it? It would almost break our hearts not to see you half a dozen times a day, but we would try to bear up under it. You think it over, and if you conclude to follow my suggestion let us know a day or two in advance, so that we'll be prepared to give you the entire amount you're credited with."

MARK TWAIN'S WAY.

A gentleman acquainted with the famous humorist tells this story of him.

When I was living with my brother in Buffalo, Mark Twain occupied a cottage across the street. We didn't see very much of him, but one morning as we were enjoying our cigars on the veranda after breakfast, we saw Mark come to his door in his dressing-gown and slippers, and look over at us. He stood at his door and smoked for a minute, as if making up his mind

about something, and at last opened his gate and came lounging across the street. There was an unoccupied rocking-chair on the veranda, and when my brother offered it to him he dropped into it with a sigh of relief. He smoked for a few moments, and said:—

"Nice morning."
"Yes, very pleasant."
"Shouldn't wonder if we had rain by-and-by."

"Well, we could stand a little."
"This is a very nice house you have here."

"Yes, we rather like it."
"How's your family?"
"Quite well—and yours?"
"Oh, we're all comfortable."

There was another impressive silence, and finally Mark Twain crossed his legs, blew a puff of smoke into the air, and in his lazy drawl, remarked:—

I suppose you're a little surprised to see me over here so early. Fact is, I haven't been so neighborly, perhaps, as I might have been. We must mend that state of things. But this morning I came over because I thought you might be interested in knowing that your roof is on fire. It struck me that it would be a good idea if—

But at the mention of fire the whole family dusted up-stairs. When we had put the fire out and had returned to the veranda, Mark wasn't there.

A JUDGE FINED HIMSELF.

Did you ever hear the story of the judge who fined himself? That happened in B—a town of North America. The judge was presiding at a trial which had almost terminated, and a young lawyer was arguing with the court to make a certain charge to the jury. The proposed charge did not strike the judicial ear with favor and he declared himself against it. The lawyer insisted with such intensity that the court got angry. In those days, as it is now, it was the custom to call a leading lawyer to the bench if the judge desired to go out and get a drink, and the case went on just the same. Well, he who wore the judicial ermine in B—called a lawyer to preside, and, jerking off his coat, descended and thrashed the lawyer. He then resumed his seat on the bench, announced that he fined himself \$25 for contempt of court, and, pulling out the money, handed it to the clerk and had the judgment entered.

WHAT THE CHILDREN SAY.

"Robbie," said the visitor kindly, "have you any brothers and sisters?" "No," replies we Robbie, solemnly, "I'm all the children we've got."

Little Jim was baby brother to a family of married brothers and sisters, and was "uncle" to a little nephew when but a very small boy himself. Of course, the family talked a great deal about "Uncle Jim," so when there was another nephew, Jim exclaimed proudly, "Now, I'm two uncles!"

"Mamma is baking up-setters," said Elith the other morning, as she ran in to see us.

"What are up-setters?" said Aunt Mary.
"She maked 'em wif butter and eggs and flour."

Auntie went over next door to see what up-setters were, and found that mamma was baking pop-overs.

Johnnie had a drunken father who abused him a good deal. One day Johnnie had gone to a lecture given by a phrenologist. What that long name meant he did not know, but somehow managed to discover before the lecture was over that it was a man who

"tells what people like by the bumps on their heads."

Johnnie was called up on the platform to have his bumps examined.

"The development at the back of the head, my friends, indicates filial affection," explained the phrenologist, using grand words. "Now you will observe," he went on, feeling Johnnie's head, "that this bump is abnormal in size, thus indicating that this lad loves and reveres his parents to an unusual degree. Is it not so, my lad?" "Naw," "What? You do not love your parents?" "I think well enough of nither," replied the boy, "but I ain't very fond of feyther. That bump you're a feelin' of he give me last night wud a broom-stick."

The lecturer looked sheepish.

HENRY GALLMAN OWNS a mill, and a man named Fruit attends to it. Fruit owns a large cat that, as soon as the mill is stopped by shutting down the gate, will immediately run down behind the mill and get on a log just over the sheeting over which the water is flowing. She will then look intently into the water, which is from eighteen inches to two feet deep, until she spies a fish. She then plunges into the water, frequently burying herself under it, but almost always coming out with a fish. She then quietly sits down on a rock near by and enjoys her meal.—E.E.

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