

# Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

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## The Weekly Messenger.

### SHIPWRECKED FISHERMEN.

Survivors of the terrible gale which occurred on the 11th and 12th ult., on the bleak coast of Labrador, continue to arrive at St. John's, Newfoundland, in a destitute condition. The story of their sufferings is sad indeed. Those who passed through the gale describe it as the most awful hurricane ever witnessed, even by the hardy fishermen who frequent that storm-beaten coast. It first blew from the south-east, continually increasing in violence, then it suddenly veered to the north east and the cold became intense. At intervals the whole atmosphere was darkened by the snow drifts. It was a scene of awe and terror, which the imagination can but faintly realize. In the midst of this war of elements a fleet of little fishing vessels were struggling for life.

Some were caught in the tempest on their homeward voyage, laden deeply with the produce of the summer toils—others lay at anchor, loading in the exposed roadsteads and harbor, where there was no sufficient shelter. On board were hundreds of fishermen, many of them with their wives and children, for it is their custom to take their families with them to aid in handling the fish. As the storm continued and increased in violence the vessels were pressed nearer to the fatal rocks, their affrighted freight clinging desperately to the doomed hulks, which, first one and then another, were dashed against the rocks, the human mass hurled into the seething surge, some sinking to rise no more, others clinging to fragments of the wreck; some flung ashore, more dead than alive, on the huge rollers. Thus perished some 80 human beings.

The saddest scene of all was at White Bear Islands. Here two vessels, the "Release" and "Hope," with all their anchors out, were struggling to ride out the storm. They held on till Monday morning when the moorings gave way. The "Release" drifted on an island to leeward, and was speedily dashed in pieces. Twenty-five of those on board were drowned, all but six being women and children. The "Hope" was carried on a ledge of rock, near the shore. Two punts were launched and filled with those on board, who reached the shore in safety; but before the remainder could be secured the vessel broke up, and fourteen met a watery grave, most of them being women and children. The scene is said to have been appalling. Poor mothers were seen clasping their children to their bosoms in agony, and children crying for aid and clinging to the hands that were powerless to save. The merciless billows rushed on them and covered all with a winding sheet of foam.

Thirty-nine in all perished at this single spot. One man lost his wife and four children.

The dark tragedy is relieved by some traits of genuine heroism. A young man named Reardon had escaped from a wreck by swimming. He had barely reached the shore when he heard the wild shrieks of de-

spair from a woman on board another vessel that was fast going to pieces. The brave fellow did not hesitate a moment. He dashed into the boiling surge, and after a fearful struggle with the waves, he reached the wreck and swam ashore, bringing with him the rescued woman. Just before he reached the wreck two women on board were killed by the falling of a punt on them.

Another touching story is told of a fine manly little fellow of twelve years, who was in his father's vessel when she was dashed to pieces. The father tried to save the boy by swimming with the lad fastened on his back. He struggled hard, but, again and again, with such a burden on his shoulders, he was nearly overwhelmed. The poor boy begged his father to let him go and save his own life; and when he saw that his father would not do this he managed to work himself free and struck out toward the shore. A huge wave came and flung father and son on the shore and both were saved. When asked afterward by a lady if he felt afraid he answered "No ma'am, I was only a little bit frightened, I thought poor father was goin' to be drowned, and what would mother do then—so I got off his back."

The Government, as soon as the news of the disaster reached St. John's, at once sent out vessels to bring the survivors back to the island. The poor people as they arrive are in a pitiable plight, but thankful to reach their homes alive. Many of them have lost everything. All their hard-earned catch of fish is gone, and they come home to face the long, cold winter with hardly anything in their houses. They will receive all the help that is possible both from private charity and out of the public funds; but with all that can be done for them the privations and sufferings will be great.

### BLUE RIBBON BEER.

The subject as to whether blue ribbon beer is an intoxicating drink, and within the prohibited clauses of the Temperance Act, has been exciting a good deal of attention in Toronto. It would seem, according to Dr. Ellis' testimony, that the blue ribbon beer tested contained little more than two percent of alcohol. Several medical men declared it to be intoxicating. Some practical tests were made, and they were just as conflicting as the medical testimony. Some could drink almost any quantity without feeling any intoxicating effect. Wm. Munns, described as a mild looking young man, experimented on two other mild looking young men, named Cooper and Beckett. Munns paid for the beer and loaded each man with seven glasses, in an hour. Neither man showed any effect till after the third glass. After that Cooper became more and more melancholy until he appeared somewhat the worse for the drinks. Beckett after the fourth glass began to feel in fine form and told witty yarns; at the fifth he was as jolly as could be; at the sixth he insisted upon setting up the drinks for Munns, and after the seventh, taken within an hour and ten minutes, he was able to walk home. Judge McDougall tasted the beverage in

Court, and pronounced it "very wishy-washy."

Judge McDougall gave judgment, in this Blue Ribbon beer appeal case, at Toronto on Tuesday, dismissing the appeal with costs, holding that the beer is intoxicating. If the case had been otherwise decided the prohibitionists would have found it hard work to enforce a prohibitory act. For in every case of prosecution for selling intoxicants it would have become necessary to show that the liquor contained more alcohol than the two percent to be found in Blue Ribbon Beer.

### THANSGIVING DAY.

In setting apart the 26th inst. as a day of Thanksgiving throughout the United States President Cleveland says: "The American people always have abundant cause to be thankful to Almighty God, whose watchful care and guiding hand have been manifested in every stage of their national life, guarding and protecting them in time of peril and safely leading them in the hour of darkness and danger. It is fitting and proper that a nation thus favored should on one day in every year, for that purpose especially appointed, publicly acknowledge the goodness of God and return thanks to him for his all gracious gifts. And let there be also on the day thus set apart a re-union of families, sanctified and chastened by tender memories and associations; and let the social intercourse renew the ties of affection and strengthen the bonds of kindly feeling, and let us by no means forget, while we give thanks and enjoy the comforts which have crowned our lives, that truly grateful hearts are inclined to deeds of charity; and that a kind and thoughtful remembrance of the poor will double the pleasures of our condition and render our praise and thanksgiving more acceptable in the sight of the Lord. The day appointed as Thanksgiving Day in Canada was, by mistake, last Saturday, but the date was afterwards altered to the 12th inst.

### LIONS AND TIGERS AT LARGE.

A Memphis, Tenn., despatch says: There is a reign of terror in the vicinity of St. Francis, Ark., a village twenty miles west of this city, on the Memphis, Springfield & Kansas City Railway. The woods are filled with fierce tigers, lions, jaguars, hyenas and other animals crazy with the taste of blood, and the inhabitants of the little village are barricaded in their houses, earnestly praying for relief to arrive. Boa constrictors freed from their cage crawl through the deserted streets and the howls of the laughing hyenas make sleep impossible. The particulars of the sudden changing of the peaceful village into a raging bedlam of savage beasts have been received here. A crowd of villagers had assembled on the depot platform awaiting the arrival of the train containing John B. Doris' circus and menagerie. The train consisted of twenty cars and was just rushing into the yard at a good speed when the engine ran off the track, followed by a dozen cars containing the animals. The big per-

forming elephant, 141 years old, became crazed with fear, and breaking through the side of his car as if it were but pasteboard, dashed towards the assembled people trumpeting loudly and waving his trunk frantically in the air. While the people were rushing to their homes for shelter many of the other animals escaped from the overturned cars, and the streets of the village were soon filled with them. The big elephant snatched the ten-year-old son of druggist John Anson from the stoop of his father's residence and threw the boy a distance of twenty feet. While the child lay groaning the big lion Jupiter broke from his cage, followed by the lioness Juno and her two cubs. They quickly tore the boy to pieces, and the hyenas and jackals snarled and fought over the bones. The elephant seemed mad with excitement, and placing his immense head against the car containing the tigers he tipped it over and broke open the cages. The smell of blood infuriated the latter animals, and the few men who had ventured upon the streets were forced to seek safety in flying to their residences. The car containing the snakes, some of which were over fifteen feet in length, caught fire, and many of the reptiles were burned to death. Those which escaped crawled through the streets hissing with passion. The villagers kept up a fusillade of revolvers and shotguns upon the animals, and gradually drove them into the woods. The big elephant was captured by his keeper and returned to his car, and several of the other animals were corralled by the circus employees and confined in their cages. There are still several bloodthirsty animals roaming in the woods near the village, and many of the inhabitants are afraid to venture upon the streets.

Mr. Doris offers a large reward for the capture of the escaped members of his menagerie, and several young men of this city are organizing a rifle club to raise the siege and put an end to the horrors which now afflicts the people of St. Francis.

### WEATHER AND CROP REPORT.

During the past week the weather has been almost continuously wet, though milder than the previous week, and farm work has been almost impossible except on naturally dry soil. A considerable quantity of turnips, and not a few fields of potatoes are still ungathered, as the soil is in too wet a condition for the removal of these crops. It is probable that owing to the prevalence of rot very few of the undug potatoes would pay for digging, even should the weather and ground become favorable. The early snow has completely disappeared and the grass looks beautiful and green; but in most cases the ground is too wet to permit the cattle to graze without serious damage to the ensuing crop. Hog cholera continues to prevail rather extensively in the western states and shows no abatement either in virulence or in the extent of territory affected. Cattle have also suffered a good deal from exposure to wet and cold during the past three weeks.

## HOW BILLY WENT UP IN THE WORLD.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.  
A NEW DEPARTURE.

One beautiful day in early spring, the sun shone brightly in at the windows of what had once been Peter's cottage; but shiftless Peter never would have recognized his old home, save by the landscape around. Silas Barnard had already added a new kitchen, for Prissy was a famous house-keeper, and wanted plenty of room for all her cooking utensils and her domestic operations. How every pot and pan did shine to-day in the bright sun-shine, while Prissy, her cheeks as red as ever, hovered over the fire, frying doughnuts. Si had added another room, and this last was a nursery. The arrival of the twins made such an apartment as necessary as the new kitchen. Five years had come and gone since Silas took Prissy for better or for worse; the twins were bounding children, a boy and a girl, or Jack and Jill, as Si persisted in calling them.

There was moreover, a baby. It was a good baby, healthy and perfect in all its members, but a more grotesque little mortal never flourished. Prissy and Si thought it decidedly pretty; but as it sat this day, crossed-legged on the floor, howling lustily for the hot doughnuts Prissy would not bestow on it, it looked like nothing but a Chinese idol. Well, as the sun shone and the baby screamed, and Prissy placidly warbled a hymn, the outer door opened and in walked William Knox.

"Where is Si, Prissy?"

"He will be in soon; he drove over to Langham, but it is time he was home."

"Well, I can wait a while for refreshments," said the young man, laughing, as he secured two big cakes from the pan by the stove, and biting one, added: "You can cook a few things, Prissy, can't you?"

"Impudence! What did you seize the very hottest ones just from the fat lot? Si does that, too, instead of taking cool ones, which must be more digestible."

"Pshaw! I can digest a cannon ball."

"I believe you could. Why don't you get married, Billy? Then you would not have to come eating up your neighbors' cakes; your wife would make them for you."

"That would not be so economical, by half," replied Billy, sitting down near the "idol," whom he swooped up, perched on his knee, and silenced by filling its wide mouth with cake. Prissy, glad of the quiet, and unaware of the way it had been secured, went on talking.

"I declare, Billy, you are big enough to take care of a wife. I thought last Sunday, when you stood up to sing, you looked exactly like Goliath in our illustrated family Bible."

"Don't you like big men?"

"Yes, I do. I wish Si was twice as large as he is! I suppose a big fellow may be a sounder, but I always was of the opinion that, as a rule, he wouldn't have so many meannesses as a little one. A regular giant might get mad and toss his wife out of the window, but he ain't half so likely to count the potatoes she may cook for dinner, as if he were under weight. You see, Billy, the potato counter's wife has to despise his stinginess; but the chances are the big chap's wife will tell the neighbors she fell out of that window, and she will forgive him before her bones are set."

"Indeed! Why, Prissy, how you make me realize my prospective privileges. But it is too bad! Si counts the potatoes—and are they small potatoes, too?"

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Billy Knox! Si isn't so very small, and I can tell you his heart is almost as big as his body."

"Isn't that a little rough on his lungs, liver, and so forth?" quoth Billy, grasping out for another cake.

The hot hard began to scorch, and Prissy, taking it hastily off the fire, paid no more attention to her visitor for a while. He amused himself easily; ate more cake, tumbled the idol around in a sacrilegious way, told Prissy its head was going to be redder than ever his was, and his countenance by no means as handsome; finally he exclaimed:

"I have come to tell you and Si a secret."

"You are going to be married!" cried Prissy, turning square around and gazing at the young man, who colored a little as he returned:

"Can't a woman conceive of any other sort of a secret?"

"Of course she can; but why don't you be—be—looking out for a wife?"

"First, because I don't know a girl whom I would marry, who would marry me."—Billy paused a second, as if he would give Prissy a chance to deny that, if she could; then he continued: "Secondly, I could not support a wife yet, if I had one. I don't mean this to be true a great many years, however."

For reasons best known to her shrewd self, it was particularly delicious just then, for Prissy to remark, with hypocritical sympathy:

"Yes; get a good start first, and then find some nice, sensible poor girl, used to economy, or to taking care of herself; then you will get on slowly and surely."

When she had turned away, Billy suggested with wretched carelessness:

"What if I didn't happen to want a poor girl?"

"Gracious me! Would you marry a woman for her money?"

"No!" retorted Billy, savagely, and giving the idol a start that nearly knocked it off its base. "I wish the woman I want—I mean, I hope—"

The idol howled outright, as no real idol however heathenish, ever does howl; and Prissy snatched it away from Billy, declaring that he poked it as if it were made of putty and had no feelings whatever. In the excitement of this episode the subject last considered was allowed to drop, and the secret was forgotten until Si came home.

In the years since we last saw Billy, he had remained with Mr. Ellery until this, his twenty-second year. He had laid up several hundred dollars, but, better still, he had mastered every detail of farm work. Never was there a more steady-going, faithful worker about a farm than Silas Barnard; but Mr. Ellery often smiled at the difference between Silas and Billy. The one was content to work with a tool handed down from his grandfather; the other was progressive in the best sense of the word, applied to farming. Billy studied papers devoted to agriculture; Silas pronounced them full of new-fangled notions.

Mr. Ellery had several times allowed Billy to try experiments, which in the end proved him to be decidedly clear-headed. He never undertook anything of importance without consulting Mr. Ellery; he valued Silas' assistance highly, but his advice, not at all.

Silas did not return until nearly supper time. He had taken with him the twins, who came back so hungry they smelt the doughnuts at the gate, and began asking for them on the door-steps. Naturally there was not much time for conversation until supper was eaten and the juvenile element banished; then, while Prissy sat down to darn stockings, Silas and Billy chatted about various matters. At last Billy said:

"Haywood has bought this next farm, Si."

"I know it, but he means to sell it again the first chance, I hear. I always wondered Ellery didn't buy it. There isn't a prettier farm in the county, and it lies so close to his."

"He did not want all of it, and nobody has ever wanted to divide it."

"Well, if I had the wherewith to take that land, I wouldn't ask anything nicer," returned Si.

"What would you say to my buying that farm?" asked Billy.

He spoke lightly, but something in his tone made the other man look up and reply:

"I should say: Good for you, Billy Knox! But how could you do it? Has some long-lost relative left you a fortune?"

Leaning forward on the table, the young man exclaimed: "I came over on purpose to tell you my plans, for I really have had an idea of taking that farm. It is high time I started out a little bolder, and entirely independent of Mr. Ellery. Haywood is a capitalist, a straightforward, honest fellow, known to Mr. Ellery. He wanted him to add this farm to his, but he wouldn't hear that—didn't want it. While the two were talking about the farm one day last month, it just occurred to me that I could do that—that is, buy the farm even if I couldn't pay all cash down. When I suggested the thing to Mr. Ellery he approved of it heartily, so nothing remained but to talk with Haywood and come to an agreement. There is just one hundred acres at fifty dollars an acre—and I have taken it."

Silas gave a prolonged whistle, and Prissy waved a half-darned stocking in the air, crying:

"So that is your secret is it? A farm, not a wife—well, one will follow the other!"

"We have talked over and settled every single thing, Haywood and I," continued Billy, talking faster, with prosopopoeia at their enthusiasm. "I paid five hundred dollars down. He dictates what crops, how many acres for meadow and pasture, how many acres to be ploughed and planted to corn, beans and potatoes, and how many sown to oats and barley. We each furnish one-half the seed, and when the crops are marketed, the proceeds are to be equally divided."

"How about live stock and tools?"

"I have more than enough money in the bank to get all I want for a good start after my first payment. I only lack one thing."

"What is that?"

"Si Barnard."

"What?"

"You. I must have you."

"But what will Mr. Ellery say to that?"

"He says 'yes.' We talked it over the first thing; he says he has had your services a long time, and can get along now without you, for he knows I will need you more."

Another thing, I want Prissy to take me to board. I mean to set myself up as independently as possible of my very best friends."

So that they won't feel a bit of responsibility about me. I told Mr. Ellery this morning that when once I was fairly started, I should not be running to him for help and advice, and if I did not, he must understand the reason why, and not imagine I was taking on airs."

"Well, the hull thing is downright sensible," said Silas; "but it is kind of amazing all the same, considerin' it isn't so very long since you came over the fence yourself into that potato patch."

Billy laughed; then glancing at Prissy he remarked: "Did you ever count the potatoes a woman cooks for dinner?"

"Billy!" be an Prissy indignantly; but Silas placidly answered:

"No, never! Won't they cook an odd number? They are an awful superstitious set—women are, generally speaking. I know, I have noticed one thing; Prissy knows how to pare a thin skin off a potato and not waste half. It comes of cutting neat as a dress-maker."

But Billy was shaking his finger at Mrs. Barnard, and saying: "Poor Prissy! If he'd only been a little bigger he never would have known it."

"If I was going to buy a farm," cried Prissy, "I'd cultivate some dignity, Billy!"

"It can't be a profitable crop, for Haywood didn't speak of it," retorted Billy, and then returning to business, he went on:

"This year, to begin with, Si, we will have twenty-five acres barley."

"Yes, there is where the money will be made—there, and on the beans, but there is no such easy paying crop as barley."

"Nothing to equal it," assented Billy, adding: "then fifteen acres for beans, ten corn, five for potatoes, and five for oats. We will mow and pasture the rest of the farm."

Silas, by this time, was greatly interested, and the rest of the evening was spent in lively discussions, which, practical and sensible as they undoubtedly were, would have no interest for the reader. Suffice it to say, all satisfactory arrangements for board, and for Silas' services, were made before Billy left the little home, at what was an unusually late hour for his inmates.

He felt a new delight in life, and an honest pride in the thought of being a landowner. Just within the boundary line of his new farm, stood the scraggy old tree in which the balloon had once been entangled. Billy, seeing its dark outlines in the clear starlight, smiled to himself, saying:

"I certainly alighted on this farm early in life. It ought to be mine by right of discovery. Little Ben was sound when he counselled me to do my work out in the sunshine. I can almost hear him stutt. 'as he did that night granny slept in her chair by the fire, and we danced about her like mad things. Dear old granny! I wonder if she has found Ben! If so, she must have wondered to see him in heaven, when she supposed she left him on earth."

Yes, granny had gone out from the cottage that had sheltered her so long. The year after Prissy married, she found her, one lovely summer afternoon, sitting with hands quietly folded, and her face as pleasant as a happy child—but quite dead.

It was a warm pleasant evening in the latter part of May, and Silas Barnard and his wife were enjoying an hour of rest after a busy day. It was Si's habit at this time to take down his old fiddle and play a few lively tunes for Jack and Jill who, if they were not like their namesakes, perpetually tumbling down hill, were always in motion, and ready for music. This night, however, after he had played "Bonnie Doon," and the "Arkansas Traveller," he dropped his bow, saying, "I'm beat out; we did a big day's work to-day, we drilled our last acre of barley."

"Whereabouts have you sown it?" asked Prissy.

"The four-rowed we put on that land, nearest Ellery's, the two-rowed is just south of it. Where is Billy to-night? Oh, I know; he said he was going over to see Ellery about something or other."

"Anything very important?" asked Prissy, with a knowing smile, which was lost on Silas, who was rather dull in some respects.

"Well, if he was as tired as I am, he wouldn't think anything important but his night's rest. He has worked as hard, certainly."

"Nan has come home."

"Has she?" asked Si, with innocent interest; "and how does she look? I. Where has she been this long time, anyway?"

"Why, Si Barnard, if I have told you that once I have told you a dozen times over."

"Well now, Prissy, do you want me to be keeping track of every pretty girl in the neighborhood? After the worry I had with you, I'm glad to let my mind sort 'tself."

"I should think you had better! For a cool-blooded creature you did use to get into an awful ferment. Nan Ellery has been teaching school in a ladies' seminary about one hundred miles from here."

"What an idea! With all their money, is she going to earn her livin'?"

"That ain't it at all. You knew what great friends she was with that Miss Sara Wells. She was teaching in this school and got sick. Nan went to keep her place for her till she got well; then Mrs. Ellery said she was so interested in some lectures or other on literature—Nan was—she wanted to stay and enjoy them and Sara's companionship. Mrs. Ellery don't need her at home, and it must be a little dull for a lively girl out here in the country."

"She is a country girl and ought to be contented at home," said Silas.

"And so she is, as happy as a lark when she is at home. I was up there this afternoon, and I declare, she does get prettier every day of her life. Her dress was only a pink cambie, that didn't cost over ten cents a yard; but her cheeks were pinker yet, and her eyes just snap, or laugh, or sparkle, according to what she is saying or thinking."

"Yes, she is a nice girl, Nan is," said Si, with a long yawn; "but I'm so dead tired I'll just go to bed. It does pass my understanding what Billy was in such a taking to go over and ask about that old wagon for, when Ellery has been willing to sell it any time this twelve-month."

As he shuffled off with another jaw-breaking yawn, Prissy soliloquized: "It passes my understanding how a man can be so dumb over the very next man's love affairs, and the very one too who was so long-sighted in seeing reasons for coming over here, when he wanted to see somebody. Such far-fetched excuses as he's got up! I, kind of blushed for him, once in a while. Not as I want him to see through Billy, either, for, poor chap, he's aiming too high, I fancy, and he never'll want anybody to see him write if he only succeeds in hurting himself. Here, you two children, what do you mean by carousing around after your own father is in bed? Come here, directly, and let me undress you!"

The twins, who were doing nothing more riotous than throwing grass at one another, came meekly, and were put away for the night.

Yes, Billy had gone over to the Ellerys', after bestowing more care on his personal appearance, than might have been expected from a tired farmer going to see his neighbor on business. He found Mr. Ellery on the piazza, and seated himself near by.

The new farm was a fruitful subject for long conversations, and there was but one thing in the world more interesting to the young man, so all was well. It would have been better for him, perhaps, if he could

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have said, plainly: "Where is your daughter, Mr. Ellery, I want to see her?" but he could not. Instead, he listened to every footstep in the hall behind them, and lost all of a long remark of Mr. Ellery's on last year's potato bugs, because he heard Nan singing.

By-and-by there was a rustle, a sweep of skirts down-stairs, and she came out on the piazza in the soft light. She immediately held out her hand to Billy in a cordial greeting, and leaning again to the post of the piazza, exclaimed:

"They tell me you are branching out greatly; and I suppose it is settled for all time, now, that you are to be a farmer?"

"I suppose so; wouldn't you have done the same in my place?"

"Perhaps I have never thought anything about it. It certainly isn't a very exciting life."

"Well, I have managed not to stagnate," said Mr. Ellery. "In fact, I've been stirred up several times since I began farming."

"Oh, you are an exceptional man, as any one would know who had ever seen your only daughter," laughed Nan, patting his gray hair.

"You are a goose at this stage of your existence," returned her father, jealously, continuing: "In her secret soul, Billy, she would like it better in both of us, if we blacked our boots, and put on stove-pipe hats when we ploughed; if perfumed our handkerchiefs, and carried Tennyson's poems in our coat-tail pockets, to read in shady places. There is a college professor in there, he went on, mischievously, dropping his voice to a whisper, and pointing toward the sitting-room: "And he has been picking his way all over the farm to-day, reciting poetry to Sara Wells and Nan. The very air has been full of 'ahs' and 'ohs,' and pretty sentiments."

"Now, father, don't get so sarcastic in your advancing years!" laughed Nan.

"Advancing years! If you don't look out you will be an old maid yourself," retorted Mr. Ellery.

"Have I called you one, that you are so hard on me? How can you make your own child appear ridiculous? Billy, go on and tell me about your farm. I only heard at the supper table that you had taken one."

(To be continued.)

SOME LEAKS IN THE HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

A French woman will prepare a good dinner from the remains of yesterday's dinner, that the average American housewife would use as a plain lunch, or a side-dish for breakfast. Christine Terhune Herrick says that the cause of waste is due not so much to the extravagance of the housewife as to the ignorance. She says:

"The dainty utilization of scraps is a subject that well repays the thoughtful study of any housewife, and even the least original cook can often evolve from her inner consciousness an appetizing dish from cold fragments that at first sight appear utterly unpromising. In this matter, however, the mistress must generally depend upon her own brains. Few hirelings have the keen taste in their employers' welfare that would urge them to save a couple of pennies here and five or six there. Fewer still, with the best intentions in the world, know how to do it, or appreciate that it is in the minor economies that true saving consists. What difference does it make if those scraps of cold bacon left from breakfast are summarily disposed of in the swill-barrel, or if that bit of corn beef—too small to appear upon the table again—is bestowed upon the first basket-beggar who presents himself? And if these escape that fate from the extra conscientiousness of the housekeeper, they are too often converted into the ubiquitous lard. Hear how one careful housewife disposed of similar remnants: To the corn beef and bacon, minced fine, she added half as much cold mashed potato, one raw egg, a little chopped onion and parsley, and with croquettes made of these, rolled in flour and fried in nice dripping, provided an appetizing dish that was quite sufficient, when accompanied by stewed potatoes and bread and butter, to make a lunch for three people. Another dainty dish, which appeared upon a friend's table, was formed from even less promising materials. Her dinner the day before had been a stuffed chicken boiled with rice. Examination of the pantry revealed the carcass of the fowl, with one leg attached to it, and a couple of spoonfuls of the cold rice. Nothing daunted

however, the valiant housekeeper advanced to the charge, and, with the aid of a small, sharp knife, removed more meat from the bones than one would at first have believed possible. This was cut—not chopped—in small pieces and set aside with the rice and half of the dressing, while the bones, the rest of the stuffing, and a little minced onion were put over the fire in two cups of cold water. When a slow, steady simmer of a couple of hours had reduced this one-half, it was cooled, strained, skimmed, and slightly thickened with browned flour, then returned to the fire with the fragments of meat, rice, etc., brought to a boil, poured over crustless squares of fried bread, laid on a hot platter, and garnished with parsley. The result was a savory salmi, whose scrappy origin no one would have suspected."

HOME AMUSEMENT.

An excellent home entertainment is that of drawing together. In nearly every neighborhood there is some one who knows something of the elements of this fine and valuable art. But if not, good prints abound and much can be learned from them, if one only has sharp eyes. A good plan is for all the members of the family to try and draw a picture of some one thing—a chair, or a stove, a pile of books, a dog or cat. Or one may sit as a "model" and give the others twenty minutes in which to make a sketch. This often produces great merriment, and, if persevered in, it sometimes happens that some member of the family develops real talent for drawing. The twilight hour may be improved by a recital of the events of the day. Each one should take his turn at this, and be obliged to make his description as interesting as possible.

This exercise tends to accuracy, if you please, and develops the descriptive powers. Insist upon having the story duly embellished with details. Stirring ballads, fine poems, and choice bits of prose or verse chime in well at this hour, if recited. Choose specific subjects of conversation. Ask the children to tell all they know about mining, or painting, or new inventions. A plan of modelling clay, or of mud of the proper consistency, will entertain a group of youngsters for an evening in modelling. The quick-witted boy or girl will make a rude framework of wire and wood, upon which to fashion and model his clay, so it will not tumble down. In drawing and modelling, young people observe a good many things not before thought of. Home talk and home occupation do much toward developing their minds and talents.—Standard.

THE FIRST ENGLISH BIBLE.

"Biblia. The Bible, that is, the Holy Scripture of the Olde and New Testament, faithfully and truly translated out of Douche and Latyn into English." Such is the title of the first English Bible printed. We have the date 1535; we have a dedication to Henry the Eighth and "his dearest just wife Queen Anne;" we have a "Prologue unto the Christian Reader," by Myles Coverdale; but where the book was printed, or by whom, or under what circumstances there is no mention or indication. There is not a more interesting book in our language, and yet the story of its origin and publication is to a large extent a mystery. Volumes have been written on our English Bibles, researches have been made by historians and bibliographers, but the conclusions arrived at have been strangely divergent. Some have affirmed that the book was printed in Zurich at the famous press of Froshover; others have assigned it to Cologne; others to Frankfurt; others to Worms. The weight of evidence seems now, however, to be in favor of Antwerp. The sale of the Bible must have been rapid, considering the critical and dangerous character of the times. A new edition in folio was published by Nicolson in 1537, and this was the first English Bible printed in England. It was immediately followed by an edition in quarto, having on the title-page these suggestive words—"Set forth with the Kynges moost gracious licence." Liberty had so far triumphed. The desire of the English people for the Bible in their own tongue could not be suppressed. In Canmer had been the principal agent in moving Convocation to petition the King to have the Bible translated; and Cromwell, whose influence was now paramount, issued a decree in 1536 that a copy of the Bible in English should be provided for every parish

church, so as to be accessible to the people. These men were the representatives of that advanced thought which the private circulation of Tyndale's New Testament, and the oral teaching of the Reformers, had been mainly instrumental in creating. After the two editions in 1537, this Bible was not again printed till 1559, when an edition issued from the press of Froshover of Zurich, but the title and preliminary matter were supplied by Hester, of London. Another issue of the same edition, with a new title, appeared in 1553; long before that date, however, it had been superseded by more accurate versions.—J. L. Porter, D. D., in Good Words.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubat's Select Notes.)

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

Nov. 22.—2 Kings 18: 1-12.

There will be little time in this lesson for more than a brief glance at the intervening history of more than a century between this and our last lesson in the Kings. Look at the table of Old Testament chronology for this brief review. Read the lesson over not only in 2 Kings but in 2 Chronicles, and look at some of the chapters of Isaiah which belong to this period.

The subject is,—A great revival and its lessons.

I. Good King Hezekiah (vers. 1-3). The influences from his mother, the prophets, the Spirit of God, and the sad warning from the state of the kingdom, which helped the young king to be good, are the like influences around us.

II. The state of the kingdom when he began to reign. Read the results of the wickedness of Ahaz, seen in the sad condition of the kingdom, in 2 Kings 16: 3, 8, 17; 2 Chron. 28: 4-6, 17-25; 29: 6-9. There was both spiritual and worldly desolation. Great was the need of revival.

III. The great revival (vers. 4-6). Note the human and divine influences at work. Note also the two processes,—the negative and the positive, the destroying of evil, and the implanting of good. True reform is always more upbuilding than destructive. The evil institutions destroyed must be replaced by good institutions.

Illustration. Cutting down weeds, ploughing, picking up the stones, removing roots and stumps,—these alone will never make a fruitful field. There must be the sowing of good seed, or there can be no harvest.

Illustration. Once risen into this divine white-heat of temper, were it only for a season and not again, the nation is henceforth considerable through all its remaining history. I believe nations are benefited for ages by being thrown once into divine white-heat in this manner.—Carlyle on the Reformation.

Mark also the means used,—the new interest in the house of God, the cleansing of the church, renewed services, new interest in the ministry, meetings, the service of song, prayer, instruction, contributions, and active work on the part of the people. It is the same in every revival.

IV. The revival followed by national prosperity (vers. 7, 8). The work which true religion does in a community lies at the basis of prosperity. Religion cultivates industry, economy, energy, honesty, temperance, which tend to prosperity, and destroy the vices which bring poverty and ruin. Most of all, it brings the blessing of God.

V. The end of unrepentant sinners (vers. 9-12). The kingdom of Israel was not finally destroyed till there was no hope of making it a good nation. Dwell on the influences with which God surrounds the sinner and draws him to a better life. God does all that is possible to save men from ruin. What hindrances men have to overcome in order to lose their souls,—Bibles, Sabbaths, conscience, the Holy Spirit, God's providence, friends, teachers, a mother's prayers! But "he that hardeneth his neck shall be suddenly cut off," and that without remedy.

Illustration. In Retsch's illustrations of Goethe's Faust, there is one plate where angels are dropping roses upon the demons who are contending for Faust's soul, and every rose falls like molten metal, burning and blistering wherever it touches.

Illustration. Men take the blessed fruits and grains God has made, and turn them into intoxicating drinks which ruin body and soul.

Question Corner.—No. 21.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

The following are the chief points in the career of a personage mentioned in Scripture. Who was he?

1. His father was a king.
2. The elder brothers had died or been killed, he thought the way was open to gain the crown for himself.
3. The King designated another son as his successor.
4. Nevertheless this man persisted in his attempt, supported by at least two leading men.
5. Finding that his schemes were of no avail he fled for refuge to the altar, and obtained a pardon.
6. After the old king's death, he made a very imprudent request. In consequence his pardon was forfeited, and he was speedily put to death.

THE TWO TRAVELLERS.

One of these travellers was all but the destruction, and the other traveller was the complete earthly salvation, of those he was with. Who are the travellers mentioned? and in what different ways do their two histories illustrate the saying work of a third "Traveller," far greater than either?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS No. 19.

SCRIPTURE SCENE.

(4.) In the north of Palestine there are two ranges of mountains, the Lebanon and the Anti-Lebanon. The second is more easterly. It ends in a huge mountain mass, which stands up like a water-tower guarding the Syrian Land. This is Hermon, whose "dew" is mentioned as an emblem of brothers' love in Psalm cxxxiii. Its top, covered with dazzling snow, greets the traveller's eye many miles off. Scarcely at its base is a deep cleft, from which there has run in all ages a flood of water. The pool fed by this flood was thought to be bottomless, and wondrous tales were told about it. From the pool runs a gurgling stream, the chief source of the great river Jordan. Another stream comes down from further north to the east of this one, and the two together make the plain through which they run very fertile. The people who dwell in this plain might fancy themselves blessed of God. Their land yielded all they wanted. The fresh water was ever running by. Mountains to the right and left shut out their foes. So they were "quiet and secure" and when the Danites suddenly upon them there was none to help, for their nearest neighbor was Sidon, far away over the mountains.

(5.) In his neighborhood Jerusalem set up one of his golden calves. We may fancy him saying, "Why leave your pleasant abode for bleak and rugged Jerusalem; you have enough at home, and as for your god, there he is, the god your fathers worshipped when they came out of Egypt!" 1 Kings 12, 28, 29.

(6.) A fountain issuing from the earth was often an object of reverence to those who worshipped the creature more than the Creator, and when Herod Philip built a marble temple at Caesarea Philippi, he was only providing a home for worshippers who had no Jesus after paid their devotions there.

(7.) This was a lonely place, and so Jesus called His disciples away from the busy life of Galilee that He might lead them to think with Him. He was and what was to happen to Him. Here Peter said, "Thou art the Christ," and Jesus replied, "Upon this rock I will build my church." Matt. 16: 18, 21. The marble temple has been thrown down by an earthquake; its ruins are washed by the stream, or half-buried in earth. The spiritual rock remains, and the church upon it grows.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Jennie Lyght, Alfred Gould, and Albert Jesse French.

ENTHUSIASTIC TEACHERS.

Viewing a Sunday-school from the superintendent's desk during the half hour devoted to the Scripture lesson, it is quite easy to discriminate successful from unsuccessful teachers. The listless attitude, the dull eye, the expressionless features, the languid speech, with the inattentive class, proclaim who are inefficient. On the other hand, the earnest movements, the kindled, perhaps tearful, eyes, the rapid expression of features, the flushed cheeks, the calm yet vigorous words, with a group of boys or girls listening with strained attention, mark the successful teacher. Over the former dull stridings reigns. Over the latter enthusiasm presides; not the enthusiasm of the fanatic feeding on the conceits of an unbridled imagination, but the enthusiasm kindled by the grand ideas of the lesson which have taken possession of the imagination and set the heart on fire. Of the former class of teachers the Sunday-school has too many; of the latter it can never have enough. Go, therefore, O teacher, to the cross, and abide there until thy soul is a living flame! Then thou, too, will be numbered among successful teachers.—S. S. Journal.



## PRIZE BOOKS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## THREE COLORED PICTURES.

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

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

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

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

the chubby little fellow, almost as big as herself, and as wide-awake as you please!

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

## PRESENTS FOR EVERYBODY.

The *Weekly Messenger* has a better patronage than many an older paper and the reason is plain—True worth must always tell and it does so in the case of this paper. Many people have only got to be shown the *Weekly Messenger* to be made anxious to subscribe for it. From every quarter of this continent of North America we receive congratulations and praises. The subscriber in Texas joins with the subscriber in British Columbia, Ontario or Nova Scotia in praising such a valuable household paper.

In our last competition many persons waited till the last few days before trying to obtain subscriptions. Some of them sent in letters saying that they were sorry to be late but hoped to get a prize. Now though we were sorry for them, we cannot give prizes to those who are late. The letters must be sent in good time or no premium can be given.

Let everyone then send in the new subscriptions obtained at once and then add to these afterwards if possible.

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

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

REST OF THE YEAR FREE,

we make the following offer of money prizes for those who obtain the five largest lists of new subscriptions at fifty cents each—these subscriptions only expiring on the 1st of JANUARY, 1887.

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

Besides getting the remaining two months' issues of the paper free, and the chance of winning one of these five money prizes, everybody throughout the Dominion who sends in even one new fifty-cent subscription will be certain of receiving a present, and the more subscriptions any one sends the more valuable the present which will be received. Here is our promise:—

For one new subscription—A large and exceedingly bright and beautiful colored picture—your choice out of three.

(Second List.)

Everyone sending in two new subscriptions will be entitled to his choice of one of the following articles:

1. A pair of scissors.
2. A jet brooch.
3. A pocket, with place for miniature likeness.

4. An illuminated Family Record, with scrolls for births, marriages and deaths.
5. A gilt watch chain.
6. A History of the Riel Rebellion.

(Third List.)

Everyone sending in three new subscriptions may choose one of the following:—

1. A pocket toilet case.
2. An assorted package, including needles, thimble, cuff-buttons, brooch and chain.
3. A silver thimble.
4. One of the articles in *Second List* and the picture besides.

(Fourth List.)

Everyone sending in five new subscriptions may choose one of the following:—

1. An extra copy of this paper, to be sent to any address free until 1st January 1887.
2. A two-bladed pocket knife (Rodgers' steel.)
3. A fancy silver thimble.
4. Any one thing mentioned in *Third List* and any one thing mentioned in *Second List* besides.

(Fifth List)

Everyone sending us ten new subscriptions may choose one of the following:—

1. A nine carat gold ring, handsomely engraved.
2. Any one of a large number of valuable and handsomely bound standard books, the full list of which will be published next week.
3. Any one thing from each of *Second, Third and Fourth Lists*, besides the picture.

Every letter sent in for this competition must be plainly marked WEEKLY MESSENGER COMPETITION on the envelope as well as on the paper on which are the names of the new subscribers. In stating what prizes are wished for, in the list you are entitled to choose from, do not forget to give the number of the list and the number of its subdivision as well as the names of the separate articles.

THE CLUBS sent in for our present competition are so far extremely small and there is a splendid chance for someone to win a money prize for very little work. Remember that in our last competition the person who won the first prize sent in under \$6 for subscriptions.

THOSE WHO SEND us in subscriptions to the *Weekly Messenger* should, in choosing their prizes, state the number of the list (second, third, fourth or fifth) and the number in that list which has been chosen. Also be sure and state all the separate articles wanted. For instance, if a subscriber sends us ten subscriptions and wishes for No. 3 in the fifth list, he should say so before enumerating the articles he has chosen from the former lists.

THERE ARE TWO THINGS which we must beg leave to impress on our readers. One is that all letters sent in for the *Weekly Messenger* competition must be marked "Weekly Messenger Competition" on the envelope, and also on the top of the paper on which the names are written. The other thing is that in every case fifty cents must be sent in for each subscription. The paper is already cheaper than any other similar one, and no reduction will be made on the regular subscription rates.

## THE WEEK.

THE AMOUNT OF RISK to life and limb taken by robbers to obtain possession of other people's goods is something wonderful. A few days ago a number of robbers boarded a train on the railway between Naples and Benevento, shot down the guard, secured 11,000 francs in money and safely jumped from the train while it was going at full speed. No arrests have been made.

THE CHELSEA HOSPITAL for women, situated in one of London's prettiest suburbs, is about to found a ward and a bed for poor Jewish women, as a memorial to the late Sir Moses Montefiore, who was one of the first governors of the hospital.

MISS ELIZABETH MARRIOTT, a cultivated young lady of Stanfordinville, Duchess County, N. Y., owns a farm, and does quite as much of the work as her hired man. She does the mowing, raking, loading, and sometimes the ploughing. She has a young horse which is the terror of all the blacksmiths near, and it is quite impossible to have it shed unless its mistress is on hand to ensure the safety of the man's limbs.

NEWS FROM BALTIMORE contains a terrible account of how things are managed in the Maryland house of correction. General Bond, superintendent of the institution, is charged with the most inhuman treatment of prisoners under his charge, as well as of gross mismanagement of the affairs of the institution. In August a white man was given thirty-nine lashes with a rawhide on the bare back. A colored man, who was ordered five lashes with the cat, was given twenty with a rawhide, because, it is claimed the cat has four straps, and five strokes with it equals twenty with a rawhide. The Board of Managers unanimously voted that Bond should be dismissed.

FINDING THAT ALL persecutions of the Chinese, so far resorted to, have failed in removing them, the citizens of San Francisco have got up an anti-Chinese league. They hope that by a peaceful but systematic effort the Chinese may be got rid of.

NINE HUNDRED and fifty-five farms in Iowa are owned by women.

A FLOURISHING English society is the "London Association of Schoolmistresses," whose members meet to discuss school teaching and management.

A NEW YORK Prohibition paper, speaking of the results of the elections in the States of New York and Ohio, says: "The Prohibition party is again seen to hold the balance of power in two of the most important States of the Union—New York and Ohio. In the one State it defeats the Democratic candidate for Governor, in the other it defeats the Republican candidate. Our position is taken and our campaign urged without reference to the result on either old party. We are hewing to the line, and letting the chips fly where they will."

THERE STILL SURVIVES in Boston a humorist, Mr. E. P. Shillaber, who delighted newspaper readers before the time of "Josh Billings" and who survives him. The old man has passed the allotted three-score and ten years of human life. He lives in the modest comfort earned by diligence in the active years of manhood. In many a household works by the immortal "Mrs. Partington" are an unfailing source of innocent fun. The sayings of "Mrs. Partington" are almost as widely known as the English language.

HEREAFTER killing Indians in Arizona will be a profitable occupation, as an old

local law offering a reward of \$250 for each Indian scalp has been revived in that state, and the reward raised to \$500 in one locality. Consequently the cowboys have taken the work of hunting the Indians out of the hands of the military, and the scalps are coming in at a rate quite satisfactory to the authorities who brought the brutal law into force. The Indian warriors, for whose extirpation the law was revived, suffer least from it, as the cowboys who strive for the reward find it easier to slay the unoffending, harmless Indians who loaf about frontier settlements than to pursue the bloodthirsty Apaches into their mountain fortresses.

THE FRENCH are fairing poorly in their Madagascar campaign. News from Tamatave says that the French have shot a spy who was under British protection; that the Hovas are increasing their defenses; that the French shell them daily, and that there is much sickness and great mortality among the troops.

THE MEN who laid the dynamite on the street car track in St. Louis, have been arrested. The men are all strikers of the Knights of Labor, and were formerly employed by the street car railway company. The money with which the dynamite was purchased was given to the prisoners by the Knights of Labor who pretended that it was to buy food for the strikers' families. These men who have been arrested have endangered the lives of many citizens of St. Louis, and will accordingly be prosecuted to the extent of the law.

A CHARLOTTE TOWN despatch to the Halifax Herald gives the story of the mysterious murder of the boy Fitzpatrick, for which two young men named Fisher and Robertson are under arrest. Fisher turned Queen's evidence, and says Robertson and himself were driving home and had a gun with them. The Fitzpatrick boy was passing along the road, when Robertson said: "I will crack a cap on the gun and frighten him." In another moment the gun was discharged, when Robertson, who had fired it, said: "My God, I didn't know it was loaded."

IT IS STRANGE how Mr. Gladstone's abusers cannot see that in telling lies about him they are merely belittling themselves. An archdeacon, the other day, thought that his high position would support him when he denounced Mr. Gladstone as untrustworthy, but the crowd of people to whom he was speaking did not seem to agree with him for there was great cheering for the grand old man when the archdeacon said: "I have known Mr. Gladstone for forty-five years, but I would not trust him with a brass farthing." The cheering greatly annoyed the speaker and he retorted: "You might equally cheer for the devil."

LOUIS C. MAYER, who stated that he had been a follower of Riel in the recent rebellion, applied to the postmaster at Jamestown, N.Y., for help. He also stated that he was penniless and was willing to work at anything he could find. The postmaster was favorably impressed with him and got him a position as assistant clerk of the Sherman House. All went well until election night when Mayer took a valuable gold watch belonging to a guest of the house from the cash drawer in the hotel office. Telegrams were sent out and Mayer was arrested in Buffalo on Wednesday and brought to Jamestown the same night. The watch was recovered from a pawnbroker's establishment in Buffalo. Mayer claims never to have been arrested before and to have become discouraged with life on account of his misfortunes.

THE CANADIAN COMPETITIVE examinations by which candidates are admitted to Government employ are said to be nothing more than a form. There are now over 2,000 young men on the list who have passed the entrance examination and are waiting for positions at Ottawa. One of those who were fortunate enough to obtain a position is now boasting that the examination was all a farce, and that in the subject of arithmetic, he did not attempt to answer one question, yet he was passed through all right.

THE LAST RAIL of the Canadian Pacific Railway has been laid, and the inhabitants of British Columbia now have the communication with the Eastern Provinces of the Dominion which they have so long waited for.

THE HOG CHOLERA is reported to be spreading through the County of Essex, Ontario, and there are some cases in Kent and Brant. One hundred and twenty farms have been quarantined in Essex, and upwards of 1,600 hogs have died or have been shot since the outbreak. The first herds which took the disease in Essex have been completely wiped out. The disease, it appears, is not to be treated medicinally with any great hope of success.

#### RIEL GIVEN A FEW MORE DAYS.

Riel was to have been hanged last Tuesday, and the members of the Cabinet at Ottawa kept everything so quiet that it was impossible to find out what was to be done with the prisoner. The question as to whether his sentence would be commuted to life long punishment or not was no easier to answer than it was two months ago. Everyone was waiting for the news which would come on Tuesday morning, and it was expected that the first news would be from the sheriff at Regina. The news which did come was from Ottawa, and it showed that there was a third thing which could be done with the arch rebel, namely, to give him a further respite. This was done and no little surprise was caused. The respite is until the 16th instant, and it is generally believed in Ottawa that it was given to enable the condemned man to prepare for death, and that the sentence will undoubtedly be carried out on the day mentioned.

The anxiety which prevailed in Quebec for some days among French Canadians over the fate of Riel was somewhat broken by the news of another respite being granted to him. Several, or nearly all, the French papers, thinking that Monday night would be the last Riel would spend on earth, came out in strong eulogy of Riel's bravery and heroism in the past, and urged him not to flinch even on the scaffold, "To go and meet the victims of '37, and tell them that he (Riel) had died happily for their liberty as they had done." Major Edmund Mallet, of Washington, the well-known worker in the French cause in the United States, and an intimate personal friend of Louis Riel, the Canadian revolutionist, had an interview with the President on Monday afternoon, and made a strong appeal for the interference of his Government to prevent the hanging of Riel by the Canadian authorities. The President heard Mallet fully, and after giving the matter thorough consideration, concurred with Mr. Bayard's opinion, previously given, that it was not a case in which the United States Government could, possibly interfere.

A SUBSCRIBER in sending in a list of names for the *Weekly Messenger* competition says: "I find much pleasure in canvassing for this paper for every one who sees it says it is well worth the money."

#### THE WRECK OF THE "ALGOMA."

A telegram brought sad news from Owen Sound, last Tuesday. It was to the effect that the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's magnificent ironclad steamer "Algoma," went ashore in a blinding snow-storm and gale of wind on Isle Royal, Lake Superior at 4 a. m. on Saturday. About eight passengers and twenty-five of the crew are supposed to have been lost. The steamer had left Owen Sound, last Thursday, and was coming into Port Arthur when the wreck occurred. It was at first reported that she was leaving Port Arthur, but this turned out to be incorrect. She had encountered a fierce storm and had been forced to lay to for a time. When the weather cleared slightly the vessel started again but made slow progress. In the morning a dense fog prevailed and the steamer felt her way along, blowing fog horns.

All of a sudden she struck a reef and went down, all hands on board being reported lost. The first known of the disaster was when the steamer "Arthabasca," of the same line, arrived at Port Arthur, on Monday evening with the crew of the ill-fated "Algoma," consisting of thirteen sailors and two passengers, who were the only ones saved.

The "Arthabasca," which left Owen Sound two days after the "Algoma," came upon the wreck at Isle Royal and found the crew and two passengers in a perishing condition on the Island. The wreck had been dashed by the maddened waves against the rocks and had finally beaten against the shore of the island. The crew and two passengers saved themselves by taking to the lifeboat and battling with the waves until the shore was reached. The boat was washed over several times by the waves, but righted again, while the men clung closely to its sides. They succeeded in reaching land, almost dead from exposure and exhaustion. The storm then continued to rage furiously. All night long the rescued remained on the beach, watching the wreck beat against the rock-bound island, and seeing the dead bodies dashed in the surf against the stones. The "Arthabasca" came along about noon on Monday, and as the channel is narrow could not avoid seeing the wreck and the distress of those on the island. A boat was sent ashore and brought the rescued to the "Arthabasca," which set sail for Port Arthur, where she arrived about 7 o'clock last Monday evening.

The story of the disaster, as related by Captain Moore, is that the "Algoma" passed through the St. Marie Canal, bound for Port Arthur, last Friday noon. Soon after reaching Lake Superior the wind began to freshen up from the north-west and a great bank of leaden clouds along the northern horizon denoted the approach of heavy weather. Realizing, however, that the "Algoma" was one of the strongest and most powerful steamers afloat and well able to cope with even a severe gale, Captain Moore kept her on her course. But as night approached the wind continued to increase in violence, and by dark had developed into one of the fiercest and most destructive gales ever experienced on the Upper Lakes. As the gale increased the sea rose and before midnight Lake Superior was lashed into a mass of seething foam. While the tempest roared a great sea swept completely over the struggling steamer. The situation was made all the more terrible by a blinding snow-storm that set in before morning. It was impossible to see the length of the steamer. Passengers and crew were terrified beyond measure and momentarily expected to see the steamer plunge to the bottom.

By the instructions of Capt. Moore, the officers went among the passengers and tried to allay their fears. They were panic-stricken, however, and huddled together in the cabin, where the screams and prayers of women and children could be heard above the thundering of the gale. On Saturday morning Isle Royal was sighted, and Captain Moore headed the steamer for Rock Harbor, where he hoped to gain shelter. The island forms a natural harbor of refuge, but near the entrance there is a dangerous reef, and just as the steamer was nearing the entrance she struck the reef. There was a terrific shock and then the steamer came to a full stop. The passengers rushed out of the cabin and besought the officers to tell them what had happened. "We are on a reef," replied Capt. Moore; "but if you will only keep as calm as possible, I trust all will be safely landed." Just then one of the crew reported that the steamer's bottom had been punctured and she was filling with water. The boats were at once got in readiness and all started to leave the steamer, but just as they were about to lower them the steamer slipped off the reef and disappeared with an angry roar. The water was covered with the struggling forms of men and women, and then all was over. Only fourteen lived to tell the tale. These got into one of the boats, but were powerless to save themselves, as they were without oars. Captain Moore, however, wrenched the foot-board from the bottom of the boat, and with that as a paddle, succeeded in working the boat to the Island, where the survivors were picked up by the "Arthabasca." Mr. Bentley, manager of the line, has sent out tugs from here with instructions to search Isle Royal for any survivors that may possibly have got ashore, and to pick up and take care of any bodies that may be found.

#### THE BURMESE DIFFICULTY.

King Thebaw still sends very haughty replies to the messages sent him by the British Government. His latest piece of insolence was to say that if the Bombay and Burmah Company will humbly petition him he will consider their case, as he wishes to encourage traders.

Burmah was, previous to 1826, a much more extensive country than at present, former difficulties with the English having resulted in the loss of the extensive provinces of Arakan, Pegu and Tenasserim comprising the whole coast line as Burmah and taking from its control a population of about 3,000,000. Thebaw's dominion being altogether inland and the British controlling the mouth of all the rivers, the adherents of the King will conduct their campaign at great disadvantage. The population over which Thebaw has since his accession domineered with extraordinary cruelty is estimated at about 4,000,000, but it is extremely doubtful whether any large number of his subject will feel themselves inclined to fight with much ardor on his behalf. They are painfully aware of the uncertain temper of their present tyrannical ruler, and are generally convinced that under British rule or protection there will be at least justice fairly administered, taxation equitably levied and the country opened throughout its length and breadth to trade and travel.

The latest news concerning the trouble between Burmah and India states that war has been formally declared between the two countries.

## THE WATERED LILIES.

The Master stood in His garden,  
Among the lilies fair,  
Which his own right hand had planted  
And trained with tenderest care.

He looked at their snowy blossoms,  
And marked with observant eye  
That his flowers were sadly drooping,  
For their leaves were parched and dry.

"My lilies need to be watered,"  
The heavenly Master said;  
"Wherein shall I draw it for them,  
And raise each drooping head?"

Close to his feet on the pathway,  
Empty, and frail, and small,  
An earthen vessel was lying  
Which seemed of no use at all.

But the Master saw and raised it  
From the dust in which it lay,  
And smiled as he gently whispered,  
"This shall do my work to-day."

"It is but an earthen vessel,  
But it lay so close to me,  
It is small, but it is empty,  
That is all it needs to be."

So to the fountain he took it,  
And filled it full to the brim,  
How glad was the earthen vessel  
To be of some use to Him!

He poured forth the living water  
Over the lilies fair,  
Until the vessel was empty,  
And again he filled it there.

He watered the drooping lilies  
Until they revived again;  
And the Master saw with pleasure  
That his labor had not been in vain.

His own hand had drawn the water  
Which refreshed the thirsty flowers;  
But he used the earthen vessel  
To carry the living showers.

And to itself it whispered,  
As he laid it aside once more,  
"Still will I lie in his pathway  
Just where I did before."

"Close would I keep to the Master,  
Empty would I remain,  
And perhaps some day He may use me,  
To water His flowers again."

—Selected.

## THE RESTLESSNESS OF OLD AGE

Those who have been much with the aged have observed in them a chafing against the infirmities of their years, which expresses itself in restlessness and a desire for change. They grow weary of the inactivity which has succeeded the busy time when they bore the heat and burden of the day, and so, sometimes they wander here and there, dropping in to visit a friend or talking with a chance acquaintance, trying thus to while away the tedious hours. In mistaken kindness and unkind affection, we often oppress dear aged people by our very care. They dislike supervision. The tender watchfulness which to us seems due to their physical feebleness, as well as for a fit return for their care for us in earlier days, is by them resented as restraint. It annoys them. Then, too, we try to take all the work out of their hands, and that they don't like. Nobody who has been active and useful enjoys the feeling of being laid on the shelf.

Grandfather's step is uncertain and his arm less vigorous than of old; but he possesses a rich treasure of experience, and he likes to be consulted. It is his privilege to give advice; his privilege, too, at times to go into the work with the youngest, renewing his youth as he keeps bravely up with the hearty men not half his age.

Grandmother does not want to be left out of the household work. When the days come around for pickling and preserving and the domestic force is pressed into service, who so eager and full of interest as she! It is cruel to overrule her decisions, to put her aside because "she will be tired." Of course she will be tired; but she enjoys the fatigue, and rests the sooner for the thought that she is still of some use in the world.

To those whose homes are honored by the presence of an aged parent, we would say, deal very gently with those who are on the

down-hill of life. Your own time is coming to be where they are now. You, too, are "stepping westward." Soothe the restlessness of age by amusement, by consideration, by non-interference, and by allowing plenty of occupation to fall into the hands that long for it. Only let it be of their own choosing, and cease to order them as if they were children. A hoary head at a fireside is a crown of glory to the house in which it dwells. The blessing of the aged is a dew on the pasture, as the falling of sun-light on a shadowy place.—*Philadelphia Call.*

## TEMPERANCE PHYSIOLOGY.

FOR USE IN SCHOOLS AND BANDS OF HOPE.

(Published by A. S. Barnes, New York, under the direction of the National W. C. T. U.)

## THE PULSE.

In adults, the blood is sent out from the heart about seventy times a minute; in children, from eighty to ninety times a minute.

Most of the arteries lie deep in the flesh; but, at the wrist and the temples, they are so near the surface that you can feel the pulse, or the motion of the blood as it is sent through the arteries by the "beating" of the heart.

Usually, if the pulse is much faster or slower than the average rate, the person is sick; the doctor counts the pulse of a patient so as to know how his heart is working.

Rest is as necessary for the heart as for other muscles. To secure it, there is a slight pause between the beats. Brief as each pause is, if all these moments are added together, they make about nine hours of rest during the twenty-four.

## WORK OF THE HEART.

At every beat, the heart moves about four ounces of blood.

Suppose you had a machine which could lift very heavy weights. The coal-man brings you a ton of coal, and you put it into a large box, fasten the box to the machine, turn a crank, and the strong arm of your machine swings the box of coal up into the air with perfect ease.

You try a heavier weight—say twenty-five tons; this also is lifted easily, but not so high as before. Try fifty tons and then seventy-five; the heavier the weight of coal, the less will be the height to which your machine will raise it.

At last, you try one hundred and twenty-two tons; the machine can lift this heavy load only one foot from the ground; there it stops, for there is not power enough to raise it any higher.

The heart of a full-grown man or woman uses as much power in moving blood for twenty-four hours, as your machine would use in lifting one hundred and twenty-two tons one foot high.

This is what learned men mean when they say: "The daily work of the healthy heart in an adult, is equal to lifting one hundred and twenty-two tons one foot."

## CUTS AND WOUNDS.

The blood in the arteries of the limbs is pure and fresh, and in rapid motion; in the veins, it is impure and moves slowly.

The arteries being deep-set are not easily injured; but, if bright, red blood comes in jerks from a cut or wound, you may know that one is severed. Send for a surgeon at once, but do something while waiting for him; for there is great danger that the sufferer will bleed to death.

Even a child may save a person's life at such a time, if he knows what to do. The flow of blood must be stopped by pinching the artery, as you would stop the flow of water in a rubber hose.

If possible, take a handkerchief, or a towel, or any convenient bandage, and tie it around the limb close to the wound, and between the wound and the heart. Put a stout stick into the knot and twist it round and round, so as to hold the bandage tightly and thus press the artery.

This will check the rush of blood coming, you remember, from the heart, and enable it to form a clot at the cut end of the tube. Keep the limb raised as you work.

If the blood comes in a slow, steady stream, a vein is injured. Tie a tight bandage around the limb, but on the side of the cut away from the heart. This will check the blood which is going to the heart, and allow a clot to be formed.

## WHAT TO DO BEFORE THE DOCTOR COMES.

## POISONS.

Many a life has been sacrificed by the careless swallowing of over-doses of powerful internal medicine, and also of fluids, such as liniments which were intended only for external application. Such accidents are far more common than they should be, and many of them can be avoided by the use of colored bottles covered with knobs for poison or external applications. Many apothecaries are now in the habit of using these bottles, the color of which is generally blue, and the knobs immediately enjoin caution as soon as the bottle is taken into the hand, thus doing away with all dangers arising from insufficient light. The invariable use of such bottles, which should also be properly labelled, cannot be too strongly insisted on. The extra cost is trifling. Another foolish source of poisoning is in the presence in so many houses of vermin exterminators of all kinds—for rats, cockroaches, potato-bugs, etc.—most of which contain either arsenic or mercury in some form.

It is scarcely necessary to insist on the vital importance of time in cases of poisoning; there is, perhaps, no branch of what may be called popular medicine, in which coolness and promptness will meet with such a rich reward. Nothing can be simpler than the general rule—bring about vomiting immediately, even if considerable time has elapsed since the poisonous substance was taken into the stomach. The shorter this time, the greater the chance, of course, of getting rid of the poison, but we know that the stomach, under some circumstances, absorbs very slowly, and should hence hold fast to the invariable rule of giving an emetic—warm mustard and water, alum and water, or simply very large quantities of warm water, and thrusting a finger down the person's throat. Let the messenger to the doctor tell him the nature of the poison if it is known.

After thorough vomiting has taken place, give freely milk and raw eggs beaten up, and stimulants if there be danger of depression. Cold extremities, paleness of the face, blueness of the lips, and cold sweat, call for hot bricks, hot blankets, etc., and for hot strong tea or coffee.

If the nature of the poison is known, proceed according to the following rules without waiting the arrival of the doctor. Poisons may be roughly divided into two great classes—irritant and nerve—the danger of the former lying in the intense irritation of the gullet, stomach and bowels which they produce; that of the latter in their effect—as a rule paralyzing—on the nervous system.

1. Irritant poisons comprise all the acid poisons—sulphuric, or oil of vitriol, nitric, muriatic or hydro-chloric, oxalic, carbolic, etc., save only prussic acid; the strong alkalis—soda, potash, ammonia; and most of the mineral poisons—arsenic, antimony, (tartar emetic), mercury, copper, lead, phosphorus.

1. Sulphuric, nitric and muriatic acids are heavy liquids, and the two latter give off irritating fumes when the bottle is opened or they are exposed to the air; they discolor and eat into anything with which they come in contact. Give magnesia, chalk, whiting, plaster from the wall, soda, soap, ammonia, with water—you can scarcely give too much—then excite vomiting; and lastly give milk, and stimulants if necessary.

2. Oxalic acid comes in white crystals or powder, and makes a clear solution with water. Give no magnesia or soda, but lime in some form, as chalk, plaster, etc. Don't waste time in grinding the lime too fine. Subsequent treatment as before.

3. Carbolic acid is generally in solution, smells like smoked tongue, and has caused many deaths during the relatively short period that it has been in use as a purifier and disinfectant. Excite free vomiting immediately, sometimes a difficult matter with this poison, but it must be done, then give milk or oil, and stimulants.

4. Soda, potash and ammonia, the strong alkalis, burn intensely; the two former—lye—are usually dissolved; the latter—hartshorn—is known by its smell. Give lemon-juice; produce vomiting, then give milk or oil, and stimulants if needed.

5. Arsenic (white arsenic, Paris green, Scheele's green), calls for free vomiting, dialyzed iron, if it can be had, milk, raw eggs, castor oil, and stimulants if needed.

6. Tartar emetic is a white powder, vomiting, tea or coffee, followed by milk or eggs, and whiskey, if needed.

7. Mercury. Corrosive sublimate is the usual form in which mercury causes acute poisoning, and comes in small white crystals or in solution. Same treatment as for tartar emetic.

8. Copper (blue vitriol, verdigris) and lead (sugar of lead, red lead, white lead) call for vomiting, milk and whites of eggs in large quantities, and castor oil.

9. Phosphorus, in cases of poisoning, is usually derived from matches, and acts more slowly than the other poisons thus far mentioned. Excite vomiting, especially by means of sulphate of copper; five grains of which dissolved in water may be given every ten minutes, then give chalk, but no milk or oil, fat acting as a solvent of the phosphorus.

10. The nerve poisons are chiefly vegetable substances or preparations. The following list comprises the more common and important, with the appropriate treatment for each:—

1. Opium (laudanum, paregoric, black drop, morphia) in some form enters into the composition of the various soothing syrups, etc., so largely sold for children, and the use of which cannot be too strongly reprobated; it is also put into many liniments. The symptoms of opium poisoning are deep sleep, smallness of the pupil of the eye, which, at the same time, does not enlarge in the dark, and slow, heavy breathing. Excite vomiting, give the strongest black coffee, and do not allow the patient to sleep; put mustard plasters on the legs, slap the back with a wet towel, slipper or brush, dash cold water in the face, beat the soles of the feet. Opium kills by paralyzing the breathing, which must consequently be watched. As long as the person breathes ten times a minute there is no great immediate danger but do not relax your efforts on that account. If the breathing fails in spite of these, perform artificial respiration, as with a drowned person. An electrical battery is very useful if it is at hand.

2. Chloral is a damp, colorless and crystalline substance, but is generally met with in solution. Symptoms and treatment the same as for opium poisoning.

3. Aconite is often put into liniments. Vomiting, strong coffee and alcoholic stimulants are required.

4. Strychinia is an extremely bitter, white powder; is contained in some rat poisons, and causes stiffness of the jaws, later of the body and limbs, and convulsions. First produce vomiting, darken the rooms and exclude every noise as far as possible, light and sounds aggravating the convulsions. Give a purge, and, to an adult, thirty drops of laudanum or forty grains of bromide of potassium.

5. Prussic, or hydrocyanic acid, has the taste and smell of peach kernels or bitter almonds, and is kept by apothecaries only in a dilute—but still highly poisonous—clear solution; one of its salts, cyanide of potassium, is used largely by photographers. It is one of the most rapidly fatal poisons known, death being almost instantaneous after large doses. After smaller doses give hartshorn and water internally, and hold them to the nose, dash cold water on the person and give stimulants.

6. Belladonna (deadly nightshade) conium (heniroot), and hyoscyamus (henbane) resemble one another in the symptoms they produce and the treatment they require. Belladonna, especially, makes the pupil of the eye very large even when a light is held before it, and causes delirium with a staggering gait. Excite vomiting, give stimulants and apply warmth to the body.—*Youth's Companion.*

## LOSSES.

Loss of money follows drinking,  
Loss of time brings bitter thinking;  
Loss of business follows these—  
Loss of strength and loss of ease;  
Loss of health, respect and love,  
Loss of hope of heaven above;  
Loss of friends who once admired,  
Loss of mind by frenzy fired;  
Loss of usefulness, alas!  
Loss of life's purpose for the goss;  
Loss of life and loss of soul,  
Crown his loss who loves the bowl.  
—*Youth's Companion.*



DOT AND DIMPLE.

M. E. SERVOS.

Dot and Dimple were twins—two dear little round-faced tots, who were always "a lumpy as the day was long," until papa got sick.

It was such a queer sickness; he did not go to bed, and have a doctor, and take medicine, and get well; but when he came home from his work he couldn't walk or stand straight, and he would stagger and talk so loudly that Dot and Dimple were afraid, and would hide away. And poor mamma must have been afraid, too, because she often had tears in her eyes, and looked so sorry all the time.

And then papa went to bed, and slept and slept 'way into the next day, and when it was most dinner time he would wake up with such a dreadful headache, and be so cross that Dot and Dimple would run out of doors, and stay and stay what seemed hours to them, and then when they would go into the house papa would be gone.

One day they asked mamma why he didn't have a doctor come and cure him when he was so sick; and mamma looked so sorry that the twins wished they had not mentioned it. "Because, my darlings," she answered, "there is not a doctor in this whole big city who can cure this kind of sickness." And Dot and Dimple could not play any more that day, for thinking what a dreadful thing it is to have a sickness that no doctor could cure.

The next day was Sunday, and as the twins walked into Sunday-school hand in hand they found the whole school in a buzz of anticipation, and the cause was soon learned. The Rev. Dr. Blank was in their city, and would address their school that very afternoon. "He is so good!" said one; "so very smart!" said another; "So kind!" "He loves children;" "One of the most learned men in the world." The air seemed full of his praises, and that last sentence they caught gave Dot and Dimple an idea. They looked at each other. "Would you dare?" said Dot. "I'd do anything to make papa well," said Dimple, bravely.

"And he is a doctor, too. Let's do it," said Dot.

And so when the speech was ended and the school out, two little white faces looked up to the great D. D., and a timid voice inquired:

"Please, Mr. Doctor, do you know anything that can make folks well that can't be cured?"

"Who is it that cannot be cured?"

"Please, sir, it is our papa; he staggers and can't walk straight, and sleeps and sleeps, and has such headaches, and is so cross that he ain't a bit like he was when we were little and he was well; and mamma says there is not a doctor in this city who can cure him; and the people said you lived in another city and was so smart that we thought we would ask you. You will cure him, won't you?"

And the reverend doctor, with a suspicious moisture in his eyes, and a note-book in his hand, told the little pleaders that he would write a prescription that would cure their father if he would only take the medicine.

Home they ran with their wonderful prize, and found their father just recovering from one of his "spells," feeling as if the chains of the evil one were dragging him down to destruction and he could not break away.

"Oh, papa, papa! you can be cured; the great doctor said so; we told him mamma said there was no doctor in this city could cure you, and asked him if he couldn't; and he gave us this paper, and said if you would only take the medicine it would be sure to make you well. Oh, papa, we are so glad!"

And off they ran to tell the good news to mamma.

"With mingled curiosity and anger, the father opened the "prescription," and read these words:

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

The Lord has said, "My Word shall not return unto Me void;" and when Dot and Dimple peeped into the room a while after they saw their father on his knees with his face buried in his hands. They never knew how it came about, or when or where he got the medicine; but this they do know, that ever since then their father has been well. And so they thank God every day, and are happy.—*The Pioneer.*

"TRYING HARD."

EXPERIENCES OF A WORKER.

Some years ago a lady in the habit of visiting the poor in a hamlet many miles from her home, after several weeks' unavoidable absence drove over again. Going into the house of a widow where, before returning, she was in the habit of taking a cup of tea while the pony had a rest after its journey, she inquired if there were any one ill. The widow informed her that a poor woman living just opposite was very ill, suffering from a cancer, and never likely to recover. The doctor had said it was time some person went to see her; so a curate from a neighboring town had come over the previous day.

"Is the poor woman ready for her change?" asked the lady.

"Well, ma'am, she is trying hard," was the reply.

"Do you think she would like to see me?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, I'm sure she would. She's in a deal of trouble; she keeps on grieving; and she be a terrible sufferer surely, and gets no rest night or day."

The lady soon went across, the widow having first brought a message that the sick one would be glad to see her. The countenance of the poor woman bore unmistakable traces of pain of body and mind, and she evinced a grateful sense of the sympathy of her visitor in her suffering state. Having drawn from her that she knew her malady to be incurable, and recovery hopeless, the lady expressed the hope that she could look forward to "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." The sufferer confessed she had no such happy assurance though she had been "trying hard" as she knew how, and praying that her sins might be forgiven; night and day she kept on asking for mercy, and begging to be saved.

"Do you think you can get to Heaven by your own works, then?"

"No, ma'am; I'm sure I've no good works to bring."

"Then whose work alone can win salvation, and pardon of sin, and eternal life for you?"

"Well, ma'am, I suppose the Lord must do it."

"You are right; the Lord Jesus only can procure salvation for you and me. But he has done it long ago. Instead, therefore, of going on any longer asking Him to do this for you, your part is to receive it from Him as a free gift."

"Can it be so, ma'am? I've never understood it like that."

"You know the story of the crucifixion—Ally the cruel scourging and mocking, the bloody sweat in the garden of Gethsemane, don't you?"

"Yes, ma'am, I've read it many times, especially lately, and at night when I could not rest."

"Then what did the Son of God bear all that shameful treatment for? He need not have suffered it; for you know, when the band of soldiers came to take the Lord, He asked them, 'Whom seek ye?' They answered Him, 'Jesus of Nazareth.' Jesus said unto them, 'I am He.' As soon, then, as He had said unto them, 'I am He,' they went backward and fell to the ground, instead of laying hold on Him. And when Peter drew his sword to defend his Master, Jesus said, 'Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to My Father, and He shall presently give Me more than twelve legions of angels?' So He bore it willingly for you and me, to suffer the penalty due to our sins; taking the sinner's punishment instead of him, that he might go free. Then as He hung on the cross, He said, 'It is finished; and He bowed His head and gave up the ghost' (for He had said, 'I lay down My life for the sheep; . . . no man taketh it from Me, but I lay it down of Myself'). What do you think our Lord meant by 'It is finished'?"

"I do not understand rightly, ma'am."

"If you look at John xvii, you will see that Jesus, just before He was betrayed, and led away to prison and death, prayed to His Father, in the hearing of His disciples, for them; and in His prayer He said, 'I have glorified Thee on the earth, I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do.' That work was, paying in His holy, sinless body our debt of sin; so that God's holy law was kept perfectly, and His just sentence against sin so executed that His word was not broken, and yet the sinner is set free. So God's name was glorified. And when Jesus had ended the great work He

cried out, 'It is finished.' All had been done that was required; and now the gate of Heaven was made open to all believers. Jesus to Him, 'What shall we do that we might work the works of God?' said unto them, 'This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent.' So—do you see?—you have to believe and trust in what Jesus has done for you, instead of going on asking Him to do that for you."

"Dear me, ma'am, is it really so simple? Are you sure I may have the blessing like that?"

"Nothing stands between you and God, to separate you from Him, but sin. It is a debt you can't pay yourself. But, if it is paid already, what have you to fear?"

"But how can I know my sins are forgiven, ma'am?"

"By taking God's word for it. Now suppose you had a heavy bill owing at the next town, and were in trouble fearing a summons for it, and I came and told you I had paid it in full, so you need not have any more anxiety about it, would you be afraid of still being summoned?"

"Oh, no, of course not; I should be under no more trouble about it, ma'am."

"Then would you not keep on asking me each time I called to help you out with the bill?"

"No, ma'am; why should I, when it was paid already?"

"But could you be satisfied without my showing you the bill receipted—only on my bare word?"

"Yes, ma'am; I'd feel quite sure you would never be deceiving a poor body; I should rest quite comfortable after you had once said so."

"Indeed! Then you would be so easily satisfied with a poor fellow-sinner's word that your bill was paid, and couldn't be brought up against you; and yet you won't take the Lord Jesus' word, that He has paid your debt, and trust Him! That is very strange, very sad."

"I never saw or thought of it like that before; it do seem very wrong."

"Just listen to what the Lord Jesus' word is to you: 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' He that believeth on Him is not condemned." He that believeth on the Son hath (not shall have) life (John iii). Again, 'God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us. Much more then, being justified by His blood, we shall be saved from wrath through Him' (Rom. v.) 'Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth' (Rom. x.) Christ on the cross said, 'It is finished,' and you and I can add nothing to that perfect work. God is satisfied, and raised up Jesus from the dead. 'Him hath he exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance and forgiveness of sins.' Hear what He has done with our debt of sin: 'Blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us, which was contrary to us, and took it out of the way, nailing it to His cross' (Col. ii. 14). What more could He have done, and what more do you want?"

"Nothing more, ma'am; I see it now, but I never saw it before. Oh, to think of all his love to me, and that I have been keeping on, as he were, throwing it in His face, instead of thanking Him for it, like as if He hadn't done it for me! But I'll do so no more."

The shades of evening were gathering fast, and the lady could only stay to offer up a few words of praise and prayer, and take her leave, promising to come again soon and to send a little tract which might recall the truths, should the tempter strive to bring back any doubts as to the grounds of her peace. Peace and joy shone on the sufferer's countenance as her friend left it.

A week later she drove over again, and inquiring of the widow how her neighbor was received for answer, "Oh, she is bodily worse than ever, suffering terribly; but, bless you, ma'am, she's that happy all the same; such a change in her, quite wonderful it is to all who see her. She says her debt is all paid. I don't say as I understand it, but she do, and it makes her wonderful happy. She just will be pleased to see you again."

This report proved true. The sufferer's pain was constant, but her joy and peace flowed on as a river, and continued till she exchanged faith for sight. The only shadow on her heart was that her husband and

daughter were not partakers of her faith and hope, and that she had not in time past helped to lead them in the heavenly road. But her prayers for and pleadings with them were intensely earnest, and her patient, cheerful endurance of great sufferings was to them a bright witness to the faith which enabled her thus to rejoice in God her Saviour, and in His finished work.

Not long ago, the foregoing instance of the fetters of unbelief falling off, loosened by simply trusting God's word, was recalled by hearing again the same expression, "trying hard," in the chamber of a dying man.

A poor man was painfully laboring for breath, unable to obtain ease in any position; and he had been thus suffering for many weeks, without the alleviation of sleep, save for a few moments waking up in increased distress. The same lady sat by his bedside, and expressed her concern for his state of suffering; but pointed to the blessed exchange from pain and weariness to rest, so soon awaiting him as a child of God. She spoke of the comfort of knowing that the Saviour's finished work had opened the gate of eternal life to him; so that he had only to trust in Jesus, and rest in His love, looking to Him for all-sufficient grace to endure and glorify Him in the very furnace.

The wife, sitting by, responded, "I'm sure he's been 'trying hard' these many years, and been a-doing all he could."

The sufferer, though with great difficulty, bringing out word by word, raised his eyes; he could not let it pass—

"It's nothing I've done; He's done it all for me; and nothing have I ever done in my own strength, only in His."

Bright, happy testimony! glorifying the Saviour for His finished work and free salvation, with the utterances of dying breath. The visitor strove to put very briefly the blessed truths testified by the husband before the wife, in the form of assent to his words; and again the labored syllables came forth from his lips, "Yes, that's it!"

After a few words of prayer, commending the sufferer to the loving, restful embrace of the Saviour's arms, the lady held the hand of the dying Christian, and expressed her anticipation of a glad meeting above, before the throne of the Lamb, where His servants shall serve Him perfectly, as they fail to do below.

"Yes, I've every reason to believe it without a doubt," was the parting word.—*Word and Work.*

THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF ALL.

But it is far better to have fewer rules well kept, than manifold ones, sometimes enforced, and at other times null and void. It is well to overlook many of the trifling misdemeanors of the little ones, for a vast number of their seeming faults arise more from the abundance of life in their merry young hearts than a desire to commit a wrong. Remember that it is only one day at a time we must bear with them, and surely we have strength and patience enough for that, though the day may seem long and weary to the tired mother. Let them bring all their joys and griefs to a listening ear and sympathizing heart so that in after years the brightest spot of their life. Believe me, dear sisters, that the time will come when you will say with me that the happiest years of your life were when the little ones were all around you.—*Household.*

ANTIDOTE FOR POISON.—If a person swallow any poison whatsoever, or has fallen into convulsions from having overloaded the stomach, an instantaneous and very effective remedy is a heaping teaspoonful of common salt and as much ground mustard, stirred rapidly in a teacup of water. It is scarcely down before it begins to come up, bringing with it all the remaining contents of the stomach; and lest there be any remnant of poison, however small, let the white of an egg and sweet oil, butter or lard—several spoonfuls—be swallowed immediately after vomiting, because these very common articles nullify a larger number of virulent poisons than any medicine in the shops.—*Medical Journal.*

IF THOU ART WISE, thou knowest thine own ignorance, and thou art ignorant if thou knowest not thyself.—*Luther.*

## YOUNG FOLKS.

## SAVED BY HIS PROMISE.

There was a young corporal in the garrison of Nantes in the year 1795. He was a spirited young fellow, barely twenty; but young as he was he had already learned to drink to excess, according to the too frequent custom of the day. Brave and excitable, wine was a bad master for him; and one day, in a moment of intoxication, he was tempted to strike an officer who was giving him an order. Death was the punishment of such an offence and to death the lad was condemned.

The Colonel of his regiment, remembering the intelligence and bravery of the young criminal, spared no pains to obtain a remission of the sentence; at first with no success, but finally hampered with a certain condition—that the prisoner should never again in his life be found intoxicated.

The colonel at once proceeded to the military prison and summoned Cambroune. "You are in trouble, corporal?" he said. "True, colonel, and I forfeit my life for my folly," returned the corporal.

"It may be so," quoth the colonel, shortly. "May he?" demanded Cambroune; "you are aware of the strictness of martial law, colonel; I expect no pardon; I have only to die."

"But suppose I bring you a pardon, on one condition?"

The lad's eyes sparkled. "A condition! Let me hear it, colonel. I would do much to save life and honor."

"You must never again get drunk."

"Colonel, that is impossible!"

"Impossible, boy! with death as an alternative! You will be shot to-morrow, otherwise; think of that!"

"I do think of it. But never to get drunk again! I must never let one drop of wine touch my lips! See you, Colonel, Cambroune and the bottle love one another so well that when once they get together it is all up with sobriety. No, no! I dare not promise never to get drunk."

"But, unhappy boy, could you not promise never to touch wine?"

"Not a drop, Colonel?"

"Not a drop!"

"Ah, that is a weighty matter, Colonel. Let me reflect. Never to touch wine—not a single drop in all my life!"

The young soldier paused, then looked up.

"But, Colonel, if I promise, what guarantee will you have that I shall keep my promise?"

"Your word of honor," said the officer. "I know you—you will not fail me."

A light came into the young fellow's eyes.

"Then I promise!" he said solemnly. "God hears me. I, Cambroune, swear that never to my dying day shall a drop of wine touch these lips!"

The next day the Corporal Cambroune resumed his place in his regiment. Twenty-five years after he was General Cambroune, a man of note, respected and beloved.

Dining one day in Paris, with his old Colonel, many brothers in arms being present, he was offered a glass of rare old wine by his former commanding officer. Cambroune drew back.

"My word of honor, Colonel, have you forgotten that?" he asked, excitedly. "And Nantes—the prison—my vow?" he continued, striking the table. "Never, sir, from that day to this, has a drop of wine passed my lips; I swore it and I have kept my word, and shall keep it, God helping me, to the end!"

## HE COULDN'T MAKE IT OUT.

The proprietor of a tannery, having erected a building on the main street for the sale of his leather, the purchase of hides, etc., began to consider what kind of a skin would be most attractive. At last what he thought a happy idea struck him. He bored an auger-hole through the door-post and stuck a calf's tail into it, with the bushy end flaunting out. After a while he noticed a grave looking person standing near the door, with spectacles on, gazing intently at the sign. So long did he gaze that finally the tanner stepped out and addressed the individual:

"Good morning!"

"Morning," replied the man, without moving his eyes from the sign.

"You want to buy leather?"—"No."

"Want to sell hides?"—"No."

"Are you a farmer?"—"No."

"Are you a merchant?"—"No."

"Lawyer?"—"No."

"Doctor?"—"No."

"Minister?"—"No."

"What in thunder are you?"—"I'm a philosopher. I've been standing here half an hour trying to decide how that calf got through that auger-hole, and for the life of me, I can't make it out."

## AN EASTERN INCIDENT.

A poor Arab travelling in the desert met with a spring of clear, sweet, sparkling water. Used as he was only to brackish wells, such water as this appeared to his simple mind worthy of a monarch, and filling his leather bottle from the spring, he determined to go and present it to the caliph himself. The poor man travelled a long way before he reached the presence of his sovereign and laid his humble offering at his feet.

The caliph did not despise the little gift, brought to him with so much trouble. He ordered some of the water to be poured into a cup, drank it, and thanking the Arab with a smile ordered him to be presented with a reward. The courtiers around pressed forward, eager to taste of the wonderful water, but, to the surprise of all, the caliph forbade them to touch a single drop.

After the poor Arab had quitted the royal presence with a light and joyful heart, the caliph turned to his courtiers and thus explained his conduct: "During the travels of the Arab," said he, "the water in his leather bottle became impure and distasteful. But it was an offering of love, and as such I have received it with pleasure. But I well knew that had I suffered another to partake of it, he would not have concealed his disgust; and therefore I forbade you to touch the draught lest the heart of the poor man should have been wounded."

## MOFFAT AND THE BOER.

When Robert Moffat was preaching and travelling in South Africa, he once came to the house of a rough Boer, or Dutch farmer, where he begged a night's lodging, and the good Frau asked him to preach. Moffat, knowing that over a hundred Hottentots were employed in the service of the Boer, was disappointed to find only his host and hostess and five children as his congregation.

"May not your servants come in?" he asked the Boer, modestly.

"Eh!" roared the Boer, "Hottentots! Have you come to preach to Hottentots! Go to them mountains, and preach to baboons; or, if you like, I'll fetch my dogs, and you may preach to them!"

Moffat calmly proceeded to give out his

text: "Truth, Lord; yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table." It made no apparent impression, so he repeated it.

"Hold on!" cried the Boer, rising hastily from his seat. "I'll bring you all the Hottentots in the place." And so he did. The barn was full; the people heard the word gladly, and at the conclusion of the sermon, the Boer, now mollified, asked the young preacher who had hardened his hammer to deal such a blow on the head as that; and declared that he would never again object to the preaching of the gospel to Hottentots—*Heroes of Britain.*

## WAR CAMELS.

In a lecture on the use of camels in war delivered in London the other day, Lord Napier of Magdala said that a strong, well-fed camel should carry 360 pounds, including two riders, and even 400 pounds; but there must be great care in padding the saddle, for a sore back tends to undermine the constitution of the animal. No animal should be entrusted for driving to any one not thoroughly accustomed to the work, and the rear seat should be taken by soldiers. The men, too, should have a few lessons in camel riding. They should be instructed to sit loosely in the saddle, and so allow their movements to fall in with those of the camel, as by so doing they would add to their own comfort and that of the animal. To sit tightly and to grip with the knees, as on horseback, produced a needless strain on rider and animal, and gave a less secure seat. In the actual clash of arms the camels should form the bulwark of the square, and the inner part of the square should be protected by the fire of the soldiers, who could have the bodies of the camels for their protection.—*N. Y. Sun.*

## HORSES IN BATTLE.

War horses, when hit in battle, tremble in every muscle and groan deeply, while their eyes show deep astonishment. During the battle of Waterloo some of the horses, as they lay upon the ground, having recovered from the first agony of their wounds, fell to eating the grass about them, thus surrounding themselves with a circle of bare ground, the limited extent of which showed their weakness. Others were observed quietly grazing on the field between the two hostile lines, their riders having been shot off their backs, and the balls flying over their heads and the tumult behind, before and around them caused no interruption to the usual instinct of their nature. It was observed that when a charge of cavalry went past near to any of the stray horses already mentioned they would set off, form themselves in the rear of their mounted companions, and, though without riders, gallop strenuously along with the rest, not stopping or flinching when the fatal shock with the enemy took place. At the battle of Kirk, 1745, Major McDonald having unhorsed an English officer took possession of his horse, which was very beautiful, and immediately mounted it. When the English cavalry fled the horse ran away with its captor, notwithstanding all his efforts to restrain him, nor did it stop until it was at the head of the regiment of which apparently its master was commander. The melancholy, and at the same time ludicrous figure which McDonald presented when he saw himself the victim of his ambition to possess a fine horse, which ultimately cost him his life upon the scaffold, may be easily conceived.—*Exchange.*

## GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLES.

What city is part of the body?

" " "the bottom of a ship?"

" " "requires tightening?"

" " "shortening?"

" " "is the lightest?"

" " "multiplying by two?"

" " "divides territories?"

" " "denotes worth?"

" " "is a kind of chair?"

" " "means to polish?"

Name a wandering city.

Why can not a certain city be rung?

Answers to puzzles in former edition:—

1, Ems. 2, Or-in-o-co.—*From a Subscriber.*

A READER of the *Messenger* asks: "What does 54e spell?"—Answer next week.

## ANSWERING A MARSHAL'S QUESTIONS.

Marshal Castellane, among other singularities, had a mania for questioning his officers about their families, his invariable mode of interrogation being, "What is your father's profession? your mother's, and your sister's?" This stereotyped repetition became at last so wearisome that some of his younger subalterns agreed on the following reply, to be given by each in turn: "My father is a shoemaker, my mother a laundress, and my sister is very flighty." On the ensuing Sunday, after the usual military parade, the Marshal, who had already received the same answer to his questions from three officers, turned to a fourth, and recommenced in his accustomed strain, "What is your father's profession?" "He is a shoemaker." "And your mother's?" "She is a laundress." "That will do," interrupted the chief. "I know the rest; your sister is very flighty, and you will consider yourself confined to barracks until she behaves better."—*Temple Bar.*

## THE OFFER OF THE SEASON!

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

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

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