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The Weekly Messenger.

INDIGNATION AGAINST CHINAMEN.

A discovery which was made in San Francisco, a few days ago, of the horrible practices of the Chinese, committed under the very nose of the city authorities, has created deep and intense excitement. A large number of bodies of Chinese were found in the process of preparation for shipment of the bones to China. The mode of preparation is disgusting. The remains are considerably reduced by the operation and then packed in boxes. Some of the remains found had already been packed, others were in a dreadful state of putrefaction. After all the boxes containing the remains of dead Chinamen had been removed to the morgue, the city coroner was interviewed in regard to the matter, and stated that when he arrived at the cellar in which the boxes were stored and putrefied remains which had still to be boiled were lying, he set to work with a hatchet to break open the boxes. There were some sixty boxes in all. Each of them contained a tin case in which were carefully rolled in oil cloths a number of human bones. Smaller bones and long strips of skin were wrapped up in separate parcels and placed with a larger one. On the outside of the box was a label in Chinese characters, indicating the name of the person while living so that the remains could be claimed by the relatives on their arrival in China. After having opened several cases, the coroner concluded to seize the whole lot and remove them to the morgue. Express waggons were called, and while the cases were being placed in the waggons some of the boxes rolled off on the pavement and were broken, leaving the bones exposed to view. People who had assembled in their excitement jumped on the bones and in their indignation trod them under foot. The police quickly interposed and the work was continued without further interruption. Afterwards the remains were removed from the morgue by the Chinese Vice-Consul and transferred to the steamer "City of Peking," which has sailed for Hong Kong.

In one of the largest mining centres in Dakota the Chinamen have been given until the first of October to leave. If they do not comply with this request the white laborers say they will drive them out by violence. The Celestials were ordered to leave the mining town of Anaconda, and immediately obeyed. No further horrors are reported from Cheyenne where the terrible massacre took place the other day. The superintendent of the mines has issued a notice saying that all miners are expected to return to their work immediately, and that military protection will be given to all so that none may have any fear for his personal safety.

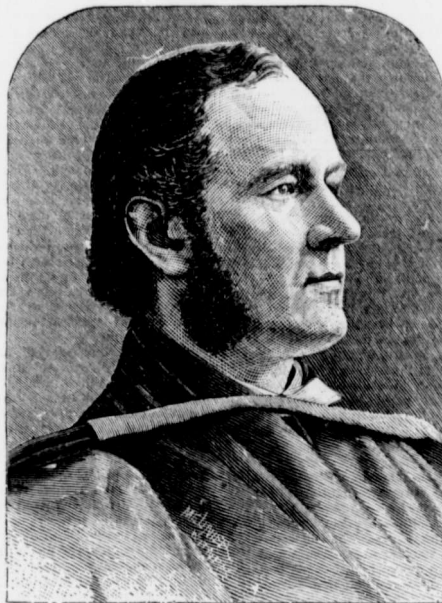
Great dissatisfaction is manifested towards the Chinese in British Columbia. The Inspector of Prisons reports that, owing to the large increase of crime among the Chinese, it will be necessary to enlarge the penitentiaries of the province. Attempts are being made to smuggle Chinamen into

British Columbia from the United States. A number of Chinamen who had crossed from British Columbia into the States were returned by steamer to Victoria, but the authorities at this port refused to allow them to land unless \$50 per head were paid. This sum was imposed as a poll tax on all Chinamen entering the Province of British Columbia by the Canadian Parliament at its last session.

THE REV. DR. FARRAR.

As we have already stated, Archdeacon Farrar, while on his tour in America, intends visiting many places both in the United States and Canada. His picture will therefore be of great interest to our readers. The Ven. Frederic William Farrar, D.D., F.R.S., Archdeacon of Westminster, is the son of the Rev. C. R. Farrar, rector of Sid-

other Sermons," 1865; "Seekers after God" (Sunday Library) 1869; "The Witness of History to Christ, being the Hulsean Lectures of 1870, 1871; "The Silence and the Voices of God," a volume of sermons, 1873; "The Life of Christ," 2 vols., 1874, which reached its twelfth edition in a single year; "Eternal Hope," a volume of sermons, 1878; "Life of St. Paul," 1869, and "The Early Days of Christianity," 2 vols., 1882. Besides these works, Dr. Farrar has been a contributor to Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," Kitto's "Biblical Cyclopaedia," the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," the "Transactions of the Ethnological Society," and the "Quarterly Review," and published papers and lectures delivered before the Royal Institution, Sion College, the British Association, and the Church Congress; some of which have led to important modifications in the training given in our public schools.



THE VEN. F. W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.,

ARCHDEACON OF WESTMINSTER.

cup, Kent, Eng., and was born in the Fort Bombay, August 7th, 1831. He received his education at King William's College, in the Isle of Man, and at King's College, London. Before he was twenty years of age he became a classical exhibitor of the University of London. We have not here space to enumerate all the positions he held nor all the honors he obtained, but we give his chief works. Dr. Farrar is the author of the following works of fiction: "Eric, or Little by Little," published in 1858; "Julian Home," 1859; and "St. Winifred's, or the World of School," 1863. His theological works are "The Fall of Man, and

Archdeacon Farrar is Honorary Chaplain of the 2nd Volunteer Battalion Royal Fusiliers.

While in Montreal Dr. Farrar gave a lecture on Dante and preached twice on Sunday last. At both services the churches were crowded to overflowing and in the evening many persons could not find standing room in the Cathedral. Dr. Farrar speaks exceedingly plainly and without apparent effort. His gestures are few and such as are common among learned men when arguing a point on an individual or an audience. His oratory consists in the matter used rather than in delivery. In Ottawa the

lecture on Dante was repeated and in Toronto it was Dr. Farrar's intention to deliver a lecture on the poet Browning.

MR GLADSTONE STILL WORKS.

As in France so in England there has been a lull in the political excitement. Mr. Gladstone's manifesto however has awakened great interest for it depends much on Mr. Gladstone's policy whether the Liberals or Tories will have the upper hand in the coming parliament. Mr. Gladstone's manifesto occupied four columns of print. In it the ex-premier invites comparison between the work of the recent parliament and that of the parliament which preceded it, and confidently appeals to the electors for a verdict. He refers to the Russo-Afghan frontier dispute, the credit of which he claims for the Liberal party. Mr. Gladstone admits that the Liberal Government committed an error respecting the occupation of Egypt, but says it was due to the Marquis of Salisbury's intervention policy. He now favors the entire withdrawal of British troops from Egypt, and believes that the people approve of the Liberal Government's refusal to stifle the Transvaal cry for freedom. England, he says, once free of the Egyptian tangle will regain her former position in Europe, and will be able to guard the young Eastern nations. He favors a reform of both the House of Lords and House of Commons, and the abolition of primogeniture. He believes the church is sufficiently strong to survive disestablishment, and stated he is anxious to give Ireland the fullest justice, while at the same time preserving the unity of the empire.

This manifesto has had the effect Mr. Gladstone desired—that of uniting the Liberal party which lately has been torn into three separate factions the leaders of which have each been ambitious to succeed the "Grand Old Man." The Radicals were going with Mr. Chamberlain, the Whigs with Lord Hartington, and Sir William Harcourt was endeavoring to hold the Moderates together. The Liberal party was being rent to pieces. The manifesto put a stop to the ripping, and the diverging three at once set to work to heal the breach and with each effort came closer together. They understood that at present the Liberals would accept no leader but Mr. Gladstone, and that without him restoration to power is impossible. In one of the opening sentences of the manifesto, Mr. Gladstone uses the following statement: "It will not be possible for me to repeat in the new parliament the labors of the previous." This is everywhere accepted as a distinct assertion by Mr. Gladstone that he intends, if victorious in this campaign, to confine himself to the work of framing a ministry and after remaining in office long enough to assure the successful work of his re-established governmental machinery to retire permanently to private life.

The announcement by Mr. Gladstone shows his policy to be very moderate and unexciting. The London Times says that the most important fact about it is that it has had the effect of making the leaders of the Liberal factions appear willing "to take shelter under Mr. Gladstone's umbrella."

HOW BILLY WENT UP IN THE WORLD.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.

(National Publication House, N. Y.)

CHAPTER VI.

A PURIFICATION.

In the summer months that followed Billy's entrance into the Ellery family, he learned more than in all his life previous as a vagabond. He was of course too young and too inexperienced to be put at any one long task involving much thought or responsibility, but the farmer gave him plenty to do; and after explaining all the whys and wherefores, he required Billy to be faithful and industrious. Frequently he had some work to do for Mrs. Ellery, and she taught him to be careful and neat. He strained the milk and helped her churn. On rare occasions he washed dishes, but always with a secret protest, because that was properly Nan's work, and her saucy black eyes were usually full of fun at the awkward sabs he made into the water. Nan would have been astonished to know how Billy felt towards her about this time. A week or so after that night, when he had heard her say he knew almost nothing, she found a spelling-book, a second reader, and the First Lessons in Grammar. Armed with these, and upheld with a virtuous desire to do "Missionary work," Nan one day walked out on the piazza where the boy sat mending a horse-net, and said, "You can't read very well, can you, Billy?"

"Not so well as usual," he replied, waxing a length of twine with a big lump of beeswax.

"As usual?" repeated Nan, somewhat puzzled.

"Well, then, not so well as before I went up in that wallow and her saucy black eyes were usually full of fun at the awkward sabs of intelligent sobriety, that Nan asked quickly.

"Why, did it burst your brains?"

"Awfully. I was 'most ready to enter college before that. I talked Latin easier that nothing; but going up so suddenly as I did, and coming down suddenly, was a kind of a shock to a fellow who couldn't spread any wings to save his life. It gave me softening of the brain."

"I thought that ailed you," said Nan, just as sedately; "but I supposed you didn't know what the cause was. I was just going to offer to teach you any lesson you wanted to learn. Mother thought you ought not to stay so ignorant."

"That's painful a bit," said saucy Billy; "and likely as not all my old education will come back some day." Then he could not resist a provoking grin, as he glanced up at the trim little would-be teacher.

Nan's dignity was so much offended that she exclaimed severely: "Do you intend to grow up without knowing anything?"

"No marm."

"Do you want me to teach you anything?"

Alas for the cause of education, the "good-little girl," tone of Nan's voice rasped Billy's already irritated temper, and he doggedly returned:

"No, I don't want anything of you."

"Well, you are the most ill-mannered boy I ever saw; and I don't know what father took you for, I'm sure. I wouldn't teach you now if you teased me ever so hard," returned Nan, her voice loud and sharp with anger. She stood a second after saying that, as if she were tempted to add something more. Then hearing her mother calling her she turned away hastily.

For a moment Billy's revenge was pleasant; a girl had despised him, and he had made her "hopping mad." And as he went on mending his net, his face grew very red, for slowly and surely he realized that he had acted like a "jackanapes." He did not know much, and Nan only saw the truth. It was kind in her father to tell her to help him, and kind in her to be willing to do so, after she thought about it, as she evidently had thought.

It seemed horrid to have to be the victim of kindness, but if he had been singled out for her effort in that way, even his untutored sense told him he should have either accepted or refused the offered help, in at least a decently civil manner. It never occurred to him to apologize for his rudeness—far from it; but a certain loss of respect made him sullen all the rest of the day. Several times before night the old lawless devil returned to Billy to strike off and commit

some folly. Once or twice he looked down the pleasant country road that passed the house, and wondered how it would seem to be starting away, nobody knew where, to seek his fortune. Of old, when such a mood possessed the boy he followed it; but it was well for him that he had wit enough now to reason that a good home, and honest work, was a present fortune for a nobody's boy.

Silas Barnard was a help to him in times like these. Billy would often talk freely with him and get much homely, sensible advice in return. Si was, also, very kind to granny, and to Miss Tarbox. He continued to milk their cow evenings, and he often stayed later to render them any little service. This evening, when Billy was not so well inclined as usual, he looked for Silas to return and divert him by playing the fiddle; but Silas stayed at the cottage until after eight o'clock. About that time Billy went to the old well for a drink, and there encountered Stanton Ellery. The boys had a notion that, in warm weather, the water drawn up in the old-fashioned bucket was cooler than that from the modern pump nearer the house. Billy, in particular, liked to come to this spot, for a huge tree overshadowed it, and on the wooden platform, now moss-covered, he could sit with Si Barnard, when the latter felt like fiddling.

"I suppose you did not have a well like this on every corner of New York streets, did you, Bill?" exclaimed Stanton.

"Haven't you ever been in the city?"

"Oh, dozens of times. It is the only place to live. The country was made for cattle. By-and-by, when I'll get enough of books to suit Uncle Tom, I'll get out of this old pasture-land. What did you see that was lively in your time, Billy? Didn't you say you washed whiskey glasses in a concert saloon, once?"

"Yes, I did it for a week. Bob Phipps had the place, but a truck run over him, and his boss offered me my grub to be there nights. It was mighty poor grub, though, on the free lunch order, you know; and the show just wasn't worth the late hours. I lodged in a dry-goods box in the Bowery about those times, and if I had tried to sleep days, you know, somebody would have been overhauling my bed-room, as likely as not; so I retired from the trade."

As Billy talked, he had wound up the dripping, creaking bucket, and was refreshing himself from the half shell of a cocoanut that hung close by the well. Then he turned away to go to bed.

"Sit down a while, young chap, and let me put you through your paces," said Stanton in his lazy, good-natured way.

Billy dropped on the dry grass, and the boys continued to talk of city scenes in low life. He began by telling Stanton of that which seemed to him the most entertaining; of great down-town fires; of the thrilling escapes of the firemen; of military parades; of a certain strike, and a lively mob that discomfited the police. But young Ellery was not greatly interested. He questioned him of other things, that had already begun to drop out of the boy's thoughts.

Under exactly the same circumstances, and after the same training, Stanton Ellery would have betrayed coarser instincts than Billy Knox. Stanton's life had passed in pure, sweet, country scenes. He had walked through woods, and had never seen a wild-flower, or cared a straw whether or not birds sang, or tall ferns waved, or that curious little insects, and animals were all around him. But he never heard a low joke at the town grocery which he did not remember. Billy Knox had met a great deal of wickedness, had seen and heard bad things, because there were where he had been; but it was as true of him figuratively as it was literally, that, when he came to filth, he had walked around it, instead of turning it over curiously.

To night, as the two boys sat in the faint star-light, under the shade of the black tree, Billy could not fail soon to perceive, that what his soft-mannered, white-handed companion wanted, was to have him tell him, in detail, of the most vulgar scenes, the smuttiest, slimmest places he knew. It was somewhat awkward for Billy at first, because the worst of his old street companions had not taxed him to make himself agreeable in this fashion, ever before. They knew as much as he knew, but what they wanted to know, as a rule, was something amusing, or even helpful. However, when Billy saw that the

lower his allusions were, and the viler his stories became, the more excessively did they amuse Stanton Ellery—who was he that he should be fastidious? Whatever he did, he did with all his might; and now he raked his memory for material wherewith to satisfy his listener, who, by exciting questions would lead him on, or by appreciation expressed in his long, low, musical laughter, would flatter Billy's self-conceit. They sat there an hour; then Stanton, finding that Billy had apparently exhausted his resources, rose up, yawned, and sauntered off toward the house, remarking:

"Well! Well, my little red herring, you are pretty well salted. You'll keep! I always knew you couldn't be so fresh as you seemed."

A moment after Stanton had gone, Billy thought he heard a step behind the well-sweep. He turned quickly, but it was too dark to see any distance. It was late, too, and time for all doors to be locked. That was Si's business, and Si had returned, for the light from his lantern could now be seen glimmering through the barn door. Billy wished he need not go to bed; he was not at all sleepy. He would like Silas to fiddle his liveliest dancing-tunes. He sprang up, and had gone about a rod, when a man pounced down, and gripping him by the shoulder, exclaimed:

"I want you in the barn!"

"Well, land, Si! You needn't wring a fellow's neck off, if you do. I can take an invitation easier than that," returned Billy; adding: "What's up? A cow choking again?" as Silas strode away toward the lantern and the open barn door.

Billy followed fast, into a little room where Si kept his tools, carriage grease and old clothes. He went nearer, as the man opened a little keg and looked grimly in, then searched and found a cloth.

"What is it Si?" he asked, again.

"It is this," said Silas, sternly; and turning, he clutched Billy in two powerful hands that held him firmly; "I have stood by that 'ere well for half an hour, and I feel as if my nose was full of a stench that came from some bottomless pit. Now, Billy Knox, I ain't got no call to attend to Stanton Ellery. He is a gentlemanly young cuss, that bids fair to be a gentlemanly devil one of these days; but I am amazed at you. It seemed to me to-night, that you put the rotten through and through. Fast off, I was of as good a mind as ever I had to eat, to go fetch the boss, and let him send you flyin'; but I held on a little longer, seen as how Stan was egg'n' you on, and I've concluded to give you a chance—some more chance—for decency. But I hope, for gracious sake, you throw up all the horrible stuff there is in you. I've got a thing or two to say, after I've cleaned your mouth out so you'll be fit to speak to the rest of the family in the morning."

Thus saying, and quicker than a wink, Si Barnard had Billy's red head under his shirt sleeve, and into Billy's mouth, opened to roar, had gone a swab of soft-soap that did good execution. Up, down, and around his gums, and into his cheeks went brown chunks of the strong dark substance. The frantically kicking heels behind, upset a peck measure of meal, a pail of water, and waved wildly in the air like banners of distress. Si was emphatically at the head of this undertaking, and cared for nothing in the rear. He soaped and scrubbed the spitting, spluttering mouth, in a way no boy would forget to his dying day; then he suddenly dumped Billy on a bran chest, and went out, locking the small room door.

"I will be back soon, when I've done a chore or two. You'll get your breath by that time, and can listen to me."

Silas' voice was so void of all temper, so full of self-control, that Billy was for a moment or so surprised at himself that he was not madder at the treatment he had received. A little water remained in a pail not overturned, and dipping up this as best he could, he removed the soap clinging to his teeth; but the process was far from agreeable.

By-and-by Si returned, set down the lantern by his feet, and perched himself on a barrel top, from which position he silently studied Billy, who began to feel a strange new emotion of shame.

"I know all about common animals," calmly remarked Si, at last. "I've seen and heard most of the wild beasts at one time or another, but to the best of my knowledge there ain't no one brute among 'em all that seems to love pure filth because it is filth—

and that one is the hog. He ain't pretty—he looks like a hog, and ain't got but one set of manners. He is for that very reason not in danger of doing much harm, because he is kept in his pen and not invited to sit at folks' tables or to keep company with 'em. There is a human creature that is a great sight mearer and worse to have around than an honest out-and-out dirty beast. It is a boy or a man who can act like a gentleman, smooth nice ways, good grammar kind of talk before folks he's afraid of—but when he gets a chance, down he goes roarin' in the mire—spattering everybody and everything, soakin' 'everything he touches; callin' after him some little wretch like you that has just been set onto your pags in a clean spot. I'm ashamed of you, Billy Knox!"

"Haven't done nothing much—only talked. You must be green, Si, if you never heard folks go on sort of free and easy," muttered Billy, sullenly.

"Look up here, boy!"

Billy lifted his head. Si took the lantern, and holding it close to the boy's face, he leaned forward, saying: "Tell me the truth now. Do you like such kind of talk? Do you begin it when you are along with other boys?"

"No, I don't," said Billy, firmly.

"Do you think much of such stuff?"

"I forgot I'd ever seen or heard the most of that—that nonsense I had over to-night, until I got a going, Si," replied Billy, looking him full in the eyes with his own bright ones.

Si saw truth and shame both in the face upturned to him. He put down the lantern, and said:

"I'll believe you until I find you fooling me, on the condition that this purifying you've had keeps your mouth clean hereafter. Do you suppose I'll have you talk as you did to-night, and then go to the cottage visiting them good women there, breathin' the same air with old granny, who looks as if she'd got one tired old foot right on the threshold of heaven, and her face half way in it—and Prissy too! I think considerable of Prissy. I'd sooner turn a regular hog in on them, just as I said before, than a man made out of a boy like Stan Ellery. I've often noticed that a boy that had a real and out nice, pretty sister, didn't want no such foul talking boys around her. You ain't never had any sister, had you, Billy?"

"No; and I'm glad of it. I hate girls!"

"And judgin' from your talk to-night," continued Si, with deliberate study of his youthful listener's dogged countenance, "judgin' from talk of your past, I suppose your mother must ha' been a low, vulgar talkin'!"

Billy gave one bound, and landing about on Si's stomach, would have rolled him headlong off the reeling barrel; but perhaps Si expected to be bombarded, for he struggled good-naturedly, and cried out, "I take it all back, Billy. Maybe she wasn't!"

"She was the best woman that ever lived!" roared the boy. "She was ten thousand times better than any mother you ever had, Si Barnard! She!"

"I take it back, Billy, every word. There, stop prancin'; you'll break my lantern," urged Silas, adding, in a tone that quieted and moved Billy, "I know what a good mother is—but mine did not have a very good son. I loved her, God knows I did! but I made her no end of trouble. I run away from home against her wishes, 'cause I could not live peaceable with my oldest brother and my father. I wouldn't come home when she used to write and tell me to come, but I always said to myself that I'd earn some money for a black silk dress (father was awful tight, and she never had a decent dress to her back); then soon as I could show 'em that I could take care of myself, I'd go home and take mother that there nice present. Well, I got my steady work, and I got the dress, as sure as you live. It laid three weeks in my trunk before I could get leave of absence to take it to her. I used to look at it in that old hair cloth trunk, just as women folks look into cradles at their babies; but you see it sort of meant to me how I loved that poor weavly little woman who had had precious little comfort in life. One day I got a telegraph. Lor, how them yellow envelopes makes me shiver!—an' it said she was sick, dangerous. I didn't lose no time, but when I got there, they was asking what they should lay her out in. I handed that black silk dress to the neighbor women, and my mother had it for her shroud. But

I never got the chance, Billy, just to tell her I was an ungrateful wretch, but I did love her; I wanted to say that so much."

She mouth was twitching, and the soap seemed to have got into Billy's eyes. "When a woman is good she is like my mother, and yours, maybe. She hates talk that is bad, and she hates mean, low thinking that don't get out in talk; and if a fellow wants his mother that way, he ought to be ashamed of himself if he wants to be what she despises. Ain't that so, Billy?"

In the clear light of the lantern the boy's face had grown softer, and his really fine eyes looked frankly into Si's, as he replied: "Yes; only boys and men never are like—well, like"—

"They are strong, and loud, and bold, you mean, of course. That's the way they are meant to be; but a turnip can be just as clean and wholesome as a rose, if it ain't pretty enough for a flower-pot. You ain't so fine and delicate as Nan Ellery, but you've no call to say what her father wouldn't have her hear for five thousand dollars. Ain't you ashamed of this night's goings on?"

"Yes." "Prove it, then, by letting it be the last such talk you ever let out. Prissy said you was asking her where she supposed your mother was, and kind of inquiring about heaven. I don't know many Bible verses for all sorts of things, as granny does, but here's one you try and remember. After almost everything had been said that the Lord himself meant to have said to us down here on earth, on the very last page of the Bible, he tells us who can get into heaven, and who must stay on the outside, and never enter in through the gates into that city."

"Who can't go in?" asked Billy, slowly, after Silas stopped.

"Filthy people—not filthy bodies, but filthy souls! They are shut out; and the word will be—it says just this exactly: 'He that is filthy, let him be filthy still.'"

For a little while after that neither the man nor the boy spoke. A rat gnawed away behind the meal bin, and not far off the horses were pounding their hoofs on the stable floor. Billy seemed to be gazing at a great cobweb, white with dust, hanging from a halter on the wall; but he was doing considerable thinking, and some repenting, making to his better self a good promise or two.

When Silas picked up the lantern and prepared to go, he followed him, saying: "I guess you're sound, Si. I don't suppose if it hadn't been in me, Stan Ellery could have stirred it all up. But he!"

"He is no crony for you, and the less you have to do with him the better."

Si locked up the barn, and Billy crept in the kitchen door and up to his little chamber. His mouth was sore, and his self-conceit was terribly cast down; but deep in his heart was the firm conviction that the rough "hired man," whose fists were like a blacksmith's, was a cleaner, better being than the elegant stripling who had killed away his time at the well with him.

(To be Continued.)

DOMESTIC VINEGAR-MAKING.

Perhaps the best vinegar, writes a correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker*, is made from elder. It takes some time to make unless in warm weather the barrel is rolled out in the sun, the vent opened, and some wire mosquito-netting is nailed over the opening to keep out insects. A small quantity may be quickly made by filling glass fruit cans nearly full, adding a little water and brown sugar, and putting them where it is quite light. If corn, mustard seed, horseradish, or any such thing has been put in the cider when it is new, to arrest fermentation, it will be much longer in turning to vinegar, and I think it is never so good.

Vinegar can be made by mixing one gallon of molasses with five or six gallons of water—pure, soft water is best. If a little molasses is spread on a piece of brown paper as large as the hand, and put in after it is mixed, it seems to answer the purpose of "mother," or the vinegar plant as it is often called. I have had nice vinegar made of sweetened currant juice and water, equal parts. It was rather thin, but fine flavored. Where maple sugar is manufactured, the richest vinegar may be made from the rinsings of all the dishes used, if saved in a suitable vessel, with the addition of some maple syrup, the whole thing being allowed to ferment. It is as far superior in flavor to all

other kinds of vinegar as the maple sugar is to other kinds of sweets.

I knew a very careful, painstaking house-keeper who used to keep a large stone jug in her pantry, and every dish used for molasses, or anything of the sort, was always rinsed and the contents poured into the jug. She always had an abundance of vinegar (of good quality too), and it certainly did not seem expensive, it only took a little time and care on her part.

I think it is desirable, when possible, for families to make their own vinegar, for they know then what they are using, and a housewife, ever confronted with three meals a day, will find plenty of good vinegar a very great convenience, as it gives a relish to many dishes.

A QUEER WAY TO GET FRESH WATER.

In the Persian Gulf is a place called Bahrain, where men go a-fishing for drinking water. So, at least, a sailor who has been there told a writer in the *Sun*.

"I don't know who discovered the fact, but there are numberless springs of ice cold water at the bottom of the Gulf near the shore, where the water is about sixty feet deep. This must have been known when they first set up the town, of course, or it wouldn't have been started there. This fresh water gets salt enough, though, before it gets from the bottom, and so they have to send down after it. When a man's wife calls him to go after a pail of water, and he quick about it, over in Bahrain, he grabs a goatskin bag, yells at the first neighbor he sees stretched out on the sand, and the two jump into a boat and row out a short distance. The man who is after the water wraps the goatskin around his left arm, with the mouth of the bag in his hand. Then he takes in his other hand a heavy stone. This stone is tied securely to the end of a long and strong line, for stones are valuable property there. Without them no one could go out and fetch a pail of water, and they are very scarce. With the stone firmly clutched in his hand the man dives into the water, and down he goes to the bottom. When he reaches the cool, fresh water gushing up from the sand he opens the mouth of his goatskin bag, drops the stone, and floats upward in the strong current. The bag quickly fills, and the mouth is closed again."

"When the man reaches the surface his companion lifts the bag into the boat, and the diver follows. The stone is then carefully drawn up and the men go home."

"The water is cold and refreshing when it comes up from the depths of the sea, but it soon gets flat and warm. The more you drink of it the thirstier you get, but the natives can get along on a few swallows of it now and then. The requirements of the climate keep the divers at work in the submarine springs for all they are worth, and the shore is lined with their boats all day long. These springs are said to be the outlet of large natural aqueducts in a range of mountains more than 500 miles from the coast, but I guess they would have a hard time to prove that theory if they were called upon to do it."

TRUST CHRIST WITH EVERYTHING.

Do not trouble yourselves unduly, for if you do so you cannot remove sickness thereby, but you may even increase it. If I could do any good by worrying, I would worry away to my heart's content; but as it is useless, I find it best to let it alone. They tell me that if a man were to fall into the sea he would float if he would remain quiet, but because he struggles he sinks. I am sure it is so when we are in affliction. fretfulness results in weakening us, in hiding from us wise methods of relief, and, in general, in doubling our pains. It is folly to kick a gainst the pricks; it is wisdom to kiss the rod. Trust more and fear less. If you have trusted your soul with Christ can you not trust Him with everything else? Can you not trust Him with your sick child or your sick husband, with your wealth, with your business, with your life? "Oh," says one, "I hardly like to do that. It is almost presumption to take our minor cares to the great Lord." But in so doing you will prove the truthfulness of your faith.

I heard of a man who was walking along the high road with a pack on his back; he was growing weary, and was, therefore, glad when a gentleman came along in a chaise and asked him to take a seat with him.

The gentleman noticed that he kept his pack strapped to his shoulders, and so he said: "Why do you not put your pack down?"

"Why, sir," said the traveller, "I did no, venture to intrude. It was very kind of you to take me up, and I could not expect you to carry my pack as well." "Why," said his friend, "do you not see that whether your pack is on your back or off your back, I have to carry it?" It is so with your trouble; whether you care or do not care, it is the Lord who must care for you.

First, trust your Lord with your souls and then trust Him with everything else. First surrender yourself to His love, to be saved by His infinite compassion, and then bring all your burdens and cares and troubles and lay them down at His dear feet, and go and live a happy, joyful life, saying, as I will say and close,

"All that remains for me is but to love and sing, And wait until the angels come, To bear me to my King."

—C. H. Spurgeon.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's *Select Notes*.)

Oct. 4. 2 Kings 6: 8-23.

As this is the first lesson of the quarter, give the scholars a clear and vivid idea of the condition of the two kingdoms.

Review briefly the history and miracles of Elisha. Note the time and place of these marvellous works.

The subject of this lesson is, The Defenders of God's People.

I. Israel attacked by Syria (ver. 8). The location and causes of the war.

II. Defended by God's prophet (vers. 9-12). The lesson from this is that God reads the secret thoughts of men. Have the scholars look up the texts in the Bible which prove and illustrate this. The two different effects of this fact. (1) Comfort to the Christian; (2) God knows his secret longings, even when he cannot express them; (3) God understands his motives when others misrepresent him; (4) God knows just how to lead and comfort him.

Illustration. Many years ago the Rev. H. W. Beecher was mobbed. The mob thought he was in a certain house, and threw stones and eggs at its windows and doors. But all this time Mr. Beecher was in another house near by, looking at the attack, and feeling perfectly safe because he was not there. So we watch the attacks of infidels and opposers. They often attack caricatures of the Bible truths and not the truths themselves, and we can look calmly on, because we are not where the blows fall.

(2) Terror to the sinner; (3) his secret sins are known; (4) he is judged by the motive, and not by the outward act alone; (5) he can hide nothing from God, and therefore God can hinder his secret plans.

III. The assault upon Elisha (vers. 13, 14). I. The multitude of his defenders. The Christian is surrounded by unseen defenders. (1) God (Ps. 46: 1); (2) Christ (Matt. 28: 20); (3) the Holy Spirit (John 14: 16, 17); (4) angels (Heb. 1: 14); (5) the secret forces of nature (Rom. 8: 28).

Illustration. As around the virgin and child Jesus, in Rachel's Sistine Madonna, the air is filled full of angels' faces, so ever around the Christian are there invisible angels of God for his defence and help,—ministering spirits who minister to those that shall be heirs of salvation.

Illustration. A good man dreamed he had died and had gone up to the gates of heaven. Before admission, he was, however, bidden to tarry awhile in the picture-room. He looked from scene to scene upon the canvas there, and all appeared familiar to him. At last he recognized them as from his own life, and in each presentation he was in peril of some kind, but angels, sent of God, were guarding or directing him. The disclosure thus made put all his life into a new light. God's messengers had cared for him all the way through. His heart was at once raised in gratitude to his divine protector, and then he was ushered into the city.—S. S. Times.

Illustration. The unseen forces of nature many and mighty, which yet God has promised shall work good to those that love Him. We are surrounded by these forces,—magnetism, heat, light, chemical affinities, attraction of gravitation, all under the control of God.

V. The peaceful victory. Dwell especially on conquering enemies by changing them into friends (Rom. 12: 20, 21.)

Question Corner.—No. 18.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

SCRIPTURE SCENE.

The city we are now to speak of was a new city in the time of the Israelites. The early kings of Israel had not always the same capital, till one of them built for himself a royal city. His son, wishing to make it the centre of worship as well as of government, built there a temple to the false gods whom he wished the people to honor. Being thus as it were the heart of the nation, it was the point to which the attacks of hostile armies were mainly directed.

Thus we find in the Bible history that it underwent no less than three sieges. Two of these were conducted by the armies of the Syrians, and both ended in a miraculous manner. In the first the king was directed to send out a small band of men, led by his young nobles. These young men slaughtered the Syrians, and drove them away in confusion. When the second siege had lasted some time, the besiegers were panic-stricken by an alarming noise they heard, and fled away, leaving their camp to be spoiled. The third siege was carried on by the Assyrians, and lasted three years. Now, however, God had quite forsaken the kingdom of Israel, and the end of the siege was the end of the kingdom. The inhabitants were carried away by the king of Assyria, and others brought in their stead. These proved to be bitter enemies of the Jews when they returned from Babylon.

In this city Jehu completed the work entrusted to him; first, by ordering all Ahab's sons to be killed and their heads sent to him; and secondly, by collecting all the idolatrous priests together under pretence of a great festival, and then setting men to destroy them.

We propose the following questions: 1. What is the name of the city? 2. Who built it? 3. Why did he give it the name it bore? 4. To whom was the temple dedicated? 5. What king of Syria besieged the place first, and who was the king of Israel? 6. Who was king of Israel at the time of the second siege? 7. Show the terrible straits the inhabitants were reduced to.

8. Who announced in the city the breaking up of the besiegers' host? 9. What king of Assyria finally took the city? 10. Where did the new inhabitants come from?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN No. 16.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Capernaum.

On the west of the sea of Galilee, the mountains retire further from the shore than in other parts. Thus there is left a plain of some breadth. Ancient writers, particularly Josephus, extol the fruitfulness of this plain. He speaks of it as bearing fruit trees of all kinds, both those that require heat, as the figs, and those that flourish in cooler air, the walnut. The fertility of the soil remains, but now the industry is wanting. Somewhere towards the northern end of this plain Capernaum was situated. No one can fix upon its site with certainty and this want of certainty seems to fulfil the prophecy of our Lord that it should "be cast down to hell." It was a busy place. Apart from the trade which necessarily grows out of a large population, there was a great deal of traffic across the lake; this trade was controlled by custom-house officers as we should call them of whom Matthew or Levi was probably one. As usual when the site of a place is not well known, a great deal has been written for and against two of the most likely spots. Josephus mentions a fountain as being near Capernaum, and it is amusing to read how this mention of the fountain helps the learned to disagree, rather than to agree as to the particular spot. In one of these places, however, called Tell Hum, there are the ruins of a large and noble building; that building was evidently a synagogue; a traveller found on one of its stones the form of the seven-branched candelstick. So whatever may be the arguments either way, it is pleasant to believe that those are the remains of the centurion's tabernacle, and that these stones heard the voice of Jesus. See also Luke 4: 23, Matt. 8: 5, 13, Matt. 9: 9, Mark 5: 22, 42, Mark 9: 36, Mark 2: 3, 12.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Alfred Gould, Jennie Light, H. E. Greene, Miss Dewar Lizzie E. Caldwell, Albert Jesse Finch and Jennie E. Hall.

VENTURE NOT to the utmost bounds of even lawful pleasure; the limits of good and evil join.—Fuller.

"PROCRASTINATION IS THE THIEF OF TIME."

It will not be very easy for those who have waited till now to try for our offered prizes to obtain the highest of them. But it is not an impossible thing by any means. Though a very large number of lists have been sent to us yet the majority of them are small. Let no one who has already a large list rest satisfied until he or she has obtained all the names possible. As we have before remarked, a few names more or less may make all the difference between a prize and no prize. How many of us have written in our copy books the motto, "Procrastination is the thief of time" and yet how few of us really understand the importance of it. Those who are not in the habit of procrastinating can get through twice as much work as those who put off doing whatever is not absolutely necessary. In other words, a little more work does not make much difference to a busy man. He will make time for the extra work and so becomes prosperous, often gaining much by little effort.

Now we propose that everyone, who has put off working to get us subscribers to the end of the year till now, should begin at once. They will find that the work will benefit their neighborhood, and so they will be fully repaid even supposing that they do not gain a prize. If anyone is not able to work himself let him inform some friend of our offer, and perhaps that friend will think it worth his while to try for a prize. Begin working now for no more lists will be counted after the 15th of October, shortly after which

THE PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED.

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

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

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

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

TO THOSE WHO HAVE ALREADY SENT IN LISTS OF NAMES OF SUBSCRIBERS to the end of the year we would say that the numbers of subscriptions against each person's name is kept track of, and that they can therefore still supplement their former lists and have the two counted together. In other words, it is not necessary that all the names should be sent at one time to have them all counted.

A NEEDLESS COMPLAINT.

The following letter came to hand this week without an address:

"I have been very much pleased with the way you have given the Sunday School Lesson, in the *Weekly Messenger*, this three years that I have been taking it. I am sorry to see by the last three papers I have got that you have changed it. My subscription will soon run out. My intention is not to renew, and that is the reason I hope you will at once take to the good old way and retain an old subscriber even if you double the price to one dollar, (\$1.00)." We are sorry, but it is hard to find space for two Sunday School Lessons in the *Messenger*. If the gentleman in question will send 80 cents we will be happy to furnish him with both the *Weekly Messenger* as it now is, containing one lesson, and the *Northern Messenger* containing the other.

THE WEEK.

A BANDIT named Sipinanian and a dozen of his followers are being tried at Garinimilandvich, in the kingdom of Serbia. They are charged with 47 murders and 643 robberies.

THE BLACK FLAGS are preparing to give the French a good deal of trouble in Tonquin unless terms are made with them. They intend carrying war into the enemy's camp.

THE FRENCH are not gaining ground in Madagascar. Admiral Miot of the French fleet in Madagascar telegraphs to Paris that he discovered that the Hovas had been erecting forts. In an encounter with Hovas who were skilfully entrenched the French had thirty-three men wounded, including four officers, and two men killed.

THE POWER OF THE PRESS is acknowledged even by the beggars of Paris who support an organ of their own. It contains some very curious announcements such as:—"To-morrow at noon, funeral of a rich man at the Madeleine." "At 1 marriage of a clerk, no importance." "Wanted, a blind man who plays the flute," or "A cripple for a watering place."

THERE IS A GREAT lobster trade going on at Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. This season over half a million lobsters have been sent from Yarmouth to Boston alone and over a million small lobsters (that includes all under 10 1/2 inches long) have been sold to canning factories. Notwithstanding this enormous catch it is the opinion of experts in the business that the supply increases yearly.

CHARLES LAFLIN, a prominent Canadian, JOHN WILSON and two other hunters were hunting buffaloes a few days ago on the banks of the Missouri river, eight hundred miles north-west of Bismarck, Dakota. The hunters started a herd of two hundred animals and were in hot pursuit when a storm burst upon them. The wind blew the dust and leaves in the eyes of the buffaloes and they turned about and stampeded. The hunters were run down and all but Wilson were trampled under foot. Wilson recovered the mangled bodies and sent them to their friends.

THE CZAR OF RUSSIA is so much afraid that his life will be taken from him that he is likely to die by degrees of that very fright. The latest precaution the Czar has taken to procure safety is to order the police of St. Petersburg to renew for the balance of the year the measures of increased stringency adopted during the darkest days of Nihilism.

Mr. HICKSON, manager of the Grand Trunk Railway, states that he cannot see how the railway company can be held responsible for the death of Barnum's elephant. The official report sent to him shows that the circus men had cut down fences and were driving "Jumbo" across the track when he was killed. Had they taken the trouble to go around a short distance by the regular crossing the signal man would have warned them of the approaching train and the accident would have been averted. As it is, Mr. Hickson says the Company can in no way be held responsible.

Prof. H. A. Ward, of Rochester University, Rochester, New York, left for St. Thomas, Ont. He will take the skin of the elephant "Jumbo" and stuff it for the Tufts College, of Massachusetts, to which it has been presented by T. P. Barnum. The skeleton will probably be sent to the National Museum, at Washington.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS are hanging on Mr. Parnell's next appearance. It is not likely that he can possibly bring forward any more radical policy for Ireland than he has hitherto done, and it is rather strange that there should be any expectations. It is rather ominous, too, for it shows that his present policy is expected to be altered and enlarged on as it has not done much towards accomplishing its object.

THERE is at present much discontent in London, among officers returned from Suakin, against General Lord Wolseley. Among the charges against Lord Wolseley is one that he suppressed names which General Graham recommended for promotion, and substituted for them the names of his personal friends. Efforts are being made to have his conduct of the Nile expedition officially inquired into.

THE SPANISH WAR CLOUD is drifting away at present. It is likely that Germany will accept the offer of a naval coaling station, liberty to trade and right of navigation among the Caroline islands as the basis of a settlement of the Carolines dispute.

SPAIN has had another great calamity. The south-eastern portions of the country have recently been flooded by disastrous rains. Rivers overflowed their banks causing immense destruction of property and the loss of many lives. The Segura river and Lorea canal, which runs by Carthage, rose rapidly, until the water was seven feet deep around the walls of the city. Houses, trees and dead animals were carried out to sea by the raging flood, which stretched for a mile around the city.

THE SPANISH GOVERNMENT has decided to spend large sums on coast and naval defences in case there should be war, and in order that it may not appear unwilling or afraid to fight.

THE ENGLISH are gaining commercial supremacy in Northern Mexico over all foreigners. They now control 2,500,000 acres of land in one province alone. The same syndicate is negotiating for the purchase of the Mexican International Railway.

A BRAKEMAN was tried for bigamy at Toronto a short time ago, but although it was proved that he had married twice, he was acquitted on the legal ground that no one was present at the trial to show that the first marriage had been conducted according to the laws of New York State in which the man had taken his first wife.

THE BELGIAN GOVERNMENT has conceived of an easy mode of disposing of its paupers. It intends sending them as colonists to the Congo country providing them when there with the means of obtaining a livelihood.

CHRISTIANS are fleeing in great numbers from Annam on account of the fear aroused by the recent massacres when thousands of Christians perished.

THE EXHIBITION held in Toronto has been a great success this year \$34,134 having been taken up in gate money.

TERRIBLE PRAIRIE FIRES have destroyed everything in parts of Dakota.

A TELEGRAM FROM ST. PAUL, Minneapolis, says:—There has been a steady and marked improvement in values in the local wheat market during the past week. As the season progresses it becomes more apparent that the North-Western farmers are in no hurry to sell but propose to wait and take their chances of a better market in the spring. The receipts at Duluth have been very large, but not quite up to the figures of last year. At Minneapolis the receipts are much less than last year. All indications now point to moderate deliveries for the next month unless the markets should materially improve.

THE CAROLINE ISLANDS are a remarkable group of coral formations in the northern Pacific. They are, perhaps, of no great strategic importance, since they lie on the road to nowhere in particular; but, from the point of view of the archaeologist, they are interesting in the extreme. Certain Dutch navigators, who visited them nearly a generation ago, returned to Europe with wonderful stories concerning the gigantic ruins that had been discovered on some of the smaller islets at the eastern end of the archipelago; but it was not until 1883 that anything approaching to a systematic survey of the group was undertaken. In that year Her Majesty's ship *Espejo* touched at many of the islands; and those officers who went ashore found that the magnificence of the remains had not been exaggerated. It may be added that the Caroline group, which was discovered by Spain in 1528, has hitherto, even by German geographers, been regarded as a Spanish possession; although for years there have been no Spanish residents on any of the islands. The extent of the land surface of the group is rather more than 300 square miles; and the estimated population is about 22,000 souls, all of whom are of Malay race.—*St. James's Gazette*.

LAST TUESDAY there were great storms on the coast of Peru causing much damage. Several mills and warehouses have been destroyed; also a number of boats wrecked. Reports of loss of life are also received.

WEATHER AND CROP REPORT.

The weather during the past week has been drier than usual and although there were two "cold dips" with slight frosts corn has progressed favorably and an unusually large crop is assured. The dry windy weather has been favorable for securing the late grains and for digging the potatoes, but the pasturage is very short and the after-grass in many places is very poor while the grasshoppers are more numerous and voracious than usual. With the largest crops of corn and oats ever gathered on this continent and more than ample supplies of wheat to meet all probable demands for the next twelve months, cheap food for man and beast is almost certain to prevail. The flow of milk, which was unusually large throughout the greater part of the season, has diminished rapidly of late, and with it the products of the dairy, and higher prices are in order though unusually large stocks are on hand. The hog cholera continues to extend its ravages in the Western States, but cattle and sheep are generally in better health than for some time previously.

WINGED RACERS.

The final race between the "Puritan" and "Genesta," which was run on Wednesday last week, was a very close and exciting one, ending, as we have stated, in a victory for the American sloop by a little over a minute. The race was over a triangular course about 34 miles in length, and the wind was blowing half a gale. The "Puritan" was not so well handled by her crew as was the "Genesta." The latter, when the starting signal was given, got on her way over half a minute before the "Puritan." The race is described as being the grandest ever seen on this continent, and undoubtedly it was the most scientifically conducted one.

On the 18th inst. the annual race of the New York Yacht Club for the Commodore's Cup took place at New York, the prizes being a cup for schooners, presented by the commodore, Mr. J. G. Bennett, and a cup for single stickers, (one-masted boats), presented by Mr. W. P. Douglass. The schooners "Fortuna," "Graying," and "Dauntless," sloops "Gracie," "Athlone" and "Daphne," and cutters "Genesta," "Clara," "Ileen," "Stranger" and "Iris," were among the fleet of contestants. The "Genesta" began to win on the others from the start and it soon became evident that there was nothing in that fleet that could compete with the English cutter, which carried a wilderness of canvas aloft. It is strange that neither the "Priscilla" nor "Puritan" competed in this race. The New York Evening Telegram says about the race: "The achievement of the 'Genesta' proves her to be a marvellous boat. She beat some of the swiftest vessels that ever were launched on these waters, and beat them easily too. This performance justified the faith of her owner, and those who knew her, in the boat. That she failed to capture the famous Cup cannot be said to have proved her inferiority in any marked degree to the 'Puritan.' It only tended to show how great had been the advance made in yacht building on both sides of the Atlantic within the last ten years. The 'Genesta' is a magnificent boat, and her owner is justly proud of her."

RIEL'S LIFE IN THE BALANCE.

At a meeting of the Cabinet at Ottawa, it was decided to grant the request on Riel's behalf to have his case appealed to the Privy Council on the question of the constitutionality of the court by which he was sentenced. People are at a loss to know why the Government has merely granted a reprieve to Riel until the 16th of October next, in order that the case may be taken to the Privy Council, when that tribunal does not sit before the 2nd of November next. The only explanation is on the presumption that the present reprieve is merely to allow the appeal to be granted, after which it will be extended by the Privy Council.

A Winnipeg dispatch says: "The French and half-breeds are jubilant over the suspension of Riel's sentence as they consider if Riel is respited he will never be hanged. The English-speaking citizens are proportionately indignant at what they consider delay or failure of justice. If Riel is reprieved by the Government he will undoubtedly be lynched. The Prison authorities at Regina refuse to allow interviewers to see him, and the guards have been increased, keeping watch incessantly. Riel's papers are being examined, and it is expected that a number of officials and prominent persons will be implicated. Riel is taking things coolly. He appears to have no idea that he will hang, and is defiant and unrepentant. He marches about with the air of some great man. He thinks that he

cannot hang. The rope may be placed around his neck, but he thinks that before the awful moment arrives a divine interposition will surely save him. He is constantly praying for a miraculous turn of events."

It is stated that there is being a great agitation in France in favor of a pardon for Louis Riel, and Riel's sympathizers hope that by working up the French nation, through their newspapers, the Government of France will be forced to ask the interference of the British Government on Riel's behalf, and thus a good excuse will be offered for letting the rebel leader off. It is also stated that the agitation in France on Riel's behalf is being directed and fermented by Chapeau, Secretary of State, and Fabre Canadian Commissioner, quite a probable thing.

ROUMELIA REBELS.

After the Russo-Turkish War Roumelia was conceded to Turkey, as it was considered necessary that Turkey should hold the passes in the Balkan Mountains for her safety. On the 18th instant the populace of Philippopolis the capital of Eastern Roumelia, rose almost to a man in rebellion, and seized the Governor General or Sultan's Viceroy, deposing the Government and proclaiming a union with Bulgaria. Then a Provincial Government was immediately established. The revolt was so well planned that no disorders or bloodshed occurred, everybody being in sympathy with the movement except the Turkish Government officials. The insurrection was perfectly orderly and the new Provincial Government established took undisputed control of the principality. The provisional Government at once placed the State under the sovereignty of Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, who has gone to Philippopolis. It is a great responsibility which the Prince of Bulgaria has assumed, and it is not likely that he would have accepted the sovereignty without something more than the mere consent of Austria and Russia. The Sultan from whom such an important part of the Turkish realm has been wrested by rebellion, can hardly submit tamely. In losing Roumelia he would lose a large item of his dwindling revenues besides. It is very doubtful how the other European Powers would view an attempt to reconquer Eastern Roumelia by force. Serious complications may very possibly arise as a result of this rebellion, and not only may the map be changed but the general peace of Europe is threatened. The Russians are greatly pleased over the course of events, and in Odessa did not scruple to show it by public rejoicing. Some attribute the rising to Russian influence, others go so far as to say that Mr. Gladstone has by this means sought to affect the prospects of the Conservative party in the coming elections, though in what way it is difficult to see.

The combined forces of Roumelia and Bulgaria amount to 50,000 men. The Turkish forces have not yet crossed the frontier, but the authorities are greatly excited, and active preparations are being made.

THE CITIZENS OF GALVESTON, TEXAS, have good cause to be alarmed at the great rainfall which has taken place there. The city and island are experiencing a veritable deluge. For five days past the rainfall has been almost incessant. The streets are perfect canals. Since the first of September 17.90 inches of rain have fallen. This record is without a parallel.

THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA has sailed in an imperial yacht on a pleasure tour.

THE GREAT PLAGUE IN ITALY.

The cholera has taken a fair hold of the town of Palermo, Sicily and, is devastating it. As in other cholera-stricken towns the populace are panic-stricken and are fleeing to other parts. There is almost a famine in the town and great difficulty is experienced in transferring food thither. Money and cattle are being sent from Naples for the relief of the sufferers. The great difficulty with the fugitives from Palermo is to find a place where they will be received. They flee in great numbers to the interior of the island, and the people there rise against them. In many villages there have been riots against the new arrivals. In some places people have torn up the rails to prevent Palermo travellers from coming. In one town a mob of fishermen burned the railway station.

A telegram from Rome says: "The reports from Palermo to-day show a distressing state of affairs. Thirty thousand persons have fled from the city, all the shops are closed, the streets are almost deserted, there is great scarcity of food and water and the epidemic is increasing with frightful rapidity. The sanitary officials are attacked by the people every time they attempt to disinfect houses where the disease prevails and meet with great difficulty in carrying out their work."

King Humbert has sent a despatch to Palermo expressing great sympathy for the suffering people. He also sent \$10,000 to be distributed among them, places his Villa Favorita at the disposal of the sufferers and exhorts the people to show their courage and calmness during the trying ordeal through which they are passing. In one day the town lost nearly two hundred of its inhabitants by deaths from cholera and there were nearly three hundred new cases. A few nights ago the town was illuminated in honor of the appearance of the vision of a saint, carrying with it the assurance that the cholera epidemic would soon become extinct.

JUMBO IS GONE!

For some time back many towns have been placarded with bright posters announcing "Jumbo is coming" or "Jumbo's last visit." The pet monster has indeed paid the last visit he ever will pay in life. The elephant whom so many children were fond of and who so liked children has come to a sad end. Last week Jumbo was at St. Thomas, Ontario. His keepers were leading him along the track to put him on the cars when suddenly a freight train made its appearance and came rushing on towards the elephant, who seems to have been the first to notice his danger. He gave a few loud dismal sounds which startled every one for some distance. The showmen rushed from the grounds, being sure that something was wrong. The men in charge of Jumbo soon became aware of the danger, but the only way of escape was to rush along the track to a crossing and then leave the track before the engine should reach them. Jumbo did his best to get there, but failed. When a short distance from the crossing the engine struck him and rolled him to one side, the engine being ditched. As soon as an examination could be made it was seen that he could not recover, there being deep gashes in his flanks and feet, and his legs were badly smashed. As soon as he died Matthew Scott, his keeper, who has been with him twenty-one years, threw himself on Jumbo's body and wept bitterly. He seemed to be greatly afflicted by the loss of his charge. It is the intention to have him skinned and his hide and skeleton preserved. The measurement of the monster was taken as follows:—

Forearm, 5 feet 6 inches; just above the knee, 4 feet 1 inch; around front foot, 5 feet 8 inches; trunk, 7 feet 4 inches; tusk, 1 foot, 4 inches around. Jumbo was valued at \$150,000. It is a fact that Barnum refused \$100,000 for him a short time since. A baby elephant was with Jumbo just before the accident, but the sagacious and kind monster elephant lifted the baby elephant and pitched it clean off the track. In performing this act he lost his own life. The baby elephant which had one of its legs broken by the fall was shipped to London.

A telegram from St. Thomas, where the accident took place, says: "As Barnum's circus party was leading the elephants on the cars, their train was run into by an incoming freight train and the world-renowned elephant Jumbo, was caught in the smash and instantly killed. The baby elephant had a leg broken. The freight engine was ditched and some cars damaged. The killing of Jumbo is the all absorbing topic to-day, the scene of the accident being visited by thousands of citizens, and others from the surrounding country, all anxious to have a last look at the monster as he lay in death."

AN ENORMOUS Socialist meeting was held last Monday in London. The crowd prevented numerous attempts of the police to arrest the speakers, but the officers finally succeeded in arresting Mr. McMahon, Secretary of the Socialist League, and six spectators. The police encountered the greatest difficulty in preventing the mob from rescuing their prisoners. As they were being marched to the police station the crowd followed the police, hooting and at times making rushes to liberate their comrades, but the police kept their ground well and beat them back with their clubs. The prisoners were to-day brought before the magistrate and fined and imprisoned for short periods for obstructing the police in the performance of their duty.

STORY BOOKS GIVEN AWAY.

Everyone should read through and digest the article headed "Procrastination is the thief of time" on the 4th page of this paper, and read the following offer:

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

WE HAVE THE KIND SUGGESTION of a subscriber to send us \$1 for the *Weekly Messenger* if we will publish in it two Sunday School Lessons.

We are sorry not to be able to favor him in the way he desires but we can do better by sending him the *Weekly Messenger*, as it is now, containing one lesson and the *Northern Messenger*, containing the other, both for the sum of 80 cents.

War Notes.

"NAY," JOHN!

The following lines have been found useful to old age as well as youth, to both young and old abstainers—

"Nay," John! "Nay," John! that's what you must say, John!
Whenever you are asked to drink, or you'll be led astray, John.
Say that though you are not old,
Nor yet so very wise, John.
Yet that is right, and good, and true,
You're old enough to prize, John.
Let the people drink who will,
But when they come to you, John,
Boldly say, "I've signed the pledge,
And mean to keep it too," John.
CHORUS.—"Nay," John! "Nay," John! that's what you, &c.

Think, John! Think, John! What a thing it is to drink, John!
From bad to worse, it mostly leads to death and ruin's brink, John.
You know your uncle Robert had as nice a house as mine, John;
But, years ago, you know as well He swayed it in wine, John.
His trade is dead, his shop is shut,
'Twas drink that made him fail, John;
He started with a single glass,
And now he's in the goal, John.
CHORUS.—"Nay," John! "Nay," John! that's what you, &c.

Use, John! Use, John! winks at this abuse, John!
And when you recommend the pledge, will patch up some excuse, John!
Many drink because they're cold,
And some because they're hot, John;
Many drink because they're old,
And some because they're not;
Many drink because they're thin,
And some because they're stout, John;
Many drink because they're in,
And some because they're out, John.
CHORUS.—"Nay," John! "Nay," John! that's what you, &c.

"Nay," John! "Nay," John! whatever they may say, John.
Never touch, and never taste, but always answer "Nay," John!
If they ask you only just
To taste a little drop, John,
Say you would, if you knew where
The "little drop" would stop, John.
Tell them that by gin and rum,
By wine, and malt, and hops, John,
Life and health and peace and fame,
Are drowned in "a little drop," John.
CHORUS.—"Nay," John! "Nay," John! that's what you, &c.

O, John! O, John! I'll tell you what I know John!
A drunken man, in all the world, has most of grief and woe, John!
Then on the land or on the sea,
In seasons hot or cold, John,
Keep the pledge when you are young,
And keep it when you're old, John.
Let the people drink who will,
But when they come to you, John,
Boldly say, "I've signed the pledge,
And mean to keep it too," John!
CHORUS.—"Nay," John! "Nay," John! that's what you must say, John.
Whenever you are asked to drink, or you'll be led astray, John.
—Johnson Parker.

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.)

CHAPTER XI.

RESPIRATION.—INSPIRATION AND EXPIRATION.

Place your hands firmly against your sides, and draw long, deep breaths. Notice that the side walls of your chest are not fixed, but move out and in as you breathe, about eighteen times a minute.

Hold your hand close before your face, and you will feel a current of air upon it, as the ribs move in. Breathe upon a mirror, and a thin film of water covers it, coming from your breath. On a cold winter day, this partly freezes, and you say you can "see your breath."

The diaphragm is a strong muscle which forms the partition between the chest and the abdomen. When the ribs move outward, this moves downward, and air enters your chest through the organs of breathing, this is called inspiration.

When the ribs move back into position, and the diaphragm moves upward, the air is forced out, bringing with it water and other waste material; this is called expiration. Taken together, these make up breathing or respiration.

ORGANS OF BREATHING.

The organs of breathing are the nose and mouth, through which air enters the body, the larynx, windpipe, bronchial tubes, and lungs.

LARYNX AND WINDPIPE.

From the back of the mouth, the air passes down a straight tube at the front of the chest, called the windpipe or trachea. This is made of ring-shaped cartilages and is easily felt through the skin of the neck. Its upper end is the larynx, the organ of voice.

The larynx swells out at the front, is larger in men than in women, and is sometimes called "Adam's Apple." It is a tube-like box, formed by the union of gristly and elastic parts, and is covered by a movable lid, called the epiglottis. This is open when we breathe, so that the air can enter. When we swallow, the epiglottis closes the entrance to the windpipe and the food passes across it to the esophagus.

Sometimes we try to swallow and breathe at the same time; then this little cover does not shut down quickly enough to prevent particles of food or drink from going "the wrong way." The windpipe can not bear this and coughs them out at once, if possible; if not, we are "choked."

VOCAL CORDS

We speak by means of the air moving strong bands of membrane, called vocal cords, which are at the top of the larynx. The lips, teeth, and other organs, help us in talking.

BRONCHIAL TUBES AND LUNGS.

The lower end of the trachea separates into two branches, one of which is sent to each lung; these are the bronchial tubes.

These tubes divide and divide again, as the branch of a tree breaks up into smaller twigs. They end in very small sacs or cells, into which the air passes.

Get a piece of a lung of an ox from the butcher, and put it into a pail of water. Its little cells are so filled with air that it floats like cork.

THE CILIA.

On the walls of the bronchial tubes are minute, thread-like bodies, called cilia. These move back and forth, and help to prevent dust from entering the lungs with the air, and carry it out with the mucus when it does get in.

WORK OF THE LUNGS.

A network of capillaries covers the outside of the lung-cells. Having thin walls like the cells, the blood which they carry is brought close to the air in the lungs. By this means, a strange and important change takes place.

Certain waste matters, including carbonic acid and water, pass from the blood through the walls of the capillaries and lung cells, into the air, and are breathed out at the next expiration. At the same time, the blood takes a part of the air, called oxygen, which it needs for its own use.

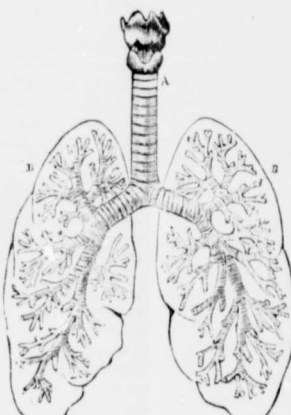
It is this exchange of impurities for oxygen that changes the dark, blue blood that was sent to the lungs from one side of the heart, to the bright red blood that is ready to nourish the body, and is returned to the other side of the heart from which it is sent out by the arteries.

This work goes on all the time, whether we are awake or asleep, and without our thought. If, in order to breathe, we had to think about it, we should have little time for any thing else; and if we forgot it, and so stopped breathing, we should soon die.

HOW TO BREATHE.

Air should enter the lungs through the nose instead of through the mouth. Even when running, if possible, keep the mouth closed. Fewer impurities will pass into the lungs by so doing, and in cold weather the air is slightly warmed before reaching them, making one less likely to "take cold."

Sometimes, as in running, the heart beats so rapidly that the lungs can not keep up with it and supply air enough for the blood; then we are "out of breath."



The lungs, showing the larynx. A, the windpipe; B, the bronchial tubes.

A HINT TO THE BOYS.

I stood in the store the other day when a boy came in and applied for a situation.

"Can you write a good hand?" was asked.

"Yaas," I said.

"Good at figures?"

"Yaas."

"That will do—I do not want you," said the merchant.

"But," I said, when the boy had gone, "I know that lad to be an honest, industrious boy. Why don't you give him a chance?"

"Because he hasn't learned to say 'Yes, sir,' and

'No, sir.' If he answers me as he did when applying for a situation, how will he answer customers after being here a month?"

What could I say to that? He had fallen into a habit, young as he was, which turned him away from the first situation he had ever applied for.—*New London Day.*

THE OLD DOCTOR'S STORY.

"I have a little story to tell you, boys," the old doctor said to the young people the other evening. "One day—a long, hot day it had been, too—I met my father on the road to town."

"I wish you would take this package to the village for me, Jim," he said, hesitating.

"Now, I was a boy of twelve, not fond of work, and was just out of the hay-field, where I had been at work since daybreak. I was tired, dusty and hungry. It was two miles into town. I wanted to get my supper, and to wash and dress for singing-school."

"My first impulse was to refuse, and to do it harshly, for I was vexed that he should ask after my long day's work. If I did refuse he would go himself. He was a gentle, patient old man. But something stopped me; and one of God's good angels, I think."

"Of course, father, I'll take it," I said, heartily, giving my sympathy to one of the men. He gave me the package.

"Thank you, Jim," he said, "I was going myself, but somehow I don't feel very strong to-day."

"He walked with me to the road that turned off to the town; as he left he put his hand on my arm, saying again, 'Thank you, my son. You've always been a good boy to me, Jim.'"

"I hurried into town and back again."

"When I came near the house I saw a crowd of farm hands at the door. One of them came to me, the tears rolling down his face.

"Your father," he said, "fell dead just as he reached the house. The last words he spoke were to you."

"I'm an old man now, but I have thanked God over and over again in all the years that have passed since that hour, that those last words were, 'You've always been a good boy to me.'"

No human being ever yet was sorry for love or kindness shown to others. But there is no pang of remorse so keen as the bitterness with which we remember neglect

or coldness which we have shown to loved ones who are dead.

Do not begrudge loving deeds and kind words, especially to those who gather with you about the same hearth. In many families a habit of arguing, crossness, or ill-natured gibing, gradually covers the real feeling of love that lies deep beneath.

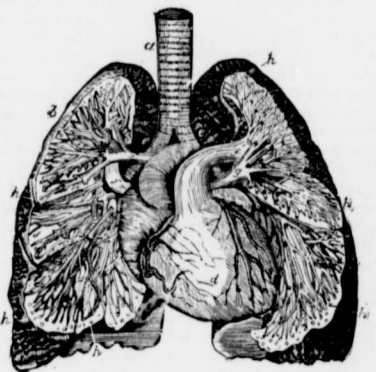
And after all it is such a little way that we can go together.—*Baptist Weekly.*

MARTIN LUTHER ON DRINK.

The following is an extract from a sermon preached by Martin Luther: "I remember that, when I was young, drunkenness was regarded by the nobility as an exceedingly great disgrace, and was a thing which worthy lords and princes restrained by strict prohibition and punishment. But now it is much worse, and there is more of it among them than among the peasantry. As is generally the case, when the great and the best begin to decline they ultimately become the worst, until now it has come to this, that the princes and lords are no longer ashamed of such things. Nay, in fact, drunkenness is almost looked upon as an honorable, princely, noble civil virtue, and whoever will not be a drunken hog with them is treated with contempt. On the other hand, they who will drink with them obtain beer and wine, knighthood, great favor, honor and possessions with their drinking, and want to be honored as though they had obtained and now hold their coats of arms and helmets because they are more scandalous drunkards than others.

"Yes, such is the case; but what effectual restraint can be brought to bear upon this monster evil? It has spread until now without aversion or shame. The young, who have learned it from their parents, by this means are destroying themselves in their very bloom, by their shameful and wanton restraint, like corn that is struck down by a sudden hail storm. So now the majority of the finest and aptest of our youth (especially among the nobility and royalty) destroy their health, body, and even life before they attain to years of manhood. And how can it be otherwise, when those whose duty it is to restrain and punish others do the same thing themselves?

"It is on this account that Germany is a poor country. It is punished and plagued by this 'Drink Devil,' and so completely steeped in this vice that it shamefully wastes its body and life, possessions and honor, and leads throughout such an actual hogish life, that if we would wish to paint its likeness we would be obliged to paint a hog!"



Interweaving of the air-tubes and blood-vessels in the lungs. a, Windpipe. b, c, Right and left lung. d, Heart. e, f, Divisions of the great air-tubes going to the right lung and the left lung. g, h, i, h, h, h, Air-cells at the terminations of the air-tubes. j, l, Arteries carrying the blood from the heart to the lungs. k, z, Veins, carrying the blood from the lungs to the heart.

We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ.

TIMOTHY.

BY BISHOP T. E. DUDLEY.

In a little town called Lystra, in Asia Minor, a multitude is gathered in the market-place. Two strangers are the attraction, who have strange tidings to tell. Their story is of one Jesus, a King, who, they say, was born in Judæa some fifty years before. They tell of marvellous deeds of mercy which He wrought, and of words as marvellous and as merciful that He spake. They tell that He died on a cross, but that, King of Death, He came back from the grave at His own appointed time. They declare that He did visibly ascend into heaven, and now sitteth there to pardon and to bless all who will believe on Him. And even while the crowd is listening to the words of the chief speaker, whose name is Paul, he looks flied upon a poor lame man, a cripple from his birth, who is among his auditors, and cries with a loud voice, "Stand upright on thy feet." Instantly the command is obeyed, and the life-time cripple leaps and walks.

Respectful attention straightway became enthusiasm. The market-place resounds with the shout, "The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men," and the priest, who serves in Jupiter's Temple listens with oxen and garlands to do sacrifice to the miracle-workers, despite their earnest remonstrance that they are but sinful men, come to tell them of the one living God.

But quickly there is interruption as effective as sudden from other strangers of the same distant nation, whose words persuade the fickle populace, and in a little while Paul is being dragged out of the city to all appearance dead. They have stoned the man to whom just now they would do sacrifice! Among the listeners to the gospel Paul had preached, among the wondering spectators of the lame man's healing, among the on-lookers at the deed of violence, stands a boy, generous and warm-hearted, weeping many tears for that which is done. His name is Timothy, and of him, as he sits there that day in his native town, his heart all aglow with the new hopes whereof he has heard, and his spirit all aflame with admiration for undaunted courage, and with pity for the innocent sufferer, our artist has given us the portrait. The Sacred Scriptures, which he has known from a child, have gained new meaning. He is reading the ancient writings with the new light which Paul has thrown upon them—the light from the open grave of Jesus.

He is the child from a mixed marriage, his mother a Jewess, but his father a Greek, and therefore he is but ill esteemed by the Hebrews who dwell in his town. The records of his life make no mention of his father, and from this fact it has been inferred that he died while Timothy was yet an infant. And we are plainly told that his education was all given by his mother, Eunice, and his grandmother, Lois, and that from a child he knew the Holy

Scriptures.

Scriptures.

Scriptures.

Scriptures.



THE BOY TIMOTHY.

The face which the artist has drawn will represent to us what we should expect to be the appearance of a boy thus brought up, and the character which we judge him to have possessed, from the warnings and the advice given to him by his master and teacher, Paul. His piety, while sincere and intense, is yet of a feminine cast; his constitution is far from robust; he shrinks from opposition and responsibility; his tears lie close to their outlet, and are ready to flow and hide the suffering object; he will subject his body to denial greater than his strength will bear, and, as the natural counterpart of these characteristics, he is in danger of being carried away by "youthful fits." Such is Timothy when, after seven years have passed away, and the boy is grown to be a man, Paul, returning to Lystra to confirm and comfort the Christians there, will have him to be the com-

HOME, OR THE OUTSIDE WORLD?

Is the home such a place of toil that it seems a mere workshop? Are its inmates less congenial, interesting and entertaining than others around us? And do the eyes turn toward the world outside when the weary soul feels need of rest, sympathy or happiness?

If such be the case there is something wrong, somewhere; and we should seek at once the cause, in order that we may find a remedy.

"There is so much work at home," says one, "that I can find no rest there. I am often compelled to run away from it—to go somewhere or anywhere—just so I can forget for a while the ceaseless round of duties, and be out of sight of the numberless unfinished pieces of work that stare at me from every side."

Ah! there are those, and the number not a few, who have good cause for giving utterance to words like these. A burden

falls upon them which is, indeed, too heavy for them to bear. For such I have no words of criticism, and surely no words of blame. My heart goes out to them in the deepest sympathy; and I often wish that I had a thousand strong hands and arms to lend in carrying their burden a little way while they rest.

On the other hand there are some to whom their housework is a burden just because their heart is not in it. They do not study to systematize and make it lighter. As it crowds around them they drag through it, willing to be its slave, when they might more easily be its master. Their dread of the work, and their fretting and worrying over it, wears them out faster than the work itself could possibly do.

Let such as these try a new way. Throw out all unnecessary work, and then plan to arrange the rest in the best order possible. Study on each kind, until it can be done well with the fewest steps and the least

with a great loss. He sees her dress with care when she goes out to meet her friends while she seems regardless of her appearance in his presence. Does she think more of them than of him? Her sweetest smiles are bestowed on others. Her kindest tones are heard in social gatherings outside of home. All these used to be for him above all others, and he may have prized them far more than his tongue ever confessed. He may now remain silent, but he keenly feels the change, and spends more of his time out in the world, away from home, in an endeavor to forget his loss.

The blame may be largely his own, and we would by no means shield him from his share, whatever that may be. But our remarks just now are to the wife only. She sees the condition of things and must meet them as they are, and do all she can to correct them.

Perhaps, if she takes the first step, her husband will be ready to follow, in bringing about a change for the better. If he sees her making herself attractive for his sake, he surely will appreciate the effort. If he sees her adopting the pleasant ways that for some time have lived only in his memory, he, too, may be drawn back to the ways of his early married life. If he finds his home becoming more attractive than the outside world, he will certainly be drawn towards it, and will love to spend his evenings there. A good home whose inmates are happy, cheerful and affectionate, is the grandest of all earthly things. Its value lies beyond the power of words to express.

To the husband it is a heavenly retreat from the cares and tumult of the busy world. It is such a place of quiet, peaceful rest. His heart is there always and every hope centres about its hearthstone. He can face the hardest toil, endure privations and encounter danger with an unflinching heart, while doing it for a home that he loves.

And to the wife it is even more. It is her all. Her whole heart is in it, through it, and round about it. Not a chord can vibrate within it, whether of joy or sorrow, that she does not feel.

Truly a happy home is something worth striving for. Though it may cost some sacrifice on our part and, sometimes, the giving up of selfish pleasures outside, we are richly repaid if we succeed in establishing for ourselves and loved ones a good home.—*The Household.*

DEFINITIONS OF BIBLE TERMS.

A day's journey was about twenty-three and one-fifth miles.

A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile.

Ezekiel's reed was nearly eleven feet.

A cubit was nearly twenty-two inches.

A hand's breadth is equal to three and five-eighths inches.

A finger's breadth is equal to one inch.

A shekel of silver was about fifty cents.

A shekel of gold was eight dollars.

A talent of silver was five hundred and thirty-eight dollars and thirty cents.

A talent of gold was thirteen thousand eight hundred and nine dollars.

A piece of silver, or a penny was thirteen cents.

No MAN for any considerable period can wear one face to himself, and another to the multitude, without finally getting bewildered as to which may be true.—*Hawthorne.*

POTATO PUFFS.—Chop, and season well some cold meat or fish. Mash some potatoes and make them into a paste with an egg. Roll it out, and cut round with a saucer, put your seasoned meat on one half, and fold the other over like a puff. Fry a light brown, and serve hot.

YOUNG FOLKS.

MRS. SPURGEON'S STRANGE FORTUNE.

During an illness of Mrs. Spurgeon, before Mr. Spurgeon left her room for the journey he was contemplating, she remarked that she hoped he would not be annoyed with her for telling him what had been passing through her mind. She made him, however, promise that he would not try to procure the objects for which she had been longing. She then told him that she had been wishing for a piping bullfinch and an onyx ring. Of course Mr. Spurgeon expressed his willingness to get both, but she held him to his promise. He had to make a sick call on his way to the station as well as a call to the Tabernacle. Shortly after reaching the sick person's house, the mother of the patient to his amazement, asked Mr. Spurgeon if Mrs. Spurgeon would like a piping bullfinch, that they had one, but that its music was trying to the invalid, and that they would gladly part with it to one who would give it the requisite care. He then made his call to the Tabernacle, and after reading a voluminous correspondence came at last to a letter and parcel underlying the other letters. The letter was from a lady unknown to him, who had received benefit from his services in the Tabernacle, and as a slight token of her appreciation of these services asked his acceptance of the enclosed onyx ring, necklace, and bracelets, for which she had no further use. This intensified his surprise, and he hastened home with what had been so strangely sent, went up to his wife's sick room and placed the objects she had longed for before her. She met him with a look of pained reproach, as if he had allowed his regard to override his promise, but when he detailed the true circumstances of the case she was filled with surprise, and asked Mr. Spurgeon what he thought of it. His reply was characteristic: "I think you are one of our Heavenly Father's spoiled children, and he just gives you whatever you ask for."

"FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS."

A census has recently been taken of the population of Danish Greenland, which includes nearly 1,000 miles of the west coast. It is found that Denmark numbers among her subjects about 10,000 Esquimaux, of whom 1,400 are halfbreeds, and descendants of European fathers and Esquimaux mothers. The census report gives a very favorable account of the industry and progress of these natives of Greenland.

They have not come in contact with some views of the civilized races that often disastrously affect savage peoples. The Danish Government does not permit the sale among them of alcoholic liquors. They and their Danish neighbors dwell harmoniously together, and, as a rule, the Esquimaux welcome school and teachers, and are glad to learn and practise the ways of civilization. At Godthaab, the capital of West Greenland, books are printed by the Esquimaux. Some of these books are illustrated with very fair wood cuts made by native engravers. They have published an interesting collection of the traditions of their people. They are fond of the study of geography, and are apt pupils in music. The halfbreeds generally have light hair and eyes, and the Esquimaux type is gradually effaced in their descendants. These Esquimaux are geographically the most eastern of the three Esquimaux groups. The natives of East Greenland show no evidence in their language or appearance of

relationship with the Esquimaux. The 1,500 natives of Labrador are classed with their brethren of West Greenland. Then come the Western Esquimaux, who include a number of tribes living between Hudson's Bay and Behring's Straits. The Tchoutchev, who live on the shores of the Arctic Ocean half way across Siberia, are the third branch of the Esquimaux family, of which the Greenland group is well known and partly civilized.—N. Y. Sun.

SCHOOL-OPENING SCENE.

Teacher (in mental arithmetic)—If there were three peaches on the table, Johnny, and your little sister should eat one of them, how many would be left?

Johnny—How many little sisters would be left?

Teacher—Now listen, Johnny. If there were three peaches on the table, and your little sister should eat one, how many would be left?

Johnny—We ain't had a peach in the house this year, let alone three.

Teacher—We are only supposing the peaches to be on the table, Johnny.

Johnny—Then they wouldn't be real peaches?

Teacher—No.

Johnny—Would they be preserved peaches?

Teacher—Certainly not.

Johnny—Pickled peaches?

Teacher—No, no. There wouldn't be any peaches at all, as I told you, Johnny; we only suppose the three peaches to be there.

Johnny—Then there wouldn't be any peaches, of course.

Teacher—Now, Johnny, put that knife in your pocket or I will take it away, and pay attention to what I am saying. We imagine three peaches to be on the table.

Johnny—Yes.

Teacher—And your little sister eats one of them and then goes away.

Johnny—Yes, but she wouldn't go away until she had finished the three. You don't know my little sister.

Teacher—But suppose your mother was there and wouldn't let her eat but one?

Johnny—Mother's out of town and won't be back till next week.

Teacher (sternly)—Now, Johnny, I will put the question once more, and if you do not answer it correctly, I shall keep you after school. If three peaches were on the table and your little sister were to eat one of them, how many would be left?

Johnny (straightening up)—There would not be any peaches left. I'd grab the other two.

Teacher (touching the bell)—The scholars are now dismissed. Johnny White will remain where he is.

A TERRA DEL FUEGIAN CANOE.

The canoe is a rough, primitive structure, several breadths of bark stitched together with sinews of the seal and gathered up at the ends. Along each side a pole is lashed, joining the gunwale rail, while several stout pieces laid crosswise serve as beam timber. In the bottom, amidships, is a mud hearth on which burns a fire, with sticks set up around it to dry.

There are three compartments in the craft, separated from one another by the cross-pieces; in the forward one are various weapons—spears, clubs, and sling-stones—and fishing implements. The amidships-section holds the fire-hearth, the men having place on the forward side of it; the women, who do the paddling, are seated further aft; while in the stern are stowed the boys, girls and dogs.

INDIAN MARVELS.

The wonders of conjuring, seen in the southern part of Asia, especially in Hindostan, are almost beyond human belief. Travellers agree that such extraordinary feats as changing twigs into snakes, and causing seeds to grow immediately to the stature of trees, are actually performed. Through what delusion of the senses trustworthy witnesses have been made to believe in such jugglery, we are as yet ignorant. A recent traveller in India thus describes anew a very old trick in scientific conjuring: Taking out of his pocket a long, thin, silk rope, the conjurer curled it up into several folds and made it into a circle, the ends of which were bound round and round this circle. He threw it on the ground, where it lay.

Alternately humming a wild air, whistling, singing a monotonous chorus, knocking two sticks together all the time, and dancing to the noise or sound, the tied cord on the ground began to move about, to twist hither and thither, to gyrate in circles, to leap up a couple of feet into the air, and then gradually to unfold itself, till at length it appeared only a tangled mass of rope.

In a few moments, however,—the performer all the time playing louder, knocking his sticks together violently, singing more vigorously, and leaping about almost in a fury,—the tangled mass became unravelled, and the rope was at once seized by him.

Taking it in his right hand, yet holding one end in his left, and with a vigorous shout and great bodily exertion, he threw it perpendicularly into the air. It fell. He threw it again. Each time it went higher, though it fell several times.

All the while he kept muttering, gesticulating, whining, imploring, expostulating, crying. At length, warning the spectators, who were crowding upon him, to keep the circle around as wide and broad as at the outset, he gathered the rope once more into circular coils in his right hand, and with a supreme effort and a wild shriek, threw it up a great height towards the sky. He then all of a sudden pulled it with the greatest violence two or three times. It did not fall, however, but, on the contrary, seemed tightly fastened. With a yell of triumph, he at once, as it seemed, climbed up the rope, first with one hand and then with the other, his legs equally agitated. He rose higher and higher, and then—actually vanished out of sight in the air.—*Youth's Companion.*

GOSSIPING.

The following advice, given by an eminent minister, Dr. John Hall, should be taken to heart by all young people.

"Keep clear" he says "of personalities in general conversation. Talk of things, objects, thoughts. The smallest minds occupy themselves with personalities. Personalities must sometimes be talked, because we have to learn and find out men's characteristics for legitimate objects; but it is to be with confidential persons. Do not needlessly report ill of others. There are times when we are compelled to say, 'I do not think Bouncer is a true and honest man.' But when there is no need to express an opinion, let poor Bouncer swagger away. Others will take his measure, no doubt, and save you the trouble of analyzing him and instructing them. And as far as possible dwell on the good side of human beings. There are family boards where a constant process of depreciating, assigning motives, and cutting up characters goes forward. They are not pleasant places. One who is healthy does not wish to dine at a dissecting

table. There is evil enough in man, God knows! But it is not the mission of every young man or woman to detail and report it all. Keep the atmosphere as pure as possible, and fragrant with gentleness and charity."

PAT'S DILEMMA.

Trust the true Irishman to extricate himself from a tight place by instant exercise of his ready tongue! At all events, trust him to make the attempt. An Irishman who was a dealer in a small way and kept a little donkey and cart came on one occasion to a bridge where a toll was levied, but, to his disappointment, found that he had not money enough to pay. A thought struck him. He unharnessed the donkey, and put it into the cart. Then getting in between the shafts himself, he pulled the cart, with the donkey standing on it, to the bridge.

In due course, he was hailed by the toll-collector.

"Hey, ma man," cried the latter.

"Whaur's yer toll?"

"Bedad," said the Irishman, "jist ax the droiver."

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