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The Weekly Messenger.

THE GREAT RACERS.

The attempts at a yacht race between the "Genesta" and the "Puritan" have at last come to a definite result. It will be remembered that the yachts started to sail the course on Monday the 7th inst., but could not get round in the time allowed on account of the lack of wind. On the Tuesday following the "Puritan" ran foul of the "Genesta", breaking the latter's bowsprit and making a large rent in her own mainsail. Wednesday and Thursday were spent in repairing the yachts, and on Friday, the 11th inst., a race was begun. There was every promise of plenty of wind as the yachts made up to the starting point shortly before noon. The "Puritan" under mainsail and jib glided swiftly through the water, her decks being wet with the spray dashed over them. The "Genesta" made her appearance under her jib alone and the crew soon shewed what they were made of, running up her great mainsail in a few minutes. When the second and final signal was given both yachts started over the line, the English cutter being a few seconds behind. The "Genesta" went ahead of her rival and in an hour had gained half a mile. But the wind soon dropped off and the "Puritan" was steadily making up the ground she had lost. At half-past five o'clock the "Puritan" sailed about to round the buoy which was the turning point of the race. The captains of the excursion steamers were quick to notice a lull in the wind and were very prompt to decide that there would be no race, so one after another, they steamed away from the stake-boat. By six o'clock the imposing

fleet had vanished behind the horizon and the racers, the judges' boats, and one or two steam yachts were left alone on the ocean. The yachts had been out for six hours by this time, and there was no chance of the race being accomplished within the seven-hour limit, so the committee again declared it off, and the yachts were towed into port.

This was the second attempt, which ended

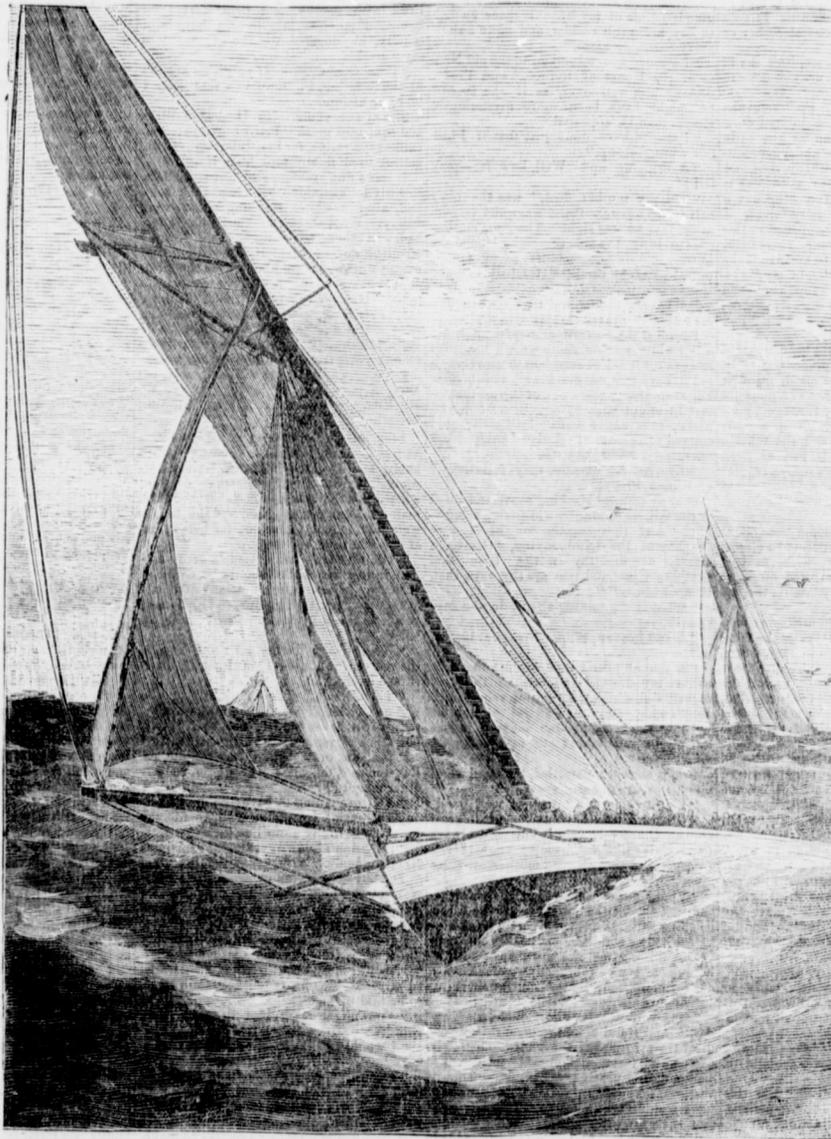
in a failure to accomplish anything. The public were generally disheartened at the results and interest in the race began to die out.

On Saturday last the yachts again prepared to renew the strife, but as they could not start before two o'clock because of the scarcity of wind, the captains of both yachts objected to starting at all. The race could not have been finished before

dark, and this was to be avoided if possible. There had been four attempts at a race but as yet nothing decided had been done. Monday was fixed for the next trial. This time the "Puritan" scored one out of the three races which have to be sailed. The two yachts crossed the line at about half past ten in the morning the "Puritan" kept slightly ahead of the "Genesta" until an hour later both were becalmed. On the

rest of the race the American sloop kept gaining steadily skimming over the smooth sea in the light wind which is so favorably to her. In the entire race, which was 38 miles long, the "Puritan" beat the "Genesta" by twelve and a half minutes. Sir Richard Sutton says: The "Puritan" is a hard customer to distance in any weather, but the "Genesta" is good for rough water and strong wind. Then we are not afraid of any yacht in the world."

A very humorous account of how the yachts tried to sail a race is given in one of the New York papers. The account runs thus: "Mr. Tam, one of the gentlemen on the "Puritan", went a fishing. At 11:53 he caught a fine dogfish. At high noon he landed a flounder. At 12:06 he got a bite. Then somebody else caught another dogfish, and a young man tied boards to both Mr. Tam's dogfish and the other dogfish and lowered both tenderly into the water. One board was called "Genesta" and the other "Puritan," and the point was to see which board would be out-towed. The "Genesta" made a little spurt off to seaward, and dipped her bows and wiggled about with a briskness that was exhilarating, and seemed to have a fair chance of going out of sight the winner. But suddenly both boards got becalmed, and the race was declared off."



THE AMERICAN SLOOP YACHT "PURITAN"
THE "GENESTA'S" ANTAGONIST.

HOW BILLY WENT UP IN THE WORLD.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.

(National Publication House, N. Y.)

CHAPTER V.

PRISSY TARBOX.

Billy opened the cottage door and stood a second motionless, so surprised was he by the change that had taken place there. A new rag carpet, with a great deal of green and yellow in it, made the floor soft as the grass outside. A small stove shone like satin, and the old lounge had been re-stuffed and covered with red calico. In the middle of the room stood Prissy Tarbox, and she spoke his welcome, thus:

"Young man, you can come to see granny whenever you like, but please to remember I like to have folks knock. Death is about the only caller now-a-days unconvincible enough to enter without as much as sayin', 'by your leave.'"

"I'll knock next time," said Billy, meekly; and then Prissy, mollified, exclaimed: "See there now, don't she look like a new pin?"

"Why didn't you get here for supper?" asked granny, as Billy, following Prissy's motion, went over to the cosiest corner of the room.

"Why, she is real handsome, isn't she?" laughed the boy. "What have you done to her?"

"I've mended her all up," returned Prissy, as if she talked of a jointed doll. "Her hair is soft as silk, and in two little puffs, looking like a picture under her clean cap. That knit shawl I gave her myself, and the slippers. She is as happy as the day is long, now, Billy, and if you drop out a dozen or two years, she is pretty bright. I know everything that has happened in this neighborhood for about twenty years back, so she's more entertaining to me than if she was a later edition, as you might say."

The old lady patted Billy's rough head and smiled up at the trim, alert little seamstress, to whom Billy was artfully remarking, "You don't look a bit over twenty."

"I be—I'm twenty-seven; but I began to be knowing early as a youngster. Granny is a great deal clearer in her mind, now that her meals are more regular. The poor old creature needed cosseting; if she gets hungry she gets lumpy; but now I keep a little warm broth on the stove, and she takes a sup now and then. She is just as good company as I'd ask. Besides she is a regular illuminated text, as pious as anybody could desire. Well now, Billy, how does it go with you?"

Billy chatted away for some time about his new home, while granny listened almost intelligently, and Prissy with evident curiosity. When Billy avowed he liked every member of the Ellery family, the latter remarked:

"Mrs. Ellery is a prime housekeeper, and he is so honest I've heard folks say he must be crazy. If they don't go so far as that, they say he's very original. That's 'cause he just up and tells the truth on all occasions. There's nothing more unexpected, you know, than truth, or you will know it if you live long enough. Si Barnard works up there, don't he?"

Prissy's last words were uttered with such marked unconcern that Billy might not have replied, if Silas Barnard had not become somewhat of a favorite with him.

"Yes, Si works there the year round. He's a clever fellow, isn't he?"

"Too clever—there's no snap to him," said Prissy indifferently, and adding, "he is good-natured; so much so, some folks say he is soft; he is handy about most everything and can sing very well; plays the fiddle tolerably. Pa used to say fiddlin' singin' men folks never were anything but poor sticks."

"Si works hard," said Billy.

"Oh, I suppose so; it is neighborly in him to come over and milk Brownie for us every day. I can milk, but I don't like to do it."

"He needn't do that any more; that's my business, only I never thought of it."

Prissy did not look as satisfied with this suggestion as she might have been; perhaps she was thinking of Billy's interests, for she remarked, "Maybe Mr. Ellery won't like you running here too much to wait on us. I suppose Si's time is his own, after hours."

"Oh, I can come as well as not."

Prissy fell into a brown study, with her plump hands folded over her neat pink calico dress. She was as bright and attractive as any young girl. The kitten, whose once lean sides had grown full and sleek of late, popped up into granny's lap. The old lady began to sing to her, as if she were a baby, and pussy, in return, purred in loud content.

"Once on the stormy seas I roared,"

Was granny's favorite hymn; and while her weak old voice quavered up and down, Billy wondered if the ocean that "yawned," and the "bark," that so "rudely tossed," were really pictures of her actual experience. He asked Prissy, and she quickly returned:

"O no, the hymn goes that way; though she's had a rough enough life, I'll warrant."

"So have I," said Billy, with the tone of a pilgrim full of years and adventures.

"You! What do you know about life?"

"Well, I rode a canal mule once five months. I washed dishes two days in a city boarding-house. I had a boot-black standing once in front of a cigar store, with a chair for my men right under the Indian queen, with her nose knocked off. That was the grandest time of my life. I made enough to buy my grub regular, and go to a show every Saturday night."

"I wonder you did not go to the old Nick—or the House of Refuge," said Prissy, looking him well over, as if she fancied he might have been more mysteriously vicious than he appeared.

"I should have done just that if I had not a bringing up."

"A bringing up! Well, how far—pray tell?"

"Till my mother died," was the boy's half sullen answer. Prissy was quick enough to see that he was right. The poor mother started Billy toward the highest good she knew; and on her memory, as on a support, had crept up little tendrils of good thinking, of better doing.

"What are you going to do when you are a man?" she asked, approvingly.

"I am going to earn money enough for a tall white marble stein with a beautiful image on top—I've seen 'em in grave-yards—I'll have one on her grave, and besides I'll keep always there one of these—these—sort of bright stiff flowers in a hoop you know, that never fade. I like the gold colored ones best. I asked the price of 'em once, but I couldn't pay for all."

"Everlasting wreaths, they call them," exclaimed Prissy.

Granny stopped stroking pussy and gazed at the talkers a minute, whispering solemnly: "And they sing the song of Moses—the song of the Lamb, saying, 'Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints!'"

"What is she talking about, do you suppose?"

"About heaven, Billy, where your mother is."

"Is that all pretty talk, or do you really believe my mother is somewhere this very night?" and asking the question vehemently Billy's wide open eyes watched through the window the tree shadows moving in the moonlight back and forth over the crisp grass.

Prissy, somewhat startled, hesitated a moment, then answered:

"I believe it, and I am not very good. I've got principles, of course, but I ain't real pious. Granny is very pious, and always was. Folks like her seem to know there's a heaven, and that all good mothers are there after they die."

"I hope mine has got over her backache, and that there is so much to eat she won't be going without any meals and giving hers to anybody's children. It makes me mad yet to think when she must have been as hungry as I was, those days, sometimes I did eat more'n my share," murmured Billy, swallowing a sob.

"Oh, you was a poor, little, starving shaver, and it did her more good to see you filled than to have it herself. That's all past now, forever, and she is wearing diamonds and pearls and outshining Queen Victoria, maybe."

"I wouldn't like her so. If she is like that, she's forgotten me."

"Nonsense! And maybe," added kindly Prissy, resolved to have it perfectly satisfactory, "maybe they can leave off everything except their lovely white robes,

if they prefer; probably your mother would be quiet in her taste. I only meant diamonds were nothing up there."

Billy no more questioned her information than if she had but just returned from a visit to the Celestial city. He listened to her next remark with new interest; but in the midst of a sentence, there came a rap on the door, and Prissy rushed around to light a lamp before opening the door to the new comer. It proved to be Silas Barnard, who hitched along in rather shy, and was speechless when Billy broke out:

"Why, you don't let Brownie go till this time of night, do you, before you milk her?"

"Hush up; Brownie was milked hours ago," put in Prissy, offering Silas a chair and saying: "I suppose you dropped in for that basket Mrs. Ellery sent me those house plants in. I am ashamed I kept it so long."

"My sakes, Si, I could have fetched that home any time; you must be awful particular," commented Billy, with the harrowing thick-headedness of a boy who has never known a sentimental emotion. However, a little later, he refrained from saying openly that Silas made things stupid, but thinking just this, he frolicked with the cat, talked a little with granny, and then started for home. First, however, without a thought of cruelty, he tossed on the threshold to say:

"Coming now, Si? If you'll go around by the clearing, I'll show you that trap I told you about."

Si was not going. He blushed a little, and squirmed more. Prissy began to tell an endless and rather, for her, dull story. Billy, getting tired, finally took himself off.

It was a fine evening, and not at all late, so Billy loitered along, listening to the frogs, and, after a while, thinking about Stan Ellery. What an easy life the young fellow had! Si said he was coming into a fortune when he was of age. He had plenty of money now, and more liberty than the farmer thought good for him. He owned his pony. He had an off-hand, friendly manner that everybody seemed to admire. Yes, Stan had a fine start. "But, then," said Billy to himself, "suppose he has, now; twenty years from this time, if I have made my 'idle,' won't I be as well off as he is? Many a poor boy has made a rich man. Mr. Ellery says he never had a cent left him; he earned all he has."

Billy was turning it over in his mind how he was to attain to wealth, when he reached home, and mounted the back stairs to his room. He sat down by the open window, where soon the sound voices reached him plainly. Mrs. Ellery, Nan, and the farmer were talking on a piazza not far below, and at one side from his window.

"I think Stan's father made a great mistake in insisting that he should be educated at first by private tutors. Steady drill with other boys, regular discipline, and no flattery or undue favor, is what he needs," said Mr. Ellery.

"When I have learned all I can learn at the red school-house—what then?" interrupted lively Nan.

"Then," said her father, calmly, "you will not tell me, as you did tell me yesterday, that verbs have gender, and that 'elaborate' is a correct way to spell 'elaborate.'"

"That was only a slip of my tongue, pa. But, tell me, do, am I ever going to any other school?"

"You are going to have the most thorough education I can give you, to fit you for the best life you can live."

"Billy don't know anything!" exclaimed Nan, suddenly.

The boy at the window could almost see Nan toss her long braid and fling up her chin, as she made this rash statement, which angered him not a little.

"Indeed you are mistaken. Billy is very knowing, as I find," remarked her mother.

"Well, I mean about reading. He learned all he knows off city bill-heads and signs, so he told Si."

"You might teach him to read well, Nan."

"I would not like to—he hasn't any manners."

"I don't suppose the heathen have any good manners, but there are folks who do missionary work among them, sometimes," was her father's quiet reply.

If Nan had any further remarks to make, Billy did not hear them. He was decidedly "stirred up." To be despised by a girl was something, it seemed to him, he would not

and could not endure. To have this particular black-eyed Nan object to teaching him anything! He longed to pound her with spelling-books until she was black and blue. As if he would have learned anything of her, anyway! He could read. Had he not, many a time, read for granny, when Ben could not do so? Just here Billy reflected that, when the old lady's wits were clearest, she had repeatedly objected to the names he often gave Bible characters, and even to the words he put into their mouths. Perhaps he did not know much, after all. Very well, then, he would know more. No Nan Ellery should turn up her nose at him. "It's turned up anyway," he muttered, as he arose and went spitefully to pulling about the bed-clothes.

He was kept awake from mental excitement the first time in his life that night; he had received so many ideas that were new to him in the day time. A man actually had sold a horse for a small sum in preference to living and getting a larger amount. Then Prissy had given him a thought of a mother away from earth, but his mother still! In that thought was far-off purity; something white and sweet, that drew him on and up a little. While he was saying to himself that he must be rich some day, it came to him with force that he ought to know something in his head, as well as to have something in his pocket-book. He tumbled and tossed, and fell asleep at last, and dreamed that Nan Ellery was sitting on the red school-house chimney, making faces at him, while he was hunting for something to throw at her. Very ignorant and impulsive was this nobody's boy, but he was waking to realities. Life never again could be merely a minstrel show, even in his simple estimation.

(To be Continued.)

SHOWERS OF GOLD.—Tradition has it that many thousands of years ago the Emperor of China, perceiving the wretchedness and destitution brought upon his people by the use of intoxicating beverages, issued a decree which closed every liquor shop in the Empire. And the strangest thing about it was that for three days after the decree went into effect, the heavens rained gold. It came down like manna from the skies and the people, being in possession of their senses, were able to gather enough to make them rich and happy for years thereafter. While the latter part of this story can hardly be accepted as literally true, we have no doubt the results of a general closing up of the dram-shops were better even than a shower of gold upon the land. An abundance of wealth is not so sure to bring peace, joy and contentment to the homes of the people as virtuous and temperate living.

A WIFE'S VIEW.

If I had a family of boys I would insist on their learning how to cook, wash, iron, make beds and sweep. Women are entering the professions, girls are teaching most of the country schools—young women are driving the young men to the wall in stores and other lucrative positions, and for self-preservation, young men and boys ought to learn how to cook their own food, and wash and mend their own clothes. They are in some danger of starvation. The shoe-shops, factories, stores, printing offices and other trades, gather up all the single females, and in the country especially, it is almost impossible to hire a girl to do housework a single day. If the overworked wife of one of our farmers becomes utterly unable to drag around any longer, consternation seizes the household if there are no competent girls in the family.

The father and boys look dismal. Who is to get their meals, and do the thousand and one chores for them? and who will take care of sick mother? They are helpless—cannot even make their own bed so it will hold together! What shall be done? I have known men, whose wives were sick, who rode days to find a girl who would work a few days, or weeks, in vain. If boys were taught how to do kitchen work and nurse the sick, it would save much trouble and expense. It is no disgrace for a man who has a family, to know how to make that family comfortable, when mother is not able to do it.

It is very convenient for a farmer to have a wife who can tie up the cows and milk

hem, and do other farm chores when he is sick or called away. I know many such wives. And surely it would be a pleasure to a weary housewife to leave home for a few days to rest and visit friends, and come back re-freshed to find all at home comfortable and in order, instead of finding everything top-syturvy, the beds unmade, the dishes all dirty, victuals all gone, and men and boys clamorous for something to eat.

Again, men ought to do a little house-work so they may better appreciate their wives and know what their lot in life is. Many men are almost as ignorant as last year babies concerning the wearing, health destroying burdens their wives are weekly bearing. They love their wives, perhaps, and would be very sorry to lose them, but they cannot see that they are working themselves to death. Many husbands are thoughtless and unsympathetic through ignorance. I once went to help one of my neighbors out of his difficulties. His wife was sick and there was butter to take care of, and cooking to do, etc., and he was at his wife's end. He was a great, strong man and uncommonly handy about the house, so he got along better than most of his sex in like circumstances. He had been busy all the morning, getting his breakfast, skimming milk, washing pans, waiting on his wife, churning, etc. He was doing well, and I praised him to keep his courage up, but long before noon he dropped into a chair. "Well, there!" groaned he, "I haven't been so tired for six months!" and he a hard working farmer! I had been over that road many times, and knew how it was myself, and ought to have pitied him, I suppose, but I must acknowledge it was refreshing to hear that great, robust man declare that the drudgery which farmers' wives spend most of their lives in doing was tiresome work.—*Household.*

A BAD CHARACTER, AND HOW IT FOLLOWS US.

Some years ago, in a farming neighborhood, a middle-aged man was looking about in search of employment. He called at the house of a respectable farmer and told his errand. "What is your name?" asked the farmer. "John Wilson," was the reply. "John Wilson—the same that lived near here when a boy?" "The same, sir," "Then I do not want you."

Poor John, surprised at such a reply, passed on to the house of the next farmer, and there a similar reply was given. And he found no one in the neighborhood where his earlier years had been spent was willing to employ him.

Passing on, he soon came in sight of the old school-house. "Ab!" said he, "I understand it now. I was a school-boy three years ago; but what kind of a school-boy? Lazy, disobedient, often in mischief and once caught in deliberate lying; and though since I have been trying to reform, they all think me the same kind of man that I was as a boy. Oh, that I had done as I ought when at school. Then people would have confidence in me now."

So it is, and school-boys and school girls should remember it, that character follows us, and is remembered, and that those who have known us in our early days will be very apt to look upon us in our later years as they did in our youth.—*Sel.*

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL releases no parent from the obligation to train his offspring in the Scriptures. In instances beyond enumeration, it stimulates, and guides, and helps the parental effort. If, in some strange instances, ignorant and careless parents feel absolved from the parental effort by this auxiliary of modern times, there are contrary instances, tenfold more numerous, of parents and families who, from the connections of their children with Sunday-schools, have first become awake to the duty of instructing them, and first learned the best methods of performing it.—*Christian S. S. Teacher.*

PUZZLES.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE.



When the figures in each picture have been translated into letters they will spell the word necessary to answer the question for the picture. Example: Picture No. 1. What are these men fishing for? Answer: Cod. (C, 100; o, 4; d, 500.) 2. What does this lamp contain? 3. What is the little girl crying for? 4. What does this kettle need? 5. Where is this horse going? 6. What is the man about to do with the rope? 7. What does this musician want?

CHARADE.

My first looks for evils increasing, Though it covers its face with its hands. It runs day and night without ceasing; But finds time for each one's demands.

My second does even more running, And that it's a leap, too, is clear; And, if you will pardon my punning, I'll add with a march 'twill appear.

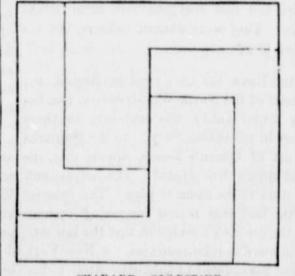
My second would cause time's destruction If into my first it should run. To my first give my whole introduction, And 'twill serve us in place of the sun.

ENIGMA.

Of a useful whole I'm the most useful part; I've a good circulation, for I've a heart; I have two or three garments or outer clothes;

I am closely allied to a lip and nose; Rare, and parchments, and jewels rare, Rubbish and treasures within I bear; The tiniest leaf I produce I can nip; With a dexterous finger and thumb at my tip; Though I'm often as tall as a spire to view. If you travel far I accompany you; I am the Indian's light canoe; To puzzle you more, I'm an aqueduct, too; I'm part of a garment of olden time; And part of a beast of a southern clime; And finally now, to crown the whole, I am your body, but not your soul!

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER.



CHARADE.—GLADSTONE.
 DECAPITATIONS.—1. N-ICE, 2. N-HIL, 3. P-ICE
 4. S-U-B-R-K, 5. S-U-B-A-I-L, 6. B-I-E-A-T.
CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.
 Correct answers have been received from Maggie F. Call.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

I. The map.—Showing the extent of the kingdom when this quarter began, and how it was divided between the two kingdoms; which tribes belonged to Israel and which formed Judah.

II. The history.—Impress clearly the outlines of the history of this almost a century of national life,—nearly as long as the United States has been a nation. Let the scholars repeat in concert the names of the kings of Judah and of Israel, and learn thoroughly two or three of the more important dates. Give a view of the differences between the two kingdoms in their religious character, and in their prosperity.

III. The persons in this history who stand as a warning to us.—Rehoboam, Jeroboam, Omri, Ahab, and Jezebel, indeed nearly all the kings; the young advisers of Rehoboam; the elders of Jezreel; the prophets of Baal; Goliath. What were their deeds that we should avoid? What were the characters out of which these deeds proceeded? What commandments were broken by them? The results of their evil courses.

IV. The persons in this history who stand as examples to us.—Such as Elijah, Elisha, Obadiah, Naaman, the little Jewish girl; and to these, in a far lesser degree, may be added the 100 prophets Obadiah preserved from Jezebel; the prophets who were persecuted, the 7000 who refused to worship Baal. What were the good deeds they did? What elements of character should we emulate? What good results followed their good actions? Call for the best person, the noblest deed, the bravest and most heroic act, the act requiring the greatest faith, the most benevolent deed.

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; (a) God knows his secret longings, even when he cannot express them; (b) God understands his motives when others misrepresent him; (c) 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; (a) his secret sins are known; (b) he is judged by the motive, and not by the outward act alone; (c) he can hide nothing from God, and therefore God can hinder his secret plans.

III. The assault upon Elisha (vers. 13, 14). IV. 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, hidden 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 are mighty 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.)

CONCERNING SUBSTITUTES.

There are few schools in which all the teachers are present for very many successive Sabbaths. Illness, absence from town, bad weather, and a great variety of circumstances sometimes make it quite impossible for the most faithful teacher to be at his post. In that case there must be a substitute. And the importance of the matter suggests the following words:

- I. To the Regular Teacher.
 1. Have a substitute as seldom as possible. Your place is not one to be left on slight occasion. Your reason for absence ought to be very good indeed.
 2. If you must be away, secure your substitute yourself. Do not send word to the superintendent, just at the opening of the school, that "you can not be there to-day, and he will please find some one to take your place."
 3. Give your substitute reasonable notice. He can not teach without preparation, any more than you can.
 4. Furnish him with your lesson help.
 5. Pray for him before he goes to your class, while he is teaching, and after he has finished.
 6. In the name of Christian courtesy, never forget to thank him for what he has done.

II. To the Substitute.

1. Understand in the beginning that you are undertaking difficult work. It is never easy to take another's place. It is impossible that you should know what sort of scholars you have, or what they need, meeting them only once. Do not be discouraged, therefore, if you find it hard to teach, and if it seems, at the end of the hour, as if you had done nothing.

2. You have a possible opportunity of doing great good. Your way of putting things may strike the attention of one who is accustomed to his teacher, and hears his words without heeding them. The Spirit may direct your arrow, shot at a venture, straight to a mark hitherto untouched.
3. Pray much before you go to the class.
4. Study the lesson. You can not teach at hap-hazard, or on the strength of your general knowledge.
5. Never mind finding out "how the teacher does it." Get at the lesson and teach your own way.
6. Pray afterward for those who have thus been brought under your teaching.—*Walter A. Brooks, in Westminster Teacher.*

TO SECURE PUNCTUALITY.

My rule is almost too simple to offer, and yet, in practice, most superintendents shrink from it.

It is merely, begin when the hour comes. I once belonged to a model Sunday-school, in which there was but little complaint of tardiness; but which, under a new, though very good superintendent, gave great trouble in this matter, until the old plan was suggested and restored.

Baldly begin with three children, if only three are present. If your musicians and singers are absent, never mind that; change the order of the opening exercises, or even its whole character. You can pray and you can read chapters. More children and teachers will come in as you read, to swell the responses; and you can afford to be very polite to your singers when they do arrive, for the sight of the difference they have caused in the school routine will do more than any words to show that their presence is necessary. The children, too, will quickly improve.

Some will always be late; but if it is not known exactly when school really opens, a great many will be late.—*Margaret Meredith, in Sunday School Journal.*

"NOW'S THE DAY AND NOW'S THE HOUR."

Procrastination—the putting off till to-morrow of what should be done to-day—is a sin which costs many people much trouble and expense besides frequently cheating them out of splendid opportunities. We have made a splendid offer of prizes to those who get the seventeen largest lists of subscribers for this paper to the end of the year. Any one of our readers may put off working for the prizes for one, two or three weeks and still run a good chance of getting a prize, but each week lessens the chance a little. One month still remains before the prizes will be given so that the chance for a prize is still nearly as good as it was when we first made our offer. It is not by any means too late to

BEGIN WORKING NOW.

Though many of our readers have sent in lists of subscribers to the end of the year, these lists are nearly all small numbers. Anyone and everyone, therefore, stands a good chance of a prize. Those who have already sent in lists should supplement these by sending in any more names which they can procure; one or two names may make all the difference between a prize and no prize.

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 a month from now.

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.

NOW-A-DAYS when newspapers of all sorts are so plentiful, most of them find their way to the waste-paper basket as soon as they are read. We find that the *Weekly Messenger* is so well appreciated that frequently our readers keep their papers for a time to re-read them before throwing them away. We have had a number of letters asking us for back numbers, and in some cases we have been able to grant the request. We will always be happy to do all we can for our readers in this respect.

THE END of our temperance story is on the 6th page under the heading of "War Notes." So many people make the same calculation as did the hero of the story, and though people's attention is called again and again to the fact that little sums saved soon become considerable amounts of money, yet the realization of this does not come to them forcibly until they are induced to make the calculation for themselves.

THE WEEK.

MR. GLADSTONE is suffering from lumbago and is confined to the house.

CONGO CANNIBALS, so it is stated, have attacked several stations of the African Association, capturing a number of whites. These latter were killed, roasted and then devoured by the natives.

THE PREMIER OF FRANCE has stated that what the Republic desired was peace on all sides. He hoped that in future distant colonial ventures would be given up, and well he might for France has had very little success in her attempts to establish colonies.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has returned from his summer vacation earlier than he expected to. The President appears to be in excellent health, and his sojourn in the pure Adirondack air has undoubtedly braced him up to the arduous duties which await him.

KING CHRISTIAN OF DENMARK has given a state banquet at Copenhagen. This was attended by himself, the Czar and Czarina, the Prince and Princess of Wales and King George of Greece—quite an assembly of monarchs.

GEN. SIR FREDERICK MIDDLETON and Sir A. P. Caron are to take a journey to British Columbia to provide for the strengthening of the military defences of Victoria and other leading ports in the province.

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE in his will left money to all sorts of persons, the list of legatees comprising the names of Earl Shaftesbury and a cowherd. The amount of money left to different individuals amounted in all to \$1,500.

A LUNATIC was arrested in Buckingham Palace, a short time ago, while seeking an interview with Queen Victoria. He had with him an ordinary glass bottle, which he insisted upon presenting to the Queen, and which he said was a magic mirror, which would enable her to see through everybody.

A LUNATIC in annexing the Caroline Islands, seems to have done so in order that her ships, bound for New Guinea via the Panama canal, might have a handy port at which to call. Germany expects that when the Panama canal is completed there will be a great increase of trade for her in the Pacific.

A REVOLUTION in a small way has taken place at Lyons, France. The municipal council of that city had refused to assist people who were out of work. A mob of 10,000 unemployed workmen—quite an army—besieged the Lyons Town Hall shouting "Vive la Commune," and it was with great difficulty that the police dispersed the hungry crowd.

THE YELLOW FEVER has made its appearance in the town of Guaymas, in Mexico, on the Californian Gulf. The population is being rapidly thinned out. The state of affairs is simply horrifying—frightful. The place is in a horribly filthy condition, and no effort is made to improve it. There is no abatement of the scourge in Vera Cruz and adjacent towns.

THE CITIZENS OF JACKSON, Michigan, have curious municipal rulers. The police force being found inadequate to the task of keeping the disorderly element of the town straight, a police commission was appointed to control the police force. Late one night they investigated a new gambling room, and captured the mayor and several of the most prominent city officials who were all having a "great old time." The affair will probably cause considerable trouble before it is done with.

A CENSUS OF DOGS has been taken in St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minnesota. In the former place there are only 224 dogs, valued at \$1,509 and in the latter there are 802, valued at \$5,445. The cheapest value placed upon a Minneapolis dog in the list is 92 cents and the highest is \$12. The whole dog population of the State of Minnesota is 59,996 and these dogs are valued at \$197,375. The last legislature passed a law providing that all dogs in the State should be taxed at par value, so the State gets over a hundred thousand dollars a dogs tax.

THERE IS NO DOUBT now but that there will be a terrible famine in India. In some districts the crops have been ruined by a scarcity, and in others by an excess of rain. The floods have also done great havoc. The country for miles around Calcutta is completely under water, and nearly all the railways in the province have been greatly injured. One particular railway track has been completely swept away. Public subscriptions are being got up in Calcutta and all possible preparations are being made to provide against famine, which is now inevitable, and to mitigate its horrors.

THERE WAS GREAT EXCITEMENT in the harbor of Algiers a week ago over the mutiny of the French bluejackets belonging to the transport "France" which was returning from Tonquin with a number of sick and wounded soldiers. The bluejackets and soldiers during the voyage had violent quarrels, fighting each other and smashing things to pieces. Some of the sailors were court-martialed and punished, but when they were released the mutiny broke out. They cut loose the anchors and threw the lifeboats and fire pumps into the sea. One of the ringleaders was caught in the act of attempting to scuttle the ship. A number of the malcontents have been landed and will probably be shot.

THE RIOTS against John Chinaman whose only offence is that he can live cheaper than others, still continue. There are one or two serious ones to report in the United States every week. One night last week a mob of Indians, headed by white men, attacked a party of Chinese hop-pickers in Seattle, Wyoming Territory, with clubs and stones, killed five and wounded four. The cause of the row was that in former years Indians had been hired exclusively to pick hops, and this year one firm hired Chinamen. They were warned to leave, but refused to go.

BIG BBAR has been tried at Regina, the capital of the North-West territory, and being found guilty was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary. In the Manitoba Court of Queen's Bench, appeal side, the Riel appeal was refused. The judges took no stock in the insanity plea. The interest in the Riel case is now increasing because of the growing conviction that the law will be allowed to take its course. A New York paper has offered to subscribe \$100 to the Riel fund on condition that the condemned man write an account of the half-breed troubles to cover 4,000 words.

IN ORDER to get to heaven quickly, so that he might see his sister who had died, a little boy committed suicide a few days ago in Bradford, Pennsylvania. This is the story: A little daughter of David Norf died a few weeks ago. Willis, her five-year-old brother, mourned constantly for her, and repeatedly declared that he wanted to go to heaven to see her. His mother tried to comfort him by telling him that if he was good he would see his little sister when he died. On Friday he asked his mother if he was good enough to go to heaven if he should die. She assured him that he was. Soon afterward he went up stairs and shot himself through the heart with his father's revolver.

IN IRELAND the favorite kind of enjoyment among the Nationalists is "moonlighting." To explain what "moonlighters" are it is only necessary to give an example of the kind of work they do. "By their deeds ye shall know them." About a week ago a party of moonlighters raided a farmhouse. They pulled a girl out of bed and cut off her hair. They tied two donkeys tail to tail and burned them alive. They burned a rick of hay also, and stabbed a horse to death. Notwithstanding such barbarous crimes some of the most prominent Irishmen say that the Crimes Act is not necessary in Ireland and only produces harm. The quiet in Ireland which Lord Salisbury boasted of not long ago has not lasted very long. In fact as soon as the Crimes Act was no longer in force there was a renewal of the agrarian outrages which seem to be getting worse and worse.

THE ARMSTRONG ABDUCTION CASE, of which we gave an account in our last issue, was continued in London last week. Mrs. Jarrett, on the opening of the court, began crying. Mrs. Armstrong, mother of Eliza, testified that Mrs. Jarrett obtained her daughter from her on the plea of needing the child to assist in the house work of her home. The witness scouted the idea that she knew anything of the character of Mrs. Jarrett other than was represented by the prisoner herself—that she was a woman of respectability. Mrs. Armstrong, with very vulgar and abusive language, denied that she had sold her daughter with the belief that she was going to be led into a bad life. Eliza Armstrong, the girl who was abducted, also gave evidence, and in many points contradicted her mother. Mrs. Armstrong admitted that she had been three times fined for being drunk, once for using obscene language in the streets, and that she was drunk the night Eliza departed from home.

THE FRENCH JUDGES are apt to be far more austere and jealous of their dignity than are those on the English Bench. It may be that they have as a rule less dignity to lose. A few days ago a native of Prussia was sentenced to 15 days' imprisonment in the Paris Court for vagrancy. On hearing the sentence he accused the judges of unfairness because he was a German, and was forthwith sentenced to six months' imprisonment. He made further remarks about the cowardice of the French and his sentence was increased to two years.

LIEUTENANT G. M. STONEY, who went on an exploring expedition to Alaska this summer, reported to the Navy Department at Washington that he had visited the new volcano on Bogostoo Island. The only apparent changes since last year were a smaller discharge of smoke and steam. The birds had actually begun making nests in the new volcano. Lieut. Stoney procured all the dogs required for the expedition at \$1.50 apiece. Natives were engaged as drivers.

PERILS OF THE SEA.

The captain of an American whaling schooner gives an account of his adventures while searching for whales. He had been in Hudson's Bay but meeting with poor success there he thought to try for sperm whales in the Atlantic. On August 16th, when near the middle of Hudson's Strait, steering south south-east by compass in a thick fog, ice was discovered immediately ahead. An attempt was at once made to put the vessel about, but before this could be done she struck the ice, and in a few seconds it was all around her, thumping against her heavily, causing her to careen first one way and then the other. It was expected every minute that the schooner would be crushed to pieces. As soon as possible, however, all sail was set and the schooner headed for the nearest open water as the only hope for those on board was to get out of the ice. While making her way under a heavy pressure of sail and ice the schooner had several of her sails, as well as the rudder, carried away, and pieces of her false keel were seen floating on the water. As the vessel was then leaking badly what hands could be spared from working the sails were placed at the pumps, which had to be kept constantly going. Finally, after several hours, during which the crew had frequently despaired of seeing land again, the vessel emerged into open water, everything above and below partially crushed or torn and presenting a most dilapidated appearance. In this condition, deprived of steering apparatus and almost without sails, the schooner was tossed about for a week at the mercy of the waves, until her crew finally succeeded in making this port.

Four seamen were picked up from a raft in the German Ocean by a sailing vessel. They reported that the captain of the vessel to which they belonged, and which had been wrecked, had clung to the keel of the wreck. Several others managed to follow his example, but the sea soon swept them off. Two of the men were sinking when, with a last effort, they clung to a plank that was drifting by, and hanging to it managed to keep their heads above water until several planks and a bit of rope floated in their way. In the morning another of the crew succeeded in joining them, and the steward, who had also escaped, followed their example and made a second raft. All suffered much from hunger and thirst. On the second day after their wreck they sighted a steamer, but she passed by without heeding their signals. On the third day, however, they were rewarded for the persistency with which they clung to their few boards.

SPAIN AND GERMANY are having their fight in words but that cannot last very long. There will either be a settlement soon or else war is inevitable. War preparations are being vigorously carried on in both countries. Neither country seems itching for a fight but both are extremely jealous of their honor and prestige. Germany has good reasons for not wanting to cripple herself by a war with Spain in which France would in all probability take the part of the latter.

FEW PEOPLE recognize the strain which a good speaker undergoes in delivering a speech. Most speakers do not get used to speaking so as not to feel the strain. Lord Randolph Churchill's health is suffering and his physicians fear for him if he does not take absolute rest. But his lordship finds it very inconvenient to do this at the present crisis when he wishes to backguard his opponents in as choice language as he can command.

WEATHER AND CROP REPORT.

The weather has been very changeable during the past week, rapidly alternating between rain and sunshine, frost and heat. Considerable damage has been done to late grain by the rain as there is still in many localities a good deal of grain uncut and more still lying spread on the fields bleaching, sprouting, and being devoured by sparrows. Although there have been frequent light frosts, yet no material damage has been done to the late corn further than retarding it in its progress to maturity. Potato digging has commenced and the tubers are remarkably free from disease. Turnips are not thriving as well as usual, but other roots are doing well. The frequent rains of the last few weeks have caused sheep in some parts of the country to suffer from diseased hoofs. In some parts of the Western States hog cholera is prevailing to a considerable extent and in other places the cattle are suffering from various diseases. On one farm in Kankakee county, Illinois, there are over two hundred head of cattle afflicted with a strange malady and numerous deaths are taking place among them daily.

FOR SOME TIME BACK bitter complaints have been made in the county of Clare, Ireland, against obnoxious landlords who devote themselves to horse racing. Last week things came to a head. Posters had been put up round the streets exhorting the "men of Clare" to "prevent the races, assoumdrels are defying you." These notices had the desired effects. Thousands of people who had been at Limerick races arrived to witness the sport. The Kiltrush race-course was lined by enormous crowds of angry men, women and children, yelling and brandishing shillelugs. Everybody felt that a big fight was to come off. The owners of the horses resorted to stratagem by which they avoided the vengeance of the populace. One owner attempted to disguise his filly by painting her brown, and succeeded, but the jockey, Lynch, was recognized by the crowd, and was hailed with storms of groans, hisses and yells. A free fight ensued. Lynch was knocked off the horse and dragged about on the ground, where the people jumped on him. He narrowly escaped with his life. All the jockeys were torn off their horses and kicked and dragged about. Hundreds of heads were smashed but nobody was killed.

GREAT EXCITEMENT has for some time prevailed all over France in view of the approaching electoral contest. But the people seem to have had too much excitement and the ardor with which the campaign was opened is disappearing. The country is singularly quiet. Even the candidates for election are themselves partaking of the listlessness which characterizes their audiences. Their speeches are delivered listlessly, and are received without enthusiasm.

M. DE LESSEPS, the engineer of the Panama Canal, is trying as best he can to get money to carry on the work of construction. He is trying to get authority from the French Government to issue shares, but the Prime Minister, M. Brisson, refuses to allow this to be done till after the coming elections in France. Monsieur Brisson thinks it would affect his position, and, as he hopes to be re-elected as Premier, he adheres to his determination.

THE CHOLERA is about at a standstill. The French and Spanish authorities are endeavoring to make the number of deaths appear less than it actually is in order to evade trade.

IN A FEW MINUTES, Washington, a town of 400 inhabitants in Ohio, was almost swept from the earth by a cyclone. The tornado whirled up the principal business street of the town and ruined almost every business block on it, at least forty or fifty in all. Hardly a private residence in the town escaped, fully four hundred buildings going down. Fifteen bodies were recovered from the debris of the various ruined buildings.

SUPPOSED GERMAN SPIES have been expelled from Spain. They appeared to be taking plans of Spanish fortifications. A number of French officers trying to witness the manoeuvres of the German Guards while being reviewed were compelled to retire. These two circumstances show the distrust with which Germany is still regarding France and Spain. Each country wants to be sure that its military defences are not known in case there might be war.

THERE IS A CERTAIN PAPER in Cuba which is said to appear under a new name as often as twelve times a year. This paper is being continually suppressed by the government authorities on account of attacks on the government. Each time the paper is heavily fined but reappears under a different designation. The *Boaphore Egyptien*, which was suppressed by the French government, has tried the same dodge and now appears as the *Independence Egyptienne*.

EVERYONE who has read of Captain Howard's exploit with the Gatling gun in the war of the North-West Rebellion has been inclined to think well of the gun as an instrument with which to wage war against Indians. General Middleton has expressed himself as of the opinion that the Gatling gun is of no use in Indian warfare, its only usefulness being in cases where large bodies of men were massed together.

CERTAIN MINE OWNERS of Birmingham, England, have lately been employing Italian laborers. This caused a strike in the mines in which the labor was partly Italian, but the strikers have had to give in and a decided advantage remains with the company which employed the foreign workmen. It is likely that other coal mining companies will follow suit and put foreign labor in mines wherever it can be done advantageously.

CHINA is about to have a railway built along its Eastern boundary for a distance of five hundred miles. The line will begin at Taku, a town on the coast near the northern boundary of China, and will run south as far as Fang Chow, which is at the mouth of the Yang-Tse-Kiang river. A Manchester firm has obtained the contract for building the road, and a loan of seventy million dollars has been obtained in London and Berlin.

TWO MEN made up to the Woolwich powder magazine on Friday night last week, and before the sentry could give the alarm he was seized and beaten in a brutal manner. He was left half dead at his post, and the two unknown men attempted to enter the powder magazine with, it must be supposed, no good end in view. Some noise startled them, however, and they decamped as quickly as possible.

REPORTS have just come which show that the cholera has been raging in the northern portions of Afghanistan all summer. In the English regiments one hundred and thirty soldiers and nine officers died, thirty officers have been invalided and a large number of coolies died.

AT THE LATEST NEWS we learn that the "Puritan" beat the "Genesta" last Wednesday thus winning the yacht match and retaining the cup in the United States.

BOOKS GIVEN AWAY.

Take a look over the article headed "Now's the Day and Now's the Hour," on the fourth page of this paper and read this:

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

A TELEGRAM FROM WASHINGTON tells how a Scotch family were persuaded by a female emigration agent to take up land in North Carolina. The family spent all their savings amounting to \$400 in getting to California and in buying land. They soon discovered on reaching their destination, so they claim, that they had been wofully deceived and that the land was worthless and the inhabitants of the roughest and most shiftless type. Having lost all their money, they decided to return to Scotland, and through the kindness of railway and municipal officials in the various places, were able to reach Philadelphia. This is one more warning to those who would rush wildly into a new country without getting more trustworthy information than is generally obtainable from emigration agents.

IN WALDECK, a small German principality a man has to be sober or else do without a wife. There is not left any chance for a woman to regret having unwittingly married a man who was a slave to drink. At Waldeck a decree has been issued that no license to marry will hereafter be granted any individual who is addicted to drunkenness; or, having been so, he must exhibit full proof that he is no longer a slave to this vice. The same Government has also directed that in every report made by the ecclesiastical, municipal and police authorities upon petitions for license to marry, the report shall distinctly state whether either of the parties desirous of entering into the matrimonial connection is addicted to intemperance or otherwise.

THE IRISH AMERICANS take an extraordinarily deep interest in their fatherland. An Irishman with "soul so dead" would be a curiosity; every Irishman is as patriotic as he knows how to be. At a large meeting of Irish Americans held in Cincinnati, on Sunday night, several hundred dollars were subscribed and \$5,000 more pledged as assistance to the Irish parliamentary funds.

THE FARMERS in parts of the State of Iowa depend principally on their hogs for their revenue. As cholera has broken out among their droves there is danger of a serious financial depression. The other staple resource of the farmers is corn and most of last year's crop has been fed to the hogs. It is reported that some farmers have lost from 25 to 150 head, and nearly 2,000 dead hogs have already been reported.

War Notes.

Though the Scott Act has been adopted in Fredericton, N. B., on two different votes, another effort is to be made to secure its repeal. The opponents of the measure claim to have the promise of a majority against the continuance of the Act. It is as well not to boast until the vote is taken. There has never been a case yet where the Act has been repealed and if the temperance folk do as good work in Fredericton as they have elsewhere the Act will be upheld by an increasing majority.

THE JEWISH PASSOVER.

The editor of the London *Methodist Times* lately witnessed the celebration of the Jewish Passover in that city, and at the close of the services said to the rabbi: "May I ask with what kind of wine you have celebrated the Passover this evening?" The answer promptly given was:

"With a non-intoxicating wine. Jews never use fermented wine in their synagogue services, and must not use it on the Passover, either for synagogue or home purposes. Fermented liquor of any kind comes under the category of 'leaven,' which is proscribed in so many well-known places in the Old Testament. The wine which is used by Jews during the week of the Passover is supplied to the community by those licensed by the chief rabbi's board, and by those only. Each bottle is sealed in the presence of a representative of the ecclesiastical authorities. The bottle standing yonder on the sideboard from which the wine used to-night was taken was thus sealed. I may also mention that poor Jews who cannot afford to buy this wine make an unfermented wine of their own, which is nothing else but an infusion of Valencia or Muscatel raisins. I have recently read the passage in Matthew in which the Paschal Supper is described. There can be no doubt whatever that the wine used upon that occasion was unfermented. Jesus, as an observant Jew, would not only not have drunk fermented wine on the Passover, but would not have celebrated the Passover in any house from which everything fermented had not been removed. I may mention that the wine I use in the service at the synagogue is an infusion of raisins. You will allow me, perhaps, to express my surprise that Christians, who profess to be followers of Jesus of Nazareth, can take what He would not possibly have taken as a Jew—intoxicating wine—at so sacred a service as the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

THE LAST PENNY.

There was before the mind of Claire, the image of the faint and feeble child, with the refreshing orange to her lips; and there was also the image of himself, uncheered, for two long days, by his pipe. But could he for a moment hesitate, if he really loved that sick child, he asked. Yes, he could hesitate, and yet love the little sufferer; for, to one of his order of mind and habits of acting and feeling, a self-indulgence like that of the pipe, or a regular draught of beer, became so much like second nature, that it is as if it were a part of the very life; and to give it up, costs more than a light effort.

The penny was between his fingers, and he took a single step toward the alehouse-door; but so vividly came back the image of little Lizzy, that he stopped suddenly. The conflict, even though the spending of a single penny was concerned, now became severe; love for the child pleaded earnestly, and as earnestly pleaded the old habit that seemed as if it would take no denial.

It was his last penny that was between the cobbler's fingers. Had there been two pennies in his pocket, all difficulty would have immediately vanished. Having thought of the orange, he would have bought it with one of them, and supplied his pipe with the other. But, as affairs now stood, he must utterly deny himself, or else deny his child.

For minutes the question was debated. "I will see, as I come back," said Claire at last; starting on his errand, and thus, for the time, making a sort of a compromise. As he walked along, the argument still went on in his mind. The more his thoughts acted in this new channel, the more light came into the cobbler's mind.

"What is a pipe of tobacco to a healthy

man, compared with an orange to a sick child?" he uttered half-aloud, marking at last the final conclusion of his mind; and, as this was said, the penny, which was still in his fingers, was thrust determinedly into his pocket. As he turned home, Claire bought the orange, and, in the act, experienced a new pleasure. By a kind of necessity, he had worked on, daily, for his family, upon which was expended nearly all of his earnings; and the whole matter came so much as a thing of course, that it was no subject of conscious thought, and produced no emotion of delight or pain. But the giving up of his tobacco for the sake of his little Lizzy, was an act of self-denial entirely out of the ordinary course; and it brought with it its own reward.

When Claire got back to his home, Lizzy was lying at the bottom of the stairs, waiting for his return. He lifted her, as usual, in his arms and carried her up to his shop. After placing her upon the rude couch he had prepared for her, he sat down upon his bench, and, as he looked upon the white-shrunken face of his dear child, and met the fixed, sad gaze of her large earnest eyes, a more than usual tenderness came over his feelings. Then, without a word, he took the orange from his pocket and gave it to her.

Instantly there came over Lizzy's face a deep flush of surprise and pleasure. A smile trembled around her wan lip, and an unusual light glittered in her eyes. Eagerly she placed the fruit to her mouth, and drank its refreshing juice; while every part of her body seemed quivering with a sense of delight.

"Is it good, dear?" at length asked her father, who sat looking on with a new feeling at his heart. The child did not answer in words; but words could not have expressed her sense of pleasure so eloquently as the smile that lit up and made beautiful every feature of her face.

While the orange was yet at Lizzy's lips Mrs. Claire came up into the shop, for some purpose.

"An orange!" she exclaimed, with surprise. "Where did that come from?" "Oh, mamma; it is so good!" said the child, taking from her lips the portion that yet remained, and looking at it with a happy face.

"Where in the world did that come from, Thomas?" asked the mother.

"I bought it with my last penny," replied Claire. "I thought it would taste good to her."

"But you had no tobacco."

"I'd do without that until tomorrow," replied Claire.

"It was kind in you to deny yourself for Lizzy's sake."

Not once thought that whole day did Thomas Claire feel the want of his pipe; for the thought of the orange kept his mind in so pleased a state, that a mere sensual desire, like that for a whiff of tobacco, had no power over him.

Thinking of the orange, of course, brought other thoughts; and, before the day closed, Claire had made a calculation of how much his beer and tobacco money would amount to in a year. The sum astonished him. He paid rent for the little house in which he lived, two pounds sterling a year, which he always thought a large sum. But his beer and tobacco cost nearly seven pounds! He went over and over the calculation, a dozen times, in doubt of the first estimate, but it always came. Then he began to go over in his mind the many comforts seven pounds per annum would give to his family; and particularly how many little luxuries might be procured for Lizzy, whose delicate appetite turned from the coarse food that was daily set before her.

To give up the beer and tobacco in toto, when it was thought of seriously, appeared impossible. How could he live without them!

On that evening, the customer whose boots he had taken home in the morning called in, unexpectedly, and paid for them. Claire retained a sixpence of the money, and gave the balance to his wife. With his sixpence in his pocket, he went out for a mug of beer, and some tobacco to replenish his pipe. He stayed some time—longer than he usually took for such an errand.

When he came back, he had three oranges in his pocket; and in his hands were two fresh buns, and a cup of sweet new milk. No beer had passed his lips, and his pipe was yet unsupplied. He had passed through an-

other conflict with his old appetites; but love for his child came off, as before, the conqueror.

Lizzy, who drooped about all day, lying down most of her time, never went to sleep early. She was awake, as usual, when her father returned. With scarcely less eagerness than she had eaten the orange, in the morning, did she now drink the nourishing milk, and eat the sweet buns; while her father sat looking at her, his heart throbbing with delight.

From that day the pipe and the social glass were thrown aside. It cost a painful and prolonged struggle. But the man conquered the mere animal. And Claire found himself no worse off in health. He could work as many hours, and with as little fatigue; in fact, he found himself brighter in the morning, and ready to go to his work earlier, by which he was able to increase, at least, a shilling or two, his weekly income. Added to the comfort of his family, eight or ten pounds a year produced a great change. But the greatest change was in little Lizzy. For a few weeks, every penny saved from the beer and tobacco, the father regularly expended for his sick child; and it soon became apparent that it was nourishing food, more than medicine, that Lizzy needed. She revived wonderfully; and no long time passed before she could sit up for hours. Her little tongue, too, became freer, and many an hour of labor did her voice again beguile. And the blessing of better food came also, in time, to the other children and to all.

"So much to come from the right spending of a single penny," Claire said to himself, as he sat and reflected, one day. "Who could have believed it!"

And as it was with the poor cobbler, so it will be with all of us. There are little matters of self-denial, which, if we had but the true benevolence, justice, and resolution, to practise, would be the beginning of more important acts of a like nature, that, when performed, would bless not only our families, but others, and be returned upon us, in a reward of delight incomparably beyond anything that selfish and sensual indulgences have it in their power to bring.

THE END.

THE END OF A VACATION.

BY MISS CAROLINE B. LEROV.

Harold Fletcher was busy in sorting over hard-ware,—a promiscuous collection of odds and ends which he was to arrange in good order before leaving the store for his vacation. His thoughts were much busier with anticipations of the good time coming than with all the bolts and hinges, nails and screws, he was handling, and he was at the same time having a little conversation with another of the clerks regarding it.

"Plenty of fishing up there, Harold?" the other asked.

"Plenty. You ought to have a taste of our brook trout, just out of the water!"

"Send us some, can't you?"

"They wouldn't be good for much in Beckman Street. Fletcher Falls is the place for them. We cook them on the rocks as soon as we catch them."

"Falls named for your folks?"

"Yes; for my great grandfather."

A shadow fell on the boy's face at some thought suggested by the words. It was caused by a sudden realization of the difference between his past and present.

The Fletcher family had once been wealthy. The great-grandfather of whom Harold spoke had owned half the land in East Melville when the town was first settled. Harold had grown up with the notion that his father was a very rich man, and that there never would be any necessity for him to work for a living.

The first part of the assumption was true until he was fifteen years old; then his father lost nearly all his money, and Harold was obliged to choose between hard work at home on the farm, or equally hard work away from it in the city.

He preferred the last; though to leave school and go to work at all was a great hardship to him, and a year's time had done very little to reconcile him to it.

Mr. Steele, senior partner of the firm of Steele, Harding & Co., came down to that end of the store while the boys were talking. He looked kindly, but very quizzically, at Harold Fletcher, watching him for a minute or two.

"Your last day here, Harold, isn't it?" Mr. Steele asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Is that why you're putting No. 6 and No. 8 sockets together?"

"Oh!"

Harold made the quick exclamation as he saw his blunder. His thoughts were entirely in East Melville when Mr. Steele approached him, but how the old gentleman could always manage to see such things six feet off and without his spectacles was a standing mystery to all his clerks. Harold seldom blundered, however, as his employer knew.

Two hours later, Harold presented himself in Mr. Steele's private office.

"Do you think, Mr. Steele, my vacation could be extended another week?"

"Another week!" The gentleman repeated the words sharply, looking up in surprise. "And what reason can you give, sir, for such an extraordinary request?"

His severe manner might have intimidated a less courageous boy than Harold, or one less anxious for the granting of a favor.

"I've no reason," he replied, "except my great desire for a longer vacation. Two weeks seem a very short time."

"You know the rules of the establishment?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you have known ever since you have been here that you had no reason to expect more time?"

"Yes, sir; but as I'm the last boy to go, I thought that perhaps—"

"It is not for you to think, this is my business."

He had put on his spectacles now, fixing his eyes on Harold as if he would look him through.

"I beg your pardon, sir;" and the boy turned away sadly.

"Harold!"

He faced his employer once more.

"You suit me fairly on the whole, but you've brought too many notions with you into the store."

Mr. Steele raised his hand authoritatively as the boy attempted to speak.

"They are natural enough, perhaps, but this is not the place for them. It's hard work, long hours and small pay, I know. So did you when you came. Nobody is to blame that you are not in East Melville Academy with long vacations, a gun, fishing rod and saddle-horse. Those are very good things, but you can't have them till you earn them."

"My advice to you is to try and enjoy your fortnight's leave of absence,—more than I ever had all put together in the first five years I worked for my living,—and be more willing to buckle down to hard work when you get back to it. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Steele's tone was not less sharp, but his face was not at all severe or disagreeable in its expression as he extended his hand to his young clerk.

"Good-by, Harold; and I hope you will enjoy yourself while you are gone."

Mr. Steele was an old friend of the Fletcher family,—a fact which accounted for Harold's presence in the store,—and knew exactly the situation of its affairs. But the boy was considerably surprised to find how accurately his employer had analyzed his secret discontent, and he was ashamed that he had merited such a rebuke.

Still he was greatly disappointed. "Such a little thing to ask," he thought to himself, "and I know it wouldn't make any difference in the store."

East Melville was unusually gay that summer or perhaps the contrast it afforded to Harold's city life made it appear so. The country never looked so lovely, or the old farm-house so attractive. His mother had died years before, but his father seemed prouder and fonder than ever of his only child.

The Bassett boys, the nearest neighbors to the Fletchers, were both home from college. With them had come three cousins to spend the summer, and the young people of the village had nothing to do but devise ways and means of amusing themselves.

It was not a difficult undertaking. In the heart of the mountains where there was plenty of game and abundance of fishing, where "teams" could be had for the asking, and picnics, berrying and croquet parties were in order nearly every day, it would be strange if even Young America could not manage to keep itself entertained and cheerful.

None of the young people cared to think of the end of their holiday time, but Harold

was the only one among them who could count the days remaining to him on the fingers of one hand. His friends seemed as sorry to have him leave them as he was to go, and numerous were the anathemas hurled at the innocent men in the city who bought and paid for Harold Fletcher's time and services.

"If we were all going to break up together, 'twouldn't be half so bad," Tom Bassett remarked on the last day of Harold's vacation, "but it'll be a poser to get along without you."

"How do you suppose I'll be getting along?" Harold asked, ruefully. "It's a hundred times harder for me, Tom."

The day was a perfect one. The place they had chosen for their last picnic was a remarkably beautiful one. Harold looked about him, mentally and miserably comparing it to the dingy store in Beekman Street to which he was to return. Duty at that moment put on her most repulsive aspect. "I wouldn't go an inch if I were you," Dana Bassett, asserted, emphatically.

"Can't you get out of it, somehow?" asked Dana's cousin, Louisa Culver, a girl whose honest face and gentle manner made the words very odd and surprising.

"Send him word you can't come, and let him help himself."

"Tell him your father's sick. It's the truth, anyway."

Yes, it was the truth, in letter, but not in spirit, as they all knew. Mr. Fletcher's rheumatism was an old story. The idea of making it serve as an excuse for his own absence from business was so ludicrous to Harold that he laughed outright, in spite of his dismal feelings.

"You're sick yourself, ain't you, Harold?" Tom asked, insinuatingly, seeing the cloud which instantly settled on his face again.

"Yes, heart-sick and homesick too," Harold answered.

"Then write and tell him so," Tom urged. "I would. A few days won't make any difference to him, but it will make a great deal to you and all the rest of us. If you're sick, he can't say anything, anyhow."

There was a large and thoughtless chorus to the same effect. No one seemed to hesitate in urging this subterfuge on Harold Fletcher, though probably not one among them but would have thought twice about it if it had been himself who was to use it.

Tom Bassett proposed accompanying him home, to prop up his feeble resolution until it could be put into effect, and the party separated with the understanding that they were to meet the next day, not to accompany Harold to the depot, as had been first proposed, but for a fishing excursion some distance from home.

"I never did so mean a thing in my whole life," Harold said, vehemently, as he sat down to write his letter.

"You won't feel so about it after the thing's done and off your mind," Tom suggested.

The letter was written,—not a long one, brevity being more consistent with the assumed illness of the writer,—and Tom Bassett departed, well satisfied, to mail the letter as he went home by the post-office.

The evening, what was left of it, was a most miserable one to Harold, and it was impossible for him to go to sleep after he had gone to bed. He heard the clock strike midnight, then one, two, three, and then he sprang out of bed, his mind being fully made up on the subject which engrossed it.

He dressed himself as rapidly as possible, and finished packing his valise, already nearly prepared for his journey. He wrote a hurried note to his father, stating that he had concluded to leave that day, after all, and had decided to take the early train. Then, seizing his bag, he started off for his three-mile walk to the depot.

The morning was chilly, the valise heavy, and his thoughts of the dreariest description. To catch the train which was to carry his letter to New York was his sole object. He accomplished it, and as the cars thundered along he had plenty of time to reflect on what he had truly called the meanest action of his whole life.

He reached New York at night, and early the next morning was at the store, but it was a difficult matter to recover his letter before it would fall into Mr. Steele's hands. None of Harold's work lay in the office where the mail was delivered.

He kept a sharp watch for the postman, and slipped into the counting-room as soon as he had left it. As he searched through the pile of letters for his own, and drew it

out from among the rest, he heard a voice at his elbow,—"Well done, sir!"

He turned to confront Mr. Steele. In his hurry and excitement he had not heard him enter.

"I—I—you expected me to-day, I suppose, sir?" he stammered, his distress of mind showing itself in every feature.

"Not in my counting-room, or meddling with my correspondence," Mr. Steele replied. "How can you explain your presence here? Have you anything to say?"

"Only this, sir," Harold's voice was husky. He held out the letter as he spoke. "It is one I wrote to you, sir, and I wanted to take it back."

"Humph!" Mr. Steele put on his spectacles as he seated himself at his desk.

"What should you want to take it back for, having once written it?" he asked, as he examined the envelope. "To all intents and purposes it is my letter now. I have a right to read it."

"Yes, sir," Harold was quite crushed. After his many hours of profound misery, to bring additional disgrace upon himself in trying to undo his wrong doing!

"You can open it, anyway," he said, on the strength of a sudden desperate impulse.

"I would like you to know just how mean and contemptible I've been. I want you to know," he added, in a choked voice, as Mr. Steele appeared to hesitate; and taking the letter, he opened it himself and placed it before his employer.

"And you wrote this to me, Harold! This—lie!" Mr. Steele exclaimed, after reading it.

"I would not have believed it of you!" "I am ashamed of myself, and I beg your pardon!"—His voice broke; he could not go on.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

Oh, what a hurry he was in! He rushed through the house, slamming all the doors behind him. He had something to show papa, and mamma, and Auntie Mag. On his slate was a wonderful picture; two ladies in long dresses, and elegant hats, walking across a railway track, with the steam-engine coming pell-mell after them.

What a talk they all made over that picture, to be sure! Aunt Mag said the curl of the plumes on their hats was just as natural as life! Mamma said he certainly had a wonderful talent for drawing faces.

And papa said he must confess that that steam-engine was very well drawn. "I wish it were on paper," said mamma, "I would really like to keep it." Then she stooped down and kissed Roger. And Roger said never a word. Why should he? He'll tell you. It was Alice Parsons who drew that picture. She had borrowed Roger's slate in the morning, and at recess had given it to him with that lovely picture drawn with colored pencils.

When Roger rushed into the house, he had not meant to claim the picture as his; but when they all made so much talk over it, and his mother kissed him, he could not bear to say a word. He comforted his naughty little heart by telling it that he hadn't told anybody he drew it. Hadn't he?

"When did you draw the picture?" mamma asked, as they sat down to dinner. "I hope you didn't take the time from your spelling-lesson?"

"No, ma'am," said Roger, with a red face. "He did it at recess," said Aunt Mag. "It was raining so I suppose they couldn't play out-doors. Didn't you Roger?"

"Yes," said Roger. His soup almost choking him.

Mamma asked where he got colored pencils.

And Roger muttered that he borrowed them of a boy.

They would keep talking about that hateful picture. Papa asked him what ladies he took for models, when he had studied a steam-engine so carefully. After dinner it was worse and worse. Mamma set the slate on the mantel, and said she was going to show it to Uncle Dick. She did show it to a lady and to the minister who asked more questions, and Roger had to tell half a dozen falsehoods. How did it end? Why, about five o'clock came Alice Parsons with a note for Roger's mother, and while she waited for an answer her eyes went roving around the room and saw the slate.

"Why, Roger?" she said, "you kept that picture! I made those ladies for mamma and Cousin Kate. They truly did 'most get run over by an engine.'"

Then it all came out. What a time they had! I don't know who had the heaviest heart, papa or mamma, or the boy. I know he shed a good many tears; but it takes more than tears to wash away the stains of sin.

"I truly didn't ever mean to do it, mamma," Roger said, when he was getting ready for bed. "I brought it home to show you how nicely Alice could draw; but when you all thought it was so nice, I couldn't say a word. I didn't mean to tell what wasn't true."

"But you did say what was not true," said mamma.

"Yes'm," said Roger, "I couldn't seem to get out of it."

"Ah, you did it by letting Satan make you keep still when you ought to have spoken!" mamma said very sadly.—Penny.

THE OLD BABY CARRIAGE.

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

"What kind of neighbors does thee have, Anna?" asked aunt Eunice, after she had been staying a week with her nephew's young wife. "I have not seen any one drop in of a morning, and surely the neighborhood must be remarkably healthy, for thee has not left me once to run in to a sick friend or ailing child."

"To tell you the truth, aunt Eunice," she said, "don't know my neighbors—yet."

"What! Does it take thee so long child? Thee has lived here two years, is it not?"

"Yes, but—" the young wife hesitated. Somehow it was so difficult to make "John's aunt" understand. But the old lady was waiting for an answer, and Anna, after a moment's pause, blurted out: "To tell the truth, aunt Eunice, the people in this street are not in our set."

"What set is that?" "It is the—well—I suppose I might call it the best set in town."

"But the best people do not keep apart, do they? Surely he who was the best one who ever lived did not."

"I—I—didn't mean best in just that sense," said Anna. Then, yielding to a better impulse, she seated herself on a foot-stool at the old lady's feet, and taking her hand said: "Auntie, all these notions seem so flat and silly when you are here. Teach me to look at things as you do—you know I never had a mother."

Aunt Eunice stroked the sunny head and said gently: "Learn of Christ, child. Sit at his feet. For instance, let us think how he would act toward the people in this street, and then take his place—act in his name. I noticed a bright little girl limping by on crutches—he always healed a lame creature."

"That little girl lives at the other end of the block; she is fond of flowers, for she often stops to watch me when I'm attending to my plants."

"Could thee do nothing for her? I thought thee said there were more plants than thee could care for this fall."

"To be sure! I never thought of that. I'll make her a hanging basket. Now, aunt Eunice, who else have you noticed? I think this is delightful."

"I have seen an old man a few doors off, sitting at the basement window; he looks very forlorn and dreary."

"Oh, that old man! I couldn't go near him. That's a horrid house. They are all untidy. The mother scolds, the children fight, the father drinks, and the old grandfather is dirty and wretched looking."

"Yet Christ came, not to call the righteous (I suppose thy best set are among those), but sinners."

There was a moment's silence, then Anna said reluctantly: "Perhaps I might send him over a bowl of soup or a broiled chicken."

"Only if thee has become his friend. But let us leave the old man for a time—the bony baby next door has interested me."

"But such a terribly old-fashioned baby carriage! I did feel as if Mrs. Kittredge might be a real neighbor for me, but when she walked by rolling that old carriage, I—"

"It is not a nice word, my daughter, but the world's people call that 'snobbish.' Now I have scraped acquaintance with thy next door neighbor, and that shabby baby carriage has a history that is very touching."

"Do tell it me, aunt Eunice." "Thee has noticed, no doubt, that there is a good eight years between the two children in that house. Well, it seems that ten

years ago, that carriage thee so much despises was bought—one of the best in its day—for Mrs. Kittredge's first baby, a bonny, winsome child that lived to be three years old and then, after a few short hours of suffering, was taken home. The mother says she parted with almost everything that belonged to the little one, but, as another baby had come and was using Etta's carriage, that was kept, and when Bess had no need of it, the wagon was put up in the garret and seemed to grow more and more precious as the years went by. About a year ago Mrs. Kittredge found the moth had eaten the lining and the leather was growing hard and dry, and speaking of it to her husband, he, good man, to please her, spent his next holiday in re-lining the carriage, oiling the springs and polishing the leather. Both husband and wife agreed that the carriage ought to be used for some child, yet could not resolve to let it go. The very next day a friend called to take Mrs. Kittredge to visit a home, where children who were friendless are cared for. There she saw a little one whose big blue eyes—but I need not describe the baby; thee must have noticed its beauty as it rides in the dear old carriage."

"And I thinking her mean to use such an old affair, when she has actually adopted a baby! Aunt Eunice, that always seemed to me the most unselfish thing anyone can do—to take another person's child!"

"Not so unselfish if one has 'respect unto the recompense of the reward.' Our Lord has said, 'Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye do it unto me,' and so in taking a child into thy home, in his name, thou art sure of his presence."

Another silence, as aunt Eunice prayed that her words might prove words in season to the childless wife.

"Aunt Eunice," said Anna after a time, "I'm going to scrape acquaintance with that old man, try to persuade Mrs. Kittredge to be my friend, and perhaps find a baby that needs a home and mother-love, only as I haven't an old carriage she can have the very latest style!"

Three years later aunt Eunice held a little morsel done up in flannel on her lap as she sat in Anna's bedroom.

"I shan't have to buy him a carriage, aunt Eunice, as Daisy's will do. I should be the best kind for her, as I told you I should."

"And now does thee regret having taken a child in His name?"

"Not for one moment. I feel as if God held back this gift to teach me the joy of taking Daisy in His name. The children are both mine—given by God."

"Mrs. Kittredge's love, ma'am," said the girl, appearing with a bunch of flowers, and these flowers; and the old gentleman hopes you are getting along nicely, and please ma'am, Miss Carrie hopes she can see the baby soon."

"Messengers from my neighbors, Auntie! How much I owe to you! Why, I know almost every one in the block now."

"Are they in thy set, Anna?"

"Yes indeed! children of one Father, servants of the one Master. Auntie, 'How good and pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.'"

WHAT IS THE USE OF SNAKES?

Persons who dislike snakes continually ask, "What is the use of them?" That they are not without a use will, I hope, appear. In the habit of 'going on their belly' lies one of their greatest uses, because that enables them to penetrate where no larger carnivorous animal could venture—into dark and noisome morasses, bog jungles, swamps among the tangled vegetation of the tropics, where swarms of the lesser reptiles on which so many of them feed would otherwise outbalance the harmony of nature, die and produce a pestilence. Wondrously constructed for their place of abode, they are able to exist where the higher animals could not. While they help to clear these inaccessible places of the lesser vermin, they themselves supply food for a number of the smaller animals which, with many carnivorous birds, devour vast numbers of young snakes. The hedgehog, the weasel, the ichneumon, the rat, the peccary, the badger, the hog, the goat and an immense number of birds keep snakes within due limits, while the latter perform their part among the grain-devouring and herbivorous lesser creatures. Thus beautifully is the balance of nature maintained.—C. C. Hopley.

YOUNG FOLKS.

THE GRADUAL GROWTH OF A TALE.

Young folks often play at a very amusing game in which one tells a story to another alone. The one who has heard the story tells it to the next, and the next to the next and so on till the story has been passed on through the whole company of assembled friends. Then the last one tells the story, as he thinks he got it, out loud to the rest. It is curious and very laughable to notice the great changes that have taken place quite accidentally in the transmitting of the story. An umbrella will change to a pistol and then to a gun, and a frog will gradually develop into a bull. Then instead of the frog being poked by the umbrella, as the first story-teller intended, the story becomes much more tragic and the bull is shot by the gun. Here is an instance of such a tale which, however, happened in real life and came near causing trouble:

A farmer was once told that his turnip-field had been robbed, and that the robbery had been committed by a poor, inoffensive man of the name of Palmer, who, many of the people in the village said, had taken away a wagon-load of turnips.

Farmer Brown, much exasperated by the loss of his turnips, determined to prosecute poor Palmer with all the severity of the law. With this intention he went to Molly Sanders, the washerwoman, who had been busy spreading the report, to know the whole truth; but Molly denied ever having said anything about a wagon-load of turnips. It was but a cart-load that Palmer had taken, and Dame Hodson, the luckster, had told her so over and over again.

The farmer, hearing this, went to Dame Hodson, who said that Molly Sanders was always making things out worse than they really were; that Palmer had taken only a wheelbarrow-load of turnips, and that she had her account from Jenkins, the tailor.

Away went the farmer to Jenkins, the tailor who stoutly denied the account altogether; he had only told Dame Hodson that Palmer had pulled up several turnips, how many he could not tell, for that he did not see himself, but was told it by Tom Slack, the ploughman.

Wondering where this would end, Farmer Brown next questioned Tom Slack, who, in his turn, declared he had never said a word about seeing Palmer pull up several turnips; he only said that he had heard say that Palmer had pulled up a turnip, and Barnes, the barber, was the person who had told him about it.

The farmer, almost out of patience at this account, hurried on to Barnes, the barber, who wondered much that people should find pleasure in spreading idle tales which have no truth in them? He assured the farmer all he had said about the matter, while he took off the beard of Tom Slack, was that, for all he knew, Palmer was as likely a man to pull up a turnip as any of his neighbors.

THE MINISTER AND THE SAUSAGES.

A minister in one of our Orthodox churches, while on his way to preach a funeral sermon in the country, called to see one of his members, an old lady, who had just been making sausages, and as she felt very proud of them, insisted on the minister taking some of the links home to his family. After wrapping the sausages in a cloth the minister carefully placed the bundle in the pocket of his great coat. Thus equipped, he started for the funeral. While attending the solemn ceremonies of the grave some hungry dogs scented the sausages, and were not long in tracking them to the pocket of

the good man's overcoat. Of course this was a great annoyance, and he was several times under the necessity of kicking the whelps away. The obsequies at the grave completed, the minister and congregation repaired to the church, where the funeral discourse was to be preached.

After the sermon was finished the minister halted to make some remarks to his congregation, when a brother, who wished to have an appointment given out, ascended the stairs of the pulpit, and gave the minister's coat a hitch to get his attention. The divine, thinking it a dog having designs on his pocket, raised his foot, gave a sudden kick, and sent the good brother sprawling down the steps. "You will excuse me, brethren and sisters," said the minister, confusedly, and without looking at the work he had just done, "for I could not avoid it. I have sausages in my pocket, and that dog has been trying to grab them ever since he came upon the premises."

"DE PRINCIPLES OF DE TELEGRAF."

The most amusing mode of describing how the telegraph works is given by the Rev. John Jasper of a certain town in Virginia. The explanation is one which will strike everyone very forcibly and has the merit of being easily understood.

On being asked concerning the theory of the telegraph, he said:

"Well, de telegraf stans' to reason. I see de principles of de telegraf 'illustrated every day."

"How, Mr. Jasper?" I asked.

"Well, de oder mornin' my dog stood in de doorway. His tail was in de kitchen, while his head was in de dinin' room. When he was standin' dere my wife she trod on de dog's tail and bark! bark! bark! went de dog in de oder room. Now dat was de principles of de telegraf illustrated. De tail was one end of de telegraf and de mouf was de oder. De bark was de 'click, click, de machine. Now, ef dot dog had been big 'nough to reach from Richmond to Washington, den I could have trod on his tail down dere and de bark could have been heard all over de capital. Yes, sah, de telegraf is plain 'nuf, too, ef de movement of de sun is plain 'nuf, too, ef de people wouldn't pervert de Scriptures."

Mr. Jasper has a theory about the sun, too, and maintains that the world stands still, and the sun moves around it.

"Ef de sun don't move," said Mr. Jasper in the most solemn manner, "den why did Joshua command it to stand still? No, sir, de ministers who tell you dat de sun stands still and dat the world moves round her—why, dey is mistaken. Dey is lying to de people, and ef dey don't change dere b'leaf dey will die in dere sins."

HOW TO PUT AN EGG IN A BOTTLE.

A writer in the *Rural New Yorker* tells the young folk how they may perform the magic feat of putting an egg in a bottle. Like many other things it is easy enough when you know how. This is the way it is done: Soak a fresh egg for several days in strong vinegar. The acid of the vinegar will eat the lime of the shell, so that while the egg looks the same it will be soft and capable of compression. Select a bottle with a neck a third smaller than the egg. With a little care you will have no trouble in pressing the latter into the bottle. Fill the bottle half full of lime water, and in a few days you will have a hard-shelled egg in a bottle with a neck a third smaller than the egg. Of course, you pour off the lime water as the shell hardens. How the egg got into the bottle will be a conundrum that few can answer.

COURTSHIP IN SARDINIA.

The process of "courtship" in Sardinia was until a few years ago carried on in an exceptionally singular manner. The lovers were not permitted to meet either privately or in society, and if a meeting should accidentally occur, they recognized each other as distant acquaintances, neither shaking hands nor holding converse together. The only communication between them was conducted through the medium of the "deaf and dumb" alphabet, the lady performer hanging over the balcony, or half-hidden by the curtains of her room, and the gentleman standing below; this "process" was continued very often for several hours, the rapidity and dexterity, as also the patience and perseverance, exhibited on these occasions being truly marvellous. Courtship after this fashion has been known to be protracted for years, until one or the other was wearied out, or until the gentleman was financially in a position to make a formal offer for the object of his affections. This mute and distant interchange of loving words was no doubt a very safe and a highly proper mode of proceeding, but I venture to think it would not have found favor amongst the youth of either sex in our own country, and, indeed, in Sardinia it is, like many other "good old" customs, gradually dying out.—*Mr. Tennant, in "Sardinia and its Resources."*

THE WHISTLING BUOY.

The boy who whistles is sometimes thought to be a nuisance. However, everything has its uses. The whistling buoy is now the greatest fog signal they have. It is the invention of a New York man, and consists of a pear-shaped bulb that floats upon the water. A long tube, open at its lower end, passes up through the bottom of the bulb out at the top. The upper end is closed with a plate, through which there are three holes. In one is secured a big locomotive whistle. In the other two are valves which open inward.

As the buoy rises on a wave the water sinks down in the tube and the air rushes in through the valves to take its place. Then the buoy sinks into the trough of the sea and the water presses up through the tube, forcing the air out. With the varying pressures the whistle makes the most heart-rendering sounds known to humanity—quite unlike those cheerful sounds issuing from a schoolboy's lips, but far more appreciated.

ROAST HORSE IN ENGLAND.

There are many people who prefer horse to beef, but as it is a point in dispute, a practical step for solving the doubt is being taken in Manchester. A hundred horses are slaughtered in that city every week, and cut up and sold as "butchers' meat." The trade is carried on in the poor districts, where the steaks find ready purchasers at prices ranging from fivepence to eightpence per pound. There can be no pretence for saying that the flesh of a healthy horse is not fit for human food. There are epicures who prefer it to the choicest beef, but it has been their rare good fortune to get "a dainty dish" which does not ordinarily come into the market.

A COW WITH A WOODEN LEG.

A novel feat has been accomplished in surgery by a veterinary surgeon and the facts are told by the *New York Herald*. A cow on the celebrated Weston game farm, near York, broke its leg, and there being no chance of reducing the fracture, the limb was amputated and an experiment of affixing a wooden leg was found to answer admirably. In the afternoon the cow was grazing with her calf by her side.

FUN.

A gentleman came home in the "weesma' hours ayont the twal," at the South End, recently, and was surprised to find his wife clad in black. "Why are you wearing these mourning garments?" he said somewhat unsteadily. "For my late husband," was the significant reply. He has been in the house at ten ever since.

A board schoolmaster desired a boy to write on his slate an account of the Good Samaritan. The following was the result:—"A certain man went down from Jeruselem to geriker; and he fell among 'thawns,' and the 'thawns' sprung up and choked him; whereupon he gave tuppins to the host, and said take care of him and put him on his horse hass; and he passed by on the other side."

SMALL WORK, LARGE PAY.

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

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