

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

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The Weekly Messenger.

WAITING TO SEE SANTA CLAUS.

Many of our younger readers have been very anxious to know who Santa Claus was. But we doubt if their curiosity has led them to sit watching by the chimney all night to see just how "Santy" looks and whether his reindeer bring him down the chimney or not. This is what the two little negro boys in our picture are doing and they have seemingly prepared a rather too warm reception for Santa Claus as there is a large fire on the hearth.

The heat in the chimney may have been the cause of keeping the old present-giver away, but at any rate the two boys were disappointed in their watch. They had hung their stockings up just over the fire-place and watched them all through the night, not getting anxious until the day began to dawn. Then, at last, they got discouraged and left their cabin to try and earn money which would make them their own Santa Clauses. On their return they found that their stockings were full to overflowing and that a number of very useful presents, too big for the stockings, had been left on the floor.

They had not been forgotten after all and came to the conclusion that Santa Claus did not want to be seen. They puzzled much over the way in which he could ride in broad-day light through towns, and villages and over the tops of houses without being seen. At last they gave up the conundrum and contented themselves with the fact that they had their presents.

ATTACKED BY A PANTHER.

It was in Blackwells, a small town of Pennsylvania, that a Swede, named Carl Rulison, with two of his countrymen met with a strange and thrilling adventure. The three men were bound on a somewhat long walk. On arriving at a wild place on the creek they heard a peculiar sound in the timber, as if made by some wild animal. They stopped to listen, when a fierce-looking panther suddenly bounded over a log and confronted them.

Rulison and his companions stood still for about two minutes looking at the animal. They were unarmed and did not know what to do. Finally one of them made a move, when the panther sprang on him and began tearing him with its claws. Rulison and the other man beat it off with sticks, when it ran into the woods.

The party had not proceeded many yards

when the panther again came out of the woods and sprang upon Rulison and began biting and clawing him. One of the men who had armed himself with a club, succeeded in planting a heavy blow on its head, which stunned it, but it soon recovered and bounded away again. When the party got to the woodhouses two of the men were bleeding profusely and their clothes were torn almost into shreds.

and lodged firmly within it was a twenty-two calibre bullet, badly misshapen. The bullet evidently entered the left temple, an inch to the left and above the eye. The head of Mrs. Knoch was next examined and a bullet found in the brain. There was no hemorrhage, and death must have occurred but a moment before the body was consumed in the flames. The bodies of the children showed no bullet marks. Dr.

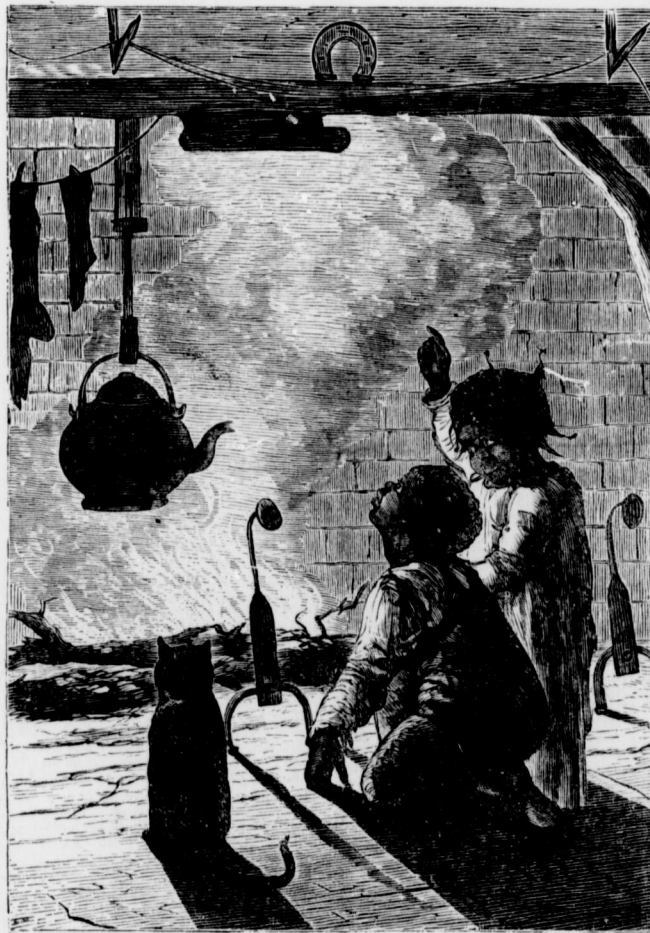
cernible on the other side of that thoroughfare. The footprints were traced to Fort street road, where they were once more lost. These impressions were apparently made on the day of the murder as a slight fall of snow, which occurred during the following night, partially obliterated them. Each step was far apart, showing the person was on the run when he made them. They were prints of thick, heavy cowhides such as were worn by the hired man known as "Alec," recently discharged by Knoch. The latter will be held prisoner until full investigations have been made.

A RACE FOR POWER.

All England is in intense excitement watching the race for power between Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone. At present it appears that Lord Salisbury will not resign although the Liberals have a nominal majority over both Conservatives and Parnellites. The situation is perplexing in the extreme, but whether the Conservatives or Liberals get into power it is Mr. Gladstone's programme which will in all probability be carried out. Mr. Gladstone can go further towards a compromise with Mr. Parnell than Lord Salisbury can. The contest is to be fought out entirely on the Irish question and this is the way in which matters, from present appearances, will go: The Conservative leader will go as far as he is able in bringing forward measures to win the Irish vote; then falling far short of what Mr. Parnell and his colleagues desire, Mr. Gladstone will bring in more radical measures, probably proposing a local Parliament for Ireland, and these the Parnellites will have to support in lieu of better. Then the question will be as to whether a sufficient number of Parnellites will support Mr. Gladstone to make up for the disaffected extreme Whigs who will vote with the Conservatives on the principle of "anything to beat Mr. Parnell." Many different stories have been circulated in England concerning Mr. Gladstone's policy in regard to Ireland. Some of these were at first supposed to have originated with Mr. Gladstone himself, but the ex-premier de-

clared that he had expressed the views set forth. He declared "If I should at any time have any plan or intention to announce on the question of Irish Government, it will be done publicly and on my own responsibility, not by an anonymous and irresponsible declaration."

It is hinted too that Mr. Gladstone was testing popular opinion on the Irish question and purposely circulated these rumors in order to see how they would be discussed,



WAITING FOR SANTA CLAUS.

DREADFUL MURDER.

Some days ago a fire, which it was thought was the work of an incendiary occurred in the suburbs of Detroit, Michigan. In this fire Mr. Frank Knoch, his wife and two children were supposed to have lost their lives, but subsequent investigation shows that the deceased were foully murdered. The body of Frank Knoch was first examined. The forepart of the skull had been burned away but the brain remained intact

Owen, who conducted the examination, is positive, from the relative course the bullet took in Knoch's brain, that the pistol was held in the hand of some person other than himself. The head of the woman was in such condition that it was impossible to judge from what direction the bullet entered. Footprints leading southward from the late home of Knoch were discovered. They led south directly to the Dearborn road, where they were lost, but were again dis-

HOW BILLY WENT UP IN THE WORLD.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.

"WHAT SHALL THE HERB BE?"
Continued.

Scarcely a word of the leader's discourse did Billy hear, or heed; and when the last hymn was sung, he forgot the message he had to give, and hastened out, asking himself: "What have I done, or failed to do, that I should be harassed by this idea of something wrong, somewhere? Do I not know I am a child of God? Yes. Do I not wish to walk in His light? Yes. If I have sinned in some undefined way?—Hesitated, standing there in the darkness. No. Let me be perfectly sincere. If it is possible that I have sinned in selling this barley, am I not sorry for the sin? He dare not, all alone with God, say unreservedly: "Yes," for that whisper within him, was even then suggesting: "If you sorrow after a golly sort, what carelessness is wrought in you; yea, what clearing of yourself."

How long he stood in the quiet lane, with the night wind rustling the unseen foliage around him, he did not realize. He was possessed by two alternating ideas: either he was overworked, mentally, and so was giving way to a morbid self-analysis; or else he was about to enter on that most wearying of all contests, a battle with a rebellious conscience, which must be conquered or a conqueror.

It was in vain that he said to himself, that there was no more barley to be sown for months to come; much less any to be sold. He could not longer avoid the moral issue. One question must be answered once for all: Not—is it wrong for men to sell barley to brewers? but, is it wrong for William Knox to sell his barley for beer-making? He could not stay there in the darkness to answer it, so he went on home, finding the little house quiet, its inmates all retired.

He went to his room, and to his bed, resolved to sleep, if it were possible; but no sleep came to him. "It is of no use for me to ask the opinion of any man not a Christian," he reflected; "for if I were not one myself, I think I should surely raise my fellow-men, quite apart from my relations toward God, would be weighty enough to keep me from it. I don't want to see men drunkardly, but I would say they became so at their own peril. It is this evil, God, 'Our Father,' that shuts our lips when otherwise we would ask: 'Am I my brother's keeper?'"

"If I could only be sure I had no responsibility as to the evil done by beer-selling, after I had sold my barley for making it! If anybody could satisfy me that I am not doing a little to help on the spreading of a thing which harms my fellow-creatures in soul, body, and estate! But no one does convince me to the contrary, ready as I am to catch at whatever favors my desires. They tell me that my barley is only a drop in the ocean; that just about as much beer would be made, and sold—just about as much evil be done, if I never sold a bushel. That is true. I only add a little; but this is not the point. In reality I am doing my utmost; and if it is wrong to sell any of my barley for this purpose, I am doing all the wrong I am able to accomplish; because the fault with me is not the amount of evil but the number of my acres." No consolation came from the train of ideas.

Billy turned and tossed, endeavoring to banish all thought in drowsiness; but soon he had started on a new track. "I am not absolutely sure this thing is wrong, so, as I cannot prove it, why not take the benefit of the doubt, and go on until the Lord makes it plain to me that I am sinning? He can do this. Is it wrong to think that He ought to do it, when I am in such perplexity? How can I know of myself? 'If any man do His will, he shall know of the doctrine.' Yes, but I am going in a circle. I do not know His will, so why may I not have my will? I can have it by saying to this uneasy voice within: 'Be still'; but what if the voice really is my conscience, trying to enlighten me on my duty? Why, then, forcibly silencing it in this way denials my moral sensibility."

"It is true as the eternal truth, that if a man blunts his perception of right and wrong in regard to one line of conduct, he inevitably makes himself duller in distinguishing between good and evil in all other modes of action.

"Can I afford to hurt my own soul? Will I deliberately risk it, and if I do so, what will I risk, and what will I gain? I have yet to choose between the doubtful and the positive; between what may be, and what cannot but be right."

"Now if I sell barley, deciding that it may be all right, I shall make a good sum each year, and I need every cent I can make. I am morally bound to pay my debts. I can give a little to good enterprises in the present, and my future is more secure. I want to get on in the world. I might want to marry. I don't care to be any poorer, especially as the only wife I want has never been accustomed to pinching. It may be folly to think Nan Ellery will ever marry me, but while I have any hope, I do not want to act like a fool, or a fanatic. Mr. Ellery has always raised more or less barley. He might not oppose me, but he would think me more nice than wise. I do not wish to be that. I will do right; but I can't afford to be over-righteous. It is hard enough for a man among men to be at par in this respect."

The tendency of this new track on which Billy had entered was rather downward, and he realized it with a little self-disgust; but not until he had said to himself:

"Nan Ellery would not be pleased with such a new departure. She thinks her father one of the best men on earth, and it would look to her as if I had taken it on myself to be better than the man who taught me what right and wrong meant—as if I fancied myself moved by higher, finer principles. A little thing may turn her against me; and I may lose more than money, if I do what looks fanatical in this barley business."

Billy was by nature independent, but he was sensitive, and fond of approbation. He had worked his way up toward a place among men, in the face of obstacles; and he did not like to fall, in the least degree, in any one's opinion, or to lose a bit of his personal influence. If any one thinks this noble, let him ask himself if it would cost no effort suddenly to depart from the settled custom of all about him—surely to arouse the prejudices of friends and neighbors! Above all, if he were making the first move, not out of absolute conviction that he must be right, but out of belief that it not doing it he might be wrong! There is a difference in the moral heroism of actions prompted by these two motives. In the first case one can have the enthusiasm of a bearer of light into darkness; in the other case, he is only feeling his way steadily through darkness toward a hoped-for light. Hour after hour passed, and it was almost day before Billy slept. The battle had begun, but was not to end in one night.

(To be Continued.)

SUSIE REDMAYNE, OR THE BITTER CRY.

(By Christabel.)

The children went on wandering hand in hand. At last they came to a street that was as strange to them as if it had been a street in some other town. The neighborhood was respectable compared with the one they had left. There were tiny gardens in front of the houses, or rather little damp plots that were meant for gardens. The houses stood in regular rows, as modern houses do stand. They looked bare, even mean, but there were no signs of squalor outside.

Our two little wanderers went up and down one of these rows—Nelson Row it was called. Most of the houses were inhabited by working-men, and some of the windows betrayed signs of that desire for respectability which is so strong a characteristic of England's best working-men and working-women.

The door of one of these neater-looking houses stood open and a comely woman was trying to clean away the blackened ice from the door-steps.

She looked up at the children as they passed, and her eyes met the heavy, sorrowful blue eyes of Susie.

"Eh, hain," she said, "but I don't you're sickly. Why has your mother let you come out such a morning as this?"

Little Susie only looked silently into the woman's face—silently and pathetically.

It was Ralph who replied: "We haven't got a mother," and his eyes filled with tears as he spoke.

"You've got a father?" said the woman, inquiringly.

"Yes," replied Ralph, brushing the tears away.

"And what's he doing?" asked the woman.

"I don't know what he'll be doing to-day," was the reply, cautiously given. Ralph had learned to dread this species of catechism from strangers.

"What does he do on other days?" asked the woman.

"He paints heraldry," said Ralph.

"Paints what?" said the woman.

"Well, coats of arms, and things on carriage doors."

"You mean then lions, standing on their hind legs, and bears climbing up poles, and vultures w' two heads?"

"Yes," said Ralph, "things of that kind."

"And does he make a living by it?"

"He can make a living, and a very good living."

"Only he don't?" said the woman, interrogatively.

Ralph kept silence. It was often difficult for him to keep God's commandment:—"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee;" but he tried to keep it as a rule.

It was only when he was worn down by suffering that he permitted a word against his father to escape him.

The woman had been watching the children narrowly, taking note of their worn-out look, their thin clothes, and their bad shoes. She was a person who had had a history of her own.

"And where hav' ye slep' all night?" she asked of the children.

"Under the river arch," said Ralph boldly and bravely.

"Eh, mercy on us!" said the woman. "Ye slep' under there w' the rats running about ye."

Little Susie shivered, and the woman thought she was shivering with cold.

"Come away to the fire and get warmed."

said the good-hearted woman. "My man's good to work, and I've neither chick nor child o' my own."

There was a blazing fire in the kitchen and a tidy hearth. Ralph could remember the time when his father's home had looked just as warm and comfortable as this. Little Susie smiled when the woman told her to put her feet on the fender.

"Will you tell me what your name is?" the little thing asked, blushing as she spoke and looking prettier than ever.

The woman laid a maternal hand upon the little golden head.

"They call me Jane Sorrell, honey. And now tell me what they call thee?"

"Susie Redmayne," said the small creature; "and Ralph is Ralph Redmayne."

While Mrs. Sorrell had been talking, she had also been preparing breakfast. A jug of steaming coffee was on the table, some beautiful home-made bread with nice sweet butter and a pot of real jam, such as Ralph knew only by memory. Mrs. Sorrell was both proud and glad to see how much the children enjoyed their breakfast.

"And now tell me what ye're a-going to do to-day," she asked when the children's appetites were about satisfied. "I don't want to ask no questions, not none as I shouldn't ask," she added, with a touch of respect that included both herself and her guests. "But it isn't unbecoming on me to ask what ye're a-going to do to-day."

The question saddened Ralph in spite of the woman's kindness. What were they going to do? He tried to think for a moment what they were likely to do, then he gave it up.

"I don't know what we shall do," he said, "nor where we shall go."

"You ain't thinking o' going home again?" asked Mrs. Sorrell.

And little Susie cried out with a touch of terror in her tone: "No, please don't take me home; I'll sleep every night down beside the water rather than go home any more."

"I'd a' asked you to stay a bit longer, but my master isn't like me; he isn't fond o' children, and he's allus saying that he's glad we haven't none of our own. So I can't ask ye to stay, ye see, that is no longer than dinner time, but ye can sit a bit yet. He doesn't come home to his dinner till twelve."

While the children were sitting by Mrs. Sorrell's cosy fire, wishing that twelve o'clock might never come, or that John Sorrell would send word that he was not coming to his dinner that day, Richard Red-

mayne was walking in bitter moodiness up and down his wretched room. Things were bad with him, they had been bad a long time, and he could not have believed that the absence of the girl and boy could make matters much worse. But the sudden discovery of their escape had filled him with a strange deep feeling to which he could give no name.

If he could only have them back for a moment, so that he might tell them of his bitter repentance, so that he might promise them that he would never be unkind or cruel any more, then he would be satisfied; so he said to himself. He had scolded them, he had starved them, and he had struck them; but it seemed as if another man had done it, for he had loved them all the while.

CHAPTER IV.—CAROLINE FRERE.

Twelve o'clock did come, and the children were once more cast on the world. But Mrs. Sorrell made them promise that they would come again to see her. She stroked Susie's hair fondly as she said good-bye, and kissed her pale cheek. All a mother's heart went out to her, and she wished she was her own.

Going out from a warm fireside the wind felt piercingly cold. What to do and where to go Ralph didn't know; he couldn't think of taking Susie under the arches again. He blamed himself for taking her from the shelter that their wretched home afforded; for he saw that she could not bear this kind of life many days. Massive stone villas displaying beauty of architecture dotted the landscape where the children were wandering now, and all around lay the beautiful white snow. These mansions looked very unapproachable to such unimportant little wayfarers as these. Little Susie looked almost as white as the snow she stepped upon. It was still white and untrodden in this western suburb of Yarnborough; and the snow was still frozen on the leaves of the evergreen trees that grew in the gardens.

Little Susie would have thought them very beautiful if she could have thought of anything at all, but she was thinking of nothing now. Her last strength was going out in endurance, she held by her brother's arm, dragging her slow steps after his, but her eyes were half closed, her brain confused, and every step grew more and more of an effort.

Suddenly, quite suddenly it seemed to Ralph, she sank gently down on the snow, and lay there seemingly half dead. The boy's distress was intense. Till that moment he had not known how weak he was himself; but when he tried to lift the slight form he found himself powerless to do so. Then in his agony and bewilderment he threw open the nearest gate. It was a handsome bronzed end gilded one, but Ralph never saw that. He saw nothing. He dashed up the wide avenue and into the Gothic porch of the great house, hardly knowing that he rang the bell as if he were a personage of great importance.

The servant who came to the door was simply speechless with surprise. When she could speak she asked sharply:

"What on earth do you want, you little ragamuffin?"

At the same moment a silvery voice behind said:

"Let me see the little ragamuffin, Jane, will you?"

The speaker was a young lady, Miss Caroline Frere, and her position might most easily be described as that of daughter of the house, but in truth she was only niece to old Miss Roland. Miss Frere had seen the boy come running wildly up the pathway, and she had seen that he was in no ordinary state of excitement.

"What is it, my little man?" she asked, laying her two white hands on his ragged shoulders, and looking sympathetically into his pallid face.

"It's Susie," he said gasping for breath as he spoke, and pointing down the avenue,—"it's little Susie!" He could say nothing else. He was as one stunned and helpless, he even seemed unable to move.

But Caroline Frere had now and always full use of her faculties. She tripped lightly down the avenue, not heeding that her little kid shoes were not intended for the snow. A minute later she came back again with an unconscious pallid child lying in her arms. She had quick perception and an abundance of useful knowledge, and her presence of mind was not likely to desert her in a crisis of this kind.

The footman, John, was quickly despatched for a doctor. The housemaid was set to

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work to prepare a room. The child was placed in a warm bed, and Ralph was told to wait quietly by the stove in the hall.

The doctor came immediately, and he at once pronounced little Susie's case to be a case of fever, and one in all likelihood to require most critical attention. During his investigations it seemed to him necessary to question the boy, and Ralph was requested to step forward to the front of the hall and answer any interrogation the court-mannered doctor might choose to put. Ralph went through his catechism, and made a very favorable impression as he did so. There was truth on his lip and in his eye; this Doctor Blanchard saw for himself.

Ralph gave the doctor a detailed account of all that had passed since before their flight from home and after. He concealed nothing.

"Well," said the doctor, after listening carefully to all that Ralph had to say, "your sister is in for a severe illness, and she'll most likely stay here till there's a change one way or another. What do you suppose you'll do—go back to your father?"

Ralph considered for a moment. It would be painful to go back, it would be humiliating, but what else could he do? What else ought he to do? The sense of duty was a ill strong in him, and the sense of affection for his father was even yet not dead.

"I don't know what to do," Ralph said. "Please tell me, sir, I think I ought to go back?"

It was now the doctor's turn to consider. He had listened to the boy's story, and his experience enabled him to make additions to it. He knew more of the wretchedness, the drunkenness, and the cruelty of that home in Piper's Court than Ralph had told him.

"Just give me your address in full," he said, taking out his pocket-book.

"When he had written it down he said, 'Just wait here a moment. I will speak to Miss Frere again or to Miss Roland.'"

When the doctor went up-stairs again he found, somewhat to his surprise, that little Susie was already delicious. Miss Roland and Miss Frere were both beside the bed. Susie's beautiful face was flushed with fever, and her silken yellow curls fell over the white pillow. She did not look out of place in that dainty room. Her small parched lips were moving fast, telling strange and tales of the things she had endured, of the things she had remembered, of the things she had dreaded. Not one word of childish pleasure, of childish hope, fell from this little fever-stricken thing.

"Father, father," she cried, tossing her arms wildly. "I will be good, and Ralph will be good; we will be good every day if you don't beat us any more."

"Mother would love me if she could come back, and she would love Ralph too, and she would make a fire, and we should never, never go under the dark arches."

"Oh, it was dark out in the night, and it was rainy, and it was cold, and it was darker still under that archway, and the water ran down and down, and I thought it would run over me, but I asked Jesus not to let it run over me, and it never did. But it was so near that I was glad when I saw the daylight."

So the little thing went on with her sad, painful reminiscences. There were tears in good old Miss Roland's eyes when Dr. Blanchard beckoned her out of the room.

The doctor told her how exactly the child's delicious ravings coincided with the straightforward tale he had heard from the boy.

"And now what is to be done with the lad?" said Dr. Blanchard. "I am in doubt as to whether it is my duty to recommend him to go back to that drunken scamp in Piper's Court."

"Go back!" cried Miss Roland, "certainly not, certainly not! God himself sent the little things to my door; and let me not incur the reproach, 'I was an hanger-on, and ye gave me no meat.' No! No! I find the father for me and I shall owe you thanks; till that is done the children will remain here, if you please."

CHAPTER V.—THE DAWN OF BETTER DAYS.

Richard Redmayne looked very much out of place as he stood beside Susie's bed. Being very much in awe of the doctor and the ladies he had tried to improve his appearance. But his best clothes had been pawned long ago, and were past redemption. His soiled and ragged coat was a painful contrast to Susie's delicate surroundings. He would fain have rushed from the spot, he was so

ashamed of himself; but still he stood spell-bound by the earnest little face that lay before him, and the still more earnest words that fell from the small parched lips.

"Oh father, Ralph can't help it when he doesn't earn more money; when I grow up I mean to earn some too; and I'm going to wash and darn your things and Ralph's; but you won't beat us then, and you wouldn't beat us now if you didn't drink that stuff out of bottles."

"Oh don't drink any more of it! Ralph tells me when we are quite alone that we should be so happy if you didn't take it."

"Oh, do break the bottle! Ralph will get us nice breakfasts then. And when you don't take his money he's going to buy me a dress and take me to Sunday-school. Oh do take me to-day, I want to hear them sing the hymns that Ralph used to learn."

Her tone was bitterly sad. She was a child of misery. Her voice had never had the musical ring of a happy child. Yet it was full of plaintive sweetness. So she went on appealing to this misguided man. Those who stood near looked upon him as a hard-hearted wretch, whom it would be almost useless trying to soften.

While Miss Roland and Miss Frere were watching Redmayne, trying to read the expression of his face, wondering within themselves if the child's words touched him, he was making the bravest effort to seem impassive, and to behave as he imagined he would be expected to behave in a house like Miss Roland's.

While Miss Roland was thinking prayerfully whether it would be worth while to attempt doing anything toward this man's reformation, God himself was taking it in hand and working wonders that would one day seem like miracles, even to the man himself. When he left the room Miss Roland went out to the landing with him.

"Does it not grieve you to see your poor little girl in such a state as this?" Miss Roland asked.

"Grieve me!" the man said. "I'd give my life to save hers."

The words and the tone were like sudden insight to the elderly lady, who thought she knew so very much of the world and yet met with a fresh surprise daily.

"But you have not cared much for your children," she said.

The man passed as if bewildered by the inward survey of himself.

"I cared more than I knew," he said, presently; "and it stung me and left me wretched when I knew I had done 'em away. I'll be wretcheder still, I'm thinking, when little Susie goes to where her mother is."

Richard Redmayne went away feeling very unhelpful, but he left hope behind him. Miss Roland's thoughts of him were by no means so hard or so desponding as they had been. It was a deep joy to her to think that she might in some humble way help in raising this fallen man.

When Redmayne entered his own dwelling that night he was in a very unenviable state of mind. He sincerely wished to give up strong drink, which had been the curse of his life; but his love for it and its power over him was as strong as ever. He was torn by the desire to be a better man and by the cravings of a habit long indulged in, which he felt unable to conquer.

Again Richard Redmayne was summoned to Susie's bedside. It was not expected she had many hours to live. But the little thing was quite content to die. It is seldom that the young cling to life as the old do. Besides, what had life held that was dear to Susie—only Ralph. No tender feminine hand had smoothed the little difficulties of childhood for Susie.

The group around Susie's bed was very sad and tearful. It seemed as if the child who had been so friendless during her short life was not to be laid in her grave unwept.

Slowly the little life appeared to be ebbing away. Once she looked up inquiringly and said:

"Will it be long before I see the angels; and will they take me to Jesus?"

But not yet was the crown ready for the child-martyr. The little feet had yet to grow and tread this probationary life through many sorrows interspersed by much happiness.

Just as she was expected to breathe her last she quietly fell asleep.

Richard Redmayne had stood by the bedside in silence save for an occasional yes or no in answer to a question. The man's

sorrow was as intense as it could be. When he understood that danger was over for the present his gratitude was as silent as his sorrow had been. He made no new resolutions as he stood there. It did not seem to him necessary to make any. He felt that the impossibility would be to go back to the old life that he had lived before. He shrank from the thought of it, as a man shrinks from the thought of the death that he has just escaped. He seemed to himself to be standing on a rock between two seas. A dark, stormy sea that he had passed, and a sea in the future before him that might yet be what he chose to make it.

Miss Frere was perceptive and sympathizing. She seemed to understand without words how the man had sinned, and how intensely capable he was of sorrow for his sin. She was not one to break a bruised reed; but rather to help the bruised reed to stand up straight a-ain, and to bear its own burden with bravery.

"Come with me," she said to him, taking him aside into a little homely room, known as Miss Frere's study.

"You have lost your regular work?" asked Miss Frere.

"Yes, ma'am, I lost that long ago, and no wonder. For two years past I've never had nothing but a bit of work just when they were pushed."

"Who do you mean by they?"

"I was meaning my masters, Axby, and Hunter, the coach-builders."

"You'll have seen a good deal of Mr. Axby, I suppose?" said Miss Frere.

"Yes, I used to see him every day; he were a good master, and he knew I were a good hand, but he couldn't put up with me no longer."

"Do you think he would take you back again?"

"I have no heart to hope that he would."

"Should you mind my asking him?"

"Mind?" ejaculated the man; "I'd be more grateful to you than ever I were to anybody in my life before."

"Well, then, listen to me. If you will sign the temperance pledge to-night and determine honestly to keep it, I'll go and see Mr. Axby to-morrow."

Richard Redmayne did not hesitate; not longer than was right and good for him to do.

Miss Frere had no wish that he should act rashly. She saw with satisfaction that his cheeks were paler, his lips quivering, and the hand that held the pen tremulous with emotion. As he laid the pen down he said quietly and under his breath, "So help me God!" and Miss Frere said shortly after, "I think He will help you."

CHAPTER VI.—MISS FRERE'S SUCCESS.

The weeks passed on very pleasantly, in the luxurious suburban home, during Susie's convalescence.

While she was an invalid Miss Frere had talked to her so much of the love of Jesus and of heaven, that the child had almost longed to go. But now that she had gained her strength, her new home was so pleasant, that to her small imagination she could not think that heaven would have been happier. The little wistful blue eyes looked out from the bay-window upon a placid and peaceful scene. Undulating fields, dotted here and there with tall trees and stately villas, stretched away to the borders of a wide moor. Within, a bright fire was burning; in one corner stood the piano that Miss Frere had used when she was a child; in another was a work-table inlaid with ivory; and all about the room there was an agreeable confusion of books, music, sketches, finished drawings, and beautiful half-finished work.

Susie was sitting by the fire, thinking herself a big girl because she was learning to sew. How many little cold and shuddering would have been glad to rest upon that warm, soft hearth rug, beside Susie's! It was as natural to Miss Frere to impart knowledge as it was to acquire it. She was always teaching, though she was not aware of it. Her love for intellectual things was too passionate and real to allow of any mixture of piteous pity. She carried about her a halo of refinement and knowledge, and anyone who came into her presence could be raised to a higher intellectual level if they chose.

Little Susie was an apt pupil. Her tiny fingers could already play the "Spanish Chant." She could recite poetry, and she was trying very earnestly to write her own name. For many years after Miss Frere carefully superintended Susie's education

Not long after this Miss Frere sent for Redmayne and told him of the condition upon which he was again to be employed.

"I have, of course, told Mr. Axby that you have signed the temperance pledge," said Miss Frere, "and he rejoiced when he heard it. Upon your keeping that pledge everything depends. Not only Mr. Axby's favor and good-will, and not only your own health and prosperity, but upon this same thing hangs the well-being of your two little ones."

"You have it now in your power to make or to marter their future lives to an extent you little dream of. You can take them back to such a home as the home you made for them before, and you can make them acquainted with every kind of suffering."

"On the other hand, humbly speaking, it is in your power to make their home the reverse of what it was."

"You can keep them entirely from want. You can give them such training, such education, as will enable them to make their existence a noble and elevated thing."

"You know that you cannot do this in your own strength; if you try to walk alone you will fall. Help is always ready. If you seek it you will find it."

"Yes, ma'am, but seeking isn't easy."

"Easy, no!" said Miss Frere, "no noble thing was ever easy!"

Richard Redmayne never broke his pledge although he was often strongly tempted to do so.

THE END.

(FOR THE WEEKLY MESSENGER.) THE WOMAN'S WORLD.

We would like everyone who takes an interest in this our home department, to write us letters on subjects of household management, and any of those subjects which are specially interesting to women.

To those who have put off making their holiday presents till the last moment we would suggest a useful article which is easily made—a letter writing portfolio. Bind three or four thick sheets of blotting paper together in the shape of a book with stiff cardboard of the size the portfolio is desired, for covers. The blotting paper may be simply tied together by means of a bright ribbon. Often such blotters bear the appropriate inscription:

"Impressions from the pen of ———."

"Cooks in Paris are said to use vaseline instead of butter for shortening in pastry. Barbarous! May their reign also be shortened."

Let every woman read the following warning for New Year's Day addressed especially to the women of England but appropriate the wide world over.

Women of England, I charge you in the name of God, and as you must answer for it at the great day of account, be determined that you will not be a party to the mischief which must follow from the daily use of alcohol.—*Dr. A. Carpenter.*

The custom of giving intoxicating drinks to callers on New Year's Day is dying out in this country, but it is still kept up in some households and the warning is to these.

CHRISTMAS TREES.

Christmas trees are made very brilliant by dipping the ends of the branches in a solution of alum and water—a pound of alum to a pail of hot water. The branches should remain steeping for a few hours. Turn the tree around until as many branches have been dipped as will make the tree pretty—gilded walnuts, chains of silver paper, little angels cut out of paste-board, pop corn made into long strings, oranges and apples are the standbys to ornament a tree. In some countries plates filled with moss are put outside of the windows by the little ones, when the little child Kris Kringle comes and drops something in.

SPEAK KINDLY in the morning; it lightens the cares of the day, and makes the household and its affairs move along more smoothly. Speak kindly at night, for it may be that before the dawn some loved one may finish his or her space of life for this world, and it will too late to ask forgiveness.—*Ex.*

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PRIZES WORTH \$2.80.

Hundreds of willing hands work to get subscriptions for the "Weekly Messenger," but there are some of our readers who think they have fulfilled all their obligation to us when they send in their own subscription. Those who wish to do good will at least take the trouble to show a sample of this paper to a friend or neighbor. Hundreds on hundreds become subscribers simply through having the "Weekly Messenger" brought to their notice.

The large increase in the circulation of the paper has enabled us to add to the strength of our editorial department. We now have the International Sunday School Lesson, and the "Woman's World" specially edited for this paper. Many persons who have long been looking for something new and readable on Sunday School Lessons will be glad to see that we have something written for us every week which is at the same time very interesting and full of information. In fact it is a lesson equally valuable to both scholars and teachers and is alone worth the subscription to the paper.

The "Schoolroom and playground" is acknowledged to be very good reading for all and the many school-teachers and scholars to whom our paper goes certainly find it very valuable. In addition to these things we are publishing a fairy tale in each number. The book containing these fairy-tales costs over \$2.00 and we doubt if it can be procured in America. If any young person wishes to have an extreme interesting book of fairy tales all that is necessary is to paste these stories as we publish them in a scrap book.

LIBERAL COMMISSION.

To every subscriber who sends us at one time a list of five or more new subscriptions we will allow a commission of twenty per cent, that is equal to ten cents on each new fifty cent subscription. Hundreds can obtain a list of five new subscriptions each and thus save the price of their own paper for which they must invariably pay fifty cents. It must be perfectly understood that we do not give anyone the "Weekly Messenger" at less than fifty cents a year although we give our subscribers the benefit of a commission on all lists of over five new subscriptions which they send us.

The "Weekly Messenger" will be sent for three months to any address for fifteen cents. Those who can save can take five cents commission of each new three months' subscription which they send us.

N.B. No commission must be taken off

those subscriptions sent in with orders for books at sixty cents apiece.

THE FIFTEEN PRIZES

in the list below will be awarded in order of merit to the fifteen persons who send in the largest amounts of money in either new "early or quarterly" subscriptions to the "Weekly Messenger" between now and the 31st of January inclusive, but none of these prizes will be given to anyone sending in less than \$4.

1st prize	-\$10
2nd prize	6
3rd prize	4
4th prize	2
5th prize	1
6th prize	1
7th prize	1

8th to 15th prizes (both inclusive) our book "Reprinted Stories" which so many obtained in one of our competitions and which has been highly praised by all. The price of the book is sixty cents a copy. It contains 237 pages as large as those of the *Messenger*, and is profusely illustrated. As was shown in our last competition the highest prize (\$10) was won by a young lady who sent \$5.50 in subscriptions. That proves how easy it is to win one of our prizes. We get hundreds of small lists but very few large ones; therefore everyone who thinks he can obtain even eight new subscriptions should try for a prize.

Anyone who obtains six new subscriptions may either deduct the sixty cents which we allow as commission on six new fifty cents subscriptions, or may send us the whole \$3 and claim

ONE OF OUR \$1.25 BOOKS FREE.

Any one of these books will furnish abundant reading matter of the most interesting kind for many a long winter evening and there is not one of our subscribers who cannot obtain six new subscriptions.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Our subscribers throughout the United States who cannot procure the international Post Office orders at their Post Office, can get, instead, a Post Office order, payable at Rouse's Point, N. Y., which will prevent much inconvenience both to ourselves and to subscribers.

A PRIZE STORY.

In order to encourage literary talent among our readers we offer prizes of \$6, \$4, \$3 and \$2 to the persons who send us respectively the first, second, third and fourth best original stories about a little girl and her dolly, whom she pretends has been taken very poorly. This ought to be an easy subject for everyone to write about. The story must not exceed two thousand words in length but may be as much shorter as the writer desires. The prize story will not necessarily be one of the longest. The length, provided the story is good all through, will count for something, but it is quite possible that one of the shorter stories may carry off the prize. All stories must be sent to us previous to the 15th of January on which day the prize-story competition ends.

THE "RIEL REBELLION."—To all who send us their own renewal and one new fifty-cent subscription we will send this lively history of the late events in the North-west. As we have only a few hundred copies left we will probably not be able to continue this offer after the end of the year. Everyone who wishes to take advantage of it should do so at once.

OUR LIST of prize winners in the last competition has remained open to correction for two weeks. The list has stood as it was and we will now send the money. We hope that those who receive our prizes will not be content until they have tried to procure still more new subscribers for us. Please send acknowledgment on the receipt of money.

WE HOPE that anyone who intends to take part in our prize story competitions will not forget that all manuscripts must be sent to us, at the latest, on the 15th of January next.

RENEWALS have been coming in so well that we need only remind the few who are taking their time that they are likely to lose papers by so doing, and our hands are so full during the first part of January that we will not be able to send numbers that are missed unless they are paid for at the rate of five cents a copy.

THE WEEK.

A FALL OF 1,200 FEET.—While seven men were being hoisted to the surface in the Sofferino mine, near Nevada, Gilpin County, Colorado, a rock fell from above and struck Archelaus Warren on the head, knocking him out of the bucket. The men tried to catch him, but failed. The bucket was about 450 feet from the surface at the time. An exploring party found a piece of his jaw bone at the 1,200-foot level, a piece of his skull at the 1,300-foot level, where his coat was also found. His body fell about 1,200 feet in all, and is now in the water at the bottom of the shaft.

CHARLES W. HEMENWAY, editor of the Ogden, Utah, *Herald* (Mormon), has been found guilty of libel. Hemenway was indicted for publishing libellous articles concerning the official actions of the United States officials incident to the prosecution of the polygamy cases. He added to his notoriety by conducting his own defence. He will be sentenced on January 4th. The maximum penalty for his offence is a fine of \$1,000 and imprisonment for six months in the county gaol. There are two other indictments for libel hanging over Hemenway.

MAYOR GRACE of New York, talking about Home Rule for Ireland, said: "I have always favored Home Rule for Ireland. Mr. Gladstone's proposition, as I have read it, seems to me a fair offer made in good faith, and if the plan suggested by him is carried out it will be the crowning honor of his career as a statesman. The accomplishment of such a purpose will no doubt greatly strengthen and prolong the existence of the British Empire. I think the offer should and will be accepted in the same spirit it is made; and I am convinced that if the Irish people are given control of local matters and laws, like Canada and Australia, Ireland will become in spirit, purpose, and interest an integral part of the empire and discord and bitterness will be done away with forever."

NEWS from St. Petersburg, Russia, states that a terrible dynamite explosion took place in the Plejuchin mine in Siberia, and that there were from 400 to 1,000 men killed.

PROFESSOR LEOPOLD VON RANKE, the German historian, although ninety years of age, is still hale and hearty, and is at work on another volume of his *Universal History*.

IT WOULD APPEAR that France is preparing to withdraw her forces from Tonq in as well as from Madagascar. It is feared that this would lead to further massacres of Christians in Annam, and embolden the enemies of France in Tunis and elsewhere.

MR. VANDERBILT has made a good disposition of the money he did bequeath to charitable institutions. The will says:—I give and bequeath to the following named societies and incorporated bodies, organized under the laws of the State of New York, the sums hereinafter specified, viz.:—To the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, one hundred thousand dollars for foreign, and one hundred thousand dollars for domestic missionary purposes; to St. Luke's Hospital, incorporated in the year 1850, one hundred thousand dollars; to the Young Men's Christian Association of the city of New York, one hundred thousand dollars; to the General Theological Seminary in the city of New York of the Protestant Episcopal Church, fifty thousand dollars; to the New York Bible and Common Prayer Book Society, whereof the Bishop is President, fifty thousand dollars; to the Home for Incapables, incorporated in 1845, fifty thousand dollars; to the Protestant Episcopal Church Missionary Society of Seaman in the City and Port of New York, fifty thousand dollars; to the New York Christian Home for Intemperate Men, fifty thousand dollars; to the New York Protestant Episcopal Mission Society of the city of New York, one hundred thousand dollars; to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, incorporated April 13, 1870, one hundred thousand dollars; to the American Museum of Natural History in the city of New York, fifty thousand dollars; and to the Moravian church in New-Dorplane, Staten Island, organized under the name of the United Brethren's Church, one hundred thousand dollars.

QUEEN VICTORIA has knighted a Mr. Oswald Brierly for his great ability as a painter. This action is much criticized by artists, who declare that Mr. Brierly has no real merit in his pictures, most of which are ridiculous representations of royal yachts.

THE TRIAL of persons accused of belonging to a Russian Social Revolutionary society has been concluded. Burdowski, Justice of the Peace of Warsaw, Luzy, captain of engineers, and four others were sentenced to be hanged. Eighteen have been sentenced to sixteen years' servitude in the mines of Siberia; two others to ten years in the same place, and afterward to be exiled for life in Siberia, and two more to Siberia for life. This is the way in which the Czar protects himself against harm.

NINETEEN head of Galloway heifers and bulls, and nine Hereford bulls and sixteen thoroughbred sheep, saved from the wreck of the steamer "Brooklyn" at Anticosti, were auctioned here to-day. The Galloway heifers brought from \$65 to \$135 each, the bulls from \$41 to \$65, and the Herefords from \$40 to \$68. The sheep ran from \$17 to \$50. They were all purchased by Maritime Province stock raisers, and will remain in quarantine three months. Two horses were shipped from Halifax to San Francisco, the first shipment of live stock ever made from Nova Scotia to the Pacific coast. The freight amounts to \$357.

SEVERE WEATHER has been recently experienced in South Italy. There was considerable difficulty in rescuing eleven travelers who were snowed in near Campobasso station.

ENGLAND AND ITALY may possibly join forces in sending an army to the Sudan, and an influential German paper goes so far as to say that an Italian army corps will shortly be sent to Suakim.

THE ELECTION for the presidency of France will be held on December 28th inst.

THE BILL granting a pension to the widow of Gen. Grant has been passed in the United States Senate without debate.

THE IDEA of cremation is rapidly gaining ground. A petition with 23,000 signatures in favor of optional cremation has been presented to the Reichstag. We cannot see what there is against cremation whilst the undoubted benefits are many.

MEXICO is still in an unsettled state. News which reached here recently in regard to ex-President Gonzales being at Guajuata at the head of eight thousand men willing to back him against the present administration is confirmed. It is also said that negotiations are going on between him and Diaz, which if satisfactorily terminated to both parties will end all trouble in Mexico for some time to come. If not then a general rebellion may be expected before spring opens.

THE CAROLINES agreement was signed in Rome, on Thursday, with much pomp and ceremony. The Pope was present. Thirty-two guests attended the banquet given by Cardinal Jacobini in honor of the event.

THE OLDEST and largest bridge in Paris collapsed the other day, having been damaged by a heavy rise in the Seine. The lamps on the bridge toppled over, and large gas pipes were broken. A workman who was sent to cut off the gas was nearly suffocated.

CONSUL SHIPLEY, at Auckland, New Zealand, sends the following:—A new and vast volcano has arisen in the Pacific Ocean. At daylight on Oct. 13th we observed dense volumes of steam, smoke and clouds ascending. We sailed sufficiently near to see that it was a submarine volcanic eruption. Considering it not prudent to approach any nearer that night we lay to until morning. We then approached to about the distance of two miles. I have not words to express my wonder and surprise at its changing splendor. Eruptions take place every one or two minutes, changing its appearance every second like a dissolving view. I can only say it was one of the most awfully grand sights I ever witnessed on the high seas. The volcano is about fourteen miles from the Island from off Honga Tonga. As to the size of the island thrown up I am unable to state correctly, there being so much steam and clouds hanging over it, but I judge it is at least two or three miles long and sixty feet high.

A MEETING of Nationalists in Dublin was very poorly attended and a canvass for subscriptions failed to raise \$28. The Lord Mayor spoke, saying that it was the men who had dared prison and the scaffold who had made possible Ireland's coming triumph.

MAYOR MANNING of Toronto has publicly spoken against women taking part in municipal elections. He is afraid most likely that he would not get very many of the votes from the women, anyway, when there is a temperance candidate in the field. Then perhaps he hopes to win some votes from the men by making a crusade against women voters.

TO PROVIDE for the poor of Paris a series of balls are to be held. The first of these brought in about \$3,000.

THE MARINE DEPARTMENT of Ottawa has taken charge of the Prince Edward Island ice boat service, and will manage it for the future, and the mails will not in future be carried between the capes by contract but will be carried by the Government ice boats, which will be managed by Government officers, and every precaution will be taken to secure the safety of these boats.

THE GREEK CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES has by acclamation voted in favor of raising a loan of \$20,000,000 for the army and navy.

IT IS SAID that the Sultan of Turkey has appointed Prince Alexander Governor for life over Eastern Roumelia with the right of succession.

A FEW WORDS from a correspondent of the New York Post on the burial of King Alfonso will be of interest. "The funeral ceremonies at El Escorial when a monarch is buried are very grand and imposing and can be easier imagined than described; but there is one part of the ceremonial so quaint and singular that it is well worth mention. When the remains are taken down into the Pantheon, the Grand High Chamberlain of the palace uncovers the face, and with a loud voice and slowly speaking, he says: "Senor! Senor! Senor!" And as there is no answer he continues: "Since his Majesty does not answer he is certainly dead." He then breaks in two his rod of office and throws the pieces under the bier where the coffin rests. The palace notary certifies that the corpse is that of the King of Spain, and delivers it over to be entombed in the vaults * * *. The present political state of Spain excites world-wide interest. The King leaves two little princesses, the eldest, Mercedes, only five years old, and the youngest, Maria Teresa, three. In the course of a few months it will be known whether Mercedes is to be Queen of Spain or not. On November 28th Queen Christina was sworn as queen Regent of Spain during the minority of her children."

WE GAVE an account of the way in which the cattlemen illegally ranching in Indian Territories through the United States were opposing President Cleveland's order for them to leave and take their cattle elsewhere. The order, though clear and decided, does not appear to have had any effect and has not been carried out. When force is applied to make the trespassers obey, it is not at all improbable that there will be very lively times.

THERE WAS a curious race between two men in New York for a \$200 prize. One was to open 2,500 oysters while the other opened 2,300, but he did not accomplish his feat and his opponent won, opening the 2,300 oysters in two hours, 18 minutes and 19 seconds.

IT HAS BEEN decided by the Privy Council that each Province in the Dominion of Canada has exclusive right over the issue of licenses to sell liquor within its own borders. This is regarded with favor by the advocates of temperance as the Provincial Governments are more susceptible to public opinion than is the Dominion Government.

PREPARATIONS for the reception of Mr. Parnell on his arrival in America are on a grander scale than any Irish movement that has ever taken place in New York city. Nearly all the city officials of Irish birth or descent and many prominent Americans have promised their support to the movement, and it is expected that Governor Hill will preside at the reception. It has not been definitely settled that Mr. Parnell will pay his visit, but he hopes to.

FOUR DEATHS from cholera have occurred in Venice one of the victims being a marquis.

THE POSITION of affairs in the Balkans seems to show that the Servians and Bulgarians will for some time keep up a hostile appearance toward one another and be ready for any emergency, while the congress of the Powers, which is to be held at Vienna, decides what is to be done.

THE STEAMER "City of Mexico" lying in Brooklyn, was boarded by custom house officers last week and a large quantity of arms and ammunition found in the hold was taken out, and an officer placed in charge of the ship to await the action of the Government. On the 28th of November the vessel was sold for \$25,000 to a Spaniard whose initials are "J. G." but whose name could not be learned. She was re-fitted, a crew of forty men was shipped and a large quantity of coal taken on board. It is believed the steamer's destination was to be Corn Island in the West Indies.

WOLVES have appeared in the vicinity of Hillsboro, Illinois, in large numbers, and are playing havoc with the sheep. One farmer lost 25 one night this week. The woods seem to be full of wolves. Farmers are organizing hunting parties.

ON LEARNING of the rupture between England and Burmah eleven Europeans who were working for the Bombay and Burmah Trading Company tried to reach English territory. On the 20th of November they were overtaken and murdered by Burmese troops in a steamer belonging to the King and commanded by a palace official named Thandawmoung. The latter, after the murder, returned to Mandalay and wishing to escape the punishment that might possibly follow the murder he circulated the report of his own death. The British authorities have not yet attempted to arrest him.

MR. HERBERT GLADSTONE, one of the premier's sons, has written a letter in which he declared that "Nothing could induce me to countenance a separation of Ireland from Great Britain. But if five-sixths of the Irish people desire a parliament in Dublin to manage local affairs, in the name of justice and wisdom let them have it."

THE PRINCE OF WALES THREATENED.

Some one wrote two threatening letters to the Prince of Wales requiring \$750 from him. The Prince, it is said, paid only passing attention to the first letter, but when the second came, reiterating the demand for money and the threats of violence, His Royal Highness turned the letters over to the police. The latter at once quietly set about planning the capture of the blackmailers. They sent a message as though coming from the Prince of Wales to the address given in the letter, directing the author or authors of the letter to appear at a specified time and place. The assurance was given that somebody would meet them at the appointed hour prepared to hand over a package containing the money they had demanded. A man and his wife, John and Sarah Magee, fell into the trap and appeared at the spot designated the following morning, and were presented with a package of farthings. As they started to leave with their supposed treasure the police threw off their disguise and arrested them. The woman, the police say, made a voluntary confession of the whole plot. The woman, however, has since declared that she was forced by the police against her will to confess something. An enquiry of the Prince of Wales declared this afternoon that the letters represented that Magee was an emissary of a secret society and that he had been ordered to kill the Prince of Wales but Magee did not wish to obey this summons and wanted the money to escape to America. It is believed that disclosures of an important nature may be made when the case comes before the court for thorough examination.

KILLED BY A BULL.

The town of Milford, Connecticut, is horrified by a terrible affair which resulted in the death of the town treasurer, David Miles. Mr. Miles was a well-to-do farmer and fancy stock breeder. Among his cattle was a two year old Holstein bull highly valued for his blood and beauty. He kept the animal in a box stall in his barn. The bull had never manifested any viciousness and Mr. Miles was accustomed to go into the stall without taking any of the usual precautions, and the bull's horns were not capped. Mr. Miles went to the barn to feed his stock. Hours passed, and as he did not return Edward Miles, his son, becoming alarmed, went to the barn in search of his father. When he opened the door to the bull's stall, a horrible sight met his gaze. On the floor, weltering in a pool of blood, lay the dead body of his father, and from the dead man's side blood was oozing from a hole which the bull's horns had made. The dead man's skull also had been penetrated by the cruel horns of the infuriated animal, and his arm was broken, probably by a kick from the animal now furiously raging about his narrow quarters. The bull made a savage attack on Edward Miles, and it is miraculous that he escaped the horrible death which his father met. As soon as the beast could be secured it was killed.

TWENTY-NINE MEN SUFFOCATED.

A terrible catastrophe has happened to miners in the Nanticoke coal mine near Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania. Twenty-nine men have been imprisoned in a mine by the falling in of one of the shafts. The work of the rescuing party was suddenly interrupted by a second fall of sand, rock and culm. The men were working in a steep incline, when a vast mass of debris came down on them with great violence. They fled for their lives, and several had very narrow escapes. A telegram from Wilkesbarre on the 19th inst. said:—"The outlook at No. 1 slope this morning is frightful. Mine Inspector Williams says that if the men can be reached within forty-eight hours they will be found alive, as a total exhaustion of the air will not occur before then. The chance of rescue this morning is very slim, from the fact that the air circle has been broken. This was ascertained by the second rescuing party, who were working at the opposite end from the first party in Slope No. 1."

Superintendent Morgan finds that there are sixty-seven feet of quicksand, and earth to be dug away. This is wedged in between the mine timbers, which have sprung inward, and crossed each other, presenting an almost insurmountable barrier to rapid progress. The shifts are now changed every two hours, but the culm and quicksand, by its very nature, fills in the place of that which was taken out before. On good authority it is said that it will require five or six days before this can be dug through. This ends all hope of the rescue of the twenty-nine imprisoned men, who, it is thought, suffocated within the first twelve hours. Sixteen English, Irish, and Welshmen, and thirteen Poles and Hungarians are known to be entombed in the chamber of death."

The scenes of agony and despair throughout the village on the news becoming spread that work had been abandoned were pitiable in the extreme, several of the female relatives of the lost miners becoming prostrated with fits and convulsions.

MRS. ELIZA HENDRICKS, executrix of the will of the late vice-President, says that his personal estate is worth \$85,000.

THE ROMANCE OF M. DE BELLEISLE.

(By James Payne, in Harper's Handy Series.)

It will surprise some young people of the United States to learn that so late as the last century "a great tract of American territory called Louisiana" was transferred by the French Government to the West India Company, who sent a thousand men under the command of M. de Belleisle to people it. They will be still more astonished to learn that St. Bernard's Bay in the Gulf of Mexico, to which that gentleman's ship was carried by adverse winds, was at that time a region inhabited by cannibals. At this spot in company with four brother officers, M. de Belleisle, having ventured too far on a shooting excursion, and being given up for lost, had the misfortune to be left behind. The little party suffered great extremities of hunger, and demanded their commander's dog, which, though he refused to be a party to its destruction, he gave up to them. But as they were weakened by their privations, the animal broke away from them as they were about to kill him, and disappeared in the woods.

The four officers all died of hunger under M. de Belleisle's eyes, who dug holes in the sand for their bodies, though near to death himself. The extremities to which he was reduced were such that "overcoming the natural disgust which they created, he subsisted on the worms he found in rotten wood." A few days after the death of his comrades his faithful dog suddenly reappeared, and "fawning upon his master, and with great demonstrations of joy," laid an opossum at his feet. Perhaps he was merely performing the natural duties of a retriever, but it is no wonder that M. de Belleisle attributed to the animal a nobler motive; it seemed to him to say, "Here is wherewithal to support life, master."

Nevertheless, it was fated that he should lose the dog, though it could hardly be said that they parted company. As he slept one night at the foot of a tree, a tiger came to the spot and seized the poor animal, and though he let go his hold, it was terribly wounded. Fearing lest it should go mad, M. de Belleisle compelled himself to kill the dog, and then—to such lengths can hard necessity drive human nature—he ate it.

After wandering about in solitude for days, he fell into the hands of the Attakapas, an Indian tribe whose name was derived from their practice of drying human flesh before devouring it. M. de Belleisle, however, was so miserably emaciated that the idea of drying him did not occur to them. "They took him for a spectre, till he pointed to his mouth and implored for food." They gave him human flesh and fish, to which latter dish he of course confined himself; and then, stripping him of his clothes, they divided them among themselves, and carried him to their village to fatten.

It is difficult to imagine a more unpleasant state of affairs than this. Nothing, it is said, need to alarm Lord Byron like the idea of growing fat, but M. de Belleisle was much more alarmed than Lord Byron. "He was consumed with terror at beholding the savages feast upon the fattest of their prisoners of war, and in constant expectation of attaining the least plumpness, of sharing their fate, and having his brains beaten out with clubs." One would have thought that the mere apprehension of such a fate would have kept him as thin as a lath. But he was reserved for a far other fate. An ancient Attakapa widow took a fancy to him, and adopted him as her son. From that moment he was set at liberty, and considered one of the nation, "and soon learned the Indian manner of conversing in dumb show and of using the bow and arrow." Having been

so fortunate as to slay a number of some hostile tribe, he was regarded as a warrior which did not, however, secure him against practical jokes.

On a certain hunting expedition, when he had made, as he flattered himself, a very respectable meal on venison, an Indian said to him: "How feeble is prejudice! Formerly you couldn't touch human flesh, and now you have been unconsciously enjoying it amazingly." Poor M. de Belleisle was thereupon exceedingly unwell.

Two years afterwards, certain deputies arrived from a distant tribe, who, "attentively gazing" on the unhappy Frenchman, observed that in the country they came from (New Mexico) there were white men like him. He had preserved his commission in a box, and having made some ink from soot, he contrived to write at the bottom of the document: "I am the individual above mentioned; I was abandoned in St. Bernard's Bay. My companions died of hunger, and I am captive among the Attakapas." He gave this in private to one of the deputies, informing him that it was "speaking paper," and that if he presented it to the chief of the French in his own country he would be well rewarded.

But the deputy was so foolish as to tell the secret, and the other Indians, thinking the paper was something magical and valuable, tried to snatch it from him. He slipped through their fingers, however, by swimming across a river, holding the document, lest it should get wetted, like Cesar, above his head. "After a journey of four hundred and fifty miles he arrived in the country of the Natches." The French commander there, M. de St. Denis, was an officer of distinction; "he had made the first journey overland, from Louisiana to Mexico, where he married the Spanish Governor's niece, and was greatly respected." Upon receiving his countryman's letter, he was moved with pity for him, and at once dispatched ten mounted Indians, with guns, to his assistance.

The Attakapas had never heard a gun fired, and when these visitors discharged their muskets, took it for portable thunder. Under these circumstances they permitted M. de Belleisle to leave them without the least resistance; otherwise they were very unwilling to lose him, and the poor widow wept bitterly on his departure. Thus he escaped from a captivity which would otherwise certainly have lasted his days.

This brief romance of real life ends very prettily. The Spanish Governor, who had never been able to conquer the Attakapas, sent them presents for their kindness to their prisoner, with an especial gift to the widow; moved by which unexpected generosity, they sent ambassadors in their turn to make alliance, and these were accompanied by the widow herself. "Since that period," our author gravely informs us, "the inhabitants of Louisiana have left off eating human flesh," as indeed my readers may have heard from other sources.

THE TWELVE DANCING PRINCESSES.

There was a king who had twelve beautiful daughters. They slept in twelve beds, all in one room; and when they went to bed, the doors were shut and locked up, but every morning their shoes were found to be quite worn through, as if they had been danced in all night; and yet nobody could find out how it happened, or where they had been.

Then the king made it known to all the land, that if any person could discover the secret, and find out where it was that the princesses danced in the night, he should

have the one he liked best for his wife, and should be king after his death; but whoever tried and did not succeed, after three days and nights, should be put to death.

A king's son soon came. He was well entertained, and in the evening was taken to the chamber next to the one where the princesses lay in their twelve beds. There he was to sit and watch where they went to dance, and in order that nothing might pass without his hearing it, the door of his chamber was left open. But the king's son soon fell asleep; and when he awoke in the morning he found that the princesses had all been dancing, for the soles of their shoes were full of holes. The same thing happened the second and third night; so the king ordered his head to be cut off. After him came several others, but they had all the same luck, and all lost their lives in the same manner.

Now it chanced that an old soldier, who had been wounded in battle, and could fight no longer, passed through the country where this king reigned; and as he was travelling through a wood, he met an old woman who asked him where he was going. "I hardly know where I am going, or what I had better do," said the soldier, "but I think I should like very well to find out where it is that the princesses dance, and then in time I might be a king." "Well," said the old dame, "that is no very hard task; only take care not to drink any of the wine which one of the princesses will bring to you in the evening, and as soon as she leaves you pretend to be fast asleep."

Then she gave him a cloak, and said, "As soon as you put that on you will become invisible, and you will then be able to follow the princesses wherever they go." When the soldier heard all this good counsel, he determined to try his luck, so he went to the king, and said he was willing to undertake the task.

He was as well received as the others had been, and the king ordered him royal robes to be given him, and when the evening came he was led to the outer chamber. Just as he was going to lie down, the eldest of the princesses brought him a cup of wine, but the soldier drank it all away secretly, taking care not to drink a drop. Then he laid himself down on his bed, and in a little while began to snore very loud as if he was fast asleep. When the twelve princesses heard this they laughed heartily, and the eldest said, "This fellow, too, might have done a wiser thing than lose his life in this way!" Then they rose up and opened their drawers and boxes, and took out all their fine clothes and dressed themselves at the glass, and skipped about as if they were eager to begin dancing. But the youngest said, "I don't know how it is, while you are so happy I feel very uneasy; I am sure some mischief will befall us." "You simpleton," said the eldest, "you are always afraid; have you forgotten how many kings' sons have already died, even if I had not given him his sleeping draught he would have slept soundly enough."

When they were all ready, they went and looked at the soldier, but he snored on, and did not stir hand or foot, so they thought they were quite safe; and the eldest went up to her own bed and clapped her hands, and the bed sank into the floor, and a trap-door flew open. The soldier saw them going down through the trap-door one after another, the eldest leading the way, and thinking he had no time to lose, he jumped up, put on the cloak which the old woman had given him, and followed them; but in the middle of the stairs he trod on the gown of the youngest princess, and she cried out to her sisters, "All is not right, some one took hold of my gown." "You silly creature," said the eldest, "it is nothing; but a nail in the wall." Then down they all went, and at the bottom they found themselves in a most delightful grove of trees; and the leaves were all of silver, and glittered and sparkled beautifully. The soldier wished to take away some token of the place, so he broke off a little branch, and there came a loud noise from the tree. Then the youngest daughter said again, "I am sure all is not right, did not you hear that noise? That never happened before." But the eldest said, "It is only our princess, who are shouting for joy at our approach."

Then they came to another grove of trees where all the leaves were of gold; and afterwards to a third where the leaves were all glittering diamonds. And the soldier broke a branch from each, and every time there

was a loud noise, which made the youngest sister tremble with fear, but the eldest still said it was only the princess who were crying for joy. So they went on till they came to a great lake; and at the side of the lake there lay twelve little boats with twelve handsome princesses in them, who seemed to be waiting there for the princesses.

One of the princesses went into each boat, and the soldier stepped into the same boat with the youngest. As they were rowing over the lake, the prince who was in the boat with the youngest princess and the soldier said, "I do not know why it is, but though I am rowing with all my might we do not get on so fast as usual, and I am quite tired; the boat seems very heavy to-day." "It is only the heat of the weather," said the princess, "I feel it very warm too."

On the other side of the lake stood a fine illuminated castle from which came the merry music of horns and trumpets. There they all landed and went into the castle, and each princess danced with his princess; and the soldier, who was all the time invisible, danced with them too; and when any of the princesses had a cup of wine set by her, he drank it all up, so that when she put the cup to her mouth it was empty. At this, too, the youngest sister was terribly frightened, but the eldest always "glanced her." They danced on till three o'clock in the morning, and then all their shoes were worn out, so that they were obliged to leave off. The princesses rowed them back again over the lake, but this time the soldier placed himself in the boat with the eldest princess; and on the opposite shore they took leave of each other, the princesses promising to come again the next night.

When they came to the stairs, the soldier ran on before the princesses, and laid himself down; and as the twelve sisters slowly came up very much tired, they heard him snoring in his bed; so they said, "Now all is quite safe;" then they undressed themselves, put away their fine clothes, pulled off their shoes, and went to bed. In the morning the soldier said nothing about what had happened, but determined to see more of this strange adventure, and went again the second and third night; and everything happened just as before; the princesses danced each time till their shoes were worn to pieces, and then returned home. However, on the third night the soldier carried away one of the golden cups as a token of where he had been.

As soon as the time came when he was to declare the secret, he was taken before the king with the three branches and the golden cup; and the twelve princesses stood listening behind the door to hear what he would say. And when the king asked him, "Where do my twelve daughters dance at night?" he answered, "With twelve princesses in a castle underground." And then he told the king all that had happened, and showed him the three branches and the golden cup which he had brought with him. Then the king called for the princesses and asked them whether what the soldier said was true; and when they saw that they were discovered, and that it was of no use to deny what had happened, they confessed it all. And the king asked the soldier which he would choose for his wife, and he answered, "I am not very young, so I will have the eldest." And they were married that very day, and the soldier was chosen to be the king's heir.

HE WAS A COALY DOG.

"Expect they had some fine pups up at the Chicago dog show," remarked a passenger from Ohio, "but I have a dog at home I wouldn't trade for the best of 'em."

"What breed is he?"

"Don't know exactly, but call him a coaly."

"Collie, you mean?"

"No, I mean just what I say—coaly. Money wouldn't buy that dog. He's a cur, but we couldn't keep house without him. You see several years ago I trained him to bark at the railway trains as they pass our house. That's his sole business—barking at trains. Well, he annoys the railway so that every fireman and brakeman on the road have sworn to kill him. Oh, but he is a valuable dog!"

"I can't see where the value comes in." "You can't? Well, you could if you was in my place and had all the coal you could burn and some to sell through right off at your back door, free of cost."—*Train Talk, Chicago Herald.*

(FOR THE WEEKLY MESSENGER.)

THE SABBATH SCHOOL LESSON.

January 3, 1885.

JOSIAH AND THE BOOK OF THE LAW—2
Kings xxii. 1-13.

It is to be hoped that very many of those who study the record of Josiah's reformation on the first Sunday of the new year, may follow his example by turning the idols out of their own hearts.

JOSIAH BEGAN YOUNG.

Though the son of a very wicked father, Josiah began very early to seek the Lord, and at the age of twelve he commenced to purge the land of idolatry. One who has begun early to serve God finds it comparatively easy to keep on and to serve him better and more effectively as the years go by. It is difficult for any one who has formed for many years the habit of trying to please himself, to begin to serve God. No one can serve God who does not begin like a little child, Matt. xviii. 3, because it is only in the character of a little child that any man can receive the kingdom of God, Mark x. 15 : 16. How this thought ought to stir up Sunday-school teachers with a sense of their responsibility, and with an earnest resolve that by the aid of God's spirit they will bring the members of their classes to Christ now while still young. Josiah is one of the very few prominent characters in the Bible of whom we know nothing that is bad. He did, indeed, disobey the command of God by the mouth of Necho, king of Egypt, (2 Chron. xxxv. 22,) by fighting against that king, but one may perhaps fairly assume that Josiah did not suppose it possible that God could speak to him through the mouth of an idolator. If Josiah had consulted God's prophet before starting he would, however, have been saved from that mistake which cost him his life.

THE BOOK FOUND.

When emptying out the money that was in the treasury of the house of the Lord the searchers found something of much greater value: the Book of the Law, which had perhaps not been opened since the death of Hezekiah seventy-five years before. It would appear that this was the only copy of the law extant at that time, and as it had been laid away so carefully that even the high priest did not know where it was, we need not be surprised that the people were easily led away from obedience to the law. The Christian Church, like the Jewish Church, always falls into disobedience, with a strong tendency towards idolatry or infidelity, when the Word of God is neglected or withheld from the people. The Book of the Law remained in its seclusion only so long as it could not be of any real service to the people because of the hardness of their hearts. So soon as they were ready to listen to its teachings the lost monitor was found without any effort. The work of reformation had been going on for six years, it is true, and much had been accomplished; but while the house of God, the visible emblem of His presence and the place in and through which God had promised to hear the prayers of His people, was left in a partially dilapidated condition, it could not be said that the people or even the king was fully prepared to receive the law of God. It was after Josiah had shown his willingness to obey by living up to the measure of light which he possessed, that God saw fit to put in his hands the Book of the Law that he might be more fully instructed. This is in accord with the principle laid down by Christ: "If any man willeth to do His will, he shall know of the teaching." (John vii. 17.)

This apparently accidental finding of the Book of the Law by Hilkiah, the high priest, brings to our attention the remarkable fact that the books of Moses, now so highly venerated by all Jews, are very seldom mentioned in the history of the children of Israel. David speaks much of the law of the Lord in his Psalms, and the prophets and sacred historians frequently refer to it, but the book itself is scarcely, if at all, mentioned after the time of Joshua, except in this case and in the time of Nehemiah (Neh. viii.). Some writers have gone so far as to assert that the later books of Moses, or at least, large portions of them, did not exist till the time of Ezra, because these books are not specially mentioned, and because even such holy men as Samuel and David and others, who were specially devoted to the reformation, acted in a number of in-

stances as if wholly ignorant of some of the provisions of the Mosaic ritual. This theory is too wild and baseless to merit serious consideration. These books tell us what God said to Moses and what Moses repeated to the children of Israel, and could not have been written by any one after the time of Moses.

THE SENTENCE OF CONDEMNATION.

When Josiah had heard the law read he rent his clothes. This was the ordinary way of showing great grief. Josiah was not troubled about his own conduct. He had served God with all his heart, but he learned now for the first time the doom which hung over the people on account of their past rejection of God, and was greatly distressed. Josiah did not question God's righteous judgment, but humbled himself, and sent to inquire of the Lord if there was any way of escape. All who are out of Christ are under sentence of condemnation, and will certainly be cast out from God's presence as his people of old were, except they repent. (See 2 Kings, xxii. 27, and John iii., 18.) God's answer was a message of peace and commendation to Josiah, and inferentially to all who had heartily supported him, but a confirmation of the sentence against the nation generally. The first twelve chapters of the Book of Jeremiah, written about this time, give a very different description of the condition of the people of Judah to what we would expect from reading the narrative in the Book of Kings. These chapters show that while there was an outward acquiescence on the part of the nation in the destruction of the temple, and while there were doubtless very many who heartily rejoiced in the reformation, there was a large proportion of the people who still clung to their sinful practices.

The question put by Jeremiah (Jer. ii. 11): "Hath a nation changed their gods which yet are no gods?" is very suggestive. All forms of false religions have a more universal hold on the nations which adopt them than the truth of God, because these religions are sensual, or at least selfish, while the true religion consists in self abnegation, for the glory of God.

SCHOOLROOM AND PLAYGROUND.

AT A RECENT ANNIVERSARY of a religious institution in Berlin, Germany, the venerable Emperor William, in addressing the assembled pupils, said: "The foundation and rock to which I, and we all, must cling, is the undivided faith, as this is taught us in the Bible. Do not join that great crowd which either neglects entirely the Bible as the sole source of truth, or, at best, misinterprets it to suit its own ideas. If there is anything that can give security in the present world of action, it is this only foundation, which is laid in Christ Jesus. May this day be a blessed one to all of you, that it may increase in you the knowledge of God, and of his only begotten Son, Jesus Christ."

ACCORDING to the Moscow *Viedomosti* only 21 children out of 100 attending the Russian schools are girls. The proportion varies with religion. Thus, of Protestants, the number is greatest, viz., 45.4 percent; of Hebrews, 34.1 percent; and of Roman Catholics 15.4 percent. The number is lowest among the Greek Catholics, viz., 12.3 percent.

ALLUDING to "the unmanly practice of boxing in many English and some Canadian schools the *Canada School Journal* says: "It sets up a low and false standard of true manliness. It perverts the true notion of British 'fair play,' of which we are so fond of boasting. And, worst of all, it tends to lessen moral courage in at least an equal ratio with its development of physical courage. It often makes a noble spirited youth more afraid of being thought a coward than of becoming a bully, or violating his highest notion of right. Alas! for the moral influence of the school when bullies tyrannize on the playground, when little disputes are settled by fisticuffs, and the weight of public opinion is on the side of the boy who would rather do wrong than suffer wrong."

HARE-AND-HOUNDS.

Next to foot-ball, the most important amusement—or shall I say work!—at Rugby is hare-and-hounds. Every boy is obliged to go on these runs just as he is obliged to play foot-ball, unless, of course, his physician has forbidden him to take this

exercise. There are what are called "house" runs and "big side" runs, or those in which the whole school is represented. In the former, the smaller boys are helped by the older, so that they have an easy enough time; but on the latter, "every man for himself" is the rule of the day. The runs are necessarily made every year over the same ground, and in whichever direction the boys go, they must cross ploughed fields or green meadows, with sheep scattering to every side; they must leap over heiges and brooks, mount little hills and jump ditches. And fortunate they are, indeed, if the sun shines and the grass is dry and the roads hard; for, in rainy England, in the winter and the early spring, the chances are that rain or fog will add to the trials of a run.

Tiresome as the runs are, the boys find real pleasure in them. There is, for example, all the pride of coming in first, of gaining a reputation as a runner, or of being appointed the "holder of the bags." These are the bags in which the "hares" carry their paper, or "scout," and are looked upon as symbols of authority.—*Elizabeth Robins Pennell, iv St. Nicholas.*

ERRORS IN SPEECH.

There are errors connected with superfluous words. "Open out the parcel," is one of these. The "out" is not needed. "Lead sinks down in water." *Down* is superfluous. "Equally as well." Omit the *as*. "Whose are these here pins?" is a very common phrase, to be mended by omitting the "here."

"For" is often employed unnecessarily, as in "She came to Saratoga for to drink the waters." This would have passed as good grammar in old English, but it will not do in these times. "One of my great difficulties," says Annie, "is in connection with verbs. Should I say 'news' or 'news are'?" That depends entirely upon circumstances. Sometimes the verb should be in the plural, sometimes in the singular.

"Another difficulty! Should one say 'Either you or I are wrong?' or either you or I am wrong?" The latter is grammatically correct. We have an example of the verb in a wrong number in the sentence, "One of these houses were sold yesterday." Here the ear is misled by the plural noun "houses." We forget that the verb should be "was" agreeing in number with "one." "Each of the girls are to have a separate share." This is an error of the same sort. *Are*, of course, should be *is*.

The question has been raised whether we should say, "Two and two is four, or are four," and it has been laid down by some people as a rule that in all abstract cases, when we merely speak of numbers, the verb is better singular; but there is as much authority, perhaps more, on the other side. A number of miscellaneous errors remain to be mentioned. "I shall be much pleased to accept your kind invitation for Wednesday first." This should be "I accept with pleasure," for there is nothing future about your acceptance. An every-day mistake among the half-educated consists in the use of *like* in the place of *as*. For example: "Like she did"; "Like I do now"; "Like we were"; "Like she told me." Six spoons full and six spoonfuls are different things, though often confounded. To take "six spoonfuls" only one spoon is needed, but for "six spoons full" you must have six spoons. The use of *directly* instead of *immediately* is a common error. "Directly Mary came," says Julia, "I went away." May one say "well-looking" instead of "good-looking?" No. *Well looking* has no standing in respectable society. "Blanche is as different to Georgiana as she could be." Here should be *from*. "I intended to have played on the piano to-day." This should be "I intended to play."—*Central School Journal.*

CAUSES OF GRAY HAIR.

Many persons begin to show gray hairs while they are yet in their twenties, and some while in their teens. This does not by any means argue a premature decay of the constitution. It is a purely local phenomenon, and may co-exist with unusually bodily vigor. The celebrated author and traveller, George Borrow, turned quite gray before he was 30, but was an extraordinary swimmer and athlete at 65.

Many feeble persons, and others who have suffered extremely both mentally and physically, do not blanch a hair until past middle life; while others, without assignable cause

lose their capillary coloring matter rapidly when about 40 years of age.

Race has a marked influence. The traveller, Dr. Origny, says that in the many years he spent in South America he never saw a bald Indian, and scarcely ever a gray-haired one. The negroes turn more slowly than the whites. Yet we know a negro of pure blood, about 35 years old, who is quite gray. In this country sex appears to make little difference. Men and women grow gray about the same period of life. In men the hair and beard rarely change equally. The one is usually darker than the other for several years, but there seems no general rule as to which whitens first. The spot where grayness begins differs with the individual. The philosopher Schopenhauer began to turn gray on the temples, and complementarily framed a theory that this is an indication of vigorous mental activity.—*Medical and Surgical Reporter.*

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YOUNG FOLKS.

A GENEROUS GIRL.

He was a bouncing big turkey, and they hung him by the heels, so that his nose almost touched the walk just outside the butcher's shop. A little girl was standing there watching it. You could see that she was a hungry little girl, and, worse than that, she was cold too, for her shawl had to do for hood and almost everything else. No one was looking, and so she put out a little red hand and gave the great turkey a push, and he swung back and forth, almost making the huge iron hook creak, he was so heavy.

"What a splendid big turkey!"

The poor little girl turned around, and there was another little girl looking at the turkey too. She was out walking with her dolls, and had on a cloak with real fur all around the edges, and she had a real muff, white with little black spots over it.

"Good morning, miss," said the butcher man. You see he knew the little girl with the muff perfectly well.

"That's a big turkey, Mr. Martin."

"Yes," said the poor little girl timidly; "he's the biggest I ever saw in my life. He must be splendid to eat."

"Pooh!" said the little girl with the muff; "he isn't any bigger than the one my papa brought home for Thanksgiving to-morrow, I know."

"Could I have a leg if I came for it to-morrow?" asked the poor little girl softly.

"What! haven't you a whole turkey?"

"Never had one in my life," said the poor little girl.

"Then you shall have this one," said the little lady with the muff. "Mr. Martin, I've got some money in my savings bank at home, and my papa said I could do just as I wanted to with it; and I'll go home for Foxey to help. Foxey is my brother, and I know we can carry him."

I have not room to tell you all about it; but the poor little girl got her turkey, and papa his bill.

"What's this?" said he—"another turkey; eighteen pounds; three dollars and sixty cents."

"That's all right," said the little girl who had the muff. "I bought him, and gave him to a poor little girl who never ate one; and the money is in my iron bank."

The bank was opened, and there was just four big pennies in it.

A very generous little girl was this of whom the *New York Tribune* tells us this story; but, like some others of us, she was generous with the money of some one else.

THE DONKEY OF EGYPT.

The Egyptian donkey is a much abused animal. If one were to believe all that travellers say of him you would suppose that his normal attitude was with his heels in the air, while that of his rider was prone in the mud before him. The real donkey is exactly the reverse of this ideal. He is gentle, intelligent, strong, enduring, and almost always sure footed. I have ridden a score at least and seen hundreds more in use from day to day, and I have never yet known one to lift his heels higher than was necessary to get over the inequalities of the soil, refuse to go at a reasonable pace if he was able, or stumble unless in the mud of the Cairo streets, which is excusable, considering that they are profusely watered at

all hours of the day. An infinitesimal donkey will trot patiently along with loads under which he is invisible from any point of view. He will carry a 200-pound traveller to the pyramids and back, apparently without fatigue, the round trip being twenty miles. He will stand any amount of beating with the donkey boy's goad or the traveller's cane with the least possible sign of resentment. He is really altogether amiable, although, like any other animal, or like the worm, he may in extreme cases turn on his oppressor. Neither are the donkey boys as bad as they are painted. Travellers accuse them of malice, and say that it is their delight to make their animals kick and throw riders over their heads. Nothing could be more absurd, for, as no one will re-employ or again use a mean donkey boy or a vicious animal, a good reputation becomes of the utmost importance to both. Besides, the donkeys are usually owned by some well-to-do individual, who employs the young Arabs to drive them, and prompt discharge would at once follow any merited complaint. This, at least, is the rule, though there are doubtless exceptions. Considerable effort is made to take care of those used by strangers for obvious reasons, though as in Italy emaciated donkeys, not much larger than rabbits, can be seen staggering under the heaviest burdens. — *Correspondence San Francisco Chronicle.*

NOVEL WEIGHTS.

We are making some little progress towards a more uniform system of weights and measures. These have been of great variety, as our language sufficiently shows. Some of the units adopted were most whimsical in their character.

The "stone," as a weight, is an example of approximate uncertainty. We know that this was in use until within the present century. It was nothing more than a cobble-stone such as may be picked up on the shore of the sea, and was used as a weight in one scale-pan to balance the article to be weighed.

Such cobble-stones were common in the shops, and often they had rings let in with their weight marked on them. There was a different standard for different articles. At a butcher's stall a stone was fourteen pounds. This is the only meaning which this weight has kept to our day.

In the London papers the weights of the young men who are to row in the university race are always given in "stones," thus:

"G. C. Montgomery, 11st. 3lb."

That is, one hundred and fifty-seven pounds.

But of all the shifts and devices for a unit of weight, nothing was ever thought of more completely absurd than that which is mentioned in an anecdote which is copied from an English publication.

The late John Cook, of Middletown, had sold some seed-oats, and soon after met the purchaser, who told him the grain was short of the weight bargained for. John very innocently replied,—

"You see, we isn't seah verra weel off for weights at our house; we have yan fifty-six and we have a cobbie and a lump of a cart-wheel 'at we know 't weight on; and then we put in a sarved lad. But I've just be thought me 'at 't' lad had been badly for about three week, and mappen he'd lost a lit o' weight; seah I mun send ye a how-sterful to mak' 't up." — *Youth's Companion.*

THE GREAT CANALS OF THE WORLD.

The Imperial canal of China is over 1,000 miles long. In the year 1861 was completed the greatest undertaking of the kind on the European continent, the canal of

Languedoc, or Canal du Midi, to connect the Atlantic with the Mediterranean; its length is 148 miles; it has more than 100 locks and about fifty aqueducts, and its highest part is no less than 600 feet above the level of the sea; it is navigable for vessels of upward of 600 tons. The largest ship canal in Europe is the great North Holland canal, completed in 1825—125 feet wide at the water surface, 31 feet wide at the bottom, and has a depth of 20 feet; it extends from Amsterdam to the Helder, 51 miles. The Caledonia Canal, in Scotland, has a total length of 60 miles, including three lakes. The Suez canal is 88 miles long, of which 66 miles are actual canal. The Erie canal is 350 miles long; the Ohio canal, Cleveland to Portsmouth, 332; the Miami and Erie, Cincinnati to Toledo, 391; the Wabash and Erie, Evansville to the Ohio line, 374.

ST. PAUL'S ICE CASTLE.

The great ice castle to be built at St. Paul is to be by far the largest ice structure ever yet built, although not quite as long as the Montreal ice castle of 1885. In form it is nearly square, 152 feet being the greatest length and 144 feet the greatest width. The principal feature is the great donjon tower, which rises nearly in the centre. It is to be thirty-three feet in diameter and something over one hundred feet in height. At each angle of it rise machicolated towers, three of eight feet in diameter and one of eleven feet. The largest of the four is the highest in the castle, and is to be the flagstaff tower. Flanking the donjon tower, and attached to it are four smaller towers, two of which are 16 feet by 19 feet, and 63 feet in height, and two 23 by 19 and 50 feet in height. St. Paul castle is to be built in a large square, and a skating and curling rink are to be formed within its walls.

IT HURT HIM.

"Let liquor alone and it won't hurt you," was the advice given by a gentleman to a young friend—a wide-awake, bright-eyed young business man—who sat beside him on a railway-train.

"But it has hurt me," answered the young man.

"How is that?" inquired his friend, who saw no token on his manly countenance of the blight that so soon makes its mark on the "human face divine."

"Well, six months ago, my employer, when off his balance, signed some notes which he should not have endorsed; and yesterday the firm (a heavy iron firm) went under. So here I am, and nearly two thousand others, in dead of winter, thrown out of employment."

That gentleman's act, because of drink, has touched the comfort, and possibly the subsistence, of not less than ten thousand human beings.—*Ec.*

A STORY FROM CHINA.

A little girl, while playing with two dragon flies, accidentally killed them. At night the girl became feverish, and in her delirious state called out that the dragon flies were dashing about before her eyes. Her parents, on learning the story, were much agitated, and invoked the assistance of a certain priest supposed to be endowed with supernatural powers direct from heaven, and able to drive away all evil spirits. For a given sum he was willing to subdue the genius of the dragon flies. He came with his followers, his musical instruments and his pictures of gods. Three days and nights he banged away at his gongs and drums, calling upon every deity in

the Pantheon, while his assistants disturbed a whole block of neighbors with their shrieking trumpets, tom-toms, and other unmusical contrivances. The girl got no better; the ghosts of the dragon flies still pursued her. The parents were in despair; the priest was at his wits' end, and spurred on his followers to much greater exertions and noise.

A cousin of the girl then heard of the matter and offered his services, which were accepted. He ordered the priest to desist from all incantations and gong-beating. He entered the room where the sick girl lay, showed her two paper-cut dragon flies, and gently told her that they were the spirits of the flies that were bothering her, that he had caught them and was going to burn them. He then applied the paper dragon flies to the light, and in a moment the girl leaped up radiant with joy, viewed the ashes of the paper flies with satisfaction, and declared she saw no more of them. The young man, when asked to explain by what magic spell he had cured the girl, replied that it was her imagination that caused the annoyance, because she had always been told by her parents not to kill insects, as they would demand life for life, and this, no doubt, worried her and brought on her delirium.

Meanwhile the priest packed up his instruments, rolled up the pictures of his gods silently, and as silently stole away.

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO YOU.

We wish a very happy Christmas to all our friends, old and young, and hope they will all enjoy rich gifts, especially those which are given by the Saviour in honor of whose birth into the world we commemorate the day.

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