

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

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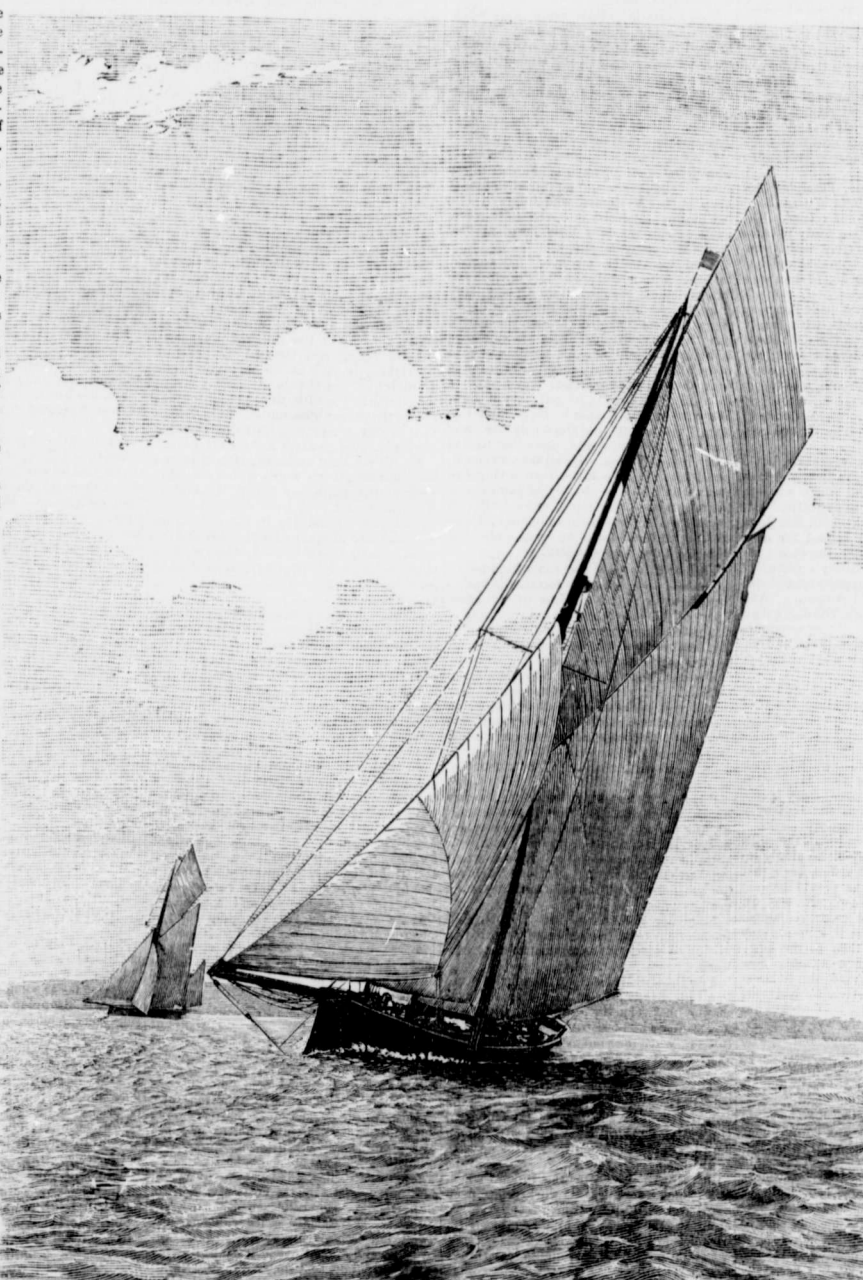
MONTREAL & NEW YORK, FOR THE WEEK ENDING, SEPTEMBER 12, 1885.

FIFTY CENTS A YEAR.

DISAPPOINTED!

"Hurrah for the 'Puritan!'" cried the backers of the American sloop when she sailed ahead of the "Genesta" last Monday on the first half of the race-course. There never was a yacht race which excited more comment than did this one. All sorts of stories were circulated, especially in connection with the English cutter, the "Genesta". One was to the effect that the "Puritan's" model was stolen from English sources. Of course no one who knew anything about yachts would have supposed that such was the case. That assertion was assured though not so funny, as the story that somewhere in the stern of the "Genesta" an electric motor was concealed which would be set in motion when racing with the "Puritan" and would propel the cutter at the rate of something less than a mile a minute!

Everyone in New York, whether knowing anything about sailing or not, has been talking of the possibilities of the sailing match. A bronzed skipper of a New York sailing ship created great laughter by his free criticism of the rival yachts. Said he, "The 'America' went over in '51 and beat all the Britishers—run again the whole lot of 'em, and the Queen had to give her the Cup. I say Johnny Bull ought to get it back now, or he'll forget what it looks like. If the 'Genesta' takes it in six months it'll be back here again though, for we'd build something that could go over and get it right away, and then they would not send after it again for probably nigh on to 60 year," and the old fellow joined in the



THE "GENESTA," 80 TON CUTTER YACHT, OWNED BY SIR RICHARD SUTTON, BART.

SENT TO RACE FOR THE INTERNATIONAL CHALLENGE CUP AT NEW YORK.

general chorus of laughter.

The "Genesta" in the dry dock was a beautiful sight, her coppered sides shone like molten metal, her upper works glistened with fresh paint, while the lean lines of her narrow hull reminded one of a greyhound. Sir Richard Sutton, the owner, is an enthusiastic yachtsman, but his health is now very delicate, and he leaves a great deal of the details to his friend and counsellor, Mr. Beavor Webb, the designer of both the "Genesta" and "Galatea." Mr. Webb thinks that, take her all around, the "Galatea" is a little the best boat, but the sailing master of the "Genesta" would not admit it when asked his opinion. The "Genesta" was not built for the purpose of racing as was her rival, but was built for comfort and to withstand a heavy sea. The "Puritan" is not nearly as richly finished or furnished as the English cutter, but in her coat of white paint looks very attractive.

The terms of the present contest are that the boat which wins two races out of three has the cup. The first race was begun last Monday afternoon, but as the wind died away entirely could not be concluded in the time allowed. Never before was there seen such a marine outpouring on the Bay of New York. The whole scene bore a holiday appearance and hundreds of steamboats, decked with flags dotted the water. The yachts could not start in the forenoon at the time appointed because of the weather, which was calm, with only occasional light puffs of air. A breeze

Continued on fifth page

HOW BILLY WENT UP IN THE WOODS.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.

(National Publishing House, N. Y.)

CHAPTER III.

PEER THE TAILOR.

One day it happened that the tailor had not been home for twenty-four hours. Billy's coming into his family had made Peter very negligent. When he failed to bring food for the old woman and child, he assured himself that most likely Billy would get some. Peter was sure he ought to do that much for the shelter of a comfortable home. So every week the tailor drank more and stayed away from that home longer; but Billy, wholly absorbed in his own plans, hardly noticed the fact; and Ben never complained of anything that could be endured. As long as the cow had fresh grass, they had milk, and did not suffer. If it happened that Billy heard granny ask for meat, he got it for her; if not, she went without and forgot it from one meal-time to another. Indeed, she forgot everything but her Bible.

Well, as I have just said, Peter had not been home for twenty-four hours. Sunset came, and Billy did not return. The minstrel troupe were getting ready to leave the town, and he was probably with them. The cow did not come home as she had often been accustomed to do, of her own accord.

All these non-appearances made Ben very uneasy. He laid the table with empty dishes, and then watched on the door-steps. The stars came out and winked at him; the crickets made lonesome music. Presently granny tottered across the room, took up an empty cup, and shook her head musingly. "Was the tea strong to-night, dearie?" she asked. "It seems as if it must have been poor stuff, I feel so weak."

"You have not had any, granny, but I guess we will s-s-soo—" began Ben, and then stopped. It did not seem worth while to stutter long over a thing so doubtful. But when the old clock struck eight, Ben took his torn hat from the peg behind the door and said, "I am going after Brownie; she must have got into Mr. Ellery's pasture."

"Yes, child. The green pastures and still waters," answered the old woman. "And there is the Shepherd, you know. I shall not want."

"There isn't any shepherd there, and we must go after our own cow when she stays away, granny."

Ben shut the door gently then, and went down under the sundflowers along the road and over a narrow bridge, stopping to look into the rapid stream where the cattle came to drink at noon-time. Yes, sly Brownie was in the neighbor's pasture; but she took little Ben's grave rebuke very meekly, as she reached the bridge and clattered over it, her hoofs shaking the unsteady planks.

As soon as he saw her headed in the right direction, Ben lingered to look longingly up the main road, for it was not so dark that he could not see if any one should happen to be coming down the road. He was just turning to go on, when he discovered a man in the distance. As Ben saw him walking first in the dusty road, then in the dewy may-weed of the border, now here, now there, he sped briskly toward him to act as a walking-stick. How often he had performed this sad duty before! Yet there was no hesitation or delay in the way he sprang forward to help the unhappy father, who had done so little for his child.

"Humph! I should think you had better be on hand—leaving poor fellows to find his way home all 'lone this time night."

Ben did not answer. He had all he could do to keep his small feet out from under Peter's great boots, and to keep both himself and his unhappy parent from falling to the ground. At the bridge they made more noise than even the cow had made in crossing. The old planks creaked and rattled, while Peter lurched from one side to another.

"Take care, father! See, oh, s-s-see!" stuttered Ben. "You go too near the edge!"

The shrill warning came too late. Peter staggered, pitched, and reeled over into the brown water. One hand vainly snatching at Ben, only tore the shabby straw hat off his head. The poor child gave a long, loud shriek for help. Fear loosened his stammering tongue, and the cry, "Father will

down! Come, oh, come!" rang out wildly over the fields. Meanwhile, by kneeling, he had seized the drunkard's coat, and was able to hold him at least a moment.

It seemed an hour to Ben. Peter struggled madly, and flung both arms around the frail boy to draw him recklessly down with him to death. Over he went, without resistance, and the leaping, sparkling stream that was so beautiful by day swept over them both. The stars twinkled overhead, and the crickets chirped in the crisp grass, and at that very moment Brownie was softly lowering at the little red cottage door. Granny waked up and called out in the silence, and shadow, "Bring the good book, Bemie, then we will go to rest."

Two hours later Billy came gayly whistling home, and found the cottage dark, the fire out, and the poor old woman shivering, troubled to understand the strange stillness around her and her own discomfort. He lit a candle and looked on the lounge, expecting to find little Ben curled up there asleep, but the kitten, mewling pitifully when he disturbed her, was there all alone.

"Where can he be, gran?" The words were arrested on Billy's lips. Farmer Ellery entered the room, and motioned to him to keep still. A woman who followed him led granny tenderly into the next room, while outside the door Billy heard muffled voices and many footsteps.

A moment later, how his blood seemed to freeze with horror! The door opened, and sad-faced men brought in on a plank, torn from the old bridge, Peter the tailor, dead! His pallid face gleamed through the matted hair, the water dripped from his clothing; and clutched tightly to his breast was poor little Ben. The child's soft locks streaming back, showed the sweet face that looked to Billy like an angel's, so pure was it now. The patient little helper! Billy burst into tears. He forgot the stuttering, the baby pinafore, the copper-toe shoes that used to make Ben so funny. He all at once remembered how he gave himself so lovingly to everybody's service—to his, to granny's, to the miserable father's even unto death; but it seemed as if Billy must get him back, if only to tell him how much he loved him. But that could not be ever again.

Farmer Ellery and the other kind neighbors made every effort to restore the two to consciousness; but all was of no avail. They could only keep the sad condition of things from the poor old woman until morning, and then give her another in bringing her comforts.

The next few days were very strange ones to Billy. He never forgot an hour of that morning when he sat on the door-step in the warm sunshine, and peeped every now and then into the cottage, where, on the old lounge, made white with snowy linen, was a child, strewn from head to foot with apple-blossoms.

"He was not great, or handsome, or very smart," thought Billy, "but he will be missed, for he was good, and he loved everybody. He was always ready and willing to help, or to do, or to suffer. He was worth twice as much as I am. Nothing is left for me but granny. I'll have to make up to her the loss of both of them."

Suddenly there came into Billy's mind the thought of his chosen occupation. Was he not to start out as a minstrel that very week?

I doubt if Billy had ever thought as much in all his life before as he did in the days that lay between the time when little Ben was brought home so cold and white, and the funeral, when the kind neighbors buried him away out of sight under the green sod. He seemed to be taking a new view of life altogether. He could not have told the reason why, but the idea of starting off with the minstrel troupe seemed to lose its fascination. He would have to leave that little green mound behind him, and he did not want to do it.

It was two days after the funeral when, as Farmer Ellery was at work in his field, there appeared quite unexpectedly a red head over the fence near him, and then a boy with a very earnest face.

"Good-day, Billy. Going to leave us, I hear?"

"No, sir. I have come to say I want to make a man of myself by being just a hard-working boy, if you will show me how. And could I work for enough to keep an old lady, do you think? I am going to keep her, anyhow. The town shan't have granny. I am sorry I refused your offer. That minstrel nonsense is no go for me."

Billy's face grew as red as his hair, but he went on in a minute.

"Her Book tells what a fellow ought to be, you know, and I think I had better get into being something worth while. If I turn short around, maybe I can!"

"Make the most of yourself, with the help of God."

"That is it exactly."

"Come over the fence. Take a hoe and begin," said Farmer Ellery.

CHAPTER IV.

THE REAL BEGINNING.

When Billy had worked a while in silence, the farmer stopped, and leaning on his hoe handle, said, with a kindly smile, "Let's attend service now for a little while?"

As Billy stared at him, he went on: "There is a great deal of preaching done, my boy, that is not done by parsons. The good Book says: There are many voices in the world, and none of them are without signification. I can hear some of them this morning. Can't you?"

Billy pushed his ragged hat up from his forehead and listened, his bright eyes wandering from the moist brown earth at his feet to the new dandelions scattered like fallen stars on the near pasture land, then up to the intense blue beyond the farmer's picturesque old windmill. He heard no "voices"—nothing but the twitter of birds in their honeymoon days of house-building and the faint low of cattle away by the brook, whose sight he hated of late.

"Don't you hear the Spring voices all saying: 'Now is the starting time, boy! We are young and strong.' So are you. Everything depends on the way you begin. There is only one chance to plant yourself for growth in your life-time; only one season for the proper blossoming. Billy, I want you to stay where you start this morning until you give yourself a chance to grow."

Mr. Ellery went on hoeing after that, and Billy mused on his words with a tolerably clear understanding of them. By-and-by Mr. Ellery said: "I have engaged Prissy Tarbox to come and live in the cabin; she will take care of granny for the rest and the milk. She is a good-hearted, smart woman, so the old lady will fare better than she had fared before; but you must be kind to her, all the same."

"There, now! I could have gone with Amnerly just as well as not," was the thought that flashed across the boy's mind—with the quick image of the minstrel "show"; but after that came another memory, that spoiled the fancied fun. Poor little Ben, stumbling about, wearied with his tiresome mimicry. Once and for all Billy said to himself, "Whatever I am, I won't be a fool! I'll work!"

At twelve o'clock a girl about Billy's age appeared in the farm-house door and blew a horn; it was the signal for dinner. Several hired men came toward the kitchen, stopping first to wash in a neat little room adjoining the wood shed. Billy thought the kitchen, with its spotless tables, its dresser full of bright tins and blue crockery, simply magnificent; while to have corned beef, three kinds of vegetables and a pudding, was an experience for his stomach unprecedented in the past. As the farmer saw him eat, he doubted about his ability to move the hoe again that day with any degree of liveliness, but he said to his wife, later: "We must have patience. When any fellow is apparently all stomach, that must be pacified before his conscience can wiggle or his heart beat worth a snap. I have believed in Billy, because, while half starved, he did appear to have a feeling for his old granny. Let him eat against time for a while."

Strange as it would have appeared, Billy could have eaten even more that very day; but he was a little bashful in the presence of a girl. It was his first encounter with one who wore good clothes, and lived anywhere in particular. He had borrowed and lent money and food to certain wild little news-venders and "black-headed-Jim girls" of the various cities where he had dwelt, but "Nan" Ellery, as her father called her, was a different creature. She was so sweet and bright that she made Billy think of a young colt. She had eyes that filled with fun when half the boy's knife seemed to vanish down his throat with his pudding; and while he was "mad" at her for seeing—as of course she must see—how red his hair was, he wished that his hair had happened to be as black as her own, which was braided in one long tail down her back.

Mrs. Ellery, who sat at the head of the table, was a fine-looking, pleasant woman. The men, who rolled down their sleeves and put on linen jackets before coming to the table, were sensible, good-natured fellows. But there was one other person present whom Billy thought rather an impressive individual. He was a boy about sixteen years old, with a handsome face, and he was a trifle dandyish in his stylish clothes, but very pleasant in manner. This was Stanton Ellery, a nephew and ward of the farmer's, and he also lived in the family.

For the next few days Billy was as busy taking notes of people and things, as he was industriously occupied with various new duties.

Mrs. Ellery would have overlooked his wardrobe had he had any to undergo that process; but when she found he owned only the tatters on his back, she soon had him decently clad, and gave him a brush, a comb, a Bible, and a room. What this last was to Billy she never imagined. It was only a low room, over half the kitchen, but when he knew it was to be his, he felt like a king. Over the bed, with its red and yellow calico spread, was a hanging shelf for curiosities, evidently, as there was a clamshell there and a pigeon's wing. In the cherry-wood washstand was a drawer full of twine and nails. There was a table—not so very rickety—and on it a pile of illustrated papers. That looked as if some time he might sit there and read. At the window a "turkey red" curtain let in a rosy light, and to Billy the place seemed richly furnished.

Mrs. Ellery gave him also several articles to be worn for a change, and on Sunday. These were regarded by Billy with great pride, as they hung on pegs inside the door. Yes, life had indeed begun for the boy; he was "planted," and ready to "take root."

Farmer Ellery was very prompt and active himself, and Billy, studying him, had concluded that he was "smart"; when about the end of the week, this impression was, for the time, obliterated. Billy considered himself a pretty good judge of horse flesh, and he had attended some horse sales, very well managed, as he thought. Now Mr. Ellery had a horse that was the object of Billy's secret scorn, and perhaps with reason. Bob was one day tied to the hitching-post by the back gate, and Billy was near by, mending a wheelbarrow. Meanwhile a man came along, and leaning on the gate, asked, "Where's the boss?"

"Down in the south lot."

"Do you know if he wants to sell that critter?"

"I don't believe he'd like to part with it—old Bob's a staver."

"Good for anything?"

"Good! When his grit is up he can pass any trotter on the road. He was an old pacer, Bob was; now to be sure Mr. Ellery just keeps him for steady work—he don't mind how much he does, or how little either," muttered Billy, driving a nail into the barrow furiously.

"He looks like a galvanized old hoop petticoat," grunted the stranger, poking Bob's ribbed sides.

"If he was lazier he'd be fatter," returned Billy.

"Well, I ain't looking for a beast to drive in Central Park."

"If you was you might go farther and do worse, so far as some points are concerned," said Billy, dropping the hammer, and letting himself loose, so to speak, on the inquiring stranger, who was greatly amused and a little bit moved by Billy's evident knowledge of horse talk, if not of horse flesh. He was not at all sure but that Bob was the horse for him, if a tenth of this shrewd faced boy said was true. Ellery was renowned for his honesty, and his boy could have had no instruction about selling a horse not for sale.

"Go find your father. I want another critter for farm work, and maybe this old plug will do, if he wants to get rid of him." Billy started, but at that moment Mr. Ellery himself came up a lane and advanced toward them, in response to the man's loud "Hello, friend! what'll you take for this horse?"

"What will you give?"

"That depends. What sort of an animal is it?"

"One to be relied on. He never does anything unexpected."

"What is he good for?"

"He is the best eater you ever saw."

"That doesn't fat him up any." "No," replied the farmer, eyeing Bob as dispassionately as possible.

"He can jog along for an hour or two, and then you can't get him off a walk to save your life."

"I see you don't want to sell him, so you tell the truth about him."

"I'd like to sell him. He's not worthless, by any means; but I don't need him. There's work in him yet," said Mr. Ellery, proceeding to point out all the capabilities of that sort that Bob possessed, but to Billy's disgust as calmly telling wherein he was not sound.

The upshot of the matter was the stranger bought the old horse for twenty-seven dollars. Billy was sure he, in Mr. Ellery's place, could have sold him for seventy-five, and very likely he might have done so. When the bargain was concluded, the two men walked away to the barn, the stranger turning back once to glance at Billy.

"That night, after supper, as Billy sat on the back door steps playing with Zip, the big dog, Mr. Ellery came out and sat near by, in his large wooden chair.

"You would make a sharp horse-dealer than I am, Billy."

It did not seem exactly modest for the boy to say, "That's so," but all the same he said it to himself.

"When you offered yourself, over the fence, to me, that morning, why didn't you tell me you could go more than any man for ten miles around here, so far as farm work went?"

"What did I want to lie for?" returned Billy, indignantly; "besides," he added, "you'd found me out and sent me back where I came from."

"What did you want to lie so for to that man, about Bob, then?"

"Why, I was sellin' a horse!" "And after the man had him, you knew he couldn't send him back."

Surprise filled Billy's face; then, in the clear light of the man's eyes—this man, who gazed at him so earnestly—Billy answered honestly, "Yes, I'd a had him then, fast!" but his voice faltered.

"I never sell horses, or anything else, in that way, my boy; and I don't want you to do it. If forty-nine men out of fifty like that sort of dealings, I don't. You must not begin, if you live here. If I had asked fifty dollars for Bob, I should have known I was selling him for his worth, which is just about twenty-seven, and I was selling out my self-respect, say for ten more, my truthfulness for ten more, my good name for three dollars more; and the devil would have cheated me worse than I had cheated Bob's new owner."

"I thought folks always lied when they sold horses," put in Billy, feebly.

"Most everybody does; but that is no reason why you and I should."

"This was a new idea to Billy; he mused on it, not seeing Mr. Ellery when he went back into the kitchen.

By-and-by he heard a chuckle and looking up, he saw young Ellery drawing on his kid gloves, preparatory to going into the town. A being who wore gloves was so far removed from our boy, that he was peculiarly pleased to receive a not unfriendly dig in the ribs from a kidded paw, with the remark, "You'll do, youngster! The stuff is in you. I'd bet you against Uncle Tom on a horse trade any day."

"He could have got more, just as easy as not; that fellow was a kind of a greeny."

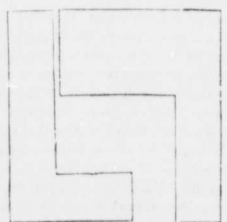
"Of course," quoth young Stanton, sauntering off.

"I guess I'll go down and see granny," thought Billy, after a while; and as he crossed the fields toward the cabin, he was saying to himself, gravely: "A man must get more money when he is sharp, but people that see and tell things exactly as they are, make a body like them to fall back on. Ben wasn't smart a bit, but he seemed kind of wise, and he would tell the truth always. I didn't suppose men ever were like that. I thought it was because Ben did not know any better. Perhaps it is the very best anybody can do to just go on the square every time. I might try it."

(To be Continued.)

The sorrows of a noble soul are as May frosts which precede the milder seasons; but the sorrows of a hardened, lost soul, are as the autumn frosts, which foretell but the coming of winter.

PUZZLES.



*Cut two pieces the size of each of these, and out of the four make a square.

DECAPITATIONS.

- Behold the following: 1. Exact, and leave a cold substance. 2. To refuse to act, and leave sick. 3. Locality, and leave to bind. 4. To cheat, and leave to listen; again and leave a rude boat. 5. False, and leave part of the body; again and leave the first person singular of a verb. 6. The cry of an animal, and leave an artificial trench; again, and leave what we all do; again, and leave a preposition.

CHARADE.

A bright and joyous frame of mind, With Cephas properly combined, Produce, I'll boldly dare to say, A statesman of the present day.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

ACROSTIC AND ANAGRAM. C U F F S T O R C H H O G R U L E R K N I F E R O C K S

CHARADE—Sunday. TRANSPPOSITIONS—1. Horse, shore, 2. Mile, line, 3. Snow, wash, 4. Dog, nod, 5. Draw, ward, 6. Reap, pear, 7. Balm, lamb, 8. Sole, lose.

LESSON HELPS IN SABBATH-SCHOOL.

In visiting schools all over the land, we see in the hands of many teachers and scholars their Banners or quarterlies, and hardly a Bible is used in many of the classes of the intermediate department, the main division of the school. Now, teachers, what shall be said of this practice?

It is certainly not the use for which these helps were prepared. They were written as aids to home study, for teacher and pupil.

It must, however, be admitted that something can be said in favor of using them in the class. It requires with many teachers less nervous strain to read questions or explanations of difficult passages from the journal than to frame questions of their own or reproduce their own views of the lesson, which have been formed as the result of home study. And especially if they have not studied the lesson at all, such explanations as we find in the helps are a great relief. Many feel that the lesson in the Banner is better than anything they can produce. And with the little preparation they have had for the work of teaching and limited time of study, it is a relief to have the lesson help to fall back upon.

Then he who depends on lesson helps in the class will never improve to any considerable degree in teaching.

It lessens our sense of the need of study at home, and we are all too prone to study our ease in this particular.

If the teacher uses his helps, the scholar will want his, and Bibles become conspicuous in the classes by their absence. As a result, the pupils never become familiar with the use of their Bibles. On the lesson leaf, there is the text of the lesson for the day. It is as truly the Word of God, as that which is bound in a book and covered in leather, yet it is only a fragment of the Word of God, and separated from its proper relation. How much better is it for every scholar to have his own Bible, and learn to use it familiarly in the school.

Only thus can parallel passages be read in the school, and they always throw light on the lesson and help the teacher in his work. It may be of some value to add that in all leading Sunday-school assemblies and conventions that I have attended, when this subject has been considered, the pronouncement has been, "Take the helps home, use them there, and leave them there."—Christian Guardian.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

REVIEW.

Sept 20. 2 Kings 5: 1-16.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

Fill in the portraits here outlined. (1) We have Naaman, with his perfect soldier's character, brave (ver. 1), loved by his enemies (ver. 3, 13), credulous (ver. 4), generous even to lavishness (vers. 5, 23), fond of display (ver. 9) sensitive about his dignity (ver. 9, 10), easily made angry (ver. 11), easily pacified (vers. 13, 14), grateful (vers. 15, 23), impetuous (ver. 15), strict in notions of honor (ver. 18). (2) The king of Syria, a careless heathen, but ready of sympathy and appreciative of the merits and sufferings of his general. (3) The king of Israel, wicked, and therefore suspicious; afraid, less of God than of man, unmindful of all his benefits. The King of Syria knew more about his great prophet than he did. Heathen cannot understand that all dwellers in Christian lands are not missionaries. Illustration. The former pupil of a Christian school in Syria, while travelling in America, was told by a lady that she did not believe in missions. "I thought all Christians believed in missions," was the Syrian woman's answer. "O, I am not a Christian," carelessly said the American. "What! and are you a heathen?" "A heathen, indeed! and for what do you take me?" "You must excuse me if I say anything wrong," said the Syrian; "I am a stranger here. In my country, we know only two ways,—the heathen and the Christian; but if there is a third way, I should be so glad to know it."

(4) The loving service of Naaman's servants is worthy of remark, particularly the little maid, brought from the devout training of a godly family into servitude in a heathen household. She has so commended herself and her people to her mistress, that her words are counted worthy of going to the king. She has not spent her days in foolish prattle.

As leprosy is always a type of sin, we have as the Subject,—The one remedy.

I. The disease (ver. 1), loathsome, fatal, hopeless,—the bad in every life, however noble and fair.

II. The remedy suggested. God's message does not fail to find a sin-sick soul. It may be a little child that leads home the lost, or a servant, or a poor stranger. The messenger's life must commend his religion, more than his words can.

III. The remedy sought. We ask the intercession of our friends, we prepare to offer our best treasures, we wander through the world asking, Where is he, that I might find him!

IV. Two great obstacles are (1) blind guides, who neither enter into salvation themselves nor know how to direct others. When we hear One saying "Come unto me," we wait aloof, expecting to be saved in our own way. (2) Proud rejection of the simple Gospel plan is the second obstacle.

Illustration.

"Life's great things," like the Syrian lord, Our hearts can do and dare, But oh! we shrink from Jordan's side, From waters which alone can save; And murmur for Abana's banks, And Pharpar's brighter wave.—Whittier.

V. God grant that better counsels prevail, and that we apply the remedy exactly according to the directions given by the Master.

VI. Then will the new life be one of (1) confession and (2) open profession, (3) of gratitude and (4) worship.

SCIENCE AND POPULAR DELUSION.

Modern research and scientific investigations are great disillusionists, overturning in their course many long settled opinions and notions. Catgut is derived from sheep; German silver was not invented in Germany, and it contains no silver; Cleopatra's needle was not erected by her, nor in her honor; Pompey's pillar had no historical connection with that personage; sealing wax does not contain a particle of wax; the tuberosc is not a rose, but a polyanth; the strawberry is not a berry; Turkish baths did not originate in Turkey, and are not baths at all; whalebone is not bone, and contains none of its properties.

Question Corner.—No. 17.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

SCRIPTURE SCENE.

We will take a city mentioned both in the Old and New Testaments. When we first hear of it its gates were closely shut up by order of the king, for fear of a host approaching from the East. Some of that host were already in this city, but he did not know it. Its walls were thrown down without battering rams. One of its inhabitants was saved, as we are told in Hebrews xi., by faith. The capture of this city brought a curse upon the conquerors, and their captain in turn cursed it. It was still called "the city of palm-trees," but most likely it remained without walls or gates, or any appearance of a city. In the days of Ahab a man was bold enough to rebuild it, but drew upon himself the curse foretold. Elijah passed through it on his last journey. One of Elisha's miracles was performed here, a miracle which the inhabitants had good cause to be thankful for during many ages. Here, too, the last King of Judah fell into the hands of his enemies, having vainly tried to escape from them by fleeing from Jerusalem. Our Lord was here more than once, and restored to sight two or perhaps three blind men. Here, too, he relieved a sinner's soul of its burden and welcomed him as a son of Abraham.

- Let us ask the following questions; 1. What was the name of the city? 2. By whom was it taken, and how? 3. Who was saved at its capture? 4. How did its capture bring a curse on the conquerors? 5. What was the curse pronounced upon the man who should rebuild it? 6. Who rebuilt it? 7. What was the miracle wrought by Elisha?

8. Who were the blind men healed by our Lord?

9. Whom did our Lord call a son of Abraham, and what was his employment?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 15.

A SINGULAR BURNAL.—In the injunctions of dying Joseph, about 1635 B.C. (see Gen. 1: 24-26) compared with what is said of the "start of the funeral pyre-selson," about 1201 B.C. (see Exodus xiii. 19), and also with what is said in Joshua xiv. 32, 33, about the final commitment of Joseph's bones to the earth, certainly not before 1600 B.C. The key to this question will be easily found. As to the relation between Joseph and Joshua, the probable chief mourner at the completion of this burial, see 1 Chron. vii. 22-27.

SCRIPTURE SCENES.

PETER.—JOHN XXI. 21.

Table with 2 columns: Event and Reference. Pentecost Acts II. 1. E. Matt. xxii. 3. T. Acts ix. 36. E. John xviii. 10. E. Acts xii. 14.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Jennie Lyght, Hannah E. Greene, Albert Jessé Feenb and Jennie E. Hall.

HOW CAN I HELP TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.

WITH GOD'S BLESSING I WILL TRY

- 1st. To make home duties of the first importance; not to despise the very smallest, but to perform even it as "unto God." 2nd. To undertake no work outside which may cause the neglect of even that "small duty" at home. 3rd. To think of the happiness of others before my own; "for even Christ pleased not himself," and went away, "leaving us an example, that we should follow His steps." 4th. To try to add to the happiness of every member of my family, sympathizing in both what gives them pain and pleasure. 5th. To find out my besetting sin, and fight hard to overcome it; for "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." 6th. To remember God has formed my home, and as long as He leaves me in it, no one but myself can fill the niche in which He has placed me.

*Content to fill a little space if thou be grieved.

7th. To improve the talents that God has given me, especially those that will give pleasure or be of use to others, remembering the command, " whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."—Faith and Works.

THE WEEK.

SEVENTEEN PRIZES.

We have determined to give the *Messenger* from now until the end of the year for

FIFTEEN CENTS,

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

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

SEVENTEEN PRIZES,

which will be awarded in the beginning of October.

Clip this offer out and keep it in mind.

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

THE TWO PART STORY which we begin this week under the heading of "War Notes" is a very touching one.

THERE HAS NOT BEEN very much done so far in getting us subscribers to the end of the year and all who wish to join the competition in which seventeen prizes are offered have a good chance of obtaining a prize if they commence at once. Do not imagine because a week has passed since we sent out our circular to subscribers that there is little hope of getting even a book for your trouble. Begin now to ask all whom you know to take the *Messenger* and you have a very fair chance for one prize out of seventeen.

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

YOUNG PEOPLE, in particular, are requested to write letters on all sorts of subjects which interest them to the *Weekly Messenger*. Address your letter to the editor and be sure to write very concisely on one side of the paper only. If you do not wish your own name published, sign some other, but be sure to give your own name and address for our own benefit. You may sign yourself from "hi diddle diddle" to "cats" "potatoes," "dolls" or "kites." Or if you like the more conventional signature sign yourself "a constant reader" or "one who knows." In any case give us your own name and age as well.

SO MANY infants die in one of the large cities of England that the Town Council has seen fit to distribute a circular giving mothers the most exact information concerning the care of their children. They even give instructions concerning the rinsing of the mouthpieces of bottles.

JOHN BULL IS SUSPICIOUS.

Our readers will remember how charge were made against the Governor of Herat, saying that he had opened letters sent by the British Government to the Afghan Boundary Commission. The Governor has been fully acquitted, but at the same time he has had to promise that in future there will be no tampering with the letters of the Commission. For several weeks the leading English papers have been publishing congratulatory things on the settlement of the difficulty between England and Russia and all England has been rejoicing at the assured prospects of peace, but all the time there has been an underlying feeling of uneasiness. The fact that the Woolwich arsenal has been working lay and night to produce the necessities of war has done nothing, it may well be imagined, to allay this feeling. Still further material has been given out of which to make conjectures in a story published by an English paper. This says that the Russian troops trespassed on Afghanistan territory and put a small force of Afghans to flight. This revived all the old fears, although the source from which the story comes is none too reliable, but then so many details of the supposed fight are given that there is some ground for the general belief in the statement. The Governor of Herat has released a number of Russian prisoners and this action increases the suspicion, already very strong, that he is playing England false. Great excitement has been caused in India by this freeing of Russian prisoners, and by the story of the fight. If the latter is true the English Government will in all probability demand reparation and also a guarantee against Russian trespassing in the future.

A WARLIKE ACT.

The excitement in Spain over the seizure of the Caroline Islands by Germany has not yet died away, although the Emperor William has given up the Island of Yap since it was shown that Spain had hoisted her flag there several days before the German gun boats arrived to take possession of the place. When the news was first received in Madrid, the populace was wild with rage. A large crowd gathered and attacked the German Embassy buildings, crying "Down with Germany." The crowd gradually grew larger until, finally, it was resolved to call out the troops to clear the streets. This was done and the mob led to retire, fifty-six of their leaders having been arrested. Things took a very serious look in Madrid for several days, and although there is now no more talk of rioting, the feeling of displeasure is still great against King Alfonso, who is very unpopular among his subjects. The King's visits to the cholera-stricken districts of Spain were for the purpose of becoming popular, and for a time the King was cheered heartily. But now the seizure of the Caroline Islands has given the people something else to get angry at, and almost forgetting their former appreciation of the King, the fickle mob would go so far as to depose him if they could. It is thought that there may be a thorough revolution in Spain, and that the four year old Princess of the Asturias may be placed on the throne of Spain, with Gen. Salamanca, the most popular man among Spaniards, as regent. A party is forming for this purpose. Several French papers say that King Alfonso is sure to be overthrown unless he leads the party which is for war against Germany.

THOSE WHO ARE going to try for our prizes are in time now, but should begin at once.

IT IS WRONG TO DO EVIL THAT GOOD MAY COME.

Every one knows that the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a London paper, has recently been making public a number of disgraceful crimes, avowedly for the purpose of doing good. One of the disclosures of the paper is now creating a great sensation. Its editor, Mr. Stead, wished to show that a child could be bought for money from her parents for the purpose of leading her into a bad mode of life. Mr. Stead procured the services of a Mrs. Jarrett, a person of shady character, who did manage to obtain possession of a girl, Eliza Armstrong by name, for money which was paid to Eliza's parents. From the circumstances under which the girl was obtained the parents could have no doubt that it was for an evil purpose. Eliza Armstrong was soon handed over to, and held by the Salvation Army as one rescued from a life of shame. She had not been physically ill-treated though subjected to much indignity. Mr. Stead accomplished his purpose of showing what could be done when the girl had been bought by a woman of whose character the parents knew nothing. When the case was published in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and it became known to the parents, they strove to get their child back, but General Booth, Mr. Stead and others connected with the movement for the protection of young girls, deeming parents whom they supposed had actually sold their daughter into a bad life, unfit to protect her or bring her up, refused to return her. The Government took the matter up, and under its instructions the parents have proceeded against Mrs. Jarrett, Mr. Stead and others for abduction. The trial began last Monday, at the Bow Street Police Court, in London. Mr. Stead conducted his own case, while counsel represented the others. The excitement in the court-room has seldom, if ever, been equalled. The police were powerless to control the mob who had assembled to hear the proceedings. Members of the Salvation Army were arriving all the morning in cabs and were hooted and jostled by the crowd on their way into the court-room. In court there was a compact mass of people, including a number of reporters and many members of the Salvation Army. The case was opened on the part of the Crown by a long speech showing how the girl had suffered since her abduction from her parents. Mrs. Jarrett sat in the prisoners' box, and Mr. Stead and Gen. Booth in front of her. After the girl herself had given her testimony, which showed how badly she had been treated, the court adjourned. The mob at the door of the Court House tried to overturn Gen. Booth's carriage, and molested other members of the Salvation Army. Eliza Armstrong was cheered.

THE HANGING OF PRESTAN.

In view of the approaching of the time at which the execution of Riel is at present appointed to take place it will be interesting to know how another arch rebel met his doom. Letters have just come to hand from Colon, or Aspinwall, in the United States of Columbia giving a full description of the hanging of Pedro Prestan which took place at that city. Prestan was the leader of the rebels who burned Colon last March and occasioned the intervention of the United States with armed forces in execution of a treaty by which the latter country had guaranteed sovereignty over the Isthmus to the United States of Columbia. Prestan was tried by court martial, found guilty of being responsible for the burning of the town and was sentenced to be hanged at noon the next day after his culpability

had been decided. No time was given him in which there might be a possibility of a rescue. Two of his principal associates met the same fate several months previously and their hanging was done in the same way—with the machinery of a derrick, a railway track and a flat car. It will be remembered that Prestan also figured in the siege of Carthagena by the rebels, and all who read our account of the bloody fight there will long remember it.

When the time came to hang the rebel there was no one present who would take the position of hangman. The populace threatened with great clamor that the man who hanged Prestan would have to attend his own funeral in short order. The American captain of the port said he'd be hanged if he would allow the hanging to be postponed a moment for want of a hangman, and he accordingly took that office. The captain fixed the noose about Prestan's neck. When all was ready Prestan turned to the spectators and yelled:—

"I am not afraid of death. I am an American!"

Then suddenly, before the car could be moved, he jumped from the box, hoping, doubtless, to break his neck. He failed to accomplish this end, however. The noose tightened and it was seen that he was choking to death. As the body slowly swayed to and fro Prestan raised his hands, which, at his earnest request had been left unbound, and wiped the foam from his mouth. He appeared to be conscious for several minutes, and it was half an hour before he was dead.

WEATHER AND CROP REPORT.

After nearly a fortnight of unseasonably good weather, the temperature has risen considerably, and with it the hopes of the cultivators of late sown corn. During the cold spell the corn remained almost at a standstill, and though much the larger portion of it is far enough advanced to be out of danger from any frost that is likely to occur at this season, yet a considerable portion is too green, and will require a fortnight of summer weather to put it out of danger. In most places harvest work is completed, but in some sections heavy rains have prevented the grain from being secured in proper condition. There has been more than the average amount of cyclones, hail-storms and cloud-bursts throughout the season, and more than the usual amount of property has been destroyed by them. There have been several frosty nights throughout the west and north-west, extending southward into Missouri and southern Illinois which did considerable damage to garden stuff, but not much to early or late grains, except on low lands. The weather has been exceedingly favorable for preparing the ground and sowing fall wheat and a large acreage has been got in fine order. The prices of cattle and hogs, after declining to a very low point, have taken a decidedly upward turn which is likely to continue, except for common and inferior beef critters. There has also been a considerable advance in the prices of good butter owing to an improved demand and higher prices in Britain.

THE IRISH NATIONALISTS are holding on their course of crime. Last week the houses of two tenants who lived in a town not far from Dublin were surrounded at midnight by armed men, who fired into them and posted notices threatening the inmates with the death of a dog if they paid their rents. Similar notices were posted on the doors of the houses of tenants in the same town.

(Continued from first page.)

spring up in the afternoon, however, and the "Puritan" passed the line at 1.35 p.m. the "Genesta" following a minute and ten seconds later. The wind was a very light south-easterly one, just strong enough to drive away the haze which rested on the water.

The "Puritan" gradually gained on the "Genesta" until she had put half a mile between herself and the English cutter. It took the two boats about five hours to go eighteen miles to windward. Then the wind, which at best was little more than a breath of air, died away entirely and the race had to be postponed till Tuesday. On Tuesday the two contestants again met and were getting ready for the start when the "Puritan" ran foul of the "Genesta", carrying away her bowsprit. Intense excitement and displeasure were shown on both sides. The "Genesta's" crew picked up the bowsprit and both yachts were soon surrounded by steamers. The "Genesta" was taken in tow and the "Puritan" came in stays and stood into the Hook, the race being declared off for the day. Nothing so far has shown the relative merits of the two yachts, for although the race begun on Monday looked favorable to the "Puritan" it must be remembered that the weather was peculiarly adapted to sloops.

A MASSACRE OF CHINESE has taken place at Rock Springs, Wyoming Territory. The Union Pacific Railway Company recently imported a large number of Chinese to take the place of white men along the line and in mines at Rock Springs. A few days ago the entire force of white miners, 150 strong, organized and armed with shot guns, marched to Chinatown. After firing a volley into the air the men reloaded and ordered the Chinamen to leave. The order was obeyed at once, the Chinamen fleeing to the hills like a drove of sheep, closely pursued by the miners, who fired several volleys at the fugitives with fatal effect. The Chinese quarters were then set on fire, and fifty houses owned by the Company destroyed with their contents as well as fifty houses owned by Chinamen. The miners visited the various mines in the camp, unearched all Chinamen at work and told them to flee for their lives. Out of four hundred Chinamen not one was left in the town. The white miners have it all their own way forcing even the superintendent of the coal mines to leave the place. Over thirty Chinese were killed of which number quite a few died in the mountains from the wounds they had received.

WHO EGYPT and the Sudan are to be governed by is a question which is interesting three European nations—England, France and Turkey. The Sultan does not approve of the occupation of the Sudan by Turkish troops and also looks unfavorably upon the project of an Anglo-Turkish occupation of the whole country. What he does wish is that Egypt and the Sudan should be nominally ruled by the Khedive while a Turkish Commission acting as councillors of the latter should be the real ruling power. France claims to have certain rights in Egypt and may refuse to recognize any settlement of the Egyptian question which fails to satisfy these rights.

A BANK OFFICIAL who defaulted from a United States Bank was captured in Winnipeg. A United States warrant was shown him and he, not knowing that it was worthless in Canada, went along with the arresting officer.

THE PRECAUTIONARY MEASURES taken for the Czar's safety at Kremsier are nothing compared to those deemed necessary for His Majesty's security at home. Thus, in anticipation of the Emperor's visit to Kieff, the police of Odessa made 150 domiciliary searches at lodgings of students and other young people and wherever books or papers in the slightest degree suspicious were found the owner was imprisoned. It was during these visits of the police that the latest plot against the Czar's life was discovered. The Czar cannot at all trust his subjects not to make free with the use of dynamite to get him out of the way. Large crowds met the Czar and Czarina on their return to Copenhagen and gave them a hearty welcome. When the harshness with which the Czar rules is considered it is not a very great wonder that his life should be constantly in danger. The manner in which one hundred Prussians were expelled from Warsaw is a sufficient example of Russian barbarity. The Prussians were arrested, chained together and compelled to march, the women following the men and sleeping in prisons.

A CURIOUS INCIDENT happened to General and Mrs. Logan, while at the Thousand Islands. The General and his wife were being photographed in a boat along with some other ladies when one of the latter losing her balance, just as the picture was being taken, fell over into the water upsetting the boat at the same time. Mr. Logan admonished his wife who had been plunged into the water with the rest not to be afraid and to keep cool as there was no danger. Soon the party on shore rescued those who had fallen into the water. But the oddest feature of the escapade yet remains to be told. As the boat went over just as the picture was in the act of being made an excellent representation of the scene was obtainable, and the unlucky picnickers will appear in it as they were so hurriedly changing their positions from the boat into the water. The photographer promised to have his pictures of the accident ready as soon as possible. There is great anxiety to see them. General Logan ordered several of the pictures.

THERE HAVE BEEN SEVERE FROSTS in some of the Northern States during the past few days. Considerable damage was done to crops in portions of Massachusetts, Michigan, Dakota and Minnesota. It is a most extraordinary circumstance to have such early frosts. In parts of Dakota the thermometer has ranged from fifty to sixty degrees and more or less rain has fallen daily for some time. The outlook for grain is gloomy in the extreme. Four-fifths of all the crops are cut and the bulk is lying on the ground heating and growing, and much that is stacked is being destroyed, even for feed. Practically no threshing has been done yet, and it begins to look as though there would be nothing to thresh. Prices have advanced materially, and a few sales are made at any price. Farmers are greatly discouraged.

THE SEIZURE of the Caroline Islands by Germany has taken the attention somewhat off the cholera, which seems from one cause or another to be decreasing. The type of the plague which the doctors have now to deal with in Spain is more easily treated and medicines have more effect. The disease has been carried over into Africa and there are a few cases in Algiers. The deaths in Marseilles now amount to about twelve a day. The cholera is gradually nearing Rome but such precautionary measures are being enforced as will probably stamp out the plague before long in Italy.

THE REV. DR. FREDERICK W. FARRAR, the famous author, is about to start for a two months' tour of America. The memorial service, which he preached on the death of Gen. Grant will draw him very close to the hearts of all Americans, but anyone who has read his books will consider him an old friend. Talking of his prospective tour he said: "I anticipate my visit to the United States and Canada with the greatest interest and pleasure. I expect to devote one week to Quebec and Montreal. Then I will travel leisurely westward, stopping at Niagara Falls, Toronto, and a few other points and occupying, perhaps, a week on the way to Chicago, where I will arrive probably on September 26th. I will be able to make only a short stay in Chicago, but there are so many points of interest in that wonderful young giant among cities that I shall try to arrange another visit in October. Not later than September 30th, I must hurry eastward, for I am announced to make the opening address of the session of the Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore on October 1st. Next I am to deliver three lectures on theology to students in Philadelphia, and thence I will go to Washington. I am invited to attend the Church Congress at New Haven, and afterward to become the guest of Mr. Cyrus W. Field at New York, and of the Rev. Philip Brooks at Boston. I shall try to accept all these invitations. My plans for the remainder of the trip are unsettled, and will depend entirely upon the amount of time which I find at my disposal. I shall, however, feel disappointed if I am unable to pay suitable visits to that great trio of western cities, Cincinnati, St. Louis and Chicago.

RIEL has sympathizers in Rochester, New York. A largely attended and enthusiastic meeting of French-Canadians of that city was held in behalf of Riel. Addresses were made by prominent Frenchmen of the city, and a petition, addressed to Secretary Bayard asking for the interposition of the United States Government, was unanimously adopted. The petition states that Riel is a citizen of the United States, and that his trial was not a fair one. The petition is signed by all the French residents of the city. As the time for Riel's execution approaches the opposition to the capital punishment by his sympathizers grows stronger and stronger, and it is feared that he may escape the rope.

THERE IS AN OLD FABLE of a man who nursed a wounded adder which when it got well stung its protector. France has been carefully protecting the French paper in Egypt, called the *Bosphore Egyptien*. When the English suppressed the paper on account of the proclamations of the Mahdi which it published, France demanded reparation and threatened war unless the paper was let alone. That trouble drifted over and the *Bosphore Egyptien* has been appearing as usual. Lately, however, it has turned round and stung its former protector by publishing something disavantageous to France. It has therefore been suppressed by that country.

THE PRINCE OF WALES arrived on Wednesday at Stockholm, where he met an enthusiastic reception. He was received at the railway station by King Oscar, who affectionately embraced him. The city was profusely decorated with flags in honor of the royal visitor.

GERMANY is fitting out four expeditions for Arctic explorations. Germany usually employs her energy in procuring territory which will be of some practical use to her. She will not likely find much of that sort of land in the Arctic circle.

ONE OR MORE employment agencies of Chicago have advertised of late for large numbers of laborers to go to Manitoba to work on the Canadian Pacific Railway. The statement is given currency lately that very many laborers have recently been shipped into that region only to discover that it was impossible to procure work there. It is declared that this has resulted only in great disappointment and distress to the victims of what is looked upon as an organized swindle.

In a published statement one of a gang of 400 men says: "Nobody would give us work of any kind; only a portion could even get shovelling. The contractors said they knew nothing about us. We had great difficulty in getting back over the 1,600 miles to Winnipeg again, but managed to get passes as far as Winnipeg. There were about 300 of us back in Winnipeg by July 20th, with no prospect at all of work of any kind. The public authorities fed us until August 2nd, when we had to look out for ourselves. Only a comparative few of us could get away. Some of my companions pawned their watches and their tools to get money to get back home."

THE RIEL APPEAL CASE was begun on Wednesday of last week at Winnipeg. There was a large attendance at the Court House. The lawyers for the defence objected to an appeal being heard without the prisoner himself being present. The court decided that it should be so, and that Riel was to be brought to Winnipeg, if practicable, for the hearing of the appeal, which took place on Friday of last week. It was feared that there might be a hostile demonstration against Riel if he should be brought to Winnipeg as there was great excitement there. At all events the rebel chief did not appear at his trial.

DURING THE PAST WEEK the Health Inspector in Chicago condemned 170 cholera-stricken hogs. On Sunday, in a slaughter house at the yards, he condemned twenty-nine that had been killed and dressed and were ready for the market. The hogs were the property of various scaplers. Cholera has never been so prevalent among hogs at the stock yards as it is at present.

GERMANY has now five exploring expeditions in Africa, and has acquired 2,500 square miles of territory commanding access to the sources of the Nile, the Congo and Zambesi rivers. Germany is preparing to control as much of Africa as she can seize, and many valuable military positions are hers.

BOOKS GIVEN AWAY.

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

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

War Notes.

BRANDY AND CHOLERA.

A person who has had personal experience of the cholera and remembers its terrible ravages in 1832 as well as in London in 1849 gives his experience on the question of liquor as a safeguard against the disease. He says:

"I was pursuing my missionary work in London when the disease raged there with great power. In one week the deaths amounted to over 3,000 and from the middle of July until the end of September the mortality in London alone was over 13,000 persons. During all that time I went on visiting the poor in cellars, attics, lodging-houses, evil-smelling slums, and cholera hospitals. Death was before me and behind me, and many terrible scenes did I witness. But I never felt the slightest fear. As usual, brandy was consumed by timid people, and the gin-shop was thronged by those who believed that "a good drink" would save them from death. In vain! drunkards died off in scores; total abstainers, as a rule, were preserved alive.

A well known doctor in the city of Hull says:

"We had the cholera very bad indeed. It took off nearly all the drunkards. People whom I have seen intoxicated at my surgery in the morning were dead the same night, and buried the next morning. It was a fearful thing. I remember six cases of persons who were so obstinate as to refuse to take any doctors' stuff or brandy. I wrapped them up in blankets sprinkled with turpentine and left them. Four out of the six are walking about now. They recovered, but we lost fifty percent of the others."

HOME BREWING.

A number of farmers in the surrounding townships are arranging for brewing their beer at home, same as they did in the old country, after the first of May next. Brewers in the county cannot sell to residents thereof, therefore sooner than be deprived of beer in the harvest field farmers will make their own. When the malt is purchased from a licensed malster, there is nothing in the Act to prevent home brewing. One Yorkshire man in Peel has his first brewing over, and the neighbors say that the beer produced is equal to any made in the old world.—*Elton Express.*

This paragraph shows that even its enemies have to acknowledge that the Scott Act is being enforced in those Canadian counties which have adopted it. There are always some people who will go to a great deal of trouble and expense to procure a thing which they profess to be perfectly able to do without and which they pretend is of no great consequence to them. This class is small, however, and is composed of those who are really enslaved by their beer.

THE LAST PENNY.

Thomas Claire, a son of St. Crispin, was a clever sort of a man, though not so very well off in the world. Industrious though he was, the amount earned proved so small that his frugal wife always found it insufficient for an adequate supply of the wants of the family, which consisted of her husband, herself, and three children.

The oldest of Claire's children, a girl ten years of age, had been sickly from her birth. She was a gentle, loving child, the favorite of all in the house, and more especially of her father. Little Lizzy would come up into the garret where Claire worked, and sit with him for hours, talking to him in a strain that caused him to wonder; and sometimes, when she did not feel as well as usual, lying upon the floor, fixing upon him her large bright eyes, for almost as long a period. Lizzy was never so contented as when she was with her father; and he never worked so cheerfully as when she was near him.

Gradually, as month after month went by, Lizzy wasted away with some disease for which the doctor could find no remedy. Her cheeks became paler and paler, her eyes larger and brighter, and such a weakness fell upon her slender limbs, that they could with difficulty sustain her weight. She

was no longer able to clamber up the steep stairs into the garret, or loft, where her father worked; yet she was there as often as before. Claire had made for her a little bed, raised a short space from the floor; and there she lay, talking to him, or looking at him as of old. He rarely went up or down the garret-stair, without having Lizzy in his arms. Usually her head was lying upon his shoulder.

Weaker and weaker grew little Lizzy. From the coarse food that was daily set before her, her weak stomach turned; and she hardly took sufficient nourishment to keep life in her attenuated frame.

"Poor child!" said the mother, one morning, "she cannot live, if she doesn't eat. But coarse bread and potatoes and butter-milk go against her weak stomach. Ah me! If we only had a little that the rich waste."

"There is a curse in poverty!" replied Claire, with a bitterness that was unusual to him, as he turned his eyes upon his child, who had pushed away the food that had been placed before her, and was looking at it with an expression of disappointment on her wan face. "A curse in poverty!" he repeated. "Why should my child die for want of nourishing food, while the children of the rich have every luxury?" "Can't we get something a little better for Lizzy?" said he, as he pushed his plate aside, his appetite for once had gone before his meal was half eaten.

"Not unless you can earn more," replied the wife. "Cut and carve, and manage as I will, it's as much as I can do to get common food."

Claire pushed himself back from the table, and without saying a word more, went up to his shop in the garret, and sat down to work. There was a troubled and despondent feeling about his heart. He did not light his pipe, as usual; for he had smoked up the last of his tobacco, on the evening before. But he had a penny left; and with that as soon as he had finished mending a pair of boots, and taken them home, he meant to get a new supply of the fragrant weed.

The boots had only half an hour's work on them. But a few stitches had been taken by the cobbler when he heard the feeble voice of Lizzy calling to him from the bottom of the stairs. That voice never came unregarded to his ears. He laid aside his work, and went down for his patient child; and, as he took her light form in his arms, and bore her up into his little work-shop, he felt that he pressed against his heart the dearest thing to him in life. And with this feeling came the bitter certainty that soon she would pass away, and be no more seen. Thomas Claire did not often indulge in external manifestation of feeling, but now, as he held Lizzy in his arms, he bent down his face and kissed her cheek tenderly. A light like a gleam of sunshine fell suddenly upon the pale countenance of the child, while a faint but loving smile played about her lips. Her father kissed her again, and then laid her upon the little bed that was always ready for her, and once more resumed his work.

Claire's mind had been awakened from its usual leaden quiet. The want of his failing child awoke it into disturbed activity. Thought beat, for a while, like a caged bird, against the bars of necessity, and then fluttered back into panting inebriety.

At last the boots were done, and with his thoughts now more occupied with the supply of tobacco he was to obtain than with anything else, Claire started to take them home. As he walked along, he passed a fruit-shop; and the thought of Lizzy came into his mind.

"If we could afford her some of these nice things!" he said to himself. "They would be food and medicine both to the dear child. But," he added with a sigh, "we are poor!—we are poor! Such dainties are not for the children of poverty."

He passed along until he came to the ale-house where he intended to get his penny-worth of tobacco. For the time a thought of self-denial entered in his mind, as he stood by the door with his hands in his pocket feeling for his solitary copper.

"This would buy Lizzy an orange," he said to himself. "But then," he was quickly added, "I would have no tobacco to-day nor to-morrow, for I won't be paid for these boots before Saturday, when Barton gets his wages."

Then came a long hesitating pause.

(To be continued.)

BRINGING HER SHEAVES.

Ruth Jewell's mother was dead. How well I remember Ruth, as she looked at the funeral! A brown, warm-skinned mite of a child, with dark, brave-looking eyes and decided eyebrows; a well-knit, sturdy figure. There was a touch of something like protection mingling with the tearful look she bent upon her smaller sister and the baby in Nurse Bromley's arms. It even seemed to include her father, as they all stood about the open grave, into which the August sun beat, along with the clouds.

Ammanee, our village, had once been a lively enough place, but of late years all its prosperity was absorbed by Bayview, a town twelve miles nearer the lake. We were simple-minded folk, we villagers, skeptical in nothing save what was new to us.

Ruth's father was a minister, and for some years had been "settled" over our village church. We all loved him—a sweet souled man, but almost as ignorant of practical matters as a child. His family consisted of his wife, his three children, Ruth, Caddy and Fred, and Nurse Bromley, an athletic, main-speak, soft-hearted old woman, who had taken care of him when he was a baby, and who exercised all the license of an old and valued servant.

Their house was so large that the Jewells used only one half of it,—the rooms on one side of the wide hall which divided it in the middle.

Mrs. Jewell was a frail creature, with just enough body to count in the census, and a heart much too big and strong for it. But we had grown used to her shadow-like looks, and everybody was surprised and shocked when the sudden end came.

After their mother's death, Ruth and Caddy had a sad, lonely time of it; for what with scrubbing and baking and mending and taking care of Baby Fred, Nurse Bromley was wry to her eyes in work; and their father was too grief-stricken to amuse them.

Ruth was six years old, and Caddy three; and it would have made your heart ache to see the motherly care the older baby took of the younger.

Happily, near their home was a district school, kept by Miss Samantha Prime, most genial and soft-hearted of old maids. As heaven ordained that she should have no children of her own, it compensated by giving her a motherly feeling for the children of every one else.

"Send the babies to school," she would say. "Bother me! Bless you, no! I never could have enough of 'em."

So summer and winter, by the windows or by the stove, there were babies asleep on their blankets, or playing, quiet as kittens; for, as Miss Samantha said, "they were never cross in school." The "committee men" were disposed at first to put down this novel idea; but as the older children learned fast, and as their wives approved the plan which took the "little hindering things" off their hands, Miss Samantha was allowed her own way.

To this school Ruth and Caddy were sent. Baby Fred was not yet old enough to walk, and Miss Samantha drew the line at walking. As such a child could toddle, she admitted it.

Nurse Bromley's asthma being by-and-by re-enforced by rheumatism, Ruth was obliged to stay at home to do the housework and had to leave her dear school. Caddy stayed, and in due time became the guardian of Fred. It was surprising what a housewife Ruth soon got to be. Her father, who had grown more quiet than ever since his wife's death, leaned more and more on the sunny-tempered, self-reliant child, and in turn devoted himself to teaching her when her tasks were done.

His salary was a mere pittance, but it was all he had, and he did not seem to know how to turn his hand to anything else. As his honest pride would not submit to accepting help, even from old friends (few of them offered it, I fear), his family grew poorer and poorer. Most of their living came from their garden. Ruth and Caddy turned huckster women, and sold the fruit from door to door, and in that way got such things as would not grow on bushes or from seed. How Ruth did work! And how quaint and clean she and the little sister always looked in the queer-cut and ill-fitting clothes her own willing but unskilful hands had made!

Yet with all this premature womanliness thrust upon her, Ruth did not grow unchild-like. She was blithe as a robin, and never dreamed that her lot was a hard one. And she found time—heaven knows how—to

nurse half the lame dogs in town, to fan the sick people, and to lead blind old "Grandpa" Hunt about. Such a stout little heart as it was, and such a stout little body!

Mrs. Briggs, with her four children, lived near to them, in a crazy old house that nodded over the river. Her husband drank and abused them. Parson Jewell had often helped her, and she naturally appealed to him in any trouble.

One day she came to him in great anguish. Sam had been going from bad to worse, and now was to be sent to the penitentiary for passing counterfeit money. What would become of them she knew not.

"And the house ready to tumble about our ears too, sir," she said. "Every blast last night I made sure would fetch it."

Ruth heard the story. She was, in everything save light-heartedness, far older than her years.

"Papa," said she, when they were alone again, "why cannot they come here? There is half the house idle, and I think grandmamma would be glad to know her grand-sons were doing good."

"To be sure, my daughter. I blame myself that I never thought of it before."

And that is how Sam Briggs' family came to live in the old Jewell mansion.

There are always people who think it "improvident" and "unpractical" to deny one's self cake, that one's neighbor may have bread. They of that ilk in our village severely blamed the Jewells. "Besides, where was the use?" they said. "There were the poor commissioners!"

Ruth and her father bothered their heads little with prudent theories. They had simple faith that Cherith would not fail, and the ravens would be sent. They did not trust in vain. A rich man in Bayview, who loved rare and curious things, offered Makepeace Jewell a round sum for the treasures his deceased sailor-brother had collected. The money from this sale, hoarded not so carefully but that many persons poorer than themselves had a share, took them through two years.

Then Mrs. Briggs died, begging Ruth, with her last breath, never to let their father have her children, unless he forsook drink. Ruth promised. The orphans she thus for a time adopted, were aged thirteen, eleven, seven and three. Ruth was fourteen.

There were now nine souls in the family, without, as one might say, visible means of support. The garden—mellow and willing though it was—could not feed so many.

A little bird—another raven—whispered to Ruth. It said "Knit." Ruth canvassed the village and got some work. She got more when it was found that the children did it well, promptly and cheaply. There were four of them beside Ruth, expert knitters—Nurse Bromley, Caddy Jewell, Minna and Linda Briggs. Fifty fingers made the bread-earning needles fly.

Then Miss Prime gave Minna a place in her school. She was failing, and there were more babies than ever, and rather than turn any of them away, she hired an assistant out of her own slender salary. The pay was small, but it helped. Also, they could always live a trifle more closely—that was such a resource! Over their skimpings and makeshifts, they were more than cheerful, and they were merry.

Three years passed, quickly and pleasantly, and my brave Ruth was now a budding woman. They were in nobody's debt. One advantage of a dull town is, that people so-minded can live cheaply.

Then came the war, and Ammanee flamed with patriotism. Such volunteering and cheering, and wit-losing times!

With the rest went Makepeace Jewell, not to be braised, but to heal, and that not wounded consciences alone (chaplain though he were) as many a hospital and battle-field could testify. He shrank at no toil or danger where were bodies or souls that needed help, and before his first year of service was over, he fell a victim to his zeal. They brought him home to rest, and I tell you there was not a dry eye among us that day, from the young minister who had taken his place, to little Tad Briggs, who wept forlornly behind his pinafore.

After the first shock, Ruth was scarcely sad. Her father seemed so much nearer now than when he was in the army, she said. There was one more angel to watch her, and her life must be purer than ever for his eyes—that appeared her ruling thought. Her hands were blessedly full of employment, too. The Briggs children were now permanent members of the family,

their father having given a final quit-claim to them, along with all other earthly things. He was found dead in the street one bitter night, soon after his prison term ended, his drunken sleep having changed into that "which knows not waking."

For two years they lived on, much in the old way; then that great illuminating event of a woman's life (of a man's either) came to Ruth.

She loved. She built up every perfection about her lover, after the dear, absurd, pearl-making fashion of women, and found at last that the nucleus of her gem was a bit of common clay. Probably he was no more selfish than are most young men. His heart was big enough to take in her brother and sister, but as for a lot of nobody's children, and a worn-out servant—she must choose between them and him.

Any one who knew my blessed Ruth might have told how she would choose. Having put her hand to the plough, she never looked back, and though she kept a firm foothold on the earth, she ran her furrow true, by the stars.

This trial was a turning-point in her life. It was not so much that she grew a shade gentler and calmer, or that she henceforth steadfastly put away girlish dreams; but she seemed then first to hear clearly the call of the helpless, and for answer, she took her life in her hand, and gave it to their service.

"I have been thinking," said Ruth, one day, "that we must have another string to our bow. Knitting is very well for as it goes, but our neighbors won't need scarfs and mittens in the summer, just to help us. Now there's one thing they must do all the year round."

"What is that?" asked her listeners, for this talk occurred in a ways-and-means meeting of all the older members of the family.

"Eat."
"Eat?"
"Well, we must make things so good to eat that they can't help buying them. I have thought of many plans, and this seems best. I will tell you how it has worked itself out in my mind, then if any of you have any objections or suggestions, you will please speak up."

"In the first place, here is Nurse Bromley, who used to be a notable cook. She has experience and recipes. We have strength, and—I am sure I can speak for you all here—good will to use it. She will teach us. Oh, I know you will, you dear old soul, so don't shake your head! We must try one thing until we succeed—and as we shall have to eat our failures, that will make us try the harder—then another and another, till we have a list big enough."
"Plain food, mind you—the town is both too old-fashioned and too poor for knick-knacks. When we have our trade so well-learned that we are sure of results, we will invite every body we know to a trial-taste. Of course, it will cost something, but we must gain their confidence, and that's the only sort of advertisement that will do it. We should never dare take up a lot of stuff to spoil on our hands waiting for customers. One barrel of flour wasted would break us up at the very start."

"Of course, things will be so nice at our tea-party, that our guests will long for more. We will then explain, and furnish them with price-lists—which you, Caddy, and Minta and Linda, shall make out in your nextest heads. We will fill orders at first, and here the boys can help up. When we have built up a safe trade, we will open a little shop in one of the parlors."

You see, this talk is historic in our town, so I don't need to have been a mouse in the wall to know of it. It proved the grain of mustard-seed, from which sprang the mighty tree that has sheltered, and still shelters, so many; and Ruth's hearers were naturally called on to repeat it over and over.

When Ruth tries to make people believe that white is white, she generally succeeds. Her enthusiasm and faith are as "catching" as harmful things usually are. In this case, her plan found instant favor, and was carried out with few changes. Nurse Bromley was happy and important. She stopped talking about her "one foot in the grave," and seemed willing to stay above ground any number of years, now that she could be useful to her "dear young ladies."

The tea-party was a great success. Every body ate and praised, and the old ladies declared that Ruth and Caddy had their grand-mother's "knack"—everything she made used to melt in your mouth," they said.

So the bakery was started, grew and paid. I shall never forget Ruth's glowing face, when she told me she was "rich enough now to adopt some war-orphans"—of whom alas, even our small village had its share.

About that time, however, her family became smaller by one. Araminta Briggs was married. Minta was true gold. She would have stayed by her brothers and sister and broken her heart; or her lover, who was gold too, would have taken them all and broken his back. But Ruth would hear of neither way.

Minta's corner was soon filled. Miss Prime had grown so old and feeble, that the "Beard" concluded to retire her. The tender-hearted soul had always found such a number of people whom just a little money would make comfortable, that she had saved nothing for her own rainy day, though that troubled her far less than leaving her darlings.

When Ruth offered her a home, it was as if paradise opened straight before, chiefly because here were likely always to be young children, whom she could teach and "mother" to her heart's content.

I should like to tell about all Ruth's proteges. Some other time perhaps I may. Young children, most of them were—though there were some queer oldsters too, in the lot—misery being the only passport needed to her home. After the Ammanee crop of wretchedness was gathered, she gleaned from the alleys of Bayview, and only stopped when her granary was full.

Our people had become interested in her work. The moral air of the place was better for it. Neighbors "made up" feuds of long standing. The horizon of good will widened, till we could actually extend kindly vision as far as the next town, and that was something, if you reflect that the next town was Bayview, the holder of our lost thrift, and so kind of "receiver of stolen goods" in our eyes.

Many friends began to offer help, which Ruth gently refused. She felt sure it was best to keep her home self-supporting. People's advice is certain to follow their money, and she must either have offended them, or there would have been an end of consistent management.

In all her plans the zeal of Caddy and the rest was second only to Ruth's. Both sisters watched over Fred with motherly devotion. He was an active, heedless boy, risking his neck without stint, and often coming to grief.

When he was about sixteen, he fell into a moody state which filled Ruth with alarm. The war had just ended, and our village, like others, I suppose, was in a ferment, as smulating the returned soldiers to a peaceful life again. It was a perilous time for a headstrong, company-loving boy to be adrift. Ruth felt sure that work suited to his tastes was all he needed to take him safely through this dangerous period, and she racked her wits to devise the right thing.

He was an ingenious and constant whittler and one day as he fretfully hacked a piece of wood, a bright thought struck Ruth. This wood was of a peculiar kind, close-grained and white, easily worked while green, but ivory hard when it seasoned. Plenty of it grew near by.

"Fred," said she, "I want you to whittle some playthings for my babies out of that wood. They suck the paint, or choke themselves with pieces of the ill-made things we buy, so that I actually dare'n't trust them with anything but their fists."

"What does a big fellow want to be whittling baby playthings for?" growled Fred.
"Why, if our babies like them, other babies will. Who knows? You might build up a business as profitable as the bakery."

"I'll try it, sis," cried Fred, in a tone that showed the idea struck his fancy. And to his credit, I will add, that he felt honest shame for his silliness, and manfully begged his sister's pardon.

The babies seized the new toys with eagerness; the town ladies bought them for their children; some of them were sent to Bayview, where they "took" so well that Fred soon had more orders than his jack-knife could fill.

He bought a turning-lathe and suitable tools. Presently it became necessary to hire a whole building—a cheap matter in a town where houses were rotting from disuse. He invented a baby-jumper which would not make babies bow-legged, and that "took" also.

Space will not allow a detailed account of the growth of his scheme. Every one knows

how fast a business increases when its owner is capable and industrious, and when his goods are what people want and well-made. Before Fred was twenty-three, he owned works which employed two hundred men, and many men in the neighboring country earned their living by cutting, preparing and hauling the wood he used.

Meantime, Ruth's bakery had long outgrown the kitchen and parlor. Her tooth-sons and wholesome wares had made such a name that even the big factory, with its scores of hands, could not supply the demand. She had also established a canning and preserving industry which gave an impulse to the whole surrounding country.

Bob and Jod Briggs, when they were old enough were put in charge of these affairs, and Ruth, save for a general oversight, gave her whole time to her "family," and to schemes for the benefit of her employes.

The old satire about "old maid's children" is simple truth in her case. Her "children," we all admit, are the "best brought up" in town. All are taught to work, all are well-educated; the best masters teach them accomplishments (for Ruth well knows the moral and practical worth of these, rightly used); those who wish to learn trades have the chance; those who would later professions are given the proper training.

Above all she strives strangely and symmetrically to build up in them that something we call character, without which all knowledge and accomplishments are vain. When they are ready to leave the home-fold, she helps them to a "start," but so wisely as not to abridge their self-dependence.

She builds houses for her workmen who desire it, giving them ample time to pay her. She has a hall for their use, where all sorts of social gatherings are held. Connected with it are reading rooms, and a library, from which the villagers as well as her work-people are free to take books.

Most of the children she has brought up have settled around her. And now, as she looks upon the town, larger and busier than in its old palmy days, and recalls the turn of her gaze upon the happy children clustering about her own fireside, her heart sings, and she thanks Him whose steward she feels herself to be.

Wings have grown out of the staunch old house in every direction. Surely, years have been outspread above it all these wings to make it so blessing and so blessed.—*M. E. Goff, in Youth's Companion.*

FEED THE LAMBS.

BY DR. GOODELL.

When the great Shepherd comes to draw water for His flock on the Lord's day, how good it is to find all the fold gathered and ready, sheep and lambs alike. The Lord's ministry is to them both, in invitation and blessing. He carries every kind of food in the same hand.

The old are twice blessed in the blessing on the young. Many a little girl is a Christian at four years of age. Many a boy at seven, some earlier. "Feed my lambs," says the Master. Arrange to do it by system and in faith; gather them in, carry the weak ones. Let the truth be unsealed and applied to all their needs. In no other way can so effective and valuable Christian workers be made. All their faculties, taken early, will be limbered and made flexible and deft in their Lord's use.

Do not let us of this age stumble any longer over these great and self-evident truths. Every work has its special wisdom by which it is best done. The secret of success in winning the world for Christ and building the church of God is in gaining and saving the children. That done, all the rest comes as a consequence; for the world's manhood is secure when we have gained its childhood.

The state of the heart toward God determines one's moral condition. That state may be made right in childhood easier than at any other time thereafter. If the heart should with difficulty be brought to God later, the aftermath of the autumn Christian is not like the abounding green of the early summer time.

Why should Christian parents wait, before they strive to make their children Christians, till there has been a funeral among the group of little ones? Why should the pastor's first prayer in the home be at the bedside of the sick?

SABBATH-SCHOOL REMINISCENCES.

BY REV. ASA BULLARD, D. D.

More than fifty years ago a teacher gave me the following testimony, from his own experience, of the happy results of faithfulness on the part of a Sabbath-school teacher.

"One Sabbath morning," he says, "I was engaged in family worship. As I came to pray for the Sabbath-school as was my usual practice, the thought flashed upon my mind that I had not been faithful to my class. I became very much affected; made confession of my wrong, and earnestly prayed that the Lord would forgive me, and help me henceforth to be faithful. I went to the Sabbath-school, and after hearing my class recite their lesson, I began to converse with them very faithfully in regard to their spiritual interests." And what was the result? Why, just what we might expect it would be. "To my utter astonishment," he said, "they were all melted into tears!" Several of his class were after hopefully converted.

But this teacher, who had become aroused to duty, did not limit his faithfulness to his class. As he went out the same day, he saw a boy who seldom went to meeting, and whose father had forbidden his going to the Sabbath-school. He was sitting by himself and looking very pensive. The teacher at first supposed he might have been hurt, but he resolved to learn, if possible, the cause of his sorrow, and say a word to him about his soul. He found he was anxious to know what he must do to be saved; and he could not learn that any one had been conversing with him on the subject.

How many teachers have, almost unexpectedly, had their hearts made glad by trying the experiment of being faithful in their efforts for the good of others.

More than forty years ago Deacon took a class of six young ladies which soon increased to twelve. None of them were specially interested in the subject of personal religion. The teacher was in the habit of making practical remarks and of conversing individually with each member of the class respecting the state of her own heart. In less than two years all the members of that class, but one, were either indulging hope or anxiously inquiring after the way of life.

While passing through the town of —, I inquired of a lady of the public house, where I stopped, respecting the state of religion and of the Sabbath-school in that place. In a few moments she showed that she was personally interested in the Saviour, and that she belonged to a class of eight young ladies, all of whom had become hopefully pious within a few weeks. It was very gratifying to learn that they had enjoyed the prayers and instructions of a faithful teacher.

A minister of the gospel, more than fifty years ago, when relating at a public meeting what the Lord had been doing for his people, stated that he had a class of twenty young ladies, all of whom, but two, were hoping that they had recently passed from death unto life. His wife also had a class, about the same proportion of whom were giving evidence that they had begun the Christian life.

In my early labors in this cause, I became acquainted with three teachers, two of whom could number each eight or ten, and one eighteen scholars, in whose conversion they had joyful evidence that they had been more or less instrumental by their faithfulness to them in the Sabbath school.

One teacher, when answering some inquiries in regard to her labors in the Sabbath-school said, with much emotion, "I have received letters from several of my old scholars now living in other towns, who refer to the instructions they received in the school, as the means which God had blessed in leading them to the Saviour."

There are no reminiscences connected with this institution that I read with deeper interest than those that illustrate the happy result of faithfulness in teachers. And what a sphere of usefulness does the Sabbath-school open to faithful teachers! What an opportunity to win to Christ those whose influence shall bless the world; and what an opportunity to enrich their own crowns of rejoicing with the precious gems of souls redeemed through their faithful labors! "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."—*Intermediate Teacher's Quarterly.*

YOUNG FOLKS.

FASHIONABLE SUICIDES.

Of all Chinese customs, the most remarkable has been the public, fashionable suicides, conducted in public with every show of pomp and sometimes actually under the general direction of a mandarin. A gay procession would be formed and a delighted throng would follow the prospective victim to the scaffold, which had been erected with great care. The seats commanding the best view of the sacrifice would be sold and there would be a great turn-out of the suididing party's friends, as well as the public at large. Perhaps it would be a young widow who had resolved to end her miserable existence on account of the death of her husband, a widow not being privileged to remarry in China. The occasion would be treated as a regular holiday by the natives. For a time the woman would chat pleasantly with her friends, partaking of a beautiful feast with them on the gallows. Then having caressed a little child that was placed upon the table before her and adorned it with a necklace, she would take a basket of flowers and scatter the blossoms gayly among the crowd, after which she would cheerfully place her head in the noose and swing off into eternity. As a rule nowadays suicides are not performed with such publicity, but they are very common.

THE GUINEA-PIG.

The good qualities of the guinea-pig are numerous. There is its courage to begin with. A boar guinea-pig is a fearless animal and full of fight. No rat dare come near him. Guinea-pigs kept loose on the floor of a foul-house will scare rats away most effectually. Some people say that this is because they are so noisy and restless, but the fact is, however, that a boar guinea-pig will attack a rat relentlessly, and with great vigor. His thick neck and hog mane give him a great advantage. His neck, indeed, is, in proportion to his body, like that of an old boar pig. His claws are sharp and he can use them to considerable purpose; while the absence of a tail is also in his favor. Many strange facts in natural history are at first rejected as inventions. Amongst these is the fact that, when the guinea-pig engages in combat with the rat, he goes straight for the tail of his opponent with intent to bite it off at the root. He is frequently successful, too. Besides being courageous, the guinea-pig has a large share of the domestic virtues. It is scrupulously clean; it is a model parent; it does not fight with members of its own kind. Its only vice is a slight disposition to greediness. If a guinea-pig has secured a choice morsel—a large piece of carrot, say—it will run away with it to eat it in a corner. Here, however, the simplicity and straightforwardness of its nature leads it into cries of exultation, which betray its treasure. Its brethren come round, and there is battle-royal till the fragment is pulled to pieces. But there is no scratching or biting.

Another of the guinea-pig's virtues is the strong personal attachment it soon acquires towards those who have charge of it. When your guinea-pigs hear your voice they will squeak out lustily to you, and press with all their little strength against the barriers that hold them in check. They will answer you if you call to them, and they can occasionally be seen as favored pets running about the room at meal-times and watching for fragments of toast or sugar or fruit. This is, of course, in houses where the good points in their character are understood.

A WOUNDED LION.

A very dramatic narrative of an encounter with a lion is published by an Algerian paper. It appears that for months past farmers residing near a forest in the African colony have been victimized by the lion, which carried off their cattle, and especially evinced a partiality for their sheep. Exasperated by the gaps made in their small flocks, it was determined to make war on the depredator, and seventeen settlers, with five or six Arabs, set out on what proved a very perilous adventure. They took up their positions in parties of four and five, at certain spots in the forest which it was conjectured the animal would pass, and toward nightfall the enemy was seen coming leisurely along by one of these parties, numbering five men. After consulting together it was decided that they should fire simultaneously, and at a given signal they did so, the lion being seen to fall, uttering a tremendous roar of pain. He was not dead, however, as the men too quickly imagined, and when they approached the animal he rose to his feet, crushed one of the assailants with a blow of his powerful paw, and seizing the head of his victim, smashed it at a bite. Turning from the mangled remains, the brute next attacked another man, biting off his arm and otherwise injuring him. Two other members of the party were also grievously torn and bitten by the enraged animal, and might have lost their lives in the terrible encounter had not their uninjured comrade leveled his gun at the lion's ear and been lucky enough to stretch him out on the ground dead.

A CONJURER'S MEAL.

Robert Houdin, the famous conjurer, tells an amusing story of an impostor who advertised that he would perform a wonderful feat. He agreed to eat alive any person in his audience who would submit himself to the operation.

A large audience assembled, and the entrance fees filled the supposed conjurer's purse. When the house was filled he came upon the stage, and asked: "Ladies and gentlemen, are you ready? What man amongst you will come up here so that I may eat him? The bigger the better; my appetite is sharp set. What! nobody going to accept my challenge? I did not calculate on having an auditory of cowards!"

Stung to the quick by this opprobrious word, a hale, burly fellow got up from where he was sitting, and presented himself upon the stage. Without being told to do so, he began to strip himself of his coat, and how much else he would have stripped himself of I can't say, had not the conjurer stopped him, saying, "Don't do that—my digestion is strong, I'll eat you clothes and all. Are you ready?"

"Ay—fall to, my man," replied the victim.

Presto! quicker than thought the conjurer throws a handful of flour into the victim's face, and all over his clothes.

"Avast there!" shouted the victim, "what are you at?"

"My good fellow," replied the conjurer, "don't be unreasonable. I must baste you and flavor you before I eat you," saying which he threw a cup of molasses over the victim, who by this time, beginning to divine the nature of the trick, determined to see it out, and not run away. Most persons would have run away under similar discipline.

Now, for the final effort, conjurer lays hold of the victim's thumb, and putting it between his teeth, bites it severely. The victim roars, and drags his thumb away by main force. "What are you at?" mildly

remonstrates the conjurer; "how am I to eat you, if you don't keep still? My way of eating a man alive is to begin at the thumb, and work upwards. Here, I'll begin again."

The victim did not seem desirous of any further experience in the matter, but rushed off the stage, amidst the laughter of the audience.

The conjurer did not do what he said he would do, but nobody had proved that he couldn't do it.

FREAKS OF A SWISS WATCH.

A lady school teacher has a delicately made little Swiss watch set in a bracelet. The face of it is about the size of a farthing, and the works are protected by a thin disc of glass about the same size on the under side of the bracelet next to the arm. In fact, it sits right over the young lady's pulse, and the watch is the wonder and admiration of all her friends. But the little watch never did keep time, though it cost five hundred francs (\$25) in Paris. The jeweller to whom it was carried told the lady that she ought not to expect a watch the size of a peanut to keep time. One workman said such small watches had to be bought on the principle of a chance in a grab-bag, as they sometimes turned out good time-pieces, and at others were wholly unreliable. The young lady noticed, however, that whenever she loaned her sister the five-hundred francs bracelet the watch kept much better time and when she kept it locked up in her jewel-case it kept the time almost as well as an ordinary time-piece. A well-known physician had his attention called to the matter by the young lady's mother, and explained it in a minute, from a scientific standpoint. He explained that the springs and enginery of the watch were so delicate they were affected by change of temperature and feeling in the young lady's body. When she became excited the watch doubtless went fast, and in her calmer moments it went slower. Upon investigation this was found to be so, and the phenomena excited so much curiosity that the young lady gave an exhibition to a few friends of the manner in which the watch was compelled to answer to the effect of the change in her various moods.

A HUGE EATER.

If a man ate as much in comparison to his weight as a spider does he would, according to a scientist, eat four times his weight for breakfast, nearly nine times his weight for dinner, thirteen times his weight for supper, finishing up the day with another meal larger than any of the others. At this rate a man of 160 pounds would require the whole of a fat steer for breakfast, another with a half dozen good sheep for dinner, and two bullocks, eight sheep and four hogs for supper, with about four barrels of fresh fish as a lunch before going to his club banquet in the evening.

ONE MAN COUNTED AS TEN.

A curious story is told of how a certain important act was passed through the House of Lords in England. It is as follows:—"Lord Grey and Lord Norris were named to be the tellers. Lord Norris, being a man subject to vapors, was not at all times attentive to what he was doing; so, a very fat Lord coming in, Lord Grey counted him for ten, as a jest at first, but seeing Lord Norris had not observed it, he went on with this misreckoning often; so it was reported to the House, and declared that they who were for the bill were the majority, though it indeed went on the other side, and by this means the bill passed."

THE ELECTRIC EEL.

This curious fish varies in length from three to six feet and to give room for its powerful electric "instalment" the greater portion of its body is devoted to the batteries. The result is a capability of generating a shock so powerful that when the fish is in full working order it can stun or even cause the death of the largest animal. In the Guianas and Brazil the swamps and ponds which it frequents are shunned by the Indians, and in some cases, owing to the number of horses which have been killed in fording pools infested by these floating batteries, the lines or highways have been changed.

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