

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

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The Weekly Messenger.

A RICH FAMILY.

Mr. Vanderbilt, whose picture we gave last week, has made his will. In it he bequeaths ten millions of dollars to each of his eight children, leaving his palace and the adjoining stables to his widow who is also to receive an annuity of \$200,000. The rest of his fortune—he could not specify the amount—he left to be equally divided between two of his sons War. K and Cornelius. "The rest" is probably the largest amount of the fortune as the whole amounts to about \$200,000,000. With an estate so vast as that which Mr. Vanderbilt leaves it is impossible to say exactly how all the money is invested. He himself could not tell without careful calculation how rich he was. His wealth varied day by day with the variation of stock. On Monday morning, say, he would be a million richer than on Tuesday, through the mere oscillation of stock values. Even Mr. Depew, his most intimate friend, could not give the exact figures. The interest on his money amounted to \$28,000 per day, \$1,200 an hour, or nearly \$20 a minute.

There are many ways in which a study of the character and habits of Mr. Vanderbilt will be of profit. A gentleman who was well acquainted with him told some interesting facts about the millionaire. He said:—"William H. Vanderbilt had a clear logical mind. After weighing a subject and giving it due consideration, he could express his ideas concerning it with singular force and effect. In a word, he said just what he wanted to say. Mr. Vanderbilt was an exact man and precise in all his statements. He not only knew what he wanted to say, but he always knew just what he wanted to do. He had good judgment and good taste. In the course of my duties, as editor and publisher, I have to read a great many manuscripts, which require touching to make them read smoothly. Long practice with these manuscripts enables us to tell instantly when we have a good piece of writing before us. As I have previously said, I was surprised to find how correctly William H. Vanderbilt expressed his thoughts on paper. His correspondence was a model for any man to follow. Any letters that he wrote were always ready for the printer. Of how few men—even educated men—can this be said. His first draft of a letter was as well written as the corrected copy of most letters."

"Another thing. He was not the ignorant, poorly read man of wealth that so many people have thought him to be. I was surprised to discover from time to time how much he knew of the affairs of the world. He was well posted on the events of the day. He was not only a great reader of periodicals and newspapers, but he read books on various subjects and was thoroughly versed in the leading topics of the day."

THE FUNERAL

was of course a very grand affair notwithstanding all that had been done to have it as simple as possible. After relations and friends had taken a last look at the face of

him who had been the richest man in the world, the casket was closed and, covered with the violets and feathery palms, was borne through the massive bronze doors to the hearse before the steps. When the body was laid inside the driver started up his horses and slowly it was carried down the avenue. Twenty carriages drove up one after the other to the house for the

disquieteth himself in vain; he heapeth up riches and cannot tell who shall gather them."

Here the Rev. Dr. Cooke read the solemn and beautiful service of the Episcopal Church, and at the words "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," the sexton scattered dust among the palms and the blossoms on the casket. The choir sang "Nearer, My God

The only diversion of this kind that he takes is at the annual dinner of the St. Nicholas Society, of which he is President. He is a generous entertainer in his own home, however. The handsome structure which he built four years ago at Fifth avenue and Fifty-seventh street, at a cost of a million dollars, cannot be excelled in the city for the magnificence of its wood carvings, the splendor of its frescoes, the beauty of its tapestries and the rarity of the books and manuscripts which he has gathered together.

One who has known him intimately for many years said, "Cornelius is the brightest of all the Vanderbilts. He is not so sharp as his grandfather or so shrewd as his father, but in mental equipoise he is their superior. He is more phlegmatic than either, never allows his passions to sway him, is always courteous, considerate and gentle; unlike either of his ancestors, was never heard to use a harsh or impure word, and is known for his blameless, upright life. He has distributed more charities than any man of his years in the city and has fully exemplified the influence of his mother's early teachings. He is one of the few men who like work for its own sake, and is one of the most careful and methodical of men. From early manhood he had entered into no project without exerting all the zeal and earnestness which he was possessed of. The high-water mark was reached at last, and he began to exhibit unmistakable symptoms of over-work. His physician ordered immediate suspension of all outside interests. Mr. Vanderbilt reluctantly obeyed the mandate, and now, under advice of his doctor, positively declines in embarking in new undertakings.

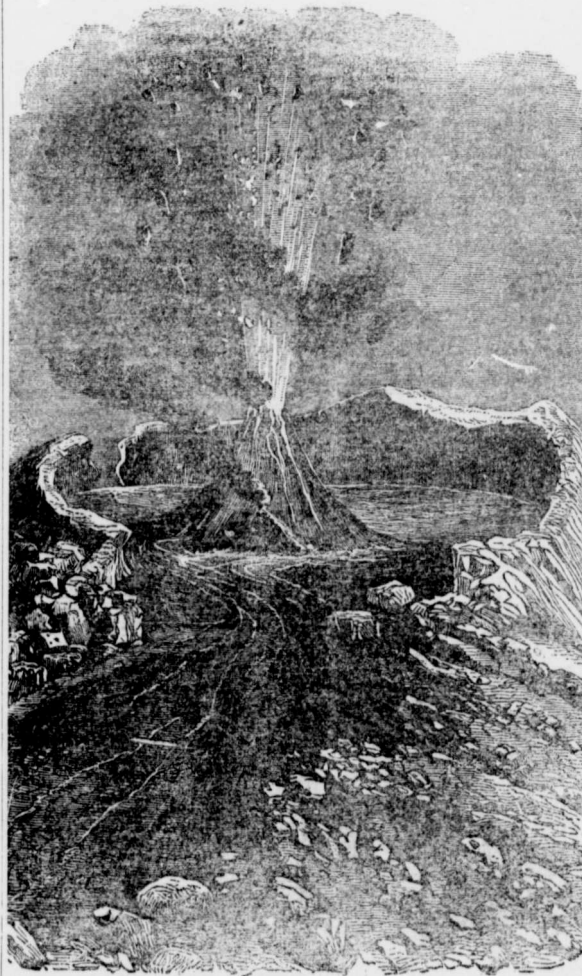
He is connected with a great number of religious and benevolent societies in all of which he takes an active interest giving large sums towards their maintenance. In common with the other prominent members of the family he possesses the power of thinking out the most difficult financial problems almost momentarily, and action never faltering but decided follows on the thought.

MOUNT VESUVIUS.

The other day we had news that Mount Vesuvius was again in eruption and that the molten lava was pouring down the sides of the mountain, causing some fear among those who live near the volcano.

Many times have the dread fires broken out destroying cultivated lands, houses and people. The most noted eruption was in the year 79 A. D., when the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum were overwhelmed. In the present century alone there have been something like a dozen notable eruptions, some of which lasted for months. Four thousand persons were destroyed in the year 1631, being claimed as victims of the mountain.

God NEVER gave man anything to do concerning which it were irreverent to ponder how the Son of God would have done it.—*Marquis of Lossie.*



THE CRATER OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

mourners. Several other carriages joined the procession on the way to the church, swelling the number to nearly forty and many more were in waiting at St. Bartholomew's Church. As the casket was laid down in the church the choir sang an anthem, the third stanza of which sounded through the still scene with vast significance: "For man walketh as a vain shadow and

to Thee" and "I heard a Voice from Heaven Saying." As the casket was raised upon the shoulders of the bearers the choir sang "I Would Not Live Always."

ONE OF THE HEIRS.

Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt inherits many of his father's qualities. He is a thoroughly domestic man. He is a member of no club, and does not believe in that sort of a life.

HOW BILLY WENT UP IN THE WORLD.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.

"WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?"

The sunny beautiful days went swiftly by, and the harvest came; then every hour was so filled with work, that there was no time to settle moral questions. They dropped out of Billy's thoughts until the day he carried his barley into Sefton, and did much better than he had done with it the year before. He had been glad last season to get eighty cents a bushel for his grain, and was satisfied with his crop of thirty-five bushels to the acre. This year he had forty bushels to the acre, and sold his barley at the brewery for ten shillings per bushel. As he started for town that morning he found himself wishing that the great brewery was not so near—if it were in a city farther away he would sell his barley to a dealer, and—and— He followed the idea no longer. A neighbor driving into town joined him, a man universally respected. He was enthusiastic about the success of a friend of his who got his seed from Canada, and found that it yielded him from fifty to sixty bushels of the four-rowed barley.

"Mr. Waite," said Knox, "did you ever think it was wrong to raise barley?"

"Wrong!"

"Aren't we helping along the cause of intemperance?"

"O nonsense! Talk that to this fellow who had forty acres of this Canadian barley. Do not suppose he'd stop raising it?"

"Not if he thought it wrong?"

"It ain't in human farmer nature to see it wrong, I reckon."

The words were empty, but the airy tone in which the matter was disposed of stung Billy's present mood, and greatly helped him to sell his barley a little later.

In the afternoon he had a pressure of other business to attend to, and the day was gone before all was accomplished. Jogging along home in the sunset light, he began to calculate how long it would be before he could clear off all his debts and own his farm, if he were to go on raising barley, and from such seed as Waite had told of that morning. He was too tired with the excitement of the day to think clearly—too tired to be troubled by the old question of right in the matter. His thoughts, allowed to drift at will, turned backward to his early boyhood, and he saw bits of life as in a kaleidoscope.

Blear-eyed Sall, the old hag who sold beer in the Water Street cellar;—he could see the cobwebs full of dirt in her own window, could smell the vile odor of her hen, and see the tramps who stumbled down into the dimness and filth, to swear over their coffee and her beer. Far pleasanter to recall was the face of a pretty young shop-girl who used to send him to buy her beer at a grocery. She had it every night when her work was over. At first she sent him with a little blue pitcher, and took it half-shamefacedly. She used to go herself, bareheaded, for it, after a while, and would stop to joke with men about the grocery. She lost her pretty face and nice ways. He remembered a day when she was drunk,—another day when the women of the alley called her vile names; he had wondered at that, for they all drank beer. That night she threw herself into the river, and a few of those same women cried over her dead body, and said it "was drunk at the first" that ruined her. He had forgotten poor Nellie for years.

Next there came to him a moon-lit Sunday night, when Ned Fenton was walking a Sefton street with him, and they came to the bright saloon. He could hear that gay voice so plainly. "Hold on, Knox! Don't you want a glass of beer?" He could see the young fellow bowed down in self-disgust another night, when he said, "I am morally weak." The world was full of weak men, who fell before temptation—and beer was a curse. Knox had arrived at this conclusion already. It annoyed him that his mind dwelt on the subject so persistently. He whipped up his horse and sang the rest of the way home.

Billy was very tired that evening, and would gladly have stayed at home from the weekly meeting; but he had agreed to deliver a message from a man in Sefton to a person who would probably be at the school house, and he could not properly tell it to any one else. At this time of the year the

attendance was small, and the best leaders not always at hand. Not being in a mood himself to render active service, and remembering this, Knox started late.

A few were present, but the evening was sultry and everybody looked dull and drowsy. Seeing a good but rather tedious man at the desk, Billy sank down near the door, thinking he could rest his body, if he were not very much edified spiritually; but soon, weary as he was, he found his mind unusually lively. Now that his barley crop was sold, and that matter decided for the season, he resolved to put aside for future settlement the question whether or not he should sow it again. If he had erred in the past, he must redeem the time that remained by some unusual exertion. He resolved soon to move in a matter that had been suggested to him some months previous: the starting of a "Young Men's Christian Association" in Sefton. He ran over in his mind a list of available workers, and during a lengthy prayer he found himself planning the proper organization in a way to get it in order before winter. After the prayer and a hymn, the leader chose a chapter from Jeremiah, apparently at random, and read it rather unintelligibly. Billy was wondering if the Association could not from the first carry on a course of lectures, and he resolved that the subject of Temperance should be made prominent.

The lamp by the reader smoked; he turned it down, and then went on with the only sentence that attracted Billy's attention that evening: "Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord deceitfully." Not having known there was such a verse in the Bible, he began to puzzle over its meaning. A man might easily do his own work deceitfully, if he did it claiming that he were working for his master; but this was said of going the Lord's work—doing it deceitfully.

Now a man might, for instance, be starting a Christian Association, with the sole purpose to make other men better, and yet its founder himself might not be right in the sight of the Lord. If the words could bear any such interpretation, would they apply in any way to him? So far as he knew his motives were of the best.

"Every way of a man is right in his own eyes, but the Lord pondereth the heart,"—came to him.

Then, as Knox sat there, verse after verse, that he had never consciously committed to memory, passed through his mind. "The Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." "All things are naked and open unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do." "A deceived heart hath turned him aside that he cannot deliver his soul, nor say: Is there not an iniquity in my right hand?"

(To be continued.)

SUSIE REDMAYNE, OR THE BITTER CRY.

(By Christabel.)

"Wait a minute, my boy;" and the gentleman took out a silver coin, asking the boy, as he did so, what he did with his money.

"I work for my little sister, and myself," said Ralph earnestly.

"Then you have no father?"

"Yes, I have," replied Ralph; then he blushed and was silent.

"Well, I hope we shall meet again," said the gentleman as Ralph hurried away.

Then mentally he exclaimed, "That boy could be made something of!"

Ralph was delighted, and his first impulse was to run home and tell Susie; but he said to himself, "No, that would be unbusiness-like; I must go and try to earn some more."

He had some more small successes; then he went to a cook-shop and bought their dinner, and ran home as fast as he could.

The morning had seemed long to Susie. It might have been a week, so long and lonely did the hours seem to her childish imagination.

Bessie Brown had been in, and with her cheery voice and kindly words had broken the loneliness; but Bessie had so many calls upon her time that she could not devote much of it to the little girl, who, through the long hours, shed many silent tears.

No devoted wife ever waited more anxiously for the footsteps of her husband than did Susie for Ralph's. She knew,

too, by the way he ascended the long flight of stone steps which led to their dwelling, whether he had been successful or not.

She heard him bounding up the steps, and she clapped her hands with joy when she saw his smiling face.

Slowly Ralph unburdened his pockets. Moments like these did not come every day. It was so pleasant to look at the old rickety table with the dinner and the money spread upon it. They could not hurry even to begin their dinner. Very reverently Susie put her hands together and asked a blessing in her own simple fashion.

The short winter's day was soon over, and the night again closed in. There was no abatement in the storm. The wind drove the sleet against the cracked squares, but tonight the children had warmth and food, and the success of the day had made them hopeful.

They laid plans of future happiness and built aerial castles, and dwelt in them at pleasure; and at times forgot the storm and their own wretchedness.

But, ever and anon, coming back upon them with redoubled force, was the dread of the sound of the unsteady footsteps; for which they waited and watched long after the hour when Susie's pale face and weary little eyes should have been wrapped in refreshing slumber.

Then Ralph remembered that they had not thanked their heavenly Father for the kindness they had received that day.

They might have been frozen or starved to death in the storm that raged around their poor dwelling. But in all that dreary mass of blackened buildings and thronging thousands God had not forgotten them.

This Ralph and Susie felt, and expressed their thanks in their own child-like way.

And He who said, "Let the little ones come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," would not turn a deaf ear to these little ones.

For he will listen to the petitions and accept the thanksgivings of every child who prays sincerely.

Redmayne staggered up the steps a little earlier than usual, and not quite so deeply intoxicated. But the black frown upon his forehead, and the fiery glances that darted from under his shaggy eyebrows, told Ralph that nothing except the money that he had hoped to save for the following day would avert the impending storm.

"I say, lad, hast thee been idle again to-day?" asked the man roughly, and a threat was about to follow; but Ralph quietly took out a shilling and laid it on the table beside him.

The poor boy had hoped that this would satisfy his father; but no! the depths to which strong drink can reduce a human being are like to the fathomless ocean,—by no human calculation can they be measured.

Seizing the boy by the arm he thrust his dirty and bloated hand into the boy's pockets, and took out every coin that remained.

"Ralph," he said fiercely, "next time empty thy pockets thyself, and don't try any deception with me."

Ralph reddened under the insult, for he had never told his father a falsehood. But he had no time to think about it.

"Here, run quick, and get this filled," said Redmayne, taking an empty bottle from his pocket; "and if thee doesn't get it, then never enter this house again."

Ralph thought as he ran down the steps that the thing he desired most on earth was that he might never again have to share his father's home; but for Susie's sake he wouldn't run away.

During Ralph's absence, Susie, who was trying to hide herself in bed, partially hid her breath, she was so afraid that anything should remind her father of her presence.

The suspense was short, for Ralph quickly returned with far more than enough of spirits to deprive the reckless man of all power of movement or speech.

The children kissed each other in silence and went to sleep.

When the next morning dawned there was nothing to relieve the harshness of the keen frosty wind. The hail-stones, which fell at intervals, threatened destruction to the window; but nothing seemed to matter now.

There was no breakfast, nor any means of procuring one. Ralph crawled out of bed, for his limbs were stiffened with the cold that every day increased.

With difficulty he managed to get a handful of fire to burn, then he sat down with a

listless stare. There was the kettle cold and empty on the dusty old-fashioned hob. A heap of ashes and cinders were under the grate. The worn brush and the old shovel, that Ralph had used so often, were laid by the fender. His father slept in an old arm-chair in the corner, and he awoke and consciousness returned he put out his hand for the bottle that stood at his elbow, and drank again of the deceptive draught, to drown his wretchedness in a short oblivion.

In another corner was little Susie sitting up in bed; she seemed afraid to get up, and Ralph did not stir to help her.

The silence of blank despair reigned in the room. It was a terrible silence! No ray of hope either for this world or the next broke in upon it. It was not the silence of a Christian's death-bed, for that throws around a holy calm which the rude contact with the world cannot at once disperse, as if the hovering of angels' wings over a household purified its inhabitants, for a time at least, from pride, worldliness, and the over-carefulness for the things of time.

Susie shivered as she sat and pulled around her shoulders an old blue cashmere shawl which her mother had worn with pride on her wedding day.

Her beautiful blue eyes took in the whole of the repulsive scene before her, and she could never afterwards entirely forget it.

The half-emptied bottle, the ragged coat and bloated appearance of her father, the despairing attitude of her brother, the breakfast table with no food upon it, but only some cracked crockery that was not wanted now.

Instinctively she closed her eyes and tried to think of something else.

The day wore slowly on, and after a time Ralph roused himself to go out. He was stiff and weak and hungry; he could not do much, but he earned a few coppers and bought some bread and went back to share it with Susie.

Very fragile and shadowy Susie looked as she ate the dry bread without a murmur. Her golden hair, which curled naturally, twisted itself in rings all round her face and neck. And Ralph thought as he looked at her, perhaps the angels would come and take her. She looked so out of place in the revolting room.

But a sharp pang shot through his breast at the thought of parting with her. She was the only sweet thing that the earth held for him.

Yet he resigned himself as a martyr when he goes to the stake, because he dies to attain an object.

Ralph could think of no future pleasure that Susie was not to share. All his day-dreams of the brightness to come vanished at the thought of parting with her.

It was late in the evening when Redmayne startled the children by jumping up wildly and beating the air, which to him was filled with imaginary beings that mocked him and drove him mad.

The children clung to each other and eluded the blows at first. But the mocking spirits in the air maddened the man, and Susie's cry of terror directed him to the spot.

He was burning with the desire to be revenged on his imaginary tormentors.

Ralph saw his clenched hand raised high in the air, and rushed in between the blow and Susie. They both fell on the floor, and Susie was more hurt by the fall than the blow. They were stunned for a moment and knew not what to do. Then Ralph crept on his hands and knees towards the door, beckoning Susie to follow. The only way of escape was in flight.

Redmayne did not know that he struck nothing more terrible than the air and his poor children.

CHAPTER III.—THE BLACK RIVER.

The children left the house sobbing wildly and passionately.

The night was cold and dark and wet. The rain was washing the snow from the black icy streets,—very icy they were to the two pairs of little naked feet.

They fled on swiftly through the cold falling rain,—through the dingy rays of light that streamed from the little shops.

They did not know where they were going. They seemed to be impelled onward by the violence that had struck them and wounded them, and turned them bruised to the floor.

They were too heart-sick to make any plan.

They might have appealed for shelter to

this neighbor or to that; but they had gone far beyond their own neighborhood in the first blinding moments of their grief.

Presently they found themselves in a wide dark street that was now almost deserted. A cab dashed by full of gaily-dressed people who had been to the theatre, and were going to their luxurious homes. In the distance there was a solitary policeman. In front of them yawned a wide black arch, blacker than the night and more full of terror.

All the world seemed full of terror at that moment. There was no light in it, no love, no help.

Ralph knew all about the arch. He had been through it by daylight many a time, and had explored some of its most mysterious recesses.

There was a railway, or rather two or three railways, overhead; and the arches below led into one another or crossed one another in a most bewildering manner.

It was in a bewildering manner too that a black, shallow, sluggish river ran in and out among the piers that supported the archways. It did not trickle or gurgle like a summer brook. It moved with a dull unpleasant sound, giving a heavy splash when it struck a stone; and now and then it fell from one level to another with a hoarse roar that resounded to the furthest corner of the masonry.

It was a place to strike horror to the heart of a man if he were not accustomed to it; but many of the people of that part of the town were accustomed to it very well.

Winning in and out amongst the dark arches there was a slender wooden platform that served as a bridge over the dark chasm below.

It was quite narrow, only wide enough for one person to walk across it at a time, and it was raised only a few feet above the sluggish current below.

Terrible as the place was, it occurred to Ralph that they might at least find shelter there from the wild rain and the piercing wind.

So cold the children were, so wretched, that once for a moment the boy had wished that the warm earth would open under their feet and shelter them forever.

Susie shrank in terror when she saw that Ralph was leading her under the dark arch. Her quick ear caught the dull splash of the dark water, and unknown horrors presented themselves to her childish imagination.

"Where are you taking me, Ralph?" she asked in a beseeching tone. "Not there, oh, not there!"

The boy was as wretched as the little one herself was. Perhaps more wretched, since he knew more of the wicked world; but he saw that all depended on himself, humanly speaking.

"Susie, listen to me," he said in his firmest voice. "Have I ever been unkind to you?"

"No, Ralph, never!"

"Have I ever asked you to do anything that was not good?"

"No, Ralph."

"Then trust me now, little woman."

"But tell me what you are going to do, Ralph—tell me where we are going!"

"We are going under this arch if you are not a little goose. I have been through it dozens of times. There are a lot of arches, and I know them all. I know one corner that will be ever so, a jolly place to sleep in. It is like a little wooden gallery, and it won't rain, and the wind can't get there, and we shall be as safe as safe, if you'll only come along."

Ralph himself thought that all this must sound very tempting, but the little girl shivered sadly with fear as she followed her brother down the descent that led from the side of the street.

The boy led her very carefully, holding her hand fast in his, and going a little before.

They came quickly to the beginning of the little wooden bridge. The boy holding by the handrail, and telling Susie to mind when they came to a stone or a splintered piece of plank.

The child was half dead with terror, but not the less was she brave and strong, braver and stronger for the very effort it cost her. She could hear the sickening flow of the water close beneath her feet. There seemed a silence about the very sound it made, as if it whispered hoarsely lest it should betray dark deeds.

At last they reached the little wooden gallery that Ralph had spoken of; it sloped

a little toward the water. There was the cold stone arch on one side and the light handrail on the other. There was nothing to make the black darkness visible; and the only sound was the sound of the turbid river dropping with that slow oozy sound that was so much more repulsive than the rush of clear water would have been.

Cold and strange as the place was the children fell asleep quickly, locked in each other's arms. Ralph was the last to fall asleep, and even in his sleep he seemed to hear Susie's sobs and her pathetic murmurs of terror. But there was no need for her terror, nor for the boy's inevitable fear. A divine and loving Father watched over them as protectively as if they had slept on beds of down entwined by silken coverlets.

All night they lay there, and nothing disturbed them; and Ralph's first thought on waking was the thought of a text that he had learned when he attended the Sabbath-school: "I laid me down and slept and rose up again, for the Lord sustained me."

The children said their usual prayers before emerging from the arches of the river. The dawnlight was now struggling through the smoky atmosphere of Yarnborough. The milk-carts were driving in. The silence was broken by street cries. The shops were being slowly opened and the coffee-stalls at the corners of the streets were thronged with customers. These little ones were hungry and they were penniless, but they were not despairing, as a grown-up person would have been.

Their strongest dread was the dread that their father might find them.

(To be Continued.)

(For the Weekly Messenger.)

THE WOMAN'S WORLD.

Home made candies are to be preferred, as a rule, to those one buys, and young people are fond of making them. The Christmas candies should be made as soon as possible.

CHOCOLATE DROPS.

We give here a recipe for chocolate drops.—For the inside 2 cups of sugar, 1 of water and 1½ spoonfuls of arrow-root. Let the mixture boil from 5 to 8 minutes, stirring all the time, and after it is taken from the fire, beat until cream is formed. When it is nearly smooth add one teaspoonful of vanilla and make the cream into balls. For the outside coating dissolve 1 lb. of the best chocolate without using more water than is absolutely necessary. Roll the cream balls in the chocolate when it is warm.

WALNUT CANDY.

To a pound of confectionery sugar mix gradually the white of an egg, well beaten. This requires patience and a strong arm, but the task is pleasant at the prospect of having first-class walnut candy. Crack one pound of fresh walnuts so that the kernel can be divided in two. Now, in the palm of your hand, make a small ball of the sugar preparation, and against it press the halves of a walnut. Then smooth the projecting sugar all around so as to hold the nut in and you have a very palatable candy made without the use of fire.

HOW TO FATTEN OYSTERS

Many a housewife will be glad to know how to fatten oysters bought at this time to use during Christmas holidays.

The following information we get from a reliable person experienced in cooking oysters. Get your oysters a week or two before you need them. Place a layer of them in the bottom of a pail, over these sprinkle a large handful of oatmeal, or Indian meal, with a handful of salt, over this place another layer of oysters, then a layer of meal, and so on, till your oysters are all packed. Then put in water enough to cover them, place a board over the pail and leave them in a cool place. This amount of meal will suffice for two weeks—if kept longer throw in more meal, salt and water. Some cooks always add sea-weed when it can be procured.

GAMES FOR CHRISTMAS.

On Christmas the little ones must be entertained, but it is still better to teach them how to make fun for their elders and to excite their ingenuity. On Christmas day it is well that children should be heard as well as seen, so we would suggest for them tableaux taken from nursery rhymes.

Take, for instance, the story of Simple Simon, one verse of which runs thus:

Simple Simon went a-fishing for to catch a whale,
All the water he had got was in his mother's pail.
This scene is very amusing and can be easily represented. The boy who acts the part of Simple Simon must put on a very intent look, as if he were really expecting a bite at his hook. The more absurd the tableau is made the better. Simple Simon is represented as sitting on a table or high stool and fishing from a small pail half full of water. His fishing rod is a walking-stick, a broomstick or anything else of the sort that comes handy. A piece of very thick cord, thick enough to scare away any ordinary fish that was not at the starvation point, is used for fishing line, and at the end of this is a bent pin. Every now and again Simple Simon draws up his line, looks intently at his hook, pretends to bait it and then lets the big sinker which must be attached to the line plunge heavily into the water. This is the manner of Simple Simon's fishing. Simple Simon himself must be dressed as nearly like a slim scare-crow as possible. His pants ought to be too short and tight. A large girl's apron, a dilapidated hat, and cotton stockings of some bright color complete the outfit. This dress will make a good Simple Simon and will amuse both actors and audience.

The other verses of this rhyme can be acted by dumb characters with good effect. How our hero "met a pisan coming from the fair" and wanted to taste his ware, but found that he lacked the money necessary to pay for it, can be acted so as to make every one laugh heartily. The air of great surprise which simple Simon assumes when he finds, after literally turning his pockets all inside out, that he has not a copper, is most ludicrous. In this act a pisan stands in the centre of the stage or room, and is dressed in baker's fashion with a white apron and a large baker's cap made of paper. He holds on his arm a basket covered with a white cloth. In one hand he holds out a pie, and the other hand he extends for the penny. The boy who takes the part of Simon must be capable of putting on a perfectly vacant stare. He stands on the left of the pisan, facing the audience and looking at the pie he is longing for. His pockets are turned inside out and his hands are feeling them for his penny.

For charades we suggest the word idol—eye-doll. Eye—two naughty boys at school cannot escape their teacher's eye. Doll can be acted easily by little girls. Then the pet of the family will be the idol. Let each scene be played lengthily. The following words, water-spout, innocent, carraway, to act. Another amusing game is for one person to go out of the room while a proverb is chosen by the company. All around the circle of gathered friends, and when the person sent out is called in again, each person, at a given signal, shouts out his word of the proverb. The person who was not in the secret has to guess from the words he catches what the proverb is. If he fails to guess the first time the proverb has to be repeated. Of course everyone has to say his word at precisely the same time or the game is spoiled.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

"Father, what does it mean to be a drunkard? Maggie Gray said you was a drunkard, and her father said so too!"

Had a bombshell exploded at the feet of Mr. Weston, he could not have been more surprised. He stood mute, and one might have heard a pin drop, so silent were they all. But Katie, nothing daunted, after waiting what she considered a proper length of time, repeated the question: and it was answered, "a man who drinks liquor and makes a beast of himself."

"Is that what you do, father?"

"It is what I have done, sometimes," he replied in a choked voice.

"It's bad, ain't it?"

"Yes, child, the very worst thing a man can do!"

"And that's what makes mother cry when there don't anything hurt her; and that's why I have to wear such dreadful old shoes?"

"Only one word in reply to this—"Yes!"

"Then I shouldn't think you'd do so no more? cause mother's good, and I don't like to wear old shoes a bit! You won't be a drunkard any more, will you?"

"No, darling, I won't," and raising his

right hand he promised never, never to drink another drop of intoxicating liquor.

"God helping me," he added reverently, "Bless you, my darling; you have saved me!"

Then there were tears and sobs and broken ejaculations, all for very joy, while supper was forgotten. It made no difference to Katie whether her shoes were old or new; but when, a few days after, she became the possessor of some long boots with red laces and tassels, she had had a better appreciation of the change which had taken place.

Since then she has often received beautiful gifts; and always she remembers with grateful heart that her father is not a drunkard.—Standard.

THE USE OF WALLS.

A missionary in Japan tells the following interesting story of a lady who went into a cake shop to buy some cakes for her children.

"While waiting for the cakes she saw that the walls were papered with leaves from the Bible. This was so strange that she asked the old woman about it, and she told the lady that one day, passing by a book shop, she saw a pile of papers thrown away as useless. As her shop needed papering she thought this was just the thing, and took some of it home and pasted it up over her walls. One evening her grandson came in and began reading aloud from the paper on the wall. The old woman was so interested in what she heard, that she listened eagerly and got all who would to read it to her. One day a young man came who asked if she understood it, and whether she was a Christian. She told him how much she enjoyed hearing it, but she did not understand it much, so he promised to take her to church the next day. After this she attended regularly, and became an earnest Christian. She now keeps a stock of tracts by her, and into every bag of little cakes she drops one. Is not this encouraging? All that good came out of leaves of the Bible thrown away, which were considered of no use."

Here was a whole room in a Japanese house covered with Bible texts. What American household has as much. We have heard of people who were studying up a special subject having their whole study room pasted over with pictures and stories bearing on the subject in hand. The mottoes and texts that are to be found in almost every home do not exert a quiet but a powerful influence over the minds of those who have them constantly before their eyes, and many a young man when far away from friends and the fireside hearth, remembers with pleasure the old familiar framed motto, "There's no place like home," or in times of trouble is comforted by the assurance "As thy days shall thy strength be." Geographical maps decorate the walls in some households, and it is not at all a bad plan, for what a child is accustomed to see every day of his life becomes perfectly familiar to him. In this way a knowledge of geography can be obtained that would be hard to impart in school.

WEALTH IN THE SEA.

Seldom or never has the enormous importance of the harvest of the sea been more forcibly represented than it was the other day by Prof. Huxley, in the address which he delivered at the International Fisheries Exhibition. An acre of good fishing ground, he pointed out, will yield more food in a week than an acre of the best land in a year. Still more vivid was his picture of the moving "mountain of cod," 120 to 130 feet in height, which for two months in every year moves westward and southward, past the Norwegian coast. Every square mile of this colossal column of fish contains 120 millions of fish, consuming every week, when on short rations, no fewer than 840 millions of herrings. The whole catch of the Norwegian fisheries never exceeds in a year more than half a square mile of this "cod mountain," and with one week's supply of the herrings needed to keep that area of cod from starving, London might be victualled with herrings for a year on a day's consumption of the countless shoals of uncaught cod.

MORE TRUTHFUL THAN HE KNEW.—An honest but rather illiterate old farmer, while addressing a school house audience on temperance, confessed that he had been a drinking man.

"But, my friends," he said, "I never drank to success."

December Competition.

Our readers are taking advantage of our liberal offer of books at less than half price. The books offered are handsome and well bound. The present time is the time to send in renewals, and as far as possible we would like to have them accompanied with new subscriptions even if they are only for three months.

In getting up our present competition we took into account that many young people will be looking about them to find how they can earn some pocket money during the holiday season. We believe we have a very good plan. By canvassing for the "Weekly Messenger" many a boy and girl has made sufficient money to buy a pair of skates, a much coveted book, or other useful article. There is no better business training for a boy than a few days spent in canvassing.

LIBERAL COMMISSION.

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

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

PRIZES!

In our competition the highest prize, so far as at present appears, was won by a little girl who sent us under \$6, so that the prize is far larger than the amount sent in. We are offering a larger list of prizes in this December competition than we have hitherto done, and expect that our readers will take extensive advantage of the liberality of the offer.

THE FIFTEEN PRIZES

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

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

8th to 15th prizes (both inclusive) our book "Reprinted Stories" which so many obtained in one of our competitions and which has been highly praised by all. The price of the book is sixty cents a copy. It contains 237 pages as large as those of the *Messenger*, and is profusely illustrated.

Here are fifteen prizes to the value of \$29.80. If some of our readers choose to spend a little time in canvassing during the Christmas holidays they can not only make the liberal commission of fifty cents on each five new fifty cent subscriptions, but as every one can see from the low amounts for which prizes were given in our present competition there is a good chance for anyone who puts

himself to a little trouble to obtain one of our money prizes. As we said in our last competition, everyone should begin working at once.

N.B. No commission must be taken off those subscriptions sent in with orders for books at sixty cents apiece.

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

ONE OF OUR \$1.25 BOOKS FREE.

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

All persons who subscribe now for a year to the "Weekly Messenger" will get the remainder of this year free.

RENEW

before the end of the year if you would not run the chance of losing numbers of this paper. Our hands will be full at Christmas time and consequently we will not be able to send numbers that are missed unless they are paid for at the rate of five cents a copy. When our clerks have succeeded in putting on all the new names on the subscription lists they will set to work to cut off any of those who may not have renewed.

THE "RIEL REBELLION."

As the "History of the Riel Rebellion" was in so great demand in our last competition we again offer it as a prize. To all who send us their own renewal and one new fifty-cent subscription we will send this lively history of the late events in the North-west. As we have only a few hundred copies left we will probably not be able to continue this offer after the end of the year. Everyone who wishes to take advantage of it should do so at once.

A PRIZE STORY.

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

WE NOW PUBLISH the list of winners of money prizes in our last competition and will leave it open to correction for one more week. As we state, we have entered hundreds of new names on our subscription books every week, but the lists sent in by our friends, though numerous, were all small. There are some of our readers who will profit by the example of those who have won prizes for sending in ten subscriptions to the "Weekly Messenger." Besides receiving the prizes awarded for ten subscriptions the following have also won money prizes: The first prize of \$10 goes to Susie Gillespie, Shulie, N. S., who sent in \$6.50. Then there is a tie of six persons

who sent in \$5.00 each. The six persons are Alfred Finley, Annie Montgomery, Maud Schugg, Almira Tamman, Fred Wright and John A. McDonald. As is the rule in such cases, we add the second, third, fourth and fifth prizes together making \$9.50 and give each of the persons named one-sixth, or \$1.60.

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

THE WEEK.

KING THEBAW has been sent to Madras.

THE EMPEROR of Brazil will spend the coming winter in Rome.

THE MARQUIS and Marchioness of Lorne will revisit Canada in the spring.

QUEEN VICTORIA has donated \$2,500 for the relief of the wounded Bulgarians.

MRS. CATHERINE LOGAN, aged 103, died in London, Ont., on Saturday morning last. She was a slave for 60 years.

A NEW PLAN to do away with Mormonism has been devised by Senator Edmunds. He proposes to strike at Mormonism through that which keeps the sect so closely together—their wealth. The bill proposes to forfeit all property owned by Mormons, devoting the proceeds to the benefiting of public schools. The bill, if passed, will do more to suppress Mormonism, it is claimed, than any other means that can be adopted, as the church is known to be a very wealthy corporation, and money causes a very close adhesion among the saints.

GENERAL GEORGE H. SHERIDAN, now of New York, was once Adjutant General of Louisiana. As such officer he was called on to report the strength of the State militia, which he did as follows: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of recent date requesting me to give you a statement of the number of militia in this State available for immediate service. I have the honor to report that the available militia of the State of Louisiana consist of one Adjutant General, fully armed, equipped, and ready for instant service. I have the honor to subscribe myself, very respectfully, your obedient servant, George H. Sheridan, Adjutant General of Louisiana.

A FAMINE FUND for Ireland was started some time ago in New York by the *Herald*, Mr. James G. Bennett giving \$100,000 as his share. To this the late Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt was willing to have added to Mr. Bennett's \$100,000 an equal sum of money, upon condition that the famine fund should all be expended in the great west of the United States, where provisions and cereals were cheap, for food which should be sent to Ireland in a fleet of ships which Mr. Vanderbilt offered to fit out, he also to land this vast store of sustenance material in New York from the west, free of all charges, for transportation. Mr. Bennett, however, preferred to send the cash to the other side, which Mr. Vanderbilt declined to do. Notwithstanding this, Mr. Vanderbilt gave to the famine fund a check for \$5,000.

THE REBEL FORCES are accumulating again in the Soudan and the state of affairs is again becoming very serious in Egypt. The English Government has decided to send a new expedition into the Soudan and preparations are being made accordingly. It is expected that orders will be issued for the re-occupation of Dongola.

AN ALMANAC three thousand years old, found in Egypt, is in the British Museum. It is supposed to be the oldest in the world. It was found on the body of an Egyptian. The days are written in red ink, and under each is a figure followed by three characters, signifying the probable state of the weather for that day. Like the other Egyptian manuscripts, it is written on papyrus. It is written in columns, but is not in its integrity, having been evidently torn before its owner died.

A TRAVELLER recently found himself in an Armenian Church at Constantinople when the audience were singing a hymn, with closed eyes and profound feeling, to a simple melody. Many of them were so deeply affected as to shed tears while they sang. The stranger asked his guide what the words were, and found them to be an Armenian translation of Toplady's famous hymn, "Rock of ages, cleft for Me."

ABOUT FOUR MONTHS AGO a hotel-keeper named Zimmermann, was convicted in Burlington, Ont., of violating the Scott Act, and as it was his fourth offence was sentenced to two months in gaol. He evaded arrest and went to the States, only coming back a few days ago. He was arrested, to-day, by County Constable Page, who started with him for Milton, but was met by Zimmermann's son, who attacked the officer, vigorously beat him and rescued his father, both father and son making off, and it is believed, going to the States.

TWENTY-FIVE CHINAMEN were found some months ago on a rock in the Straits of Fuca, where they had been abandoned by the master of a schooner, who had been attempting to smuggle them into the United States. They were brought before the United States Commissioner, and the marshal was ordered to escort them back to British Columbia, but the authorities of that Province refused to receive them without the payment of a tax of \$5 per head. They have since been confined at Seattle, W. T. By order of Judge Green, of the United States Court, they were escorted back across the boundary and turned loose on Canadian territory, with a few days' supply of provisions.

THERE HAS BEEN another revolution in Mexico for which there is no very definite reason assigned. The rebels have been put down, however, and business is recovering from the temporary shock it received.

THERE HAS BEEN much uneasiness at the Vatican consequent upon the Pope suffering from a fresh attack of his chronic disorder which affects the stomach and bowels. He was relieved by doctors, but is weak.

THE SERVIANS have not learned yet that they can do nothing against the Bulgarians. On Thursday last week the Servian King without deigning to send reply to the Bulgarian terms, broke the truce and renewed hostilities. Three bodies of Servian troops made simultaneous attacks upon the Bulgarian outposts at Izvor, St. Nicholas and Krivofof. In each case the attacking party was repulsed.

TORONTO is thinking of giving up the Scott Act campaign, for the present at least, and the temperance reformers will endeavor to reduce the number of saloons and to increase the license fee.

NEW YORK CAPITALISTS propose building a new railway line to Ottawa which will make travelling from New York or Saratoga to the capital of the Dominion possible in a day, whereas it has heretofore taken two days.

THE LIQUOR LEAGUE of Pennsylvania has been organized. Seventeen counties are thus far represented in the league. The Prohibitionists are becoming more and more to be acknowledged as a power in the United States. The liquor men, at all events, are not slow to recognize their power.

THE EPIDEMIC has appeared in Chicago. Fifty horses belonging to the North Division Street Car Company have the disease and six have died. A number of teamsters complain that half of their horses have been very ill and the West Division Railway Company has experienced considerable trouble at their barns.

THE BRITISH ELECTIONS being finished the Liberals have a majority over both Tories and Parnellites of about five. As this is not a working majority it is hard to see how the Government is to be administered. Parnellites may come to some agreement with the Liberals by which Gladstone will be enabled to form a Government. At present all is uncertain.

IN ROME the trial has commenced of a butcher named Tozzi, and his wife, son and daughter, who are charged with the murder of one Poggi, also a butcher. The motives for the crime were trade jealousy and family disputes. Poggi was entrapped into Tozzi's cellar where the murder was committed. The body of the victim was cut into pieces and the remains were scattered in a suburban wood. The blood was boiled into black puddings which were sold in Tozzi's shop. The son made a confession. He narrated it with a cold-blooded cynicism which provoked a howl of fury, the audience yelling, "Away with him to the scaffold." In reply the murderer tauntingly screamed, "Here I am. Tear me to pieces." The terrible story has created intense excitement through the city.

SEVERAL STUDENTS of a medical college in Montreal were expelled for having insulted a professor. Upon being informed of this the whole of the students, numbering about one hundred and sixty, left the school in a body and declared that they would not return until their friends were reinstated.

FOR MANY MONTHS there have been rumors afloat of the cruel treatment of town paupers of Russell, Massachusetts, by Keeper Chipman who has for three years bid off the town's poor, averaging twelve persons, at \$900, or about \$76 for each pauper. The select men have persistently denied the rumors. Two officers of the State Board of Health, Lunacy and Charity have just completed an investigation and some of the details of their report are too revolting for publication. The inspectors found filth abounding and stenches too loathsome for human endurance. Not a few of the inmates had for beds nothing but a pile of husks upon the floor and for covering only old clothing. Upon such a bed an aged man named Thompson died without attention from the keeper or his superiors. The food provided him was uncooked cornmeal mixed with water. Starvation rather than disease or old age hastened his death. It is alleged that in his last moments he called for water to cool his parched lips, but though his cries were heard by passers-by none went to his aid. Not long before this another inmate, once a property owner of the town, died similarly of a terrible disease. One man, a school teacher and public lecturer, after enduring assaults and hunger, finally ran away. The general care of the paupers was found to be on a par with that given in the above cases described. The select men are charged with trying to kill off the paupers to get rid of them.

THE NATIONS of Europe don't seem to have made all the war preparations they intend although they have been preparing for emergencies on one ground or another ever since the beginning of the dispute England had with Russia over the Afghan boundary. Germany has just voted an extra \$1,750,000 for the completion of her stock of arms.

MR. MOODY, the revivalist, says he intends visiting Montreal about the beginning of January next.

RIEL'S FUNERAL.

On the morning of Dec. 12th, at Winnipeg Man, the funeral of Louis Riel occurred Riel's old home at St. Vital was guarded by a strong force of half-breeds armed with rifles, who were doing sentry duty in order to prevent any surprise. This precaution was due to a rumor that an attack would be made upon the house and an effort made to carry off the body of the dead chieftain. In the house a large assemblage of half-breeds was gathered, many of them from very distant points, and all apparently moved with feelings of great sorrow. In a corner of the room upon a bier covered with sheets, lay the casket enclosing the remains of Riel. Your correspondent viewed the body carefully to ascertain if any of the sensational stories circulated as to violence having been committed on the body were in any sense true. Nothing was seen which would bear out in the most remote degree any particle of the statements. The features were placid and but little altered from the day on which he was hanged. The heat of the room caused the face to thaw considerably, thus imparting a ruddy, natural glow to the complexion. The eyes and mouth were partially opened; the former were much glazed thus destroying the life like expression. There was no mistaking the face, it was Riel's. The beard was nicely trimmed and the body had been dressed in a neat tweed suit. A small cross rested at the head of the coffin. Riel's mother sat in an arm-chair near the feet of the corpse. She gave vent to her sorrow at times in uncontrollable fits of weeping, and did not apparently notice anything that was going on around her. Riel's wife, with her little boy and girl, lay upon a bed in one corner of the room. She lay with her face buried in a pillow and never spoke during the entire night. She did not sleep, for she would start every now and again, turn and caress the little ones, who lay sleeping. Riel's sisters and brothers were present, but like the rest they kept very silent during the evening. On last Saturday morning Riel's remains were laid to rest beneath the Catholic cathedral.

An immense crowd crossed the river to St. Boniface to witness the funeral, while half-breeds from the entire country swarmed into the cathedral at an early hour, and long before the remains arrived the edifice was uncomfortably crowded. The coffin containing all that was mortal of Louis Riel was carried on the shoulders of eight pall-bearers the whole distance from St. Vital, almost six miles. The casket was borne on a bier from which handles projected at front and rear. Two men were located at each corner, and thus they marched along with a steady tramp. It was a long carry over the rough roads, but those who bore the burden were proud of their task and an expression betraying the distinction they felt could be seen on their faces. They were dressed mostly in buffalo coats and wore beaver caps and moccasins, while red sashes encircled their waists. They wore a white sash each across their shoulders and breast. The casket of rosewood was covered with cloth, the form of a beautiful large

white cross being worked on it. Two paces in front of the coffin walked Riel's two brothers, Joseph and Alexander. On either side of the bier marched, in single file, a row of half-breeds, about thirty yards in extent. They acted as a sort of guard in case of a surprise, which was feared at first. The sleigh in the procession contained Riel's mother, his two sisters and his wife. The mother, on leaving the house, insisted on walking in the procession, and did so as long as her failing strength would bear her up. She was at last obliged to ride in the sleigh. Her daughter and other female friends who were present were dressed in deep mourning. As the procession approached the Cathedral the bells which had so often awakened the rebel in his early days tolled for him mournfully now in his death. Soon the body had reached the steps of the Cathedral, then there was a pause and in a minute the great door swung open and the surpliced choir, bearing candles in their hands, approached. The officiating priest swung incense out upon the bier, a few words were said, while the crowd stood reverently by with uncovered heads, and then the bier was lifted and carried into the church, where it was placed upon the catafalque. An ordinary Requiem Mass was celebrated by the clergy of the Cathedral. The procession left Riel's house at St. Vital about half-past eight. Lepine, Riel's old companion, was present in the procession and appeared much affected. The original intention was to bury Riel beside his father. The grave was dug, but fearing that the body might be stolen the remains were placed in a crypt of the Cathedral for a day or two.

"WAR OF RACES!"

A special telegram from Winnipeg to New York gives a very sensational account of the funeral. It says:—The English-speaking people of Winnipeg were indignant at the preparations for Riel's funeral, and a movement was inaugurated to prevent the "outrage," as the English people deem it. This movement was greatly strengthened by the wholesale circulation of handbills which read as follows:—

"War of races! Yes, if necessary, and war to the teeth if required!!! Will an already outraged public stand quietly by while a great demonstration is being made over the burial of that red handed rebel and traitor, Louis Riel? No, decidedly no! Let all truly loyal proceed to St. Boniface, where the traitor is to be interred, and if anything is said insulting to British Canadians let them pull the Cathedral down upon the heads of the tribe that exalts the rebel, and so blot them from the face of the earth! God save the Queen!"

"In answer to this warlike demand hundreds of excited Britishers crossed the river to watch the ceremony. Most of them were well armed, although not displaying their weapons, but ready to use them at the moment their leaders called upon them. Fortunately the hot-headed leaders of the movement, who were principally relatives of men shot in the rebellion, were prevented by the police from being present, and this fact, with the presence of a large force of Provincial policemen and special constables, prevented what might have been a fearful encounter between the two races, and might have been the origin of a civil war all through Canada. The half-breeds and French present were all well armed, for they looked for a fight. Archbishop Tache, alarmed at the state of affairs, decided to do away with all the ceremony intended, and conducted the funeral service quietly within the Cathedral. The excited factions remained without, waiting for the body to be lowered into the grave, but the authori-

ties decided not to allow the burial to take place at that time, and at the conclusion of the service the casket containing the remains was smuggled into the cellar of the Cathedral. The announcement that the burial would not take place had the effect of dispersing the crowd."

SHIP WRECKED.

Another dreadful disaster has taken place on the great fresh water seas and this time it is in Lake Michigan.

The propeller "Oconto" set out from Oscoda on Friday, week before last, on her way to Alpena with a load of lumbermen's supplies, and twenty-two passengers. They had not been out more than fifteen minutes when a snow squall came down on them, hiding the land, and all lights. When night set in the darkness was intense, and the storm gradually increased in violence, until it became impossible to hold the "Oconto" up to the gale, and she fell into the trough of the tremendous sea. On the main deck there were fifteen head of cattle, and the terrified brutes broke loose, and at every lurch of the boat they were thrown from side to side, smashing the support of the saloon deck, and in one case a large ox was violently thrown against a gangway, breaking it out. The sea rushed in at this aperture, making clean breaches over the hull, and it was only by the greatest efforts that the gangway was closed. As the night went on the sea increased in height, and the upper works of the boat strained heavily. The hull, however, was as tight as a bottle, making no water. The two largest life-boats were carried away bodily from the upper deck, and the other boat was stove in and damaged badly. When morning came the storm was even worse, and the boat drifted on, no person on board having the slightest idea of where they were, and although the engines were still working, the vessel was beyond control. During the night, when all hope that the vessel would live had been given up, many of the passengers and some of the crew had become panic-stricken, and when morning came it was found that the colored cook, a man named Wm. Brown, had actually died with fright. About twelve o'clock on Saturday the lighthouse on Charity Island was sighted, and in ten minutes after the boat, rising on the crest of a tremendous sea, was positively thrown ashore in six feet of water. They were fully three quarters of a mile from the island, every inch of which was a mass of foam, and it was not until Sunday that a boat's crew got ashore in the partially disabled life boat. They got a big fisherman's boat, with which they managed to reach the stranded propeller, and by Monday morning the forty-six souls, including two women and one child, which were on board the boat, were safely got to shore. Accommodation of a sort was obtained in the lighthouse and the fishing shanties on the island, and a plentiful supply of provisions were obtained from the wreck. On Thursday six men volunteered to go with Mr. Ross, the second mate, and endeavor to reach the mainland. Four rafts of new ice had formed to leeward of the island, and through this they had to make their way. After an arduous and dangerous voyage of sixteen hours duration in an open boat, the shore was reached. An effort is now being made to fit out an expedition for their relief.

THE TABLES are turning and now all persons entering Montreal are to be vaccinated lest they should bring disease with them.

THE LOSS OF THE "ROYAL GEORGE."

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

In a letter which Miss Martineau once showed me, from a relative of hers, long dead, addressed to her great-niece from Southsea, near Portsmouth, and dated August 9, 1782, there occurred this singular passage:

"The day is calm and pleasant, and as I sit at the open window, the great vessel in the offing, betwixt me and the Fair Island" (the Isle of Wight used to be so called), "seems to sway not a hand-breadth, nor to flutter a single pennant." Then, in a trembling hand, but still the same, was added: "A dreadful thing has happened. When I had written that beginning of my letter, Dorothy, I looked again southward; the sea was waveless as before, and the Fair Island sparkled in the sun, but betwixt us and it I saw no trace of the great three-decker. I thought my brain had gone wrong, and rang the bell for Agnes; but when she too could see nothing of her, a terrible apprehension took hold of me; and when the alarm-guns from the fort began to thunder, I knew the vessel had gone down. I hear near a thousand men were aboard of her."

This was the famous "wreck of the 'Royal George,'" immortalized by the verse of Cowper. She was a ship of one hundred guns, carrying brass 24-pounders on her main deck, brass 32-pounders on her middle deck, and iron 32-pounders on her lower deck. Her lanterns were so large that the men used to enter them to clean them. She had six months' provisions on board, and many tons of shot. The blue flag of the "brave Kempenfelt" was flying at her mizzen, and in two days she was to leave Spithead to join the fleet in the Mediterranean.

So sudden and unexpected a catastrophe was never before heard of in nautical annals; but the cause of it is common enough. It arose from the obstinacy and fool-hardiness of the lieutenant of the watch. These caused the death of some eight hundred human beings. It is not necessary to mention his name; indeed, the sailor from whose personal narrative I compile the story, and who had probably just joined the ship, did not know his name, though of course it could be discovered easily enough. "He was, if I remember right," hesays, "the third lieutenant, a good-sized man between thirty and forty. Fortunately for himself, perhaps, he was drowned with the rest."

The accident arose through the heeling over of the ship. It was necessary to lay her on her side to get at the water-cock, situated in that part of the hold called the well, in order to replace it by a new one. The operation was begun at eight o'clock in the morning. The ship at that time was full of Jews, women, and people selling all sorts of things, as was usual on the eve of a long voyage. The last lighter, with rum on board, had just come alongside, and was lashed to the larboard side of the vessel and the men were piped to clear her, and stow the rum in the hold. Though the water was almost level with the port-holes through which the larboard guns were run out, no danger seems at first to have been apprehended. The sea dashed in with every wave, and disturbed the mice in the lower deck, and the men amused themselves with hunting them in the water. "There was a rare game going on," are the words of the narrator.

By nine o'clock the weight of the rum barrels and of the sea water brought the larboard port-holes still lower, and the carpenter applied to the third lieutenant to

give orders to "right ship, as she could not bear it." But the lieutenant gave him a very short answer. The captain—Captain Waghorn—was on board, and also the admiral, but admirals and captains are not consulted in such matters. The lives of those at sea, as of those of land, are mainly in the hands of subordinates. In a very short time the carpenter repeated his warning, and the lieutenant answered, "Sir, if you can manage the ship better than I can, you had better take the command." In a minute or two afterward, it is true, the fool-hardy officer ordered the drummer to be called to beat to right ship, but it was then too late. There was not time to beat his drum, or even time to get it. "Let us try," said our sailor to the lieutenant of his gun, "to house our gun out without waiting for the drum, as it will help to right the ship." They pushed the gun, but it ran back on them, and they could not start it. Then I cried, "Ned, the ship is sinking, jump out at the port-hole!" He did so, but I believe he was drowned, for I never saw him again. I followed him. I saw the port-holes as full of heads as they could cram, trying to get out.

What a picture! Imagine all those poor fellows struggling to escape through a space not large enough for one tenth of them, up an incline as steep as the peaked roof of a house, and with a hungry sea rushing in behind them! Above all, think of the poor women! Our sailor holding on to the best-bower anchor, which hung above the port, seizes hold of one, and drags her out, but at that moment the draught of air from between-decks, caused by the sinking of the ship, blows him off his feet. Then the huge mass goes down, and draws him down with it. He tries to swim, but cannot "though I plunged as hard as I could with both hands and feet; but when the ship touched bottom, the water boiled up a good deal, and I felt that I could swim, and began to rise." So, even if a vessel with a hundred guns goes down and takes you or me with her, there is some use, you see, in having learned to swim. When he comes to the surface he hears—what a sound at such a moment!—the cannons ashore firing their signals of distress, but he can see nothing. His face is covered with tar, a barrel of tar having been staved in as the ship went down, and its contents spread over the water. He strikes it away from his eyes as well as he can, and looks about him.

The fore, main, and mizzen tops of the huge ship were all above water, and he climbs up into comparative safety. In the shrouds of the mizzen-top he finds the admiral's baker, and sees the woman he has just pulled out of the port-hole rolling by. He seizes her once more, and hangs her head over one of the ratlines of the mizzen-shrouds, like clothes to dry, which is the best he can do for her; but a surf comes and knocks her backward, and "away she went, rolling over and over." Strangely enough, the poor creature is saved after all by the boat of a frigate lying at Spithead, whose captain has just put off to the rescue. "I must look to those who are in more danger than you, my lad," he sings out to our sailor, as he goes by.

"Ay, ay, sir," is the reply: "I am safely moored enough."

The captain of the "Royal George," though, strange to say, he could not swim, was picked up alive. But out of nearly a thousand men, which was the ship's complement, although some were on leave, and sixty marines had gone ashore that very morning, only a very few were saved: Government allowed five pounds to them for the loss of their things. "I saw the list, and there were but seventy-five."

For several days afterward bodies would

suddenly come up to the surface at the spot where the ship had sank, "forty and fifty at a time. The watermen made a good thing of it; they would take from the men their bukles, money, and watches; then making fast a rope to their heels, would tow them to land."

The poet who sings of the calamity tells us "no tempest gave the shock," and indeed there was scarcely any breeze at all. The ship was anchored, and had not even a stitch of canvas on to keep her steady.

Sixty years afterwards the interest of this terrible event had by no means died away, and I will remember, as a boy, going on board the ship that was stationed above the scene of the calamity, to see the divers who were still employed upon the wreck. The aspiration of the poet,

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreading by her foes,

was never realized; but almost everything was taken out of her; and more fancy articles—paper-knives, work-boxes, &c.—affirmed to have been made from her timbers, were sold, I am afraid, than the "Royal George," big as she was, could ever have furnished. At our seaside places of resort you may purchase them even now at bazars—old fashioned articles, with this tomb-like inscription on them: "This desk" (or letter-weight, or paper knife) "was made out of the wood of the 'Royal George,' sunk off Spithead in 1782, with eight hundred of her crew."

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE.

There was once a fisherman who lived with his wife in a ditch, close by the seaside. The fisherman used to go out all day long a fishing, and one day, as he sat on the shore with his rod, looking at the shining water and watching his line, all on a sudden his float was dragged away deep under the sea; and in drawing it up he pulled a great fish out of the water. The fish said to him, "Pray let me live: I am not a real fish; I am an enchanted prince, put me in the water again, and let me go." "Oh," said the man, "you need not make so many words about the matter; I wish to have nothing to do with a fish that can talk; so swim away as soon as you please." Then he put him back into the water, and the fish darted straight down to the bottom, and left a long streak of blood behind him.

When the fisherman went home to his wife in the ditch, he told her how he had caught a great fish, and how it had told him it was an enchanted prince, and that on hearing it speak he had let it go again. "Did you not ask it for anything?" said the wife. "No," said the man, "what should I ask for?" "Ah!" said the wife, "we live very miserably here in this nasty, stinking ditch, do go back and tell the fish we want a little cottage."

The fisherman did not much like the business; however, he went to the sea, and when he came there the water looked all yellow and green. And he stood at the water's edge, and said,

O man of the sea!
Come listen to me,

For Alice my wife,
The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee?"

Then the fish came swimming to him and said, "Well, what does she want?" "Ah!" answered the fisherman, "my wife says that when I had caught you, I ought to have asked you for something before I let you go again; she does not like living any longer in the ditch, and wants a little cottage." "Go home, then," said the fish, "she is in the cottage already." So the man went home, and saw his wife standing at the door of a

cottage. "Come in, come in," said she, "is not this much better than the ditch?" And there was a parlor, and a bed-chamber, and a kitchen, and behind the cottage there was a little garden with all sorts of flowers and fruits, and a courtyard full of ducks and chickens. "Ah!" said the fisherman, "how happily we shall live!" "We will try to do so at least," said his wife.

Everything went right for a week or two, and then Dame Alice said, "Husband, there is not room enough in this cottage, the courtyard and garden are a great deal too small; I should like to have a large stone castle to live in; so go to the fish again, and tell him to give us a castle." "Wife," said the fisherman, "I don't like to go to him again, for perhaps he will be angry; we ought to be content with the cottage." "Nonsense!" said the wife, "he will do it very willingly; go along and try."

The fisherman went; but his heart was very heavy; and when he came to the sea it looked blue and gloomy, though it was quite calm, and he went close to it, and said,

O man of the sea!
Come listen to me,

For Alice my wife,
The plague of my life,

Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee?"

"Well, what does she want now?" said the fish. "Ah!" said the man very sorrowfully, "my wife wants to live in a stone castle." "Go home then," said the fish, "she is standing at the door of it already." So away went the fisherman, and found his wife standing before a great castle. "See," said she, "is not this grand?" with that they went into the castle together, and found a great many servants there, and the rooms all richly furnished and full of golden chairs and tables; and behind the castle was a garden, and a wood half a mile long, full of sheep, and goat, and hares, and deer; and in the courtyard were stable and cow-houses.

"Well!" said the man, "now will we live contented and happy in this beautiful castle for the rest of our lives." "Perhaps we may," said the wife; "but let us consider and sleep upon it before we make up our minds: so they went to bed.

The next morning, when Dame Alice awoke, it was broad daylight, and she joggled the fisherman with her elbow, and said, "get up, husband, and bestir yourself, for we must be king of all the land." "Wife, wife," said the man, "why should we wish to be king? I will not be king." "Then I will," said Alice. "But, wife," answered the fisherman, "how can you be king? the fish cannot make you king." "Husband," said she, "say no more about it, but go and try; I will be king!" So the man went away, quite sorrowful to think that his wife should want to be king. The sea looked a dark-grey color, and was covered with foam as he cried out,

O man of the sea!
Come listen to me,

For Alice my wife,
The plague of my life,

Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee?"

"Well, what would she have now?" said the fish. "Alas!" said the man, "my wife wants to be king."

"Go home," said the fish; "she is king already."

Then the fisherman went home; and as he came close to the palace, he saw a troop of soldiers, and heard the sound of drums and trumpets; and when he entered in, he saw his wife sitting on a high throne of gold and diamonds, with a golden crown upon her head; and on each side of her stood six beautiful maidens, each a head taller than the other.

"Well, wife," said the fisherman, "are you king?"

"Yes," said she, "I am king." And when he had looked at her for a long time, he said, "Ah, wife! what a fine thing it is to be king! now we shall never have anything more to wish for." "I don't know how that may be," said she; "never is a long time. I am king, 'tis true, but I begin to be tired of it, and I think I should like to be emperor." "Alas, wife! why should we wish to be emperor?" said the fisherman. "Husband," said she, "go to the fish; I say I will be emperor." "Ah wife!" replied the fisherman, "the fish cannot make an emperor, and I should not like to ask for such a thing." "I am king," said Alice, "and you are my slave, so go directly!" So the fisherman was obliged to go; and he muttered as he went along, "This will come to no good, it is too much to ask, the fish will be tired at last, and then we shall repent of what we have done." He soon arrived at the sea, and the water was quite black and muddy, and a mighty whirlwind blew over it; but he went to the shore, and said,

"O man of the sea!
Come listen to me,
For Alice my wife,
The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"What would she have now?" said the fish.

"Ah!" said the fisherman, "she wants to be emperor." "Go home," said the fish; "she is emperor already."

So he went home again; and as he came near he saw his wife sitting on a very lofty throne made of solid gold, with a great crown on her head full two yards high, and on each side of her stood her guards and attendants in a row, each one smaller than the other, from the tallest giant down to a little dwarf no bigger than my finger. And before her stood princes and dukes and earls; and the fisherman went up to her and said, "Wife, are you emperor?" "Yes," said she, "I am emperor." "Ah!" said the man as he gazed upon her, "what a fine thing it is to be emperor!" "Husband," said she, "why should we stay at being emperor? I will be pope next." "O wife, wife!" said he, "how can you be pope? there is but one pope at a time in Christendom." "Husband," said she, "I will be pope this very day." "But," replied the husband, "the fish cannot make you pope." "What nonsense!" said she, "if he can make an emperor, he can make a pope, go and try him." So the fisherman went. But when he came to the shore the wind was raging, and the sea was tossed up and down like boiling water, and the ships were in the greatest distress and danced upon the waves most fearfully; in the middle of the sky there was a little blue, but towards the south it was all red as if a dreadful storm was rising. At this the fisherman was terribly frightened, and trembled, so that his knees knocked together; but he went to the shore and said,

"O man of the sea!
Come listen to me,
For Alice my wife,
The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"What does she want now?" said the fish.

"Ah," said the fisherman, "my wife wants to be pope." "Go home," said the fish, "she is pope already."

Then the fisherman went home, and found his wife sitting on a throne that was two miles high, and she had three great crowns on her head, and around stood all the pomp and power of the church, and on each side were two rows of burning lights, of all sizes, the greatest as large as the highest and biggest tower in the world, and the least no larger than a small rushlight. "Wife," said the fisherman, as he looked at all this grandeur, "are you pope?" "Yes," said she, "I am pope." "Well, wife," replied he, "it is a grand thing to be pope, and now you must be content, for you can be nothing greater." "I will consider of that," said the wife. Then they went to bed, but Dame Alice could not sleep all night for thinking what she should be next. At last, morning came, and the sun rose. "Ha!" thought she, as she looked at it through the window, "cannot I prevent the sun rising?" At this she was very angry, and she awakened her husband and said, "Husband, go to the fish and tell him I want to be lord of the sun and moon." The fisherman was half asleep, but the thought frightened him so much, that he started and fell out of bed. "Alas, wife!" said he, "cannot you be content to be pope?" "No," said she, "I am very uneasy, and

cannot bear to see the sun and moon rise without my leave. Go to the fish directly." Then the man went trembling for fear, and as he was going down to the shore, a dreadful storm arose, so that the trees and the rocks shook; and the heavens became black, and the lightning played, and the thunder rolled, and you might have seen in the sea great black waves like mountains with a white crown of foam upon them and the fisherman said,

"O man of the sea!
Come listen to me,
For Alice my wife,
The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"What does she want now?" said the fish.

"Ah!" said he, "she wants to be lord of the sun and moon." "Go home," said the fish, "to your ditch again!" And there they live to this very day.

SCHOOLROOM AND PLAYGROUND.

THE SCHOOL BOYS and school girls are all anxiously looking forward to the Christmas holidays; at least we presume they are. Perhaps some of them go so far as to keep a careful score of the days still remaining until the holidays chalked where all the school can see it.

VASSAR COLLEGE, Y. W. C. A.

The amount of money received by the Y. W. C. A. of Vassar College during the past year was \$244, a gain of \$119 over that of the preceding year. The association has made weekly contributions to St. Barnabas' Hospital in Poughkeepsie, has helped a girl in the Genesee Normal school, who is preparing for work among the poor whites of the South; has given \$70 for a Hampton scholarship; besides contributions to the Fresh Air Fund, and other benevolent objects. They have fitted out a Christmas box for the New York Flower Mission, one for the Dutchess county poor, and a box of \$250 for a mission in India. They have charge of a Saturday night class for the servants, and are conducting the Thursday evening prayer-meetings, which are very largely attended. There is every prospect of a successful year for the association.

Although every school and college cannot do all that Vassar College does in a benevolent way, yet there is not a school which cannot, if it chooses, do something. Quite the reverse of hindering other work it would help it to be seasoned with a missionary spirit.

RE-AWAKENED MEMORY.—A STORY.

Two years ago, a young man living in a Vermont village, having finished his academic education, was ready to enter college. But just before the day appointed for his examinations, he was taken ill. After several weeks of suffering he slowly recovered his health, but discovered that his mind had lost the knowledge acquired by six years of hard study. Latin, Greek, and mathematics all were gone, and his mind was a blank in respect to his preparatory studies. His doctor prescribed that he should rest his mind and familiarize himself with the few simple details of light work.

He obeyed the advice, and found, in his old habit of doing little things carefully, the schoolmaster that brought back his old knowledge.

Before his illness the young man, in order to earn a little money, had taken care of the village church; sweeping it out, cleaning the lamps, and doing all the work of a sexton. He now resumed this work, and, by the physician's advice, tried to keep his mind from puzzling itself about its loss of memory. Several weeks went by without bringing any change in his mental condition.

One Sunday evening a stranger entered the church, and, as the sermon was a dull one, gazed carelessly around until his attention was attracted by the lamps on the wall. He noticed that all the wicks were so carefully trimmed that there was not an irregular flame to be seen. He wondered as to who could be the careful sexton, and, happening to be in the place the following Sunday, he again noticed the same uniform trimming of the wicks.

Passing the church the next day, and seeing the door open, he walked quietly in and saw the young sexton sweeping out the central aisle. Looking closely at the young man, the stranger asked, "Do you do all the work about the church?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you trim the lamps?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why do you trim them in such a peculiar way?"

"I don't know what you mean?"

"Why, the flames are all alike."

"Oh! but they ought to be. You would not have them uneven would you?"

"No," answered the stranger, with a smile. "But it speaks well for your carefulness. Why, I should think one of the flames would fit all the others exactly if it were superimposed on them."

"Superimposed? Isn't that word used in geometry?"

"Certainly. If polygons, having equal sides and an angle—"

Before the stranger could finish his sentence the student threw down his broom, rushed frantically out of the church, ran across the street and into his house, where he astonished his mother by exclaiming, in tones of triumph, "Mother, I know that the square of the hypotenuse of a right angle triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides!"

In a moment his school knowledge had come back to him, flashed into his mind by the mention of the superimposed figures.

ERRORS IN SPEECH.

The following, collected from many sources, are by no means all the common errors met with in speech; but there are quite enough to put you on your guard. When people set about murdering the English language, they usually begin with the small words; thus we find a great many errors arising from the wrong use of pronouns.

"You are stronger than her," says Mary, "and she is taller than me." Here are two common errors in one sentence—her should be she, and me should be I. "This is a secret," says Alice, "between you and I." Wrong, Alice; you should say "between you and me."

"Eliza went with Kate and I." Here again I should be me. "Was it her who called me?" Her should be she.

"It is me who am to blame," Me should be I. "In let each of you mind their own business," the their should be his or her.

Who and which are often confused. Long ago both words used to be employed to stand for persons; but nowadays who is used when speaking of persons, and which when alluding to things. Thus, "the lady which I spoke to" ought to be "the lady to whom I spoke." "Who do you think I saw to-day?" is a phrase often heard. Who should be whom, "Who do you mean?" Say "Whom do you mean?" Many of our errors arise from attaching wrong meanings to words.

Reverend and reverent are very different words, but they are often confused. Reverend is the subjective word, describing the feeling within a man as its subject; reverent is the objective word, describing the feeling with which the man is regarded—of which he is the object.

The words lie and lay are often wrongly used. The first is a neuter verb—"A vessel lies in the harbor." The other is an active transitive verb—"a hen lays an egg." It is decidedly bad grammar, then to say, "My cousin lays ill of a fever"; "The books were laying on the table"; "The boat was laying outside the bar."

Another common error in regard to the meanings of words is found in such sentences as: "Lena walked down the centre of the street," and "the stream ran down the centre of the town." Both Lena's walking and the stream running are impossible performances, for a centre is a point.

Some people fail to distinguish between quantity and number, and say, "There was a quantity of people present," instead of, "There were a number." Thackeray and Sir Walter Scott have both fallen into this error. In connection with numbers, one frequently hears the two first used when it ought to be the first two. It is by no means a matter of indifference which you say. The girls at the top of two different classes would be the two first girls. The first and second girls of the same class would be the first two girls.—Central School Journal.

LAURA BRIDGMAN.

Nearly every child has heard of Laura Bridgman of Boston, who, though deaf, dumb and blind, has so trained herself that she understands a great deal by making her fingers serve for eyes, ears and voice. The other day she went to see the children at a Kindergarten in Boston. She talked with

each one in turn, and felt of the ribbons and ornaments on their clothes.

One little boy had on a pin in the form of a hatchet, and when Miss Bridgman came to him she said, pleasantly, "This must be General Washington." The little one had great fun in bringing up their playthings and treasures and asking her to guess by her fingers what they were. She was generally able to do this, even discovering that a rather clumsy article passed for a sheep. Miss Bridgman was very fond of flowers, and when a bunch of heliotrope was offered to her she uttered a real cry of delight.—Ez.

NOTICE.

We have had no Sunday-school lesson specially prepared for us this week, as Sunday, December the 27th inst., is set apart for review of the lessons of the quarter.

MARVELLOUS OFFER.

IT PAYS

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YOUNG FOLKS.

SINGING FOR LOVE.

One of the stories told about Miss Cary (now Mrs. Raymond), the famous singer, is very full of instruction.

One summer, as was her custom, she spent some little time in her father's old home, a short distance from Portland, which she made her own during her vacation. It was after she had been feted at home and abroad, had sung before crowned heads and nobility, and diamonds had been but one of a profusion of gifts showered upon her. One morning she ran into a neighbor's kitchen, as if "she were not Miss Cary," as the girl said, where a girl of eighteen or twenty stood ironing. Like many bright New England girls, she longed to get away from her small surroundings and try a larger sphere. "Why, I have my trials," said Miss Cary, "and you could not understand them."

"Oh," answered the girl, "what are troubles to you! You can do as you please with the world instead of waiting to see what the world is going to do with you."

"You are tired, let me iron a while," said the famous songstress.

The girl protested. Miss Cary insisted, and carried her point. As her iron moved to and fro, she entertained the weary girl with stories of her own life, showing with what labor she had achieved her present success, and the trials incident to a public life. When she, too, became weary, she changed places with the girl, who had become rested and contented, and saying, "Now, I'll sing for you," the voice which had held hundreds entranced now filled the little kitchen. For a long time, she held the girl entranced by the spell of that charming voice, and, when she went home, left her happy, where she had found her restless and discouraged.

HER DOG WON.

The other day a dog which was following a carriage turned aside and ran into a yard on Park street. He might have expected to pick up a fall and winter stock of bones, but in this he was disappointed. He was about turning away when a dog, owned in the house, flew out and rushed upon him in the most reckless manner, and in the course of ten seconds there was a bite-as-bite-can contest of the fiercest description. A woman considerably past the prime of life came out of the house as the dogs rolled around, picked up a club lying on the grass near by, and seemed about to enter the struggle. She raised the club two or three times, but let it fall as often, and finally stood an interested spectator of the fight. Among the dozen pedestrians halting at the gate was a man, who called out: "Say, stop 'em! Stop 'em!"

The woman raised her club, but hesitated to strike.

"Why don't you stop 'em?" shouted the man.

"I'm waiting," she replied.

"For what? Don't you see they'll kill each other?"

"I'm waiting to see how it comes out. If my dog can lick him, it's all right. If he gets the bulge on Rover, I'll even up the chances with the club."

Rover got a neck hold, and shook the stranger until his yells were heard a block away, and, when he was finally permitted to sneak off, the woman flung down her club and mounted the steps with the remark:

"Nobody nor anything has been killed as I know on, and every one of you could see that it was a square fight, and victory for the best dog. Please don't rub the paint off that gate."—*Detroit Free Press.*

PLEASURING.

Every man has his own views of pleasure. Henry Taylor the poet, expressed his view, when, writing of three days' festivities at Oxford, he said: "Human nature is not equal to more than one day's hard pleasuring at a time."

A friend of his, Mr. Hammond, Under-Secretary to the British Foreign Office, had another view. It was his pleasure to sit at his desk and work. A gentleman, returning from abroad, called at the Foreign Office and asked to see Mr. Hammond.

"He is not here, sir," answered the junior.

"Not here!" exclaimed the gentleman, knowing that the Secretary was rarely elsewhere. "What has become of him?"

"Well, sir," answered the junior, feeling that he must defend his chief, "he has gone to a funeral; and it is the only day's pleasuring he has had for two years."—*Youth's Companion.*

PEARLS BEFORE SWINE.

A few days ago, George Farbusch, the stable keeper, was piling some dressing beneath his stable where two or three hogs are running. For comfort, Mr. Farbusch pulled off his vest and sticking his knife into a post out of range of the hogs, as he supposed, hung his vest over it and kept on at work. He was soon after called upstairs to hitch up a team, remaining upstairs about twenty minutes. When he went back the vest was no longer on the post. The hogs had reached it and caught it, and were making it over into pork. A pocketbook containing \$124 was in the vest. They had pulled this out, and one of them had chewed the end off the book, and in a very brief time would have been chewing national bank notes. The animal had also pulled Farbusch's gold watch out of the pocket, and had broken the chain. The vest was ruined, but the watch and money were recovered intact.—*Leviaton, Me., Journal.*

MAKING BOOKS FOR HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

We were recently shown a very entertaining little volume which the compiler had "made." It consisted of humorous pictures and jokes compiled from the English, German and American humorous papers. The compiler had cut out of these papers and saved the comicallities that had seemed to him to have the most pith and point; had made a neat scrap-book of them, and presented this book to a friend.

The friend who received it was the owner of a fine library, but among his choice books of entertaining literature no volume was more valued than this.

"There is a whole evening's entertainment in it," he said, "and the fact that my friend saved these bits of humor for my reading gives them a particular interest to me. I always feel as though I were enjoying these jokes with him when I look them over. It is just the thing for a lonesome winter night."

Books may be "made" in this manner for holiday presents, especially dainty little volumes of favorite poems.

Many people place the poems that please them most in scrap-books, or between the leaves of some old ledger, or between the leaves of the volumes of poems that they most admire. Some even place them in an old family Bible.

These poems represent the reader's own feelings and sentiments, and voice his own individuality. "He is a genius," says Emerson, "who gives me back my own thoughts."—*Ex.*

CONFEDERATE MATCHES.

The first match factory in the Confederacy was in or rather near Atlanta. The owner was an Atlanta man. These matches were sold from Richmond to the Gulf. Unlike some of our recent experiments in that line there was no trouble about igniting the matches. A man did not have to strike one sixteen times, and finally hit it on the head with a hammer or light it by a fire. His main trouble was to keep the thing from going off prematurely, and the only effectual safeguard was to keep it in a bottle of water. They were the most utterly too previous matches ever seen in this or any other country. The enterprise was never profitable, because half the stock was invariably consumed by spontaneous combustion. Wagon loads of matches on their way from the factory to the city, would burst into a blaze half way on the road, scaring the driver and his mules out of their senses. Several Atlanta stores handled the useful marvels of home enterprise, but customers were cautioned to tread lightly for fear of jarring the matches into a conflagration, and clerks were detailed to sit up every night to watch the troublesome stock.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

CHASED BY BLOODHOUNDS.

An exciting chase between two bloodhounds and a negro took place near Dallas a few days ago. The negro, "Jim" Johnson, was arrested for crap shooting. While on his way to gaol he broke from the officer and took to the river bottoms below the town. The bloodhounds were immediately loosed and took the fugitive's scent. Johnson had something over a mile the start of the hounds, but they soon overhauled him, when he took to water, there being streams in the bottoms. As the negro emerged on the other side of the stream and took to the woods the hounds would go around the stream and renew the hunt. Thus the chase continued for hours, the negro running fifteen miles, and finally eluding the terrible brutes, who returned whining mournfully. It is said to be the first instance on record where a negro was 'cute enough to outwit bloodhounds after they had sighted him.—*Macon Telegraph.*

"WE MUST DO KIND THINGS."

The following interesting incident is related by the Rev. B. T. Dowbiggin of Cotta, Ceylon:

"A youth of eighteen, whom I baptized some two or three years ago, a student in the English school, was asked to take a loaf of bread to a little sick boy. He put the loaf into a drawer of the school table, but forgot it. His village is on the opposite side of the Cotta Lake, and next morning he remembered the loaf of bread, and as he had no boat, and there was no time to walk round the lake, he swam across and got the loaf of bread, which he tied on the top of his head and then swam back again and gave it to the little boy, who is about six years of age. When asked if he gave the loaf, he said that at first he had forgotten it, but afterwards gave it as I have described, and remarked, 'I know it is what the Scripture says, that we must do kind things, and Jesus was kind to the sick. I was sorry that I had forgotten the bread.'

"OILING A CRANK."

Practical jokers are often the victims of their own smartness or jokes, and they are never the recipient of much sympathy when this is the case. *Texas Siftings* gives an illustration of this truth: The palatial steamer "Mary Powell" was on her daily trip up the Hudson. A number of

passengers had gathered around the open door of the engine-room, looking with interest at the movements of the ponderous machinery.

Among the passengers was Sam F—, a New York gentleman, who is a practical joker. He is a young gentleman of means, and fond of fashionable attire. He is, moreover, a good amateur ventriloquist.

"Now, boys," said F—, "let us have some fun with the engineer."

A creaking, squeaking noise was heard among the machinery. The engineer was somewhat startled, and lubricated various parts of the machinery with great industry and an oil can which contained a pint of oil.

F— nudged one of his companions and very soon the machinery squeaked again. "Oil the cranks," said the ventriloquist.

Once more the engineer took his alleviator, and removing the cork, poured the entire contents down the back of the festive joker.

"There," said the engineer calmly, "I don't think that crank will squeak again in a hurry!"

CURIOSITIES.

London has an organization for holding religious services in theatres and music halls. More than six thousand meetings have been held in thirteen places, the average attendance being nine hundred. It is found that multitudes who will not come to the churches will gather to hear the Gospel in secular halls.

A Manufacturer in Breslau has recently built at his factory a chimney over fifty feet in height entirely of paper. The blocks used in its construction, instead of being brick or stone, were made of layers of compressed paper jointed with a silicious cement. The advantages are the fire-proof nature of the material, the minimum of danger from lightning, and great elasticity.

Mose Case was an albino, whiter than a Caucasian, though his parents were pure blacks. He went to the Mexican war as a musician in a Kentucky regiment. He was supposed to have made a precipitate retreat on one occasion, and, on being asked if he did not run, replied, "not exactly, but if I had been *gou'f* for a doctor you would a thought the man was very sick."—*Galveston, Texas, News.*

The man who is curious to see how the world could get along without him, can find out by sticking a needle into a mill pond and then withdrawing it and looking at the hole.

CARRIER RAVENS.—Successful experiments have lately been made at Coblenz in the training of ravens as carrier birds in place of pigeons. The latter are more subject to the attack of birds of prey than ravens. The trained ravens were made to fly a distance of forty miles, and their performances give much satisfaction.

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