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ALASKAN WONDERS.

On the 29th of April last the cutter Corwin left San Francisco for a cruise in the Arctic Ocean, but becoming disabled put back to her port in order to have repairs made. After being thoroughly refitted she again set out. On reaching Hotham Inlet, north of Behring's Straits, two expeditions were sent out—one up the Korvak and one up the Nortok (the syllable ok or ak signifies river in the language of the Arctic Indians). The explorers who made their way up the Korvak River had a steam launch at their disposal, but on reaching the rapids this had to be abandoned for skin boats. The river was in many places obstructed by rocks, brought down by glaciers, and the banks were so thickly wooded that the explorers had to make the best of their way up the centre of the stream.

TWO PERILOUS EXPEDITIONS.

After journeying over one hundred miles, the explorers came to a place which the Indians said was the head of navigation. It was a gorge, and the walls rose at places perpendicularly to the height of six hundred feet, forming a canon of stupendous proportions. The water rushed through this gorge with a deafening noise, leaping from rock to rock in great waves. Beyond the gorge the river widened, and the voyagers proceeded. The stream kept on enlarging until a place was reached resembling a small archipelago of islands. The party labored sixteen hours a day, and subsisted on duck and fish. On the 22nd of July the last tributary at Korvak was reached, and it was found to be of larger volume than the main stream. The explorers pushed onward, and finally reached the source of the Korvak, which derives its water from a large lake surrounded by high and precipitous mountains. After having penetrated a distance of 550 miles into the heart of Alaska the party started on its homeward journey.

One of the officers on the Corwin undertook the exploration of the Nortok. With a skin canoe and a volunteer seaman he proceeded up the river at the rate of fifteen miles a day. About two hundred and fifty miles from the mouth gorges were passed of immense dimensions, and canons seen whose sides towered upward for one thousand feet above the banks of the stream. The two explorers penetrated into the interior north-eastwardly for a distance of 400 miles and journeyed over a country of which there is no record of a white man having ever before seen it. The country all lay within the Arctic circle.

HOW THE NATIVES LIVE.

The account Lieut. Storey gives of his exploring expedition in Northern Alaska will be found full of interest. In describing the natives he says: "They are a healthy, hardy race, comparing favorably in size with the white men; complexion, a bright brunette, eyes small and black and nearly even with the face, high forehead, nose small and rather flat, excellent teeth, coarse black

hair. They tattoo very little, only a few lines on the lower lips and chins of the women. No nose ornaments were seen, and in a few instances only were earrings observed. All the men are beardless. It is said that they pull the beard out. The women wear the hair long and plaited into two braids behind. The men also wear the hair long and allow it to hang down, except in front of their faces.

"The native dress is made principally from the skin of the reindeer; the undergarments from the skin of the younger ones; trousers, overshirts (coats) and socks from the skin of the older ones; boots made from the tougher skin of the legs, and sometimes trousers from the same. The shirt in shape resembles that worn by the white man, but no buttons or fastenings are used, a hole being cut in the upper part just large enough to admit the head, to which is sewed a hood to be worn in cold weather. The overshirt (coat) is made long, reaching to the knees, and ornamented and trimmed with long hairs of various animals. Some of the coats are made from inferior furs (such as ground squirrel) and skins of water fowl, &c. These are very light and worn only in summer. Lighter trousers are also made for summer wear from the skins of seals, those of the younger and smaller ones being preferred. Both drawers and trousers are confined at the waist by a cord. Except during rainy weather the coat and trousers are worn with the hairy side out, but with the underclothing the hair is worn next to the body. The socks and boots are very similar in shape, the latter having a thick sole made from the skin of the walrus or large seal. The boots for summer are made from seal skin entirely, the hair being removed in tanning; the legs are long, never below the knee and sometimes extending below the waist; they are waterproof, but not warm. During snow storms or drifts an overall is worn to keep the snow out of the hair, which is very essential for the preservation of the reindeer skin garments. These overalls are made from entrails of seals, buckskin, drilling and calico, the latter being preferred when obtainable. Straw is placed in the bottom of the boots for warmth and to give a soft footing for the wearer. The dress of the women is much like that of the men, the only difference being a slight variation in the pattern of the overshirt (coat). Heavy mitts are made from the reindeer and moose skins, and occasionally from seal skins, and are worn nearly all the time, summer and winter.

QUEER HOUSES.

"The native houses are constructed by sinking a circular hole twelve feet in diameter to a depth of three feet into the ground. Spruce poles, five feet long, are driven around the side to the depth of one foot (the bark having been removed), and placed as close together as possible. The roof, made of the same material, is then put on, leaving a circular hole of two feet in diameter at the top for the outlet of smoke and admission of light. The roof is well lashed by means of rope made from the bark of the spruce. The entire hut above

ground is then covered with straw and earth. The entrance of the hut is subterranean, a passage-way being dug at an angle of about forty-five degrees from the exterior of the hut to the floor, which passage-way is carefully protected in the same manner as the roof.

"These people never want for food. The country abounds in animals and game, and the river in fish. Large numbers of reindeer are killed, generally shot, although during winter it quite frequently happens that many are captured by driving them into ravines where they sink into the deep snows and fall an easy prey to the hunters. The following is a list of animals whose skins are preserved by the natives, viz.:—Bear (black, brown and gray), moose, fox (white, black, red, cross and silver gray), marten, sable, land and water otter, mink, wolf, beaver and lynx. The meats of all these animals are used for food, but great preference is given to the reindeer, moose and bear. The latter are usually shot, the former trapped. The fish caught are of many varieties, including large quantities of salmon, white fish, mullet, pike and sculpin. The salmon are chiefly caught in Hotham Inlet or at the mouth of the river that empties into it; the other fish are caught in the river. They are mostly caught in the summer by means of the gill net or spear, the dexterity with which this is done being something marvellous. The pike weigh from seven to ten pounds, whitefish from one to two pounds and mullet from three to four pounds. In the winter fish are also taken through the ice by hook and line. The hook used consists simply of a flat piece of ivory, with a sharp piece of metal screwed into one end of it at right angles to the face of the ivory. White whales are caught in Hotham Inlet, and it is regarded by the natives as a great and dangerous feat to catch one. Those who are successful are looked upon as men of distinction. Hair seals are also caught in Hotham Inlet, but they do not seem to go up the river."

LORD LORNE PELTED AT.

Lord Lorne, the great Highland chieftain, the son-in-law of Queen Victoria and the former Governor-General of Canada, has had to submit to the most outrageous indignities at the hands of a crowd of ruffians who attended the electioneering speeches delivered at Brentford town, seven miles west of London. Lord Lorne was the Liberal candidate for Hampstead, and in his speech showed himself to be such a thorough Radical that the surprise at seeing him appear for Hampstead at all was greatly increased. While addressing the electors a mob assailed him with rotten eggs, and some of them, gaining the platform, smashed his hat over his head. The supporters of the Marquis rushed to his rescue, and a fight ensued. Seeing what a tumult his presence caused, and not being unwilling, we must suppose, to escape further indignities, Lord Lorne did the most unwise thing for him as a candidate to do—he ran away. Through a drenching shower of rain he made his way to the railway station and immediately left

for London. Meanwhile the row continued the supporters of the Marquis being severely handled, and becoming discouraged by the desertion of their champion they finally retreated, leaving their contestants master of the field. The latter then seized the platform and passed a resolution condemning the policy of the Liberals.

In his speech, the Marquis heartily opposed the principle of free education; he argued in favor of laws which, if they were made, would gradually break up large landed estates, and he favored the extension of local self government to Ireland. He did not wish to see the House of Lords broken up, but thought it might be remodelled and amended by an infusion of elected members.

TWO INDIANS WHO ARE TO HANG.

A North-West paper gives a very interesting account of the trial of two Indian rebels, Man-Without-Blood, charged with killing Bernard Tremont, and Ikta, charged with murdering James Payne, Indian Instructor on Stoney Reserve. Both pleaded guilty at once.

Asked what he had to say, Man-Without-Blood said:—I met the white man (Tremont) on the road near his house. The man with Black Blanket told me to kill him. I said I would. Saw him leaning on a wagon. Two Indians were coming towards him. Was going to white man's house. There were four Indians standing there. I walked up beside him and the Indians asked who the white man was. Said I did not know. Did not listen to what they had to say. One of my brothers had a bow and arrows and the other had a gun. My brother asked, "Why don't you go and kill him?" I got his gun and loaded it and walked over and killed the white man.

Ikta said:—I asked Payne for some shot and flour. He would not give me any. My son wanted to go shooting. The white man got bad and Payne got vexed, and I told him not to get vexed. He said he would not give me flour for ten days. I went away and got my gun and came back. Then the instructor took hold of my arms, and I said he had better loose me or I would kill him. I got my arms free and shot Payne.

The two men were sentenced to be hanged on the 27th of November.

THE STRIKE of the street car employees in St. Louis is endangering the lives of the public. The latest dodge of the strikers was to place an infernal machine on the Washington Avenue car tracks. The machine was a piece of two inch gas pipe two feet long and filled with gunpowder. At either end was a fixed gun cap, so arranged as to communicate with the powder within the machine, which was laid along the groove in the track and so arranged that the wheel of the car would discharge the cap as soon as it was touched. Fortunately the police discovered the machine in time and removed it.

THE 200TH ANNIVERSARY of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes was celebrated last week.

HOW BILLY WENT UP IN THE WORLD.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.
AT THE RED COASTAGE.—(Continued.)

Silas Bernard and Prissy Tarbox had undeniably reached years of discretion. Silas had been very devoted to Prissy for a long time. Prissy had been by turns, as Silas phrased it, "gettable," and then again not gettable. She declared she "never would be engaged until she got ready to be married, for what was the use?" Silas would not ask her to marry him until he was able to support her as well as she could support herself by dress-making, and so months and even years had gone by. Now Silas had a snug little sum in the bank, and he was quite ready and more than willing to marry Prissy. They were to remain in the little house, which had, however, undergone several decided changes. Two rooms had been added, and the whole painted and repaired. Granny was to remain there the same as before, for Silas was as fond of her as was Billy.

When Dr. Higbee returned, Billy requested leave of absence for the next night, and was told that he could attend the wedding, of which we will now go on to speak in detail.

It was a cold, starlit night in January when Billy arrived, a little late, at the cottage, and found assembled there a small but merry company. Prissy's new "parlor" was as pretty as her eye for bright colors, and her own good sense could make it; and Prissy herself was of course the centre of attraction. She looked as much like a rosy apple as ever, and was not half as scared as was Silas, who would lurk in out-of-the-way corners, conscious of an entirety, so to speak, of good clothes, never experienced all at once before during his existence.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellery were there, making themselves agreeable to the friends and neighbors invited; for neither bride nor groom had any relatives present. Billy's first chat was with Prissy, whom he found giving a last look at the excellent supper, to be attended to later in the evening.

"How fine you look!" he exclaimed, admiringly.

"Well, I hope I ain't a perfect fright, Billy," she replied, straightening a platter of cold turkey on the table. "Si was for having me wear bride's white flumdiadilly, but I told him never! I could neither make butter nor go to prayer-meetin' in a white muslin, while a sensible dark blue cashmere I could wear, and turn and wash, and dye black when I got through with it for best. Where is Nan? I thought she was coming with you."

"No, her mother says Stan Ellery will bring her."

"Yes, I remember now, that Si said Stan thought it was such splendid sleighing, maybe Nan and he would ride over and bring some of their friends. There they are now, as likely as not."

There was a sound of sleigh-bells and merry voices, much stamping of feet and more laughter before the newcomers entered. Nan came first, then a fair, tall girl of about the same age, then Stan Ellery and Ned Fenton. Ned was introduced to Prissy, and Billy to the young lady, whose name was Sara Wells. While Stan went out again to put his horses in his uncle's barn, Ned said laughingly to Billy:

"I did not tell you I was invited, because I am not sure I was asked in any ordinary way; but Stan and Miss Ellery were kind enough to let me come."

Prissy assured him that all of Miss Nan's friends would be welcome, if the house would only hold them; so Ned proceeded to make himself at home. He did it in a pleasing, animating way, which Billy found as new as interesting. In less than half an hour he had talked with Mr. and Mrs. Ellery in a frank, intelligent fashion they greatly liked; he had sought out Silas, and made him almost forget that the minister was in the parlor, and that he had got to marry Prissy with a ring that he feared much he should drop. He had kindly seen to it that Sara Wells, who was not left with people entirely unknown to her, and very decidedly he devoted himself later to Nan's entertainment.

Billy had never seen Nan Ellery look so bright and so altogether charming as to-night. Her eyes sparkled with mischief, and her cheeks were as brilliant as the rose-colored ribbons she wore with her dark and trim-fitting dress. She was overflowing with good spirits and ready to talk with

anybody. But Billy, for some unaccountable reason, could not walk boldly up to her and jest or tease her in the old familiar way. He envied Ned the ease, the half-deferential, half-confidential manner of address so natural to him. It must be pleasant, and it must make Ned liked by the people whom he thus approached.

There were half a dozen nice girls there, all old school-mates of Billy, but, much to their surprise, he was as dignified and ceremonious as if he had never begged them for their photographs or sent them remarkable valentines. They resented his gravity a little, but secretly they thought he had "improved;" therefore it was a pity that this last was just what he did not think about them. He watched them—and Nan, as the evening went by. He reflected that where Nan was sprightly, they were loud, in an innocent, rustic way, certainly, but their way made her way seem doubly pretty and refined.

"How do you get on, Billy, at the Academy?" she suddenly asked, standing at his side, and adding, in a minute, "reproach" to him, because you are so studious. That's a good boy!"

Billy was almost a six-footer; but it was not his size, as he stood looking down on Nan's soft hair and her mocking eyes—not that which made him feel that he was not a "boy" any longer. It was instead the clear realization that he should never think of Nan again as a little girl. His old care-free intercourse with her was at an end. He had begun to love her exactly as a young man like Ned Fenton, socially her equal, older, better read, more polished than he. Billy Knox was—as such an one might venture to love the young girl whom he hoped to win some day, and to marry. He glanced at the older Ellerys almost with fear. Nan, their only child, the pride of their hearts, the heir to their property—and Billy Knox whom they had taken from poverty and ignorance—what if they knew his thoughts? But his thoughts were honest, manly and tender ones, if they were perhaps presumptuous, and certainly not hopeful. Billy, at this crisis in his life, was almost morbidly humble. His past was too near him, his future too undefined, even in imagination. He could not believe wholly in Prissy Tarbox's prophecy that "Some day that Billy Knox will be as good as anybody, if he only keeps on behaving well."

Soon Nan gave Billy's elbow a jog, whispering, "Get out of the minister's way! How much room you take up! They are going to begin now!"

Somebody looked behind doors and secured Silas, who, once fairly captured, walked out bravely, while Prissy turned pale, but had presence of mind enough to stop exactly on the pink tulip in her carpet which she had previously selected to stand on during the ceremony. After the ceremony, which was, on Silas' account, mercifully made brief, supper was served.

Billy might have offered his services then to either Nan or Sara Wells, for Stan and Ned Fenton were blocked up in the opposite corner, and could not at once reach them; but he slipped quietly past to a spot where, a little out of the crowd, sat granny.

Her white hair was no softer than the delicate muslin cap that covered it, and her plain attire was dainty with careful touches. The happy excitement about her had made her as eager in enjoyment as a contented child. She caught Billy's arm with both her trembling hands and talked to him of her new "son-in-law," as she was pleased to call Silas. She laughed gleefully when Billy gallantly saluted her, declaring, if he could not get a chance to kiss the bride she would do quite as well; and after he brought her the kind and amount of supper she required she murmured lovingly:

"You have always been such a comfort to me, Ben; but you never stutter now-days, do you—and you have grown so strong."

After supper came another hour or two of simple enjoyment.

"Go and talk to Sara Wells," said Nan to Billy, in her imperative tone and coaxing smile. "She is one of the nicest girls you ever saw."

"I don't doubt it; but what shall I talk to her about? I don't know how to amuse young ladies, as Ned Fenton can."

"Amuse young ladies! A body would think she were a baby, and you had no rattle-box for her! Go and talk sense to her."

"Does Ned talk nothing but sense?"

"What Mr. Fenton talks has nothing to do with it. He adapts himself to everybody, and makes everything he says more or less entertaining."

"Yes, he does," returned Billy, with a humility so unusual that Nan gave him a sharp glance, which caused him to stammer out something about Miss Wells—"that she might not care to make his acquaintance."

"She cares to know all my friends, and I have often spoken to her of you."

"I wonder what you have said of me?"

"Why, what would I be likely to say?" asked Nan, half pettishly: "I've told her about home, and you were naturally mentioned as one of us."

Billy's eyes grew suddenly soft, and he exclaimed warmly: "It is very kind in you, Nan, to say 'one of us.'"

"What else should I say?"

"You might say truthfully: 'the poor boy my father took out of charity—the ignorant, graceless cub, whom nobody cared a cent to save.'"

Nan, though only yesterday a child, was now woman enough to feel by one keen intuition that some new emotion was stirring in Billy. Probably his ambition was awakened and his pride touched; but how she could not detect from his own words. She had behind her well understood propensity to tease, her mother's kind heart and her father's good sense. Now therefore she looked directly into Billy's face, saying: "I talk of you as you are, and not as you were years ago; you are not ignorant now, and you have plenty of friends. Don't be a goose, Billy, and get any poor spirited notions into your head."

The blood rushed into his face, his voice was low, but full of boyish eagerness, as he asked: "Tell me this truly, Nan.—If I make myself, by hard study and reading, to be really intelligent, if I am honest, industrious, and get on in the world, will good sensible people let my early life go for nothing against me?"

"My father was a poor boy, and he earned all his property, and worked hard for his education; does anybody remember that against him?"

"The young man's face was very bright, as he replied, 'No, indeed!'"

In a moment he continued, cheerfully, "I am glad to remember one thing; my mother came from a respectable Scotch family, and my father, when she married him, was a sober, decent man. I might have worse blood in my veins."

"Of course you ought to be glad of this; but what started you off on such a queer track at this late day? Go and talk now to Sara Wells, as I told you."

"I am very well contented."

"I am not. I want to go and plan for a skating match with the others. Your roommate has promised to teach me some marvellous performances on the ice."

Billy retreated immediately, and let her seek the "others." He would not have obeyed her orders, however, had not Sara Wells made a little effort to come near and talk to him. She was indeed a thoroughly "nice" girl, and Billy forgot he could not "amuse" her. They were before long as animated as possible over a subject which Stan Ellery somewhat later discovered to be geometry, and great was his laughter. He never talked mathematics at any girl, not he!

Stan always appeared to good advantage in a little company like this. Never troubled with bashfulness, he was free to talk with anybody or with everybody, individually and collectively. He was as dutiful as a son in his politeness to his aunt, while avoiding—when he could do so easily—his uncle. Stan was now his own master; but he chose to treat Mr. Ellery with the same old deference and outward respect. He never intended to forfeit any of his good opinion if he could retain it by such easy methods as smiles, bows and fair words. He was temperate, he gambled, he had low associations; but he knew how to be a pleasant hypocrite, for he had learned the art early.

As he stood talking with Billy, his uncle was silently watching him. Young as he was, his face seemed to the older man to wear already the marks of drunkenness and sensuality. From studying Stan, he turned at last to Billy; and thinking of his sturdy struggles toward an honorable manhood, the farmer said to himself: "It passes my comprehension. Stan came of a pure ancestry. His earliest associations were refined and

elevating. He has wealth, education and good manners; yet his instincts all seem depraved. Billy, on the contrary, comes out of villainess, and is perpetually working up towards the best things he learns of in life and principle."

Mr. Ellery's reflections were here cut short by the breaking up of the festivities. The sleigh-load of young people departed noisily. Prissy and Silas shook hands with each guest, and received their departing congratulations. Billy lingered with the last, to give the bride a modest little present he had brought her, and had not wished displayed. He also slipped into granny's hand a small gift, which she smilingly accepted. It was an amiable whim of Billy to provide her with a purse and to keep little sums of money in it. He liked to have her feel so "able to do anything," as she seemed to think herself when handling it. There was nothing about Billy that Stan Ellery found so "soft," as this: Billy's love for a "silly old grandmother, and not his own at that." Perhaps a third person might have discovered the nature of the difference between the young men, by reflecting on this softness in the rougher mannered one, and the inability to understand it in the one whose bearing was so gracious.

SNARED AND STRUGGLING.

Doctor Higbee approved of Billy. He did not have to hear from the lady of the house that he flirted with the cook, or made himself in any way obnoxious. He "minded his business, and was not a fool," therefore the old man, having arrived at this conclusion, frequently gave him good advice, and interested himself in his aims and pursuits.

One day, as Billy was about leaving the office, he detained him by remarking: "You know Stan Ellery well, I suppose?"

"Not so much of him as you may think. I lived with his uncle while Stan was at the farm, lately I see him occasionally."

"He is going to the old boy," said the doctor calmly, uncorking a vial and touching his tongue to its contents. The process being a satisfactory test, judging from the grimace he made, he calmly continued:

"He's going straight to the old boy—but he is going slowly. He started early, and he will be long enough on the way to rope in and rain a dozen better fellows. He'll drink, and stand it for years; he'll gamble and win as a rule. He loves himself better than anybody else and isn't going to do anything desperate, openly disgraceful. He's fairly off for brains, and as for trickery and assurance—well, if he escapes Congress it will be almost a miracle! You wonder how an old chap like me knows so much about a young one, don't you? Perhaps I should admire him if I did not happen to be a doctor. He has dropped in here a few times, once with a sprained wrist, once with a sore throat; has chattered a little, asked no amount of advice, given me no confidence, but I've read him through and through. I don't have to look at a body's stomach to tell that it is disordered—or his conscience, either."

If Billy could have proved the untruthfulness of any one statement made by the old doctor he would not have been silent; as it was, he held his peace for a while before he remarked: "I haven't any influence over him. He is older and better educated than I am. He has always treated me well, but I have no doubt he looks down on me as being greatly his inferior. It is perfectly natural that he should do so."

"Maybe, Oh, I had no idea of setting you on Stan Ellery's track. If there's any influence going he'll be the one to exert it, and that brings me to the point. Ned Fenton is your room mate, isn't he?"

"Yes, sir," returned Billy, a little anxiously, for as an outgrowth of their life together he was becoming much attached to Ned.

"I've known Ned Fenton ever since he used to sit in his father's study and play at sermon writing. He is a fine, strong fellow, with a quick brain, not powerful; he is sensitive, seems a little lazy now, but he will be terribly excitable or morbidly melancholy, if his mind or body ever get over-wrought. I wish Stan Ellery would let him alone."

"I don't believe he has a very great deal to do with Ned."

"Would you know if he did have? You are busy, and are seldom in your room until ten or eleven at night. I've seen them together constantly lately, and in fact more or less in one another's company for a year." "Ned seldom talks of him."

"Stan might not care to have him talk of

their doings to you, who visit at the Ellery farm so often."

"Ned does not seem deceitful."
"He is not, but he is secretive and reserved. He likes you and wants your good opinion; he would not lie to you, perhaps, but he will show you his better side. How does he keep up his studies?"

"Fairly well," said Billy, who, even as he replied, feared his qualified "well" was not quite as near the truth as "not at all well" would have been.

"Nevertheless, he is on the down grade, and I want you to see if he can't be brought to know it in time. He has got a grand little mother who expects he is going to make her proud and happy all the days of her life. Just you corner him some day and talk to him like a Dutch uncle. I've had my eye on him this long time; but he knows it, and I can't catch him. When I do he'll get a shaking up. That will be for only once, however. What you can do is to watch and work right along, now while you are together. Oh thunder! If there isn't that plaster that ought to have been on Jerusha Peters' back twenty-four hours ago! Take it to her, and run when she gets it, or she will scold a blue streak as long as you will stand and listen."

Billy did as he was bidden, revolving in his mind the doctor's words in regard to Ned. He recalled little things that now seemed to have some significance. Several times Ned had been away all night when Billy had supposed he was at home.

The rules regulating the life of the "upper story boys," were very few and not stringent. They must be in the building at school hours; must behave when there; must come home at a certain hour at night, if they came at all. It was a common occurrence for one to go home, if his home was near town, and to remain there over night. Billy had sometimes wondered why Ned was always irritable, moody, and half sick, after his visits, or what he supposed were such; at least, it had been so with him for many months. There had been a time when he used to tell Billy what he had done, whom he had seen, or what had happened at the old homestead. He rarely did this now—days; yet when he had undeniably been home for a visit, he brought back some tangible proof of it, and was not cross or moody. He had become a great beer drinker, and this he admitted frankly, turning off with jest, Billy's frequent comments on the habit. About mid-winter, he had declared that the pastor of the First Church, of which he was a member, was dull and behind the times. From random remarks on the subject, Billy had supposed he was attending church elsewhere, but this supposition might be without foundation.

For several days after Dr. Higbee had talked with him, Billy was not in his room at the same time with Ned; but one evening about ten o'clock, the two found themselves together. Each had lessons to prepare, and so studied in silence for a while; then Billy, finishing his task, looked up to see Ned absorbed in gloomy thought.

"I say, Knox," he exclaimed, abruptly, "relatives are great blessings, no doubt; but, in some respects, a chap like you, who is all there is of the family, is to be congratulated. You have no anxious friends to overrate your ability, and to be tremendously disappointed if you fizzle all out. That's the contrariety of fortune, though; you, who have no dotting aunts or generous old grandfathers, or blessed good mother—you will improve each shining hour, and make an out-and-out success of yourself."

"Are you making out your programme for a 'fizzle'?"

"I am not making out any programme at all; others have done it, and that is the bother. The fizzle will be accomplished without preparation."

"What do you mean?"

"My mother expects me to be a minister. Think of it!"

Ned gave a long, low laugh, which was rather scornful than merry. As Billy said nothing, he added: "When I was a little fellow I had a sort of juvenile piety—ministers' children often have it early and recover—I talked about being like my father, and that settled the matter of my future."

"Have you lost all your religion?"

"Did you ever see any in my possession?" No harried or wholly indifferent person ever spoke so bitterly of himself as did Ned then, in tone if not in words. Billy push-

ed away his books, and coming near, said, warmly:

"If you had paraded your religion I should not have believed much in you. The main thing with me was whether you acted from good principles."

"My principles are excellent; my practice is variegated—highly so."

Billy flung his arm about Ned's shoulders, and giving him a friendly shake, asked sympathetically: "What are you about now-a-days? I may not be a 'dotting' friend, but I like you. I want to know why you think you may be a fizzle?"

"I shall not be ready for college—at least to enter as I expected. I have got into debt; not very badly, but for a fellow in the Academy it will be considered useless, and altogether bad."

"What sort of debt?"

"Oh, I borrowed money once or twice of Stan Ellery, and once or twice of a friend of his—a mean scawlag he is, too. I lost it all, of course."

"Gambling?"

"Well, it amounted to that, I suppose. The fact is, Knox, I have been going it pretty fast this winter. I have only myself to blame. I wanted to try a few things; but if Stan Ellery had not stuck to me, I might have slackened up somewhat."

"Shake free from him, Ned! Do it once and for all, and he'll let you alone. I know Stan; he will drag you into the mire, then wade through and out, leaving you to sink, or take care of yourself."

"He wallows in some ditches I never stepped into yet," returned Ned, emphatically.

"Very likely," assented Billy, adding: "but surely, you can easily give him up."

"I might—yes—but what if there was something else I could not easily give up?"

"There was no reason that Billy should think of Ned, or any sense in supposing that Ned was thinking of her; but it was with a sudden relief that Billy heard his companion say:

"You don't approve of my drinking beer so often?"

"No, it is a useless habit. I don't like to think you are so fond of it, and I don't believe that you need it."

"I am fond of it, but I will tell you what I like better," said Ned, grimly; and in the lamplight, his face suddenly flushed with shame. Some friendly instinct made Billy whisper, as he hesitated:

"You can trust me, old fellow!"

"Well, I like brandy—whiskey—rum, or anything of that sort, better than beer! I would like a drink this very minute I knew you would look horrified, but it is the simple truth. A drinking man disgusts me; the name of drunkard sounds as ugly as ever—but I have got the love of drink in me. What do you think of that, for a boy not yet in college, and a future minister!"

"I think it is bad enough; but because you are a boy, and know the danger, the mischief can be stopped in time. You can cut yourself off from the outside temptations easily enough, can't you?"

"Perhaps," said Ned, moodily.

"The hankering for stimulant you must fight."

"I ought to, but I shall not."

"Haven't you any pluck?" cried Billy, with sudden vehemence.

"No—not much on such lines. I could knock even you down, it may be, if I was pretty mad; but I always do what I want to do, no matter how often I resolve not to give way. I am morally weak, and I know it."

"But don't you realize that you must take yourself in hand at once, Ned?"

"I realize I won't—or can't—or shall not."

There was something morbid in this moral languor of a fellow so gifted intellectually, and so well instructed spiritually. Billy's bolder, braver nature was stirred to arouse the other one to resolution, to action; but what appeal should he make that could avail? Fenton was, in truth, miserably self-indulgent.

"Ned, can't you, by one mighty effort, will to do right?"

"Yes, and then, by many un-willings, do wrong."

"But you will wreck your own boat before it is fairly launched."

"I know it."

The young fellow sat bent, his face between his hands; while Billy, too excited to keep quiet any longer, strode up and down the room. By-and-by the latter's steps grew slower, and he halted in deep thought;

then again he came near to his companion, and speaking with visible effort, said:

"Last September, Ned, I began to pray, and now I believe in prayer. I accepted as true, to and for me, what I had always been told; that God for Christ's sake would forgive sins—that in life, my life, I could have help from heaven. I believe it all, for I have prayed, and my prayers have had answers. Now, the Bible plainly says God will give us help, strength, or wisdom, to the uttermost, if we are in dead earnest about wanting and seeking. I never yet have had a great struggle or a great temptation—at least, not any like this that has come on you; and so I can't tell you what I have learned by experience—but Christians do say, Ned, they can always conquer, through Christ that strengthens them. Doesn't your own mother say that?"

"My mother would die if she knew me as I really am—she calls me her 'good son,'" said Ned, the big tears rushing to his eyes. He was a tender-hearted boy, after all, and Billy's previous words had touched him deeply. He knew that when he himself was studying his Bible on his father's knee, Billy must have been a homeless, fatherless waif. The older Billy had always seemed to him like an honest young giant; strong, clean-tongued, but without much sentiment of any sort. To-night he revealed himself to Ned as tender and reverent, as having entered a purer, better atmosphere. Won by his sympathy, Ned now confessed, as he might have done to a brother, all the error and waywardness of the past months. It was all worse than Billy's worst fancies; but he talked them both good, if for no other reason than that it renewed Ned's waning faith in another's rectitude; and it awakened in Billy a hearty, brotherly affection, as well as a half fear, half gladness, that, in a sense, he was his brother's keeper. From that time on, during the winter, he tried, by every means in his power, to stimulate Ned's healthier impulses, and to shield him from temptations. He prevailed on him to renew his former habits of thorough study, and urged his going home when he would not otherwise have gone. He was sure Ned would not seek out Stan Ellery, and because he never encountered the latter in their room after that night's conversation, he trusted that the old spell was broken.

It had been Billy's habit to spend some part of his time between each Friday night and Monday morning, at the farm. Mrs. Ellery urged this on him, and he was only too happy to avail himself of her hospitality. Nan was usually at home, and this fact was no drawback to his enjoyment. The young girl snubbed him frequently, and criticised him freely; but then again, she talked with him, long at a time, of her school, her friends and the thousand and one interests of her bright young life.

About the time of Prissy's wedding, Nan began to treat Billy rather coolly, or, at least, with a new formality and reserve. He noticed it at once, and felt it keenly; puzzling much whether it meant dislike, disdain, or a cold-blooded recognition of the fact, that their social relations must, for the future, be re-arranged, and that on a new basis. He was inclined to think this last was the true explanation.

Ned Fenton, when once introduced by Stan Ellery into the little circle of Nan's school-friends, had become very popular. Nan herself often spoke of him as being so "witty, so entertaining in conversation, and such a gentleman by birth and breeding." Billy always heartily agreed with her, while he winced inwardly at something he fancied implied in this last phrase. Would Nan ever have any great approval for a man, totally unlike Ned; not graceful, not white-handed, not always sure of the neatest way of doing, saying, and handling everything—only a fellow with a clear head, a big heart, and a conscience kept in good repair?

After the interview with Ned Fenton, Billy spent more of his spare time with him, and several Saturdays, when he would otherwise have been at the farm, he attached himself to Fenton. Once Fenton went with him to the Ellerys for the day; a number of young people having been invited to the farm for a kind of informal merry-making. Ned had been doing remarkably well in his studies for a few weeks, and was in unusually high spirits.

"Any mother must be proud of that bright, handsome fellow," said Mrs. Ellery to Billy, during the day.

"And he is as good as he looks," exclaimed

Sara Wells, adding; "he is going to be a minister, I hear."

"Is he, Billy?" asked Nan, musingly.

"His people have hoped he would be one; that is a long way ahead," was the reply.

"He is wise. If I were a young man I would choose a profession," was Nan's comment.

As Ned joined them that moment, and Billy saw the cordial hearing Nan gave to his every gay remark, he felt a strange discomfort. He said to himself that they were all three of them too young for "non-sense." Some day he, Billy Knox, might be thinking of a wife; just now, what was it to him that Nan Ellery was as fresh and sweet as a crisp pink rose bud? But why had not Ned Fenton just as good a right to think this of his own, as he had to consider it an original discovery? Not once did it occur to him that he had it in his power to injure Ned in the eyes of any who thought him better and stronger than Billy knew him to be. Later in the day when the party came to an end, Ned and Billy rode back to town together. On the way Ned, who had been whistling softly to himself forgetful of his companion, stopped, saying: "Miss Ellery is a charming girl—as soft and as frolicsome as a kitten, and as able to scratch you in the prettiest fashion possible, if she feels like it."

Billy said something not intelligible.

"I have seen a great deal of her at the skating rink, and at one place and another, this winter. Stan has let me do his duty as her escort, when he had what he considered more exciting amusement. She is quite exciting enough for me."

Billy had nothing to say, whatever he might have thought, so Ned went on: "If I were what I ought to be—a model young student—I would surely follow her up until she promised to wait and marry me some fine day; but, you see, I can't count on myself."

"Then you had better let her alone."

"I know it, but I like her, and it pleases me to show her I do."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Billy, hotly.

"I suppose so—on very many accounts."

"Her parents consider her a child."

"Well, she is not; but I don't intend to ask for her so long as I am not of age, and my grandfather is paying my school-bills, and nobody knows who is going to pay some others."

"You are not good enough now, for Nan Ellery, and I don't think you ever will be," persisted Billy.

"Well, you are honest, and maybe you are right," returned Ned, lazily; adding, with more animation in a moment; "She likes me pretty well, anyway."

The rest of the ride was taken in silence.

(To be continued.)

HER BROTHER.

A handsome, stately youth of sixteen years passed one day through the playground of a public school.

"There goes brother Robert," called out a little girl in the midst of a group of scholars. "Isn't he handsome?"

"Why? Why?" cried out several voices at once.

"Oh, he is so good! He never swears nor chews nor smokes tobacco, neither does he ever drink any liquor. I am so glad that I have such a brother."

The children all looked again with admiration upon the youth, when one of them earnestly remarked, "I hope my brother will be like him."

The next day two young men in a buggy drove rapidly past the same children. One of them had a cigar stump in his mouth, and he was so drunk that he could scarcely sit up. As the buggy went by the children, they heard him utter a terrible oath.

"That is Will Burton," said one of the children; "he tends in a saloon, and he is drunk the greater part of his time. I would be ashamed to have such a brother."

None of them noticed that a little girl ran away and hid herself. In a few minutes her playmates missed her and hunted for her. They soon found her weeping and sobbing as if her heart would break. She refused to tell the cause of her trouble; but it was clear to all of them, as a little girl whispered to another, "That drunken boy was her brother."

Boys, see that your actions and lives may be so that your sisters may be proud of you. Never give them any cause to be ashamed of you.—Words of Cheer.

THREE COLORED PICTURES.

Three more pleasing and graceful pictures than the three large ones of which we offer the choice to all who send us one new subscription, it would be difficult to procure.

A written description is impossible in the case of such works. Only the artist's brush could do justice to the beautiful young "Foster-Mother," with her golden hair flowing in captivating negligence,—her sweet beseeching expression and uplifted hand together appealing for the safety of the frightened new-fledged birds whose mossy nest is gently borne in the brother hand of their "Foster Mother."

The picture so appropriately called "Who Invited You?" is full of brightness, heightened by the rich dark back ground so happily chosen by the artist. It is a question which of the figures in this picture will be considered of greater interest,—the little miss with her dainty white frock and her masses of auburn hair, or the great dog who has slyly poked his nose on the table beside her, and at whom she is quietly looking down to see if he is auacious enough to take the biscuits he so covets.

Who can help falling in love with the motherly little damsel, so quaint and yet so natural, who stands there with her bare feet peeping from under the old-fashioned little gown? It is time she was in bed herself, dear little soul,—but "He won't go to sleep," she says, as she takes, from his cradle the chubby little fellow, almost as big as herself, and as wide-awake as you please!

It would be difficult to recommend any one of these in preference to any other, when all are of such an extremely taking character. We can only call attention to the fact that everyone has here an ample opportunity of exercising his or her particular taste.

PRIZE BOOKS.

The following is the list of books from which we offer the choice of one volume to all who send us in ten new subscriptions to the *Weekly Messenger*;

The Popular Poets series handsomely bound with gilt edge.—Scott, Shakespeare Burns, Wordsworth, Hood, Schiller, Campbell.

The following of Walter Scott's novels very well bound:—Ivanhoe, Waverley, Guy Mannering, Tales from French History.

The following of Dickens' works, neatly bound in cloth:—Pickwick papers, Martin Chuzzlewit, Oliver Twist, David Copperfield, Nicholas Nickleby.

These books by Agnes Strickland:—Tales from English History, True Stories from Ancient History, True Stories from Modern History.

A. L. O. E. series in gilt edges:—The Giant Killer, House Beautiful, A wreath of Indian Stories, The Silver Casket, Battling with the World, The Mine, Rambles of a Rat.

Stories of Home and School Life by Mrs. Prentiss:—Stepping Heavenward, Flower of the Family.

The following books, any one of which may be chosen, are extremely popular, they are handsomely bound in cloth, extra, black and gold:—Robinson Crusoe, the Scottish Chiefs, Gulliver's Travels, Dickens' Child's History of England, Arabian Nights' Entertainments, Swiss Family Robinson, Don Quixote, Vicar of Wakefield, Paul and Virginia, Pilgrim's Progress, The Last Days of Pompeii, Dog Crusoe, Gorilla Hunters, Wild Man of the West, Bear Hunters.

Still other books to choose from are the following:—Quinby's Bee-Keeping; The Story of the Life of Jesus, a 220 page book, profusely illustrated and printed on very good paper; Self Formation, by Paxton

Hood; Children of China; Half Hour* with the Best Authors; From the Log Cabin to the White House.

There are no shoddy books amongst these, every volume being strongly bound. In most cases the books contain over four hundred pages, and in some volumes there are as many as between six and seven hundred pages.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY.

As such a large number of persons took advantage of our last competition to compete for a prize, we now, according to our notice last week, announce a competition on a much larger scale. We are well aware that many of our readers would be quite willing to work for this paper gratuitously, but it is but fair that they should get some reward for their work. We flatter ourselves that the rewards we offer are exceedingly liberal and that all the articles below mentioned are well worth the strenuous exertions of our readers.

We now announce our new prize competition, which will last till the 30th of November next. Besides giving the *Weekly Messenger* for the

REST OF THE YEAR FREE,

we make the following offer of money prizes for those who obtain the five largest lists of new subscriptions at fifty cents each—these subscriptions only expiring on the

1ST OF JANUARY, 1887.

For the largest list we will give a prize of \$10.00; for the second largest list, a prize of \$5.00; for the third largest list a prize of \$2.50; for the fourth and fifth largest lists a prize of \$1.00 each.

Besides getting the remaining two months' issues of the paper free, and the chance of winning one of these five money prizes, everybody throughout the Dominion who sends in even one new fifty-cent subscription will be certain of receiving a present, and the more subscriptions any one sends the more valuable the present which will be received. Here is our promise:—

For one new subscription—A large and exceedingly bright and beautiful colored picture, which we will describe next week.

(Second List.)

Everyone sending in two new subscriptions will be entitled to his choice of one of the following articles:

1. A pair of scissors.
2. A jet brooch.
3. A locket, with place for miniature likeness.
4. An illuminated Family Record, with scrolls for births, marriages and deaths.
5. A gilt watch chain.
6. A History of the Riel Rebellion.

(Third List.)

Everyone sending in three new subscriptions may choose one of the following:—

1. A pocket toilet case.
2. An assorted package, including needles, thimble, cuff-buttons, brooch and chain.
3. A silver thimble.
4. One of the articles in *Second List* and the picture besides.

(Fourth List.)

Everyone sending in five new subscriptions may choose one of the following:—

1. An extra copy of this paper, to be sent

to any address free until 1st January 1887.

2. A two-bladed pocket knife (Rodgers' steel.)
3. A fancy silver thimble.
4. Any one thing mentioned in *Third List* and any one thing mentioned in *Second List* besides.

(Fifth List)

Everyone sending us ten new subscriptions may choose one of the following:—

1. A nine carat gold ring, handsomely engraved.
2. Any one of a large number of valuable and handsomely bound standard books, the full list of which will be published next week.
3. Any one thing from each of *Second, Third and Fourth Lists*, besides the picture.

ONLY A FEW WEEKS.

Our present competition only lasts for a month and there is consequently little enough time to make immediate action necessary on the part of those who intend to try for the highest prizes. The prizes and premiums will be sent when the competition is over.

WINNERS OF PRIZES.

We now announce those who won prizes in our last competition for subscriptions to January 1st, 1886. The list so far as at present appears is given below but as some of our readers have made mistakes in not stating what publication they wished for, and as some have sent separate lists under different names, we leave the underneath open to correction for one more week after which we will forward the prizes on application.

1st prize, \$5 and book—Jennie Manning, N.S.	\$5.25
2nd " \$2.50—Minnie Stockhouse, Que.	3.45
3rd " Book—Alex. A. Spafford, Mich.	2.40
4th " " Eliza Grant, N.B.	2.25
5th " " J. Murray, Iowa	1.65
6th " " Georgia Connor, Ont.	1.50
7th " " May James, Ont.	1.50
8th " " Fanny Badley, Mich.	1.35
9th " " Ella Little, Ont.	1.35
10th " " Ethel Bezz, Ont.	1.35
11th " " Mary Gleadhing, Ont.	1.20
12th " " Eva G. Adams, Ve.	1.20
13th " " Wm. E. Wright, Ont.	1.20
14th " " Mrs. Alex. McPherson, N.S.	1.20
15th " " Mrs. G. Good, Ont.	1.20
16th " " Mrs. John Moody, N.S.	1.05
17th " " S. McKee, Ont.	1.05
18th " " N. Cameron, Ont.	1.05
19th " " Eddy Pomeroy, Mich.	1.05

TO SCHOOL TEACHERS.

The kindly way in which school authorities and school teachers speak of the *Weekly Messenger* as a help in training the young is truly gratifying to us. It is recommended to be used as a supplement to the regular readers for the reason that it teaches such boys and girls such a number of things that would be entirely overlooked in the ordinary school course. It broadens the minds of school boys and school girls to read something about the important events which are going on in the world. They are far more likely to do so if the events are presented in such a readable form as they are in this paper. The following samples of letters received by us speak for themselves:

"I heartily recommend the *Weekly Messenger* as just such a periodical as should be taken by the school children of Canada. I would suggest that all school teachers should induce as many as possible of their scholars to subscribe to it, and do so themselves."

F. C. EMBERSON, M. A.,
Late Inspector of Schools.

A school teacher writes: "Will you please send me twelve copies of the *Weekly Messenger* and I will remit again before the year closes. It is the best paper for the schoolroom I have ever used."

ROBINSON CRUSOE has long been a favorite book among boys. No less strange than the adventures of Crusoe were those of the hero of our new story on the 7th page.

AT THE REQUEST of our readers we have sent off hundreds of sample copies of this paper to different persons of whom they have given us the addresses. We now offer to send sample copies for two weeks to those friends whose names and addresses our subscribers may see fit to send us.

THOSE WHO SEND us in subscriptions to the *Weekly Messenger* should, in choosing their prizes, state the number of the list (second, third, fourth or fifth) and the number in that list which has been chosen. Also be sure and state all the separate articles wanted. For instance, if a subscriber sends us ten subscriptions and wishes for No. 3 in the fifth list, he should say so before enumerating the articles he has chosen from the former lists.

THERE ARE TWO THINGS which we must beg leave to impress on our readers. One is that all letters sent in for the *Weekly Messenger* competition must be marked "Weekly Messenger Competition" on the envelope, and also on the top of the paper on which the names are written. The other thing is that in every case fifty cents must be sent in for each subscription. The paper is already cheaper than any other similar one, and no reduction will be made on the regular subscription rates. No special rates will be allowed for clubs.

THE WEEK.

TWO-THIRDS OF THE SWISS NATION have voted in favor of cantonal local option. Many citizens abstained from voting on the question.

OVER ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS was received for the Grant Monument Fund from the United States Consul at Bradford, England. The money was all contributed by Englishmen. The total fund now amounts to \$95,929.

WHEN THE 63rd Regiment of volunteers was called out from Halifax to go to the North-West, eight of the men "funkt." A few days ago their names were read out before the whole regiment and they had to march out of the drill shed amid the jeers of their late comrades.

AT THE PRESBYTERIAN SYNOD of New York resolutions were presented condemning in good round terms the publication and reading of Sunday newspapers.

WHETHER OR NOT Blue Ribbon beer is intoxicating is a question which is being investigated in Toronto. It seems to be only a question of degree as the doctors who gave their testimony said that it depended upon the susceptibilities of those who drank it and the state of their stomachs at the time as to what quantity would be necessary to make them intoxicated. Some thought a quart and others said a pint would be enough.

AT EU, France, was celebrated the marriage of Prince Waldemar, the third son of the King of Denmark, to Princess Marie, daughter of the Duke and Duchess de Chartres. The wedding register was signed by thirty-nine princes, including the Prince of Wales. The bride wore a dress of white satin with a pearl-embroidered bodice. Her veil was made of Chantilly lace. At Copenhagen the day was observed as a general holiday and torchlight processions from neighboring villages marched through the streets.

MACKEREL were caught in the harbor of St. John's, Nfld., last week, for the first time in thirty-five years.

THE POTATO CROP over all parts of Cape Breton is most abundant. In some cases the yield is four times greater than last year. Some farmers have no storage room for the crop, and are disposing of their surplus at nominal prices. Potatoes, offered in large quantities at twenty-five cents per bushel, are refused on the ground that they could be imported from P. E. Island at a cheaper rate. Potatoes are selling in the island, it is said, at ten cents per bushel.

THE EDITOR of London Truth, Mr. Labouchere, M.P., has challenged Mr. Allison, editor of the St. Stephen's Review, to a duel, on the ground that Mr. Allison had insulted him. Mr. Allison, as a sensible man, refused to think of the ridiculous proposal of having a duel. He says he has no wish to hurt either Mr. Labouchere or himself and that he does not know of ever having abused the proposer of the duel, whom he has always looked upon as a subject for mirth and ridicule rather than for indignation. What Mr. Allison does propose to have done is to send one of his old servants to meet Mr. Labouchere with a horsewhip, and apply it diligently to that gentleman's back. This would be a much more dignified proceeding for the editor of St. Stephen's Review than the fighting of a duel.

MISSIONARIES in ANNAM are being murdered and persecuted by the natives. The Roman Catholic and Protestant missionaries in China have been hard at work since the beginning of the century. Their labors were extremely arduous, and called for a great deal of self-sacrifice. Notwithstanding that they have been barely tolerated by the authorities, they had made what they regarded as very satisfactory headway when the invasion of the French army caused an immense amount of hot feeling. The lives of the missionaries, who to a certain extent represented the nation which sent the army, were imperilled. The ill-will of the people began to ferment and broke out a few days ago, resulting in the massacre of thousands of Christians and the destruction of much of the missionary work of a century. The French forces are themselves in danger. Their enemies are ferocious and relentless, feeling that they are fighting for all that is dear to them, their country, their homes—their everything. All lawful rule is at an end through the invaded territory. This may be another lesson to France not to pursue her aggressive policy.

THE CRUELITIES which are daily being practised by the Government authorities of Morocco are just now attracting the attention of all the European nations. Recently one of the officials of Tangiers caused a poor woman, who was in a delicate condition, to be flogged in the presence of her husband, and farther, the woman's arms were tied together, drawn over her head, and then a rope was tied to a stake to hold her in that position. Lashes were laid on so heavily that the blood flowed freely from the unfortunate creature's back, her aged father and unhappy husband being compelled to witness her terrible sufferings. After the flogging the woman was taken to the house of an English lady, where she is now being kindly cared for. Residents from foreign countries are greatly shocked at the occurrence of such cruelties. It is likely that foreign interference will be made in order to prevent the atrocities which are continually taking place. The Government of Morocco hire spies and these men, in order to retain their positions, trump up imaginary offences against harmless people.

WE HAVE from time to time condemned the French for their interference in Madagascar. Must we also condemn the English for their interference in Burmah? There are considerable differences. The Hovas of Madagascar, on the one hand, are earnestly religious people who are constantly holding gatherings to pray for deliverance from the French and liquor. The laws of the island are strictly prohibitory but the French are carrying on a disastrous traffic in intoxicants. On the other hand, and in great contrast to the well-governed Hovas, are the Burmese. Their king is a monster of cruelty and the people themselves are in a very low stage of civilization. Under these circumstances, and as the Burmese government owes money to an English company which it refuses to pay, England is perfectly justified in the measures she has taken in regard to Burmah.

EXCEPT for an occasional riot in various parts of the country, political matters in England have become extremely dull. Both parties seem to have become wearied of the public speeches of the minor leaders and have fallen into a state of indifference which is likely to last till close on election time.

A FEW DAYS AGO a fire broke out in the Dominion Hotel, in Bracebridge, Ont., about half past two o'clock in the morning. The building was all wood, and the fire spread very rapidly. There were fifty inmates in the house altogether, many of whom had very narrow escapes, some having to let themselves down from their bedroom windows with sheets tied together, and in nearly every case barely escaped without any clothing. Fortunately the night was calm and a light rain falling, and although there are frame buildings on all sides, the fire was confined to the hotel through the great exertions of the firemen and citizens.

GREAT EXCITEMENT has been caused in Atlanta, Georgia, by the reports of Miss Stokes, a maiden lady of mature age, concerning the persecution of temperance people in the State of Georgia. Miss Stokes is herself prominent throughout the State as a temperance worker, and the secretary of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Recently she visited the "Moonshiners'" section of Georgia. On her return she stated that temperance people were being prosecuted for conscience sake, that temperance people were being excommunicated from the Baptist Churches because of their principles, that some churches were forced out of the associations because they had advocated temperance, and that Baptist preachers denounced the agents of the Women's Temperance Union as reformed drunkards. Miss Stokes, while denying personal knowledge of the facts, gives references for their correctness to prominent persons.

THE French have waged their war in Madagascar for years and have spent over one hundred millions of pounds in the enterprise. Ten thousand Frenchmen have lost their lives in the undertaking to conquer the island, and yet, though her armies have made little progress, France has not the moral courage to withdraw her troops. A despatch from Tamatave says that if the campaign in Madagascar be allowed to drag the French will be driven into the sea.

THERE IS EVERY REASON to believe that the Indians and the half-breeds of the Northwest Territory will suffer greatly from want and privation during the coming winter. Many of them, disgusted with the results of the rebellion, which has left them as poorly off as ever, will likely journey southward into the United States Territory.

SAMUEL N. BROOKS, of Hyde, England, went to the St. Louis city gaol and saw his son Hugh, who is charged with the murder of Preller. The young man succeeded in controlling his emotions, but the elder gave vent to his grief and had to be supported during the interview. When the prisoner was brought before him he scanned his face intently. "Hugh, it is you!" he said with an effort. Maxwell turned pale and replied, "It is, father." The old man staggered forward and fell heavily against the bars of the iron cage. He recovered himself by a supreme effort and again gazed at his son. "It would have been better were you dead than here," he continued. "I did not believe the report till now. Your poor mother is nearly dead and the family is all but ruined." Maxwell sat with downcast eyes and an expression of annoyance on his face. He asked no questions and volunteered no information. Father and son were left alone together and in an hour the old gentleman came out with the marks of pain and agitation plainly discernible. In conversation with a reporter he said he firmly believed his son was insane.

KING CHRISTIAN OF DENMARK has been very successful in his capacity as a match-making father. One of his daughters has become the prospective Queen of England and another is the Czarina of Russia. His son, as King of Greece, is at least as important a personage as himself. It would be a pity that so successful a parent should have his palace windows smashed by a mob for refusing to pay any attention to the wishes of the Danish people in regard to the government of the country. Yet this is the fate that seems to impend over him. It is much better for him to make timely concessions than to spend the remainder of his days as a father-in-law either at St. Petersburg, with the risk of being blown up, or at London, with the certainty of being snubbed. There has been some little reaction in favor of the king because of the attempted assassination of the Premier, whom the king upholds in his position against the wishes of the parliament.

HANLAN, once the champion rower of the world, was defeated last summer by the Australian, Beach, and now he is again beaten by Teemer—"The boy from Pennsylvania" as he is called. From the start to the stake, a mile and a half, Hanlan was hopelessly beaten over every foot of the way. Though Hanlan desperately spurred at a forty stroke Teemer never at any time pulled more than thirty-two to the minute. He simply rowed Hanlan down and had three boat lengths of open water to his credit at the turning point, where Hanlan fouled the stakeboat and gave up the race.

THE CHINESE have stood on the defence for a long time in San Francisco. Now they take to the aggressive warfare and instead of being told that they must go, the tables are turned, and they say to the white man "you must go." Sixty Chinese cigar-makers struck the other day because the firm employing them refused to discharge ten white workmen. The Chinese Union of San Francisco ordered the strike.

TWO CASES of death from over-work were reported this week in New York. They were both school teachers. One of them was Wm. O'Brien, aged 44, principal of a school, and Catherine V. Gregory, aged 38, whose physician said she was a perfect wreck from school teaching.

THE RETAIL liquor license in Fulton County, Georgia, except in Atlanta, has been increased to \$2,500—just five times as much as heretofore.

A CURIOUS MIGRATION of squirrels from North-western Mississippi in the direction of Kansas has been in progress for nearly a fortnight back. They crossed the Mississippi from innumerable points along a line twenty miles in length. They travelled in thousands, and the people who lived along the line of their march killed them with sticks in countless numbers. Enterprising men followed them in waggons, slaughtering as they went, and shipping the carcasses to the nearest market. The squirrels seemed to have lost all fear of man, and in some instances attacked hunters. One man killed thirty in his wood pile with no better weapon than a stick. The older inhabitants of Arkansas remember a similar migration some years ago. No one can give a reason for the migration of the squirrels, but it is believed that they are in search of a country where they can obtain better food.

NOW THAT KING THEBAW has been made to understand that he must submit to British authority or be deprived of his crown he is anxious to have the Indian difficulty settled without resort to arms. He was thick-headed enough not to notice the two alternatives from the first and his stupidity may yet cost him his kingdom. The authorities of Woolwich Arsenal have been ordered to supply 10,000,000 rounds of cartridges and 10,000 rifles to the expedition to be sent against King Thebaw. Two steamers have been sent to Mandalay, Burmah, to bring away two hundred Europeans residing in Burmah.

RIEL HAS BEEN DOOMED to die and the justice of the sentence has been confirmed by the Court of Final Appeal. Nothing can save him now but executive clemency. An Ottawa paper says about Riel:—"Cruel and merciless when he had an opportunity of exercising his self-imposed authority, he deserves no consideration. He has been a source of trouble to the country too long. It is time we heard the last of him." The Ministers of the Crown at Ottawa refuse to express an opinion as to the course that the Government will follow. It is believed, however, that an enquiry will be ordered to settle the question as to whether or not Riel is sane.

THE SMALL-POX epidemic is at a standstill in Montreal and the statistics show a slight decrease in the number of deaths. The probability, however, is that there is a slight increase. In St. Paul, Minneapolis the authorities are rather frightened by the increase of the disease in that city, and propose to take the strictest preventive measures at once.

WEATHER AND CROP REPORT.

The season continues very mild for the end of October, and as considerable rain has fallen lately, potatoes which have been left undug till now in hopes that they would keep better, are rotting badly, and in many places will not pay for digging. Other root crops are being housed in fine condition and are turning out over an average crop. The pastures are still green, and the live stock in most places are doing well without hand feeding. Ploughing is being prosecuted to advantage except in low-lying, undrained land where there is too much surface water. The prices of beef and mutton critters are exceedingly low and do not yet seem to have touched bottom; the prices of horses which have held up so long are decidedly lower with scarcely any demand for them. The prices of farm produce is in most cases very low, except potatoes, which are advancing rapidly in value owing to the large numbers destroyed by the rot.

THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE.

Have you heard of the tale of the aloe plant,
Away in the sunny clime?
By humble growth of an hundred years
It reaches its blooming time;
It reaches its blooming time;
And then a wondrous bud at its crown
Breaks out in a thousand flowers;
This floral queen, in its blooming scene,
Is the pride of the tropical bowers;
But the plant to the flower is a sacrifice,
For it blooms but once, and in blooming dies.

Have you further heard of this aloe plant,
That grows in the sunny clime;
How every one of its thousand flowers;
As they drop in the blooming time,
Is an infant plant that fastens its roots,
In the place where it falls on the ground,
And fast as they drop from the dying stem,
Grow lively and lovely around?
By dying it liveth a thousand fold
In the young that spring from the death of the old.

Have you heard of the tale of the pelican
The Arab's Gimel el Bahr,
That lives in the African solitudes
Where the birds that live lonely are?
Have you heard how it loves its 'cinder young
And cares and toils for their good?
It brings them water from fountains afar
And fishes the seas for their food,
In famine it feeds them—what love can devise!
The blood of its bosom, and in feeding them dies!

Have you heard the tale they tell of the swan,
The snow-white bird of the lake?
It noiselessly floats on the silvery wave,
It silently sits in the brake;
For it saves its song for the end of life,
And then in the soft, still even,
'Mid the golden light of the setting sun,
It sings as it soars into heaven;
And the blessed notes fall back from the skies,
'Tis its only song, for in singing it dies.

You have heard these tales; shall I tell you one,
A greater and better than all?
Have you heard of Him whom the heavens adore,
Before whom the hosts of them fall?
How he led the choirs and anthems above,
For earth in its waitings and woes,
To suffer the shame and the pain of the cross,
And die for the life of His foes?
Oh, Prince of the noble! Oh sufferer divine!
What sorrow and sacrifice equal to thine.

Have you heard this tale—the best of them all—
The tale of the holy and true?
He dies, but His life in untold souls
Lives on in the world anew!
His seed prevails, and is filling the earth,
As the stars fill the skies above;
He taught us to yield up the love of life
For the sake of the life above.
His death is our life, His loss is our gain,
The joy for the tear—the peace for the pain.

Now hear these tales, ye weary and worn,
Who for others do give up your all;
Our Saviour hath told you the seed that won
Into earth's dark bosom must fall—
Must pass from the view and die away,
And then will the fruit appear:
The grain that seems lost in the earth below
Will return many-fold in the ear.
By death comes life, by loss comes gain,
The joy for the tear, and the peace for the pain.
—American Monthly, Nov. 1890.

PRAYERFUL.

The teacher should pray for the school,
For his class as such, for himself or herself
for strength and wisdom and love and zeal.
This every faithful teacher will do, of course.
But, beside this, there should be earnest, faithful, continued prayer for each individual member of your class.
Remember them one by one, their individual wants, their foibles, their faults, their circumstances, their peculiar temptations.
Pray for them by name.
An excellent plan is to write their names in your Bible, and at night, before your devotions, look at the list, and take one at a time to the throne of grace and pray for that one as if it was the only name in the world.
It is wonderful how closely you will be drawn to such a one.—Standard.

TEMPERANCE PHYSIOLOGY.

FOR USE IN SCHOOLS AND BANDS OF HOPE.
(Published by A. S. Barnes, New York, under the direction of the National W. C. T. U.)

CHAPTER XVII.

CIRCULATION.—THE BLOOD.

The blood is a thin, watery liquid in which float millions of little round blood-disks. As most of these are red, the blood looks red.

A French writer says: "You feel quite sure that blood is red, do you not? Well, it is no more red than the water of a stream would be, if you were to fill it with little red fishes."

"Suppose the fishes to be very, very small, as small as a grain of sand, and closely crowded together through the whole depth of the stream, the water would look red, would it not? And this is the way in which the blood looks red. Only observe one thing—a grain of sand is a mountain in comparison with the little red bodies which float in the blood.

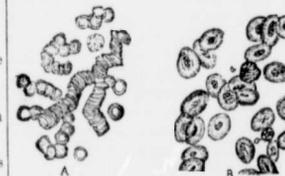
If the flesh is slightly cut anywhere, and the blood flows—as it will, so numerous are the blood-vessels—a clot soon forms at the mouth of the vessels and stops the flow.

This clot is really a little plug, formed by the separation of the parts of the blood.

THE ORGANS OF CIRCULATION.

The heart is placed a little to the left of the middle line of the chest. Connected with it is a set of tubes which carry blood to and from all parts of the body.

The little tubes which carry the fresh blood from the heart to every part of the body are called arteries; while those tubes which carry the blood back to the heart* are called veins.



A, blood-disks of human blood, highly magnified; B, blood-disks in the blood of an animal.

Connecting the arteries and veins are tubes much too small to be seen by the naked eye, called capillaries. So very fine are these that the blood disks have to go through them one at a time.

THE HEART.

The heart is a strong, muscular bag, in shape and size somewhat like a very large pear. Around it is a loose bag of connective tissue.

The heart is divided lengthwise, by a partition called the septum, into right and left halves. Each half is divided crosswise into chambers which open into each other.

The upper chambers are called the right and left auricles; the lower chambers, the right and left ventricles. As the blood cannot pass through the septum, the heart is really a double organ.

MOTIONS OF THE HEART.

The muscular fibres of the heart are so arranged as to contract the two auricles at the same time. The blood is thus sent into the ventricles, which, in their turn, contract together and so send the blood from the heart.

The walls of the auricles are much thinner than those of the ventricles, since they have to send the blood so short a distance, that but little strength is needed.

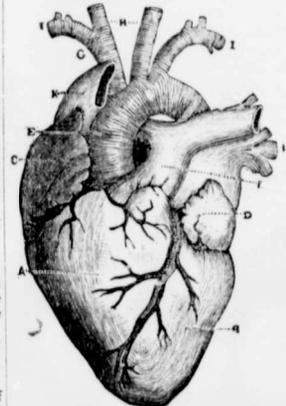
COURSE OF THE BLOOD.

We may think of the heart as an engine which pumps the blood all through the body. The bright, pure blood is pumped out from the left side through a large artery called the aorta.

An express-wagon, you know, carries different kinds of goods. It may have machinery for a mill, a package of money for the bank, a silk dress for your mother, or a bicycle for you. The express-man takes

*The portal vein is an exception to this rule, since it carries blood from the digestive organs to the liver.

each thing to the right place, leaves it there, and then drives away. So the blood passing from the larger artery into the smaller ones, and then into the capillaries, leaves one kind of substance with the bones, another with the muscles, and still another with the skin.



The heart. A, the right ventricle; B, the left ventricle; C, the right auricle; D, the left auricle.

If, by the right kind of eating, drinking, breathing, and other care, we have put proper materials into our blood, it will, in its course through the body, leave what each part needs for its work in keeping us strong and well.

Sometimes, when the express-man leaves a box at a house, he takes away at the same time a package, or a trunk for another place. The blood does this, too; but the material which the blood takes away from the different parts, is worn out or useless matter that must be made over or sent out of the body.

The tiny veins that join the capillaries unite, till at last they form two great veins which bring the blood back to the right auricle of the heart.

By the time it reaches the veins, it carries such a load of waste matter that it is of a dark blue color, as seen in the blood-vessels of the wrist. After eating, newly-digested food forms a part of this venous blood. Sent from the right auricle into the right ventricle, it is then hurried to the lungs.

There the wonderful change takes place which you learned about in studying respiration. The waste matter, largely carbonic acid, is sent off with the breath, and oxygen takes its place. The blood becomes bright scarlet again, and fit to nourish the body.

The veins then carry it to the left auricle and it starts on another journey through the system. It travels so rapidly, as to get



Circulation of the blood in the web of a frog's foot, highly magnified. A, an artery; B, capillaries crowded with disks; C, a deeper vein. The black spots are coloring matter in cells.

back to the heart in less than thirty seconds. From two quarts to a gallon of blood pass through a man's heart every minute.

The walls of the left ventricle are much thicker and stronger than those of the right, because they have to contract with force enough to send the blood through the body, while the right ventricle sends it only to the lungs.

This, then, is the course of the blood: Left side of the heart.—Pure fresh blood comes from the lungs and is sent to all parts of the body.

Right side of the heart.—Impure, blue blood comes from all parts of the body and is sent to the lungs.

This movement of the blood round and round in the body, is called circulation.

Little flaps of delicate skin, called valves, are so placed in the heart and veins, that if the blood tries to move in the wrong direction, the back-flow is prevented by the shutting of the valves across the passage-ways or tubes.

Brisk exercise of any kind makes the blood flow faster, and thus increases the warmth of the body.

The teamster swings his arms and rubs his hands together in cold weather, because his blood, being chilled, is moving slowly and he must quicken it.

The heat we feel after taking brisk exercise is more natural and more healthful than that which is obtained from nearness to a warm fire.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

Nov. 8.—Jonah 1: 1-17.

This chapter is so full of positive teaching as to forbid much lingering over trivial speculations upon open questions—Jonah's parentage, the kind of fish, the exact date. If the question arises, is it to be regarded as a veritable history? Very probably the internal evidence and geographical allusions, references in Scripture and history, and certain typical foreshowings of the Messiah, are to your own mind conclusive proofs of the literal view, yet if another mind more satisfactorily grasps the allegorical view, time will be less profitably spent in argument than insisting upon the great truths which, from the allegorical view, are the only object of the Book of Jonah. Deferring too, our Lord's use of the story, and the interesting study of types (Israel charged with the conversion of the heathen, proudly refusing and sadly repenting), we find lessons intensely practical for Christians, who find in success a temptation to choose their own place and method.

Subject.—The way of disobedience. I. Jonah goes downward (vers. 1-3). (1) By one act of disobedience his whole moral standard is lowered, like a mill-pond with a broken dam. He loses too (2) in purse. He must travel at his own charge when he goes away from God. (3) In company. He to whom God has spoken is herding with a motley crew of alien unbelievers.

II. Jonah goes stupidly (vers. 4-6). Genuine goodness is not stupid. The Holy Spirit quickens and enlarges all the faculties. On the contrary, nothing is so bewildering, so stupefying, so exhausting as sin. God himself calls the sinner "fool."

III. Jonah goes in disgrace (vers. 7-10). Picture the solemn scene of the lot. Jonah's indifference, it may be, until he finds the guilt coming home to him, or catches a glimpse of his comrades' horror. Then it dawns upon him that he, this eminently respectable and useful man, is standing before the gaze of God and the world, a shivering, sinful soul, and he sees his secret sin set in the light of God's countenance. He has come where every man must come, to a judgment day.

IV. Jonah goes to destruction (vers. 11-15) and involves others in ruin. Neither penitence, nor honest confession, nor good works, nor friendly sympathy, has power to remit the penalty of a broken law.

Illustration. Many families are suffering in health or estate, the consequence of a reformed man's former errors.

In the sailor's futile efforts we have a striking example of that misdirected zeal which sets works of self-denial in the place of simple obedience.

Illustration. A picture of self-righteous undertaking is found in the old myths of the daughters of Danaus, who were always filling a bottomless tub from leaky buckets. Spurgeon.

V. Jonah a warning (ver. 16). He who has lost the opportunity of calling his heathen comrades to repentance has been put to shame by their prayers, vigilance and unselfishness, and failing conspicuously in his duty as example, he now becomes a dreadful warning against disobedience.

VI. Scarcely saved (ver. 17) Where then shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?

Who CAN TELL why good teachers are so scarce in the Sunday-school while so many talented Christians are doing nothing particularly on the Lord's Day?

ON THE KEYS OF HONDURAS.

(By James Paine in Harper's Handy Series.)

Most readers know well the adventures of the real personage on which the admirable story of "Robinson Crusoe" was founded; and in the history of disaster connected with the sea there are the materials for ten such tales had we only another Defoe to write them. Still, not even the mind of that master of fiction, the man of all others who knew how "to make the thing that is not as the thing that is," could have conceived such events as it is now my purpose to describe. His fine sense of what was life-like would have resented them as being too amazing and extraordinary to have happened to the same person, and that too on a single voyage.

To be seized by pirates; to become one of them by force; to escape at the peril of one's life, but only to find oneself upon an uninhabited island, "remote from the track of navigation," and to remain there for sixteen months alone—seems too much "sensational" to be crowded into three years of existence. Yet these things happened to Philip Ashton, an Englishman, little more than a century and a half ago.

The schooner of which Ashton, who hailed from Salem, Massachusetts, was on board was seized in Port Rossa by the famous—or infamous—Ned Low. In "The Lives of Highwaymen and Robbers," which I am sorry to say was one of my favorite books when I was a boy, the story of Low's life is told, but his behavior in pirate life is not described. Ashton gives some curious particulars of it. In some respects this "bold lad" rover of the seas was by no means so black as he is painted. For example, on our hero's being carried on board Low's vessel, "which had two great guns, four swivels, and about forty men," that gentleman comes up to him with a pistol in each hand, with the inquiry, "Are you a married man?"

Terrified, not without reason, "lest there should be any hidden meaning in his words," Ashton did not reply. He did not know whether it would be wiser to say he was married or a bachelor. You see, it was very important to make a favorable impression. "You dog, why don't you answer?" cried Low, cocking one of the pistols and putting it to the other's ear. Thus compelled, and yet not knowing what to say, Ashton hesitated no longer, but did what he might have done at first, and which is always the best thing to do—he told the truth.

"I am a bachelor," he said, whereupon Low appeared to be satisfied, and turned away.

The fact was that this scoundrel, who seemed so heartless, had had a wife of his own whom he had loved tenderly, but who was dead. She had left him a child, now in the care of trustworthy people at Boston, for whom he felt such tenderness that on any mention of him, in quieter moments—that is, "when he was not drinking or revelling," he would sit down and shed tears. Judging others by himself, he would never impress into his service married men who had ties, such as a wife and children, to render them desirous of leaving it.

Moreover, Low would never suffer his men to work on Sunday. What is still more strange, Ashton tells us that he has even "seen some of them sit down to read a good book upon that day."

For all that he had to join the ship's company, and become a pirate like them or die. His name was accordingly entered on their books; whereas, when opportunity offered, the married men who had been captured were put on shore.

Ashton was sometimes fired at, and slashed with cutlasses upon the supposition—which

was quite a correct one—that he was planning how to escape. Otherwise he was not, on the whole, ill-treated. He assisted, much against his own will, in the capture of many vessels.

Though very successful in her depredations, the pirate ship was at one time pursued by "The Mermaid," an English man-of-war, when Ashton's feelings were more uncomfortable than they had ever been, "for I concluded that we should certainly be taken, and that I, being found in such company, should be hung with the rest, so true are the words of Solomon, 'A companion of fools shall be destroyed.'" "However, one of the ship's men showed Low a land bar over which his vessel could pass and "The Mermaid" could not. "So we escaped the gallows on this occasion."

Nor was it only hanging that was to be feared, for it was proposed by these desperate fellows that in case their capture became certain, they should "set foot to foot and blow out each other's brains"—a suggestion

At one of these, which lay altogether out of the track of ships, the pirate touched for water, and the long-boat was sent ashore with casks to get a supply. Low had sworn that Ashton "should never set foot on shore again," but that chieftain was not on board at the time, and the cooper, who was in charge of the boat, granted his request to go with the party. As to running away, there was nowhere, as he reflected, for the man to run to.

When they first landed, Ashton made himself very busy in helping to get the casks out of the boat and in rolling them to the spring; but presently he began to stroll along the beach picking up shells. On getting out of musket-shot, he made for a thick wood.

"Where are you going?" cried the cooper. "Only for cocoa-nuts," was Ashton's reply, pointing to where some were hanging.

When once out of sight he ran as fast as the thickness of the bushes and his naked feet permitted him. His clothing was an



"YOU DOG, WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER?" CRIED LOW.

which, though he pretended to approve of it, did not please Ashton.

There was now a plot among the more honest portion of the crew to overpower the rest. It was unfortunately discovered, and one Farrington Spriggs, the second in command, informed Ashton that he should "swing like a dog at the end of the yard-arm," as being one of the conspirators. To this our hero meekly replied that he had had no intention of injuring anyone on board, but should be glad if he could be allowed to go away quietly.

Perhaps this soft answer had the effect of turning away Mr. Farrington Spriggs' wrath for Ashton presently remarks, "In the end this flame was quenched, and through the goodness of Providence, I escaped destruction."

About this time they were in the Bay of Honduras, which is full of small wooded islands, generally known in that part of the world as "keys."

cocoa-nuts, I was altogether destitute of provisions, nor could I tell how my life was to be supported. But as it had pleased God to grant my wishes in being liberated from those whose occupation was to devise mischief against their neighbors, I resolved to account every hardship light."

In five days the pirate vessel set sail without him, and Philip Ashton found himself alone.

(To be Continued.)

ROOM FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

Ought there to be a place in the church for children who have given their hearts to God? is one of the vital religious questions of the day. We do not mean to ask if there is a place in the church for an occasional child, one lamb among a hundred sheep. There always have been such sporadic cases, and the church has not often seriously objected to admitting the rare, precocious little saint. But the far more practical question is, ought there to be room in the bonds of church fellowship for the great mass of average boys and girls, who by judicious training and careful Christian nurture may be induced very early to give their hearts to God? Aye, we believe with all our heart there ought to be such a place. We believe that before many years there will be such a place in every true church, and it will be just as much expected that many young children will form part of the membership of every church as that there will be gray-haired men and women there. Notice the terms of the prophecy of Zechariah concerning the future glory of God's kingdom, a prophecy which refers, undoubtedly, to the earthly kingdom which is often called by the name Jerusalem. "The streets of the city [Jerusalem] shall be full of boys and girls"; not here and there one who has somehow strayed within the walls, and is regarded as a prodigy and a wonder; not a few of the sickly and the weak, who step into the courts of the earthly Jerusalem for a little while as into the courts of the heavenly city; not this, but in that good day it shall be full of boys and girls; a large part of the membership of the church shall come into it in very early life.

Another point of this prophecy makes it clear that though they are in the city of God, they are boys and girls still. They do not become old men and women the moment they set foot within the church doors. They are child Christians, as well as children at school and at their plays. They do not eschew games and fun and romps and glee. They bring all the exuberance and joyous, bubbling fulness of their lives into their new consecration. They are boys and girls "playing in the streets," not simply boys and girls walking demurely and soberly about the streets. Such boys and girls serve God with their base-ball and football and hop-sotch as well as in the prayer meeting and at the communion table.—*From the Children and the Church.*

A TEACHER'S MEETING to occupy a full evening of each week is desirable, and time so spent would be well spent. But if this can not be secured, a little time may be taken at the close of the regular week-night prayer-meeting for the study of the lesson. In many cases this would soon result in the choice of the Sunday-school lesson as the theme of the week-night meeting, with manifold advantages both to the prayer-meeting and to the Sunday-school.—*S. S. World.*

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YOUNG FOLKS.

THE AVERAGE YANKEE BOY.

What do you think of this alphabet of a boy, sketched and set in type by the funny man of an American newspaper? If many of the Yankee youths are like him, they will grow up as queer as the funny man himself:—

A's the green apple
with bites all around.
B is the bell that is lost on the ground.

C is the cigar,
ette-nak | ing him
tale. D | is the
dog | with
a can on its
tail. E is
the er-
rand
that makes

him look wry. F is the fish-
ing and Fourth of July. G is the
game that makes happy his days.
H is the hooky from school that he
plays. I is the Indian he's going to
slay. J is the jack knife he's striding
away. K is the kite, in the sky scarce
discern ed. L is the linkings for lessons
unlearn ed. M is for marbled melons
sublime. N is the novel that cost him a
dime. O is the old man with a strap
by the gate. P is his toy pistol, which
settles his fate. Q is the quarrel which
bloodthirstiness. R is the
rum he makes to his clothes.
S is the swimming, skates, snowballs
and sled. T is his toys and his toys,
painted red. U is the
uppor he makes when
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pens when | ever he's ill,
Y is the yell he | cants all the day,
Z is the zeal that | he shows at his play.

FANGED BY A RATTLESNAKE.

Botanizing in one's vacation is not always as enjoyable as some persons might imagine. The noted botanist and pharmacist, Dr. Edward Cornell of Williamsport, Penn., whose weight does not exceed ninety pounds, while searching for some rare plants near his summer residence at Paducohi, in a mountain gorge near Pine creek, in western Pennsylvania, had a most remarkable ad-venture with a large rattlesnake several days ago. A correspondent of the Philadelphia Times gives the following account of Dr. Cornell's thrilling experience with the venomous reptile:

"I was stooping down to pull up a plant when a rattler gave the alarm, and before I could locate the reptile he made a spring at me and struck me on the right arm near the elbow. Fortunately I wore a heavy flannel shirt, and his fangs became fastened in it without penetrating the skin. He was unable to dislodge himself, and hung suspended from my arm."

"What did you do?"

"Acting under a sudden impulse, I grasped the reptile with my left hand about two inches back of the head and held him tight, thinking I could prevent him from striking again."

"How did you succeed?"

"Well, I never had such an experience in my life, and hope I may never have anything like it again. The snake was one of the largest. He was fully four feet in length, dark, ugly and venomous. The moment I tightened my grasp on him he commenced winding around my arm, and rattling wickedly all the time. My sensations were peculiar. As he contracted his folds I could feel the pressure on my arm, and a sickening sensation came over me. I dared not relax my grasp, for he would surely strike me. His mouth was wide open and I could see his glistening fangs."

"Why didn't you draw your knife and cut his head off?"

"Bless you! I couldn't reach it with my

hand, because it was in the opposite pocket of my pants, and my only safety was to hold him firmly."

"How did you succeed?"

"Well, I had a rough time. I held that snake fully forty minutes. He rattled all the time and coiled so tightly round my arm that the circulation stopped, and I felt a numbness up to the shoulder. His eyes glistened like diamonds. I would have given my share in this cottage to have been relieved. While I held the snake he really was master. I dare not let go. I could find nothing to crush his head. The situation was becoming alarming, I assure you, and at one time I felt that I would be bitten. Finally, as I was about to give up, relief came."

"How?"

"A friend came down from the mountain where he had been gathering huckleberries, and hearing my cries rushed to my relief. He directed me to lay the head of the reptile on a hemlock stump, when he soon crushed it with a stout stick that he carried."

"After being relieved from your perilous situation, how did you feel?"

"A peculiar, sickening sensation followed, and I partially swooned. But I soon recovered and made my way to the cottage with the assistance of my friend, when I took some stimulants and in an hour I felt much better."

CAJEME, THE YAQUI CHIEF.

CAREER OF THE SONORA OUTLAW WHO DEPIES THE MEXICAN REPUBLIC.

It is somewhat extraordinary that so little is heard of the doings in Mexico. The following story of the life of a great chief, which we have summarized from a long account that appeared in a Mexican paper, will give some idea of the feuds which are going on there almost continually.

Cajeme, chief of the Yaqui and Moyo Indians, was born in 1842, in the tiny town of Torio, on the banks of the silent Yaqui river, which creeps to the Pacific from Sonora's heart of forests. From earliest boyhood Cajeme took to the chase and refused to work on a farm when he could scour the deep forests with his bow and arrows. When thirteen years of age he ran away from home, and from that day his life was a constant, restless march.

In 1872, when the governor of Sonora, Ignacio Pesquera, started out to assist the governor of the neighboring state of Sinaloa against a revolution, Cajeme joined the state troops. During the campaign he gave proofs of great valor and of uncommon military skill, and was made a colonel in the Mexican army. During leisure moments of the campaign he learned to read and write, for as he never would go to school he did not even know the alphabet when he entered upon this exciting period of his life. When peace was established Cajeme returned to his home, preceded by an uncommon fame. At that time Julio Moroyocqui, nicknamed the Jagura, ruled the Yaquia. He was one of the most sanguinary chiefs of Mexican history and known as the American Nero.

Little by little Cajeme acquired popularity, and the Indian camps soon became too narrow a theatre for two such men. One day Cajeme with ten picked men, surrounded the palace of the Jagura, and, going in, assassinated him and was immediately proclaimed his successor, a place he has since held.

When in Navajoa he solicited in marriage the hand of a dark-eyed belle of that town, the daughter of a rich planter. His suit refused, Cajeme "retreated in good order,"

and went back to the Yaqui river, thinking that time would ameliorate his suffering. Afterward he made up his mind to see the girl, Juana Narvaez, and he started on a dark night and in disguise to visit her. On the way he was ambushed by R. J. Castro, a brother chief, who was his rival for the possession of this Mexican Helen. Cajeme proved to be a successful Paris. Single handed he killed Castro and three of his men, besides wounding another, and arrived, bleeding from several wounds, at the feet of Juana Narvaez. Sheltered from her home in his company. Since that time Cajeme has led a fugitive life, with his band of Indian warriors, and has defied the power of the Mexican republic, among the mountains and marshes of Senora.

Cajeme is well built, has herculean muscles, regular features with a savage air impressed upon them, and has a brusque, abrupt manner. He is a splendid horseman, has saved his life on several occasions by his fleet running and excellent swimming qualities. He has an unconquerable will, a presence of mind which never deserts him, and unlimited courage.

THE DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH.

A suggestive little story concerning the Duchess of Edinburgh has found its way into print through a Leeds journal. The Duke took occasion not long ago to reason with her upon the peculiarities of manner and general carriage which prevent her from being popular like her sister-in-law, the Princess of Wales. A royal row ensued, but wound up with the announced resolve of the daughter of the late czar to model her comportment in future after that of the Danish princess.

"It happened not long after," says the chronicler, "that the Princess of Wales attended a charity fair given in aid of an old woman's home. The amiable Alexandra, out of the goodness of her heart, went round the room speaking a kind word to each of the unfortunate women. Now, the Princess of Wales is slightly lame; and the Duchess of Edinburgh, who was present and determined to carry out the suggestions of her lord to the letter, went round the room behind the Princess and mimicked her, lameness and all! As may be supposed, matters were not at all mended."

KEEPING HIS BALANCE.

There is a story, told among the Tartars which has a moral for the civilized men of the present day. It is to this effect; Robo, cousin of the Great Mogul, was condemned to death for participation in a rebellion. The most skillful swordsman in the empire was provided for the execution, and the Great Mogul and his court were present as spectators.

The thin, keen blade flashed in the sunlight and descended upon the bare neck of Robo, who stood upright to receive the stroke.

The executioner's work was so deftly done that though the head was severed, not a vital organ was disturbed. Robo remained standing.

"What, Robo, are thou not beheaded?" exclaimed the Great Mogul.

"My Lord, I am," replied Robo, "but as long as I keep my balance right, my head will not fall off."

The Great Mogul was placated, a bandage was put on Robo's neck, and he recovered. He afterwards became a loyal subject and was made Cashier of the Empire, because, as the Great Mogul remarked,—

"He knows that if he keeps his balance right his head will not come off."

HOW TOADS LIVE.

Dr. Buckland, says *Chambers' Journal*, made some experiments in regard to toads which are claimed as conclusive. He placed twelve toads separately in twelve holes cut in blocks of hard, flinty sandstone. They were firmly sealed in. The imprisoned animals were buried three feet deep on Nov. 26th, 1825. At the same time four toads were deposited in holes cut in the heart of an apple tree, and the opening securely plugged. Four others were also placed in plaster of paris, covered with luting. On Dec. 10th, 1829, all the buried toads were examined. All in the hard stone and in the tree and two in the plaster of paris were dead. The remainder were dying, some placed in a softer stone were in tolerably good health, and some were actually fatter than when placed in the holes. From this it would appear that in positions where water can penetrate toads may live, and even thrive, although buried at a considerable depth, entirely away from the light, and any visible means of subsistence.

THE DUDE OF 1800

This is the kind of dude they had in 1800. The pantaloons of a beau went up to his arm pits; to get into them was a morning's work, and, when in, to sit down was impossible. His hat was too small to contain his handkerchief, and was not expected to stay on his head. His hair was brushed from the crown of his head toward his forehead, and looked, as the satirist of that day truly wrote, as if he had been fighting an old-fashioned hurricane backward. About his neck was a spotted linen handkerchief, and the skirts of his green coat were cut away to a mathematical point behind.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLES.

- 1.—M. M. M. M. + Is the name of a river in Germany.
- 2.—My first is a conjunction.
- My second is a preposition.
- My third is an interjection.
- My fourth is the abbreviation of a firm.
- My whole is a river in South America.

—From a Reader of the Weekly Messenger.

CHIPS.

To lock the door of a house in Norway and remain inside is deemed absurd. A theatres and other public places wraps are left outside without being checked or even watched by an attendant, and the people are said to be so honest that none are ever lost or stolen.

Napoleon: Use dispatch. Remember the world only took six days to create. Ask me for whatever you please except time; that is the only thing which is beyond my power.

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