

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

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The Weekly Messenger.

DEATH OF A RAILWAY KING.

We have to record the death of another great man this week. On the afternoon of Tuesday last, the 8th inst., Mr. Wm. H. Vanderbilt the millionaire and great railway manager died very suddenly while quietly talking to a friend. The announcement of the sudden death of Mr. Vanderbilt spread like wildfire through the city in the afternoon and large crowds soon surrounded the bulletin boards of the various newspaper offices where the statement was posted. In the vicinity of his mansion on Fifth Avenue the scene was one of impressive solemnity. The blinds on the windows of the brown stone pile were closed. Inside the servants and friends tiptoed about with grave and saddened faces. The door bell was rung every minute and the inside portals swung open to admit friends who came to mourn with the mourners. Upstairs behind the drawn curtain of the millionaire's bedroom were sobs and tears. The children of the dead money king gathered there about his corpse. None of them had been with him in the hour of his death. As he lay upon the carved bed in the large square room, the windows of which overlook the avenue, Mr. Vanderbilt looked as if he had fallen into a gentle sleep. His features were as peaceful and as natural as if he had

just ceased talking and lain down to rest. His death had been as painless as it was sudden. After arising to-day Mr. Vanderbilt had held his usual morning conference with his sons, Cornelius and William K., who were active managers of his railway properties, and afterwards with his private secretary. It was while at lunch that Mr. Vanderbilt began to talk of the scenes of his childhood and early work contrasted with the tremendous achievements of his ripe old age. Mr. Garrett, an intimate friend of the millionaire, was sitting on the sofa facing him and suddenly became aware of a slight indistinctness in Mr. Vanderbilt's speech which grew lower and lower till it could not be heard. As he leaned over to catch his words Mr. Vanderbilt pitched suddenly forward without a warning and fell

heavily to the floor on his face. Mr. Garrett sprang to his feet with an exclamation of alarm, and seizing a pillow from the sofa laid it under his friend's head, and then summoned Mrs. Vanderbilt and George, the youngest son. Dr. McLean, the family doctor, arrived in a few minutes, but his intervention was useless. Mr. Vanderbilt never spoke or moved after he fell under the sudden stroke and died within a few minutes without a struggle. Dr. McLean pronounced his death the result of a sudden stroke of paralysis or to the bursting of a large blood vessel at the base of the brain, of the kind that are absolutely fatal at the moment, and stated that his death was as painless as it was sudden. By arrangement of the nearest friends with members of the family it was decided that the funeral was to be on Friday next, at ten o'clock, from St. Bartholomew's Church. Mr. Vanderbilt had made a will. What its provisions

its magnificence, costing his state two lacs of rupees or one hundred thousand dollars. The frame is of mango wood, encased with sheet gold, inside and out. Over this is ornamental gold work set with diamonds, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and other precious stones. The cradle is swung from a rod by cords made of gold wire, and the bed or cushion is of embroidered green velvet.

The former King of Burmah was quite as cruel as King Thebaw has been. As is the custom in Burmah, he had many wives and children. Just before his death, in order to secure the accession of Thebaw, the princes and their families were enticed into the palace and imprisoned *en masse*. Two only escaped and fled into British Burmah. Said the Calcutta *Englishman*:

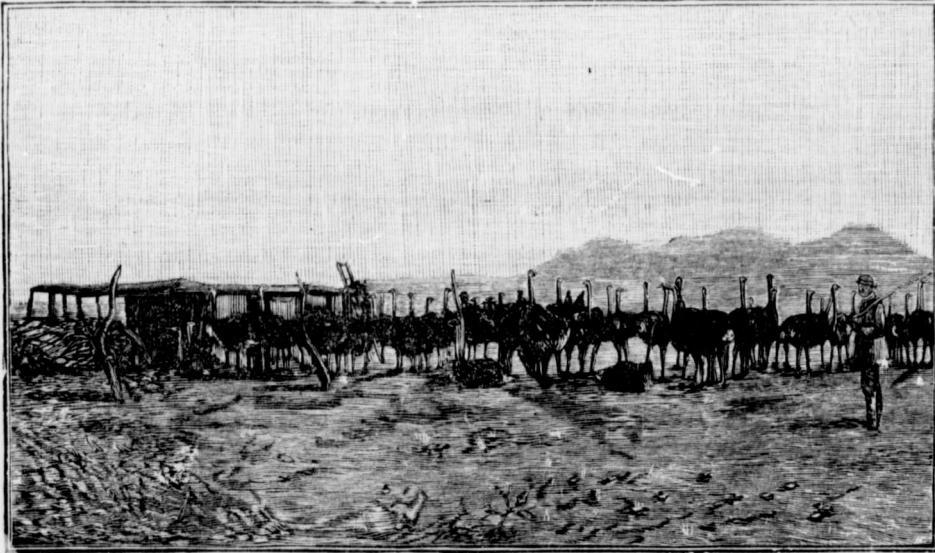
The rest, numbering some hundred persons, men, women and children, were confined in a brick building consisting of a single room. All the doors and window

The Mekkhain Queen, when a ruffian laid violent hands on her, exclaimed, "Do not touch me! I am a queen." He replied with abuse, and a sword thrust through her chest, which stretched her on the ground. The mothers entreated that they might die before their children, but instead of this the murderers amused themselves by endeavoring to wrench the helpless babies in two, and when they failed in this, by dashing the heads against the brick wall. The Thonse prince, one of the elder sons of the late king, remained fearless and defiant to the last. He upbraided his cousins and brothers who were shrieking for mercy: "We have to die," he shouted; "let us die like the sons of a king."

The respect the English people have for royalty even if it be in a person of such cruelty as King Thebaw is truly remarkable.

Earl Dufferin has decided, after consulting with the Home Government

to imprison King Thebaw of Burmah in any remote Indian city which the deposed monarch shall select and to have him treated as becomes his exalted rank. He will have all the palaces and all the wives he wants as a solace for his captivity, and the chief difference between his every day life in future and that of the past will be that he will be restrained from cutting off the heads of a few dozen obnoxious courtiers or relatives as the fancy takes him. A despatch from Rangoon says:—King The-



OSTRICH FARMING IN SOUTH AFRICA.—(SEE 7TH P. 61).

are is not known to any one outside of the family and his confidential counsel and friend, Mr. Depew.

It was when a boy of eighteen that Mr. Vanderbilt became a clerk in a broker's office. He worked so hard that his health ran down and after two years he determined to farm, and for a time he devoted his attention to the cultivation of 350 acres on Staten Island. His agricultural efforts proved successful and yielded him a good income. Since that time he has been almost wholly engrossed in railway work.

LIKE FATHER LIKE SON.

King Thebaw's expenditure of public funds for his private use is described as enormous. For instance, he had manufactured for his child a cradle wonderful for

were blocked up, and food and water supplied through the roof. Even this scanty diet was intermitted, and several died in consequence of confinement, privations and actual starvation. After four months of misery, arrangements were made that the plan of their captivity should be changed, and a special prison house was in course of erection. On the night of the 15th of February, 1879, part of the captives were removed on pretence of being conveyed to their new lodging. They were brought, instead, into a yard situated on the east of the palace inclosure, and there the work of slaughter commenced. The corpses were flung into deep pits which had been dug close at hand. This ghastly work was continued during the two following nights, till some eighty-two people had been butchered.

baw, although he had surrendered his army and his kingdom, did not surrender his own person until British troops had surrounded his palace in the city of Mandalay. Gen. Prendergast entered the palace and received the king's formal act of submission. The general escorted the king and queen through the British lines to a carriage which conveyed them to the steamship landing on the Irrawaddy River. The royal captives were then taken on the steamer to Rangoon and escorted by two hundred soldiers. Five regiments of infantry and one battery of artillery are left at Mandalay.

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HOW BILLY WENT UP IN THE WORLD.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.

A RANDOM SHOT—Continued.

"Oh, all your barley don't go to make beer. We save some for the critters, and some for seed, and"—

"Don't fool around a question in that way, Si! We farmers raise barley to sell to the dealers, or to the brewers, and we know what the dealers and brewers do with it. We are not so particular, all for nothing, not to mix the two kinds of grain. We know which malts the sooner, and brings the higher price."

"Just so, we do; but then, we haven't got anything to do with that barley after it leaves our hands. You would not say, for instance, that men have no business to make firearms, because burglars, murderers, pirates, and suicides, are continually blowing somebody's brains out, after they've bought 'em?"

"No," replied Billy; "but firearms are made for honest use, by respectable men; they are, strictly speaking, to protect life, not to destroy it. If a gunsmith could know that all the weapons he made, were bought and sold for evil purposes, what then?"

"He'd better shut up shop, unless a little more or less on his conscience didn't matter."

"Don't you go too fast, Si," said Knox, with rather a grin. "Remember I've got this farm to pay for yet."

"Oh, of course, you're only talking, not acting. Every farmer, almost, in the county raises barley. What did the Lord make it to grow so easy for, and let it be just the sort of a splendid paying crop it is, if we weren't going to be allowed to cultivate and make money out of it?"

"I don't know why, but I am not prepared to say He made it for us to sell precisely in this way; unless I can go on and show that He meant to bless the dealers in buying it, the brewers in making it, the lager beer sellers in dealing it out, and the poor wretches who may get drunk on it. Why He should bless barley for my benefit, while it is growing one side a fence, and seem to set a curse on it as soon as it gets on the other side, and I've sold it at a good price—this is not perfectly clear to me, just at present."

"Well, now, I guess I wouldn't go into metaphysics," said Si, soothingly. "Just be a practical farmer, like all the rest of your neighbors; they raise barley without a communion."

"Yes, Si, you are on the beaten track now; but is that always a safe way to put down an uneasy conscience? There was a Scotch preacher who quoted David's words, 'I said in my haste all men are liars,' and then he added, that if David had lived nowadays he 'might have said it at his leisure'; nevertheless, Si Barnard, do you plead the fact that other men lie, as a reason why you may?"

"I hadn't reserved that privilege to myself, though it would be mighty convenient now and then," returned Silas, striking out after a troublesome fly. "But, see here, Billy," he went on in a minute, "you are assuming that beer-making is necessarily all wrong, and that beer-making is positively evil. I ain't clear on that pint, yet."

"Now, Si, you ought to know that the tendency of beer-drinking is to create a taste for alcoholic stimulants. You ought to inform yourself of"—

"You have been at that game of information, and I don't believe you are going to find it a paying one," put in Si.

"Yes, I have found out several things. I know that the breweries of the United States now produce one-half as much alcohol as the distilleries. In fact, Si, I will tell you a few things about the beer-drinking and beer-selling in our own country, that will surprise you." So saying, Billy gave Silas the benefit of much he had gleaned from Doctor Higbee's pamphlets. Si listened attentively, without any clear idea that Billy's "talk," as he called it, was really the result of a conscience active on the barley question.

When Billy's first year ended on the farm, it had been so satisfactory, in almost every respect, that Mr. Ellery had warned him not to be too sanguine and elated. He assured him he could not expect every season would be as favorable, and every crop would not turn out as well; but this second year was one of even greater promise than the first. He was certain of his ability to meet all

claims against him in the future, if only his health was spared, and floods or droughts were not sent to spoil the results of his labor. Up to the Fourth of July mentioned, his satisfaction regarding the farm, and its crops, had been unalloyed; and then came a change in him.

Billy would have given a great deal to have been able to forget that speech of Himes' in the days that remained before his barley was harvested; but he could not keep out of his head the question: "Can I be doing wrong? How can I give up raising barley?"

He must pay his debts, must meet each returning pay-day with the amount due Haywood in his hand. How could he expect to do this, if he were to cut off one of the main sources of his income? As he looked across his wide fields of grain, just ready to reap, he knew that this crop he should surely sell; but should he sow seed and sow again next spring? He argued the point with himself each day as he worked; he thought of it when awake at night, and he came no nearer a decision; for he always came back to the conviction:

"I must; I have no choice. I could not pay for my farm, or meet my other obligations if I were to stop raising barley." Yet if he were doing wrong, was he not bound to stop at once, and let the results be as disastrous as they might be? He could not ask any one's advice, for it seemed to him no one could enter into his perplexity and struggle, unless after a similar experience. He shrank from telling of his conflict, because it must be, after all, his own fight from beginning to end.

Silas Barnard was the only person who suspected that Billy was making a personal application of his temperance ideas, and Silas saw only his surface thoughts. One evening, in a general way, Billy put the matter before Sam Ellery; but he stated it so unconcernedly, she failed to grasp his meaning, and even laughed a little about his splitting straw, and getting fanatical. He fancied she would think his conscientious scruples absurd and needless.

(To be Continued.)

THE GOLDEN BIRD.

A certain king had a beautiful garden and in the garden stood a tree which bore golden apples. These apples were always golden, and about the time when they began to grow ripe it was found that every night one of them was gone. The king became very angry at this, and ordered the gardener to keep watch all night under the tree. The gardener, set his eldest son to watch; but about twelve o'clock he fell asleep, and in the morning another apple was gone. Then the second son was ordered to watch; and at midnight he too fell asleep, and in the morning another apple was gone. Then the third son offered to keep watch; but the gardener at first would not let him, for fear some harm should come to him; however, at last he consented, and the young man laid himself under the tree to watch. As the clock struck twelve he heard a rustling noise in the air, and a bird came flying that was of pure gold; and as it was snapping at one of the apples with its beak, the gardener's son jumped up and shot an arrow at it. But the arrow did the bird no harm; only it dropped a golden feather from its tail, and then flew away. The golden feather was brought to the king in the morning, and all the council was called together. Every one agreed that it was worth more than all the wealth of the kingdom; but the king said, "One feather is of no use to me, I must have the whole bird."

Then the gardener's eldest son set out and thought to find the golden bird very easily; and when he had gone but a little way, he came to a wood and by the side of the wood he saw a fox sitting; so he took his bow and made ready to shoot at it. Then the fox said, "Do not shoot me, for I will give you good counsel; I know what your business is, and that you want to find the golden bird. You will reach a village in the evening; and when you get there, you will see two inns opposite to each other, one of which is very pleasant and beautiful to look at; go not in there, but rest for a night in the other, though it may appear to you to be very poor and mean." But the son thought to himself, "What can such a beast as this know about the matter?" So he shot the arrow at the fox; but he missed it, and it set up its tail and ran into the

wood. Then he went his way, and in the evening came to the village where the two inns were; and in one of these were people singing, and dancing and feasting; but the other looked very dirty and poor. "I should be very silly," said he, "if I went to that shabby house, and left this charming place;" so he went into the smart house, and ate and drank at his ease, and forgot the bird and his country too.

Time passed on; and as the eldest son did not come back, and no tidings were heard of him, the second son set out, and the same thing happened to him. He met the fox, who gave him the same good advice; but when he came to the two inns, his eldest brother was standing at the window where the merrymaking was, and called to him to come in; and he could not withstand the temptation, but went in, and forgot the golden bird and his country in the same manner. Time passed on again, and the youngest son, too, wished to set out into the wide world to seek for the golden bird; but his father would not listen to it for a long while, for he was very fond of his son, and was afraid that some ill luck might happen to him also, and prevent his coming back. However, at last it was agreed he should go, for he would not rest at home; and as he came to the wood, he met the fox, and heard the same good counsel. But he was thankful to the fox, and did not attempt his life as his brothers had done, so the fox said, "sit upon my tail, and you will travel faster." So he sat down, and the fox began to run, and away they went over stock and stone so quick that their hair whistled in the wind.

When they came to the village, the son followed the fox's counsel, and without looking about him went to the shabby inn and rested there all night at his ease. In the morning came the fox again and met him as he was beginning his journey, and said, "Go straight forward, till you come to a castle, before which lie a whole troop of soldiers fast asleep and snoring; take no notice of them, but go into the castle and pass on and on till you come to a room, where the golden bird sits in a wooden cage; close by it stands a beautiful golden egg; do not try to take the bird out of the shabby cage and put it into the handsome one, otherwise you will repent it."

Then the fox stretched out his tail again, and the young man sat himself down, and away they went over stock and stone till their hair whistled in the wind.

Before the castle gate all was as the fox had said; so the son went in and found the chamber where the golden bird hung in a wooden cage, and below stood a golden egg, and the three golden apples that had been lost were lying close by it. Then thought he to himself, "It will be a very droll thing to bring away such a fine bird in this shabby cage;" so he opened the door and took hold of it and put it into the golden cage. But the bird set up such a loud scream that all the soldiers awoke, and they took him prisoner and carried him before the king. The next morning the court sat to judge him; and when all was heard, it sentenced him to die, unless he should bring the king the golden horse which could run as swiftly as the wind; and if he did this, he was to have the golden bird given to him for his own.

So he set out once more on his journey, and in great despair, when on a sudden his good friend the fox met him, and said, "You see now what has happened on account of your not listening to my counsel. I will still, however, tell you how to find the golden horse, if you will do as I bid you. You must go straight on till you come to the castle where the horse stands in his stall; by his side will lie the groom fast asleep and snoring; take away the horse quickly, but be sure to put the old leather saddle upon him, and not the golden one that is close by it." Then the son sat down on the fox's tail, and away they went over stock and stone till their hair whistled in the wind.

All went right, and the groom lay snoring with his hand upon the golden saddle. But when the son looked at the horse, he thought it a great pity to put the leather saddle upon it. "I will give him the good one," said he; "I am sure he deserves it." As he took up the golden saddle the groom awoke and cried out so loud, that all the guards ran in and took him prisoner, and in the morning he was again brought before the court to be judged, and was sentenced to die. But it was agreed, that if he could bring hither the beautiful princess, he should

live, and have the bird and the horse given to him for his own.

Then he went his way again very sorrowful; but the old fox came and said, "Why did not you listen to me? If you had you would have carried away both the bird and the horse; yet will I once more give you counsel. Go straight on, and at night the princess goes to the bathing-house; go up to her and give her a kiss, and she will let you lead her away; but take care you do not suffer her to take leave of her father and mother." Then the fox stretched out his tail, and so away they went over stock and stone till their hair began to whistle again. As they came to the castle, all was as the fox had said, and at twelve o'clock the young man met the princess going to the bath and gave her a kiss, and she agreed to run away with him, but begged with many tears that he would let her take leave of her father. At first he refused, but she wept still more and more, and fell at his feet, till at last he consented, but the moment she came to her father's house, the guards awoke and he was taken prisoner again.

Then he was brought before the king, and the king said, "You will never have my daughter unless in eight days you can dig away the hill that stops the view from my window." Now this hill was so big that the whole world could not take it away; and when he had worked for seven days, he had done very little, the fox came and said, "Lie down and go to sleep; I will work for you." And in the morning he awoke and the hill was gone; so he went merrily to the king, and told him that now that it was removed he must give him the princess.

Then the king was obliged to keep his word, and away went the young man and the princess; and the fox came and said to him, "We will have all three, the princess, the horse, and the bird." "Ah!" said the young man, "that would be a great thing, but how can you contrive it?"

"If you will listen," said the fox, "it can soon be done. When you come to the king and he asks you for the beautiful princess, you must say, 'Here she is!' Then he will be joyful, and you will mount the golden horse that they are to give you, and put out your hand to take leave of them, but shake hands with the princess last. Then lift her quickly on the horse behind, you clap your spurs to his side, and gallop away as fast as you can."

All went right. Then the fox said, "When you come to the castle where the bird is, I will stay with the princess at the door, and you will ride in and speak to the king, and when he sees that it is the right horse, he will bring out the bird; but you must sit still, and say that you want to look at it, to see whether it is the true golden bird; and when you get it into your hands, ride away."

This, too, happened as the fox said; they carried off the bird, the princess mounted again, and they rode on to a great wood. There the fox came and said, "Pray kill me, and cut off my head and my feet." But the young man refused to do it; so the fox said, "I will at any rate give you good counsel; beware of two things; ransom no one from the gallows, and sit down by the side of no river." Then away he went. "Well," thought the young man, "it is not hard to keep that advice."

He rode on with the princess till at last he came to the village where he had left his two brothers. And there he heard a great noise and uproar, and when he asked what was the matter, the people said, "Two men are going to be hanged." As he came nearer he saw that the two men were his brothers, who had turned robbers, so he said, "Cannot they in any way be saved?" But the people said "No," unless he would bestow all his money upon the rascals and buy their liberty. Then he did not stay to think about the matter, but paid what was asked, and his brothers were given up, and went on with him towards their home. As they came to the wood where the fox first met them, it was so cool and pleasant that the brothers said, "Let us sit down by the side of the river and rest awhile to eat and drink." So he said "Yes," and forgot the fox's counsel and sat down on the side of the river; and while he suspected nothing they came behind him and threw him down the bank, and took the princess, the horse, and the bird, and went home to the king their master, and said, "All this have we won by our labor." Then there was great rejoicing made; but the horse would not eat, and the bird would not sing, and the princess wept.

The youngest son fell to the bottom of the river's bed; luckily it was nearly dry, but his bones were almost broken, and the bank was so steep that he could find no way to get out. Then the old fox came once more, and scolded him for not following his advice, otherwise no evil would have befallen him. "Yet," said he, "I cannot leave you here, so lay hold of my tail and hold fast." Then he pulled him out of the river and said to him as he got upon the bank, "Your brothers have set watch to kill you if they find you in the kingdom." So he dressed himself as a poor man, and came secretly to the king's court, and was scarcely within doors when the horse began to eat, and the bird to sing, and the princess left off weeping. Then he went to the king and told him all his brothers' roguery, and they were seized and punished, and he had the princess given to him again; and after the king's death he was heir to his kingdom.

A long while after he went to walk one day in the wood, and the old fox met him and besought him with tears in his eyes to kill him and cut off his head and feet. And at last he did so, and in a moment the fox was changed into a man, and turned out to be a brother of the princess who had been lost a great many years.

SUSIE REDMAYNE, OR THE BITTER CRY.

(By Christabel)

Yet over their short-lived happiness there hung a cloud. They could not shape their fears into words. But a vague, undefined dread of what might happen haunted them; a consciousness that Bessie Brown would leave them, and with her would go all hope, and comfort, and happiness.

Bessie Brown was a great power in Piper's Court. She had known better days. Most of the women there knew that in comparison with themselves, she was a lady. They said it was because she had lived among fine people. But the greatest difference was that she was a true Christian. A Christian woman cannot be coarse or vulgar. Some laughed at her, and many were spiteful to her in small ways. Still she kept on her way calm and peaceful, and kept her light burning, although she dwelt in a dark place.

When Bessie had done what she could for the little Redmaynes she went back to her room, which looked cozy and cheerful in contrast with the desolate one she had left. She half wished she had taken the children with her, but then there was the father to be considered.

Ralph and Susie were weary and sleepy, and fain to creep to their comfortable beds. But still they sat and waited, half hoping and half fearing their father would come.

"Is that father I shall I hide in bed?" said Susie, as she laid her trembling hand on her brother's arm.

"Yes, father's coming," said Ralph, as the sound of uncertain footsteps came nearer; "but never mind, perhaps he won't be cross."

CHAPTER II.—THE WAY OF LIFE IN PIPER'S COURT.

The door was pushed open and Richard Redmayne walked or rather tottered into his desolate home.

He had been a man of fine presence and great respectability, but he had fallen through strong drink.

There was still an indescribable air of refinement about him, though his coat hung in tatters and his face was red and blotted.

An ordinary acquaintance, who had known him when his wife was living, would hardly have recognized the wreck that he now was.

In the early part of his married life he was a prosperous coach-painter, and showed signs of artistic talent. He was then a happy and hopeful man.

But things had gone hardly with him, he had lost his wife, to whom he was fondly attached, and he had lost part of his trade without much fault of his own.

It seemed an easy way to purchase forgetfulness by taking spirits. At first a friend, seeing him low-spirited, had prevailed upon him to take just a little to do him good.

A false friend, and a false step leading to an unknown abyss!

The transition from a lonely house with a grumbling housekeeper and a fretting, delicate baby, to a gin-palace appeared too pleasant to be resisted, and he fell on an easy prey to the arch-fiend of strong drink.

"Here, Ralph, what hast thou earned to-day?" said Redmayne as he stumbled into a chair.

"Nothing, father; I couldn't get anything to do."

Ralph awaited what might follow with the calm courage that a good conscience gives.

A heavy blow, then a crash followed. And the little table with the few things which Susie had carefully placed in readiness, should her father require them for his supper, were strewn in fragments around the wretched room.

Susie crept in silence to bed and pressed the coverlet into her mouth to prevent her sobs being audible to her father.

Ralph stood still. He was too miserable to care what happened to himself. Only for Susie's sake he hoped his father would not strike him.

"Here, lazy young 'un, go quick and bring some rum," and Richard Redmayne held out a shilling, which the boy promptly took, and hastily snatching a jug ran off to execute his errand.

Fearing he would be too late he made all possible haste. He was an obedient boy, and in his anxiety to satisfy his father he forgot that the slush from the streets oozed in and out at every step from his worn out boots.

Ralph's anxiety was useless. The gin-palaces had closed, and he had to return with his shilling and his empty jug.

That precious shilling was just now a burden to him, although it would procure them all a breakfast which they greatly needed.

Ralph said to himself many times over as he slowly retraced his steps, "I would rather go anywhere than home, and I would run away, but I can't take the shilling. I won't be dishonest. Besides, father and Susie need it. They have nothing for breakfast. Then there is the jug; if I threw it away it would be mean. And there is Susie, who is far more to me than these things. Oh, Susie! I never will be a coward and leave you alone with father. Perhaps mother will know, and she wouldn't be pleased if I left you."

He looked up to the skies, and through the murky atmosphere he could see shining dimly a few far-off stars.

He fancied his mother might be looking down upon him as the stars appeared to do, and he said passionately, "Oh, mother, I will go home to-night because of Susie, and the shilling, and the broken jug."

There was One above who knew that he went home for conscience sake, and the blessing of a mind at peace with itself was given to him.

Very quietly Ralph opened the door. He hardly knew what he dreaded, but if a lion had been there he could scarcely have feared it more. A prescient haunt had told him that he was treading on a crisis. Quietly too he crossed the floor and laid the shilling on the mantel shelf.

A piece of tallow candle was burning in the socket of a shaly tin candlestick; its flickering light was enough to show to Ralph that the heavy sleep of a drunkard had laid its merciful hold upon his father, and that not yet had the dreaded crisis come.

Richard Redmayne had never struck his helpless children quite unprovoked. To this depth of brutality he had not yet descended. But not the less certainly did Ralph know that day by day he came nearer to it. To a sensitive and imaginative child, who is yet brave and true, the shadow of a coming sorrow is a greater torment than the trial itself.

The flickering candle died out, and Ralph groped his way to Susie's bed that he might kneel there and say the prayers his mother had taught him. It seemed a more holy and sacred place, and a more fitting place for prayer, beside the innocent child than near the degraded father.

Then the invisible hand of sleep wrapped him up, and mercifully, for a few hours, shut out from all eyes the horrors of a drunkard's home!

The morning dawned chill and cheerless in Piper's Court; and much misery and poverty were awakened from unrefreshing slumbers.

There were cracked windows and rickety doors that let in not only the keen wind but also the snow it carried along with it. And what was worse it blew its icy breath over scant breakfast tables, and penetrated thin garments that were only fit for mild weather.

Ralph was the first to awake in the cold rooms which the Redmaynes called home.

He was quickly on the alert to make the best of things; and he could manage household matters more economically than many housekeepers, for necessity had sharpened his wits.

The sight of the shilling was a real joy to him now.

The small shops in the narrow street adjoining Piper's Court were very accommodating.

If you only had a penny, you could have a pennyworth of tea.

Ralph calculated over and over again how to get the best breakfast out of the shilling, for it was an important matter to be intrusted with a coin of such value.

When Redmayne roused himself from the heavy torpor of his sleep he was very thankful to see a breakfast on the table that would ease a little the burning thirst which he was suffering.

He knew that he already felt like an aged man, although he was not forty; and he knew also that through the love of strong drink he was fast approaching either a drunkard's or a suicide's grave.

"Ralph, thou'lt be a better man than I have been," and a slight accent of hope pervaded the bitter tone in which he spoke.

Now when alcohol had no power over him he hated himself, and he was glad that it was not in his power to quite ruin the future promise of his boy; for he saw that he inherited his mother's firmness and stability of character, along with his own good temper.

"Father, why can't you be as you were when mother was living?" but the tone had in it no shade of hope.

Ralph had known too much of the bitterness of hoping only to be disappointed, to care ever to hope again.

"Ah!" said Redmayne, as if he were pitying himself, "if thy mother had lived we might have had a happy and comfortable home."

"When I'm a big boy," said Ralph, cheerfully, and his eyes were lit up with brightness, for it so easy for youth to weave fairy like visions, "I mean to join a Band of Hope, and I shall earn lots of money, and Susie shall be a lady. Won't that be grand?"

A sweet little silvery laugh was the answer from the straw bed and ragged coverlet, and Susie opened her eyes wide when she saw that there really was bread and butter and hot coffee for breakfast.

Children are acute observers, and although Susie was generally afraid of her father she knew that she could trust him in his present mood.

She climbed upon his knee, and stroked his whiskers, and put her arms round his neck as if he had been the best of fathers to her.

So readily does childhood accept the stray sunbeams that cross its path. Her father returned her caresses, and enjoyed her love, and wished as sincerely as herself that things could be always like that.

Yet at that very moment, in the midst of his remorse and shame, and the love that still remained for his children, the craving for strong drink held him so powerfully in its iron grip, that he could have sold himself into slavery that he might gratify the desire a little longer.

So full of contradictions is the character of a good-natured drunkard.

When the humble meal was finished Ralph returned thanks reverently, and quickly got himself ready to go out to seek some work.

In the meantime Richard Redmayne slunk away, saying that it was time he was at work. Then Ralph went to Susie and kissed her and tried to comfort her.

He was deeply grieved that he was obliged to leave her alone. No mother could have been more tender.

"Now, Susie, be a little woman," said Ralph, "and I won't stay a minute longer than I can help. Just think that you are the mistress and I'm the master. I go out to earn the money, and you keep things tidy, and have the kettle boiling for me when I come in. I feel as though I should get lots of things to do to-day, and we'll have such a jolly little dinner to ourselves; for likely enough father will not come near us any more till bedtime."

Ralph thought he would try the station to-day; and just as he ran up out of breath an old gentleman emerged from the crowded doorway, carrying in his hand a small portmanteau.

"Please, sir, can I carry it for you?" and

the tones of the boy were so eager that the gentleman couldn't help looking at him. He preferred carrying his own bag, but he had a kind heart and he couldn't disappoint the boy.

On arriving at the door of his home the old gentleman, being a little curious to know what kind of a boy this was, said:

"Well, what do you expect me to give you?"

"Oh, please sir, anything you like." He held a penny towards the boy. There was a smile playing on his face though he pretended to look serious.

"Thank you," said the boy, and was about to run off.

(To be continued)

(For the Weekly Messenger.)

THE SABBATH SCHOOL LESSON.

December 20.

THE GENEROUS INVITATION.—Isaiah lv. i. ii.

The subject matter of these verses may well be called a gracious invitation. The more closely we examine the text the more gracious does the invitation appear. Let us study it, keeping in view the fact that it is given by God, The Creator, Preserver, and Governor of the Universe and is addressed to rebels against this Divine authority.

First, then, this invitation is free, full and unconditional. "Ho every one that thirsteth" come buy without money and without price. No one is excluded no matter how great or many his sins or how completely he may have wrecked himself. He cannot be too poor to buy the best treasures in God's storehouse, see also Rev. xxii. 17.

Second.—The invitation is not given grudgingly, but is expressed in the most loving words. The God of heaven and earth even condescends to argue with his rebellious creatures; "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread?" God does not invite us to come back to Him hesitatingly, with fear and trembling, but He promises us in advance an abundant pardon such as the father gave to the Prodigal Son.

Third.—The offer of pardon is but a small part of this gracious invitation. It is only a necessary preliminary to the ratification of

AN EVERLASTING COVENANT

between God and the sinner. This covenant which is called in the third verse of our lesson "The sure mercies of David" is eternal in its very nature because it is unconditional and does not therefore depend upon man's nature, which is essentially changeable. In the previous covenant with Israel in the wilderness God promised to bless the people so long and only so long as they remained faithful to Him, but in this covenant with David this condition is expressly excluded (see Ps. lxxxix. 3, 4, and 27-37). David is here identified with Christ the Son of David in whom God has made an everlasting covenant with all believers, indeed the covenant made with David included and foreshadowed the covenant with Christ, as David was a type of Christ, and it was in Christ that the covenant with David was to be fulfilled. In this eternal covenant God charges Himself not only with the duty of providing an atonement for sin but also with the work of delivering the sinner from the chains of sin. He promises to be the finisher (or perfecter) as well as the author of our faith "Working in us that which is well pleasing in His sight through Jesus Christ", Heb. xii. 2 and xiii. 21. This promise God will perform by writing His laws on our hearts (Jer. xxxi. 31-37), that is by changing our hearts by the power of His Holy Spirit so that we will love God's law instead of loving sinful pleasures. It is this gift of the Holy Spirit, which our Saviour declared to be more valuable to his disciples than even His own personal presence, that is offered so freely in the first verse of our lesson. The water which God offers is living water, and we are told in John vii. 38-39 that this water of life is the Holy Spirit.

A Sabbath School class could scarcely spend an hour better than in looking up and comparing the different forms in which God's invitation to sinners is given and the promises by which that invitation is backed. The lesson might well conclude with the question at the beginning of the second verse "Wherefore?" etc.

A RIDE ACROSS THE PRAIRIE.

One of our subscribers in the North-West writes telling how he took out his pony and travelled over the prairie for miles getting new subscribers to the "Weekly Messenger." He had very good returns seeing that the houses were so few and far between. Those of our subscribers who live in villages could get up clubs of five with very little trouble, for, as has been frequently told us, "the 'Weekly Messenger' would be cheap at the price if it were only a monthly instead of a weekly paper."

RENEW

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

THE "RIEL REBELLION,"

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

PRIZES SENT.

Some of the letters for our last competition being sent from distant parts did not reach us until Thursday last week. We could not begin sending prizes until the last letter had come in and our readers will understand how it is that we have not been able to send the prizes sooner than we did, especially as we had such large numbers of prizes to send. By keeping a large number of hands busily employed we are now able to say that nearly all the prizes earned have been sent.

December Competition.

New subscribers have been fairly pouring in upon us. They are counted by hundreds every week. We rejoice at this as it enables us, if it be possible, to make the "Weekly Messenger" even more lively, interesting and instructive in the coming year than it has been in the past. Our friends should remember that it is just as easy for us to talk to one hundred thousand people as to twenty or thirty thousand. Many of their acquaintances will be thankful to have the paper brought to their notice. We should judge that larger numbers of people take the "Weekly Messenger" by merely having it shown them, for so many write to us—"Having come across a copy of the 'Weekly Messenger' I wish to subscribe for it," or words to a similar effect. Space fails us to tell of the praises bestowed on this paper by those who renew, of the thanks we have received for sending "such a nice book" as "Reprinted Stories" for prizes, and of the general manner in which the "Weekly Messenger" is conducted. If we had space to reproduce a hundredth part of the kind words spoken for us we would not need any comment of our own. We must not en-

croach on our news columns however, and so we leave everyone to be his own judge of the paper without having the opinions of others. In getting up our present competition we took into account that many young people will be looking about them to find how they can earn some pocket money during the holiday season. We believe we have a very good plan. By canvassing for the "Weekly Messenger" many a boy and girl has made sufficient money to buy a pair of skates, a much coveted book, or other useful article. There is no better business training for a boy than a few days spent in canvassing.

LIBERAL COMMISSION.

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

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

PRIZES!

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

THE FIFTEEN PRIZES

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

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

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

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

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

Anyone who obtains six new subscriptions

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

ONE OF OUR \$1.25 BOOKS FREE.

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

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

WE NOW PUBLISH the list of winners of money prizes in our last competition and will leave it open to correction for a couple of weeks. As we state, we have entered hundreds of new names on our subscription books every week, but the lists sent in by our friends, though numerous, were all small. There are some of our readers who will profit by the example of those who have won double prizes for sending in ten subscriptions to the "Weekly Messenger." Besides receiving the prizes awarded for ten subscriptions the following have also won money prizes: The first prize of \$10 goes to Susie Gillespie, Shulie, N. S., who sent in \$5.50. Then there is a tie of six persons who sent in \$5.00 each. The six persons are Alfred Finley, Annie Montgomery, Maud Schugg, Almira Tamman, Fred Wright and John A. McDonald. As is the rule in such cases, we add the second, third, fourth and fifth prizes together, making \$9.50 and give each of the persons named one-sixth, or \$1.60.

SUBSCRIBERS whose term of subscription will expire at the end of this year will find our notice and remitting envelope enclosed in this issue of the "Weekly Messenger" and are further reminded to send in the renewal as early as possible.

THE WEEK.

LAST THURSDAY left the results of the British elections still uncertain. It is thought likely that the Tories with the support of the Parnellites may make a majority of two or three over the Liberals. But there is this to be considered that many of the Irish Conservatives are so vexed at the alliance between Tories and Parnellites that they may very possibly vote against their own party.

THERE ARE STILL fears that Russia may rise in arms against Austria for her share in the Balkan dispute. Servia has lost by her campaign and Bulgaria, as far as at present appears, has not gained very much.

GENERAL GRANT'S first volume of the "Personal Memoirs of Gen. Grant" is now for sale in the United States and in Europe. The sale promises to be enormous. Three volumes have been gotten up expressly for General Sherman, General Sheridan and President Cleveland.

SENATOR SHERMAN is now Vice-President of the United States and has been nominated President of the Senate *pro tempore*. The Democratic members of the House of Representatives nominated Mr. Carlisle, of Kentucky, for Speaker.

THE MORE CREDULOUS of the half-breed population of the North-West firmly believe the spirit of Louis Riel nightly walks on the banks of the Red River, and will continue to do so until his remains are brought down from Regina, and interred in the graveyard at St. Boniface, in accordance with his last wish.

TERRIBLY DESTRUCTIVE prairie fires prevail in KANSAS, causing immense loss of property and some loss of life.

A SCHOONER bound from New York to Havana struck on North Coast reef, off Turk's Island, at two o'clock on Sunday morning, November 29. She had a cargo of crude petroleum and a deck load of oil of vitriol. As the vessel struck a binnacle lamp was jerked out of its fastenings, exploded, and immediately set the vessel on fire. The schooner was a mass of flames within a few minutes, and when the fire reached the oil of vitriol on deck the ship burned with terrible fury. When the fire reached the crude petroleum in the ship's hull there was a simultaneous explosion, fore and aft, and a moment later the adjacent sea was strewn with burning wreckage. By almost miraculous efforts Captain Strout, the mate and four sailors managed to get a boat away from the vessel and were at a safe distance before the cargo exploded. Two poor fellows, second mate Johnson and a German seaman, were left to their fate and, doubtless, burned up with the vessel.

THE HIGH COURT OF APPEAL in England has been called upon to decide whether a person who sold newspapers containing a libel were guilty of disseminating libel and therefore subject to fine. It was held by the court that no action could be successful which was taken against a person who unknowingly sold papers containing a libel. If the law was otherwise every vendor of newspapers in the kingdom would be liable. Such a law would be unreasonable and unjust. Whenever the ruling of the law is such the people may be sure it forms no part of the actual law of England.

THE REPORT of the Ontario Bureau of Industries for November, just issued, states that fall wheat is a fine sample and the yield large, but owing to the effects of rain and rust, spring wheat is a serious failure, both in quantity and quality. The bulk of barley was discolored by the widely extended rain storm at the harvesting season. Oats are below the average quality, having rusted in the ripening stage. Rye if a fair average in yield and quality, but the area in crop is steadily decreasing. The growing and ripening season for corn was short, cool and raining, and much of it is soft in consequence. The potato crop has suffered severely from rot. In all the southern parts of the province from the Detroit River to Ottawa, fully one-half is destroyed and the disease continues its ravages in pits and cellars. In the northern parts of the province but little harm has been done. The new crop of fall wheat has been sown in good condition and it has a promising appearance. Good accounts are received of the fruit crop. Live stock are in good condition.

A CITY WITHOUT HEATING STOVES.

There is at least one great disadvantage in the employment of natural gas for heating and lighting purposes. Pittsburgh has found this out. Last Monday morning there was intense excitement in that city caused by the sudden stoppage of the supply of natural gas. From one o'clock on Sunday afternoon until ten Sunday night the towns of Beaver Falls and New Brighton were cut off entirely from their supply of natural gas in order that connections might be made with the Rochester mains. The weather was intensely cold, and much suffering and inconvenience was the result. Many families went to bed to keep warm or visited the houses of their neighbors who still use the old-fashioned fuel-coal. No

suppers could be cooked, and the restaurants using coal did a very large business. The hotel guests abandoned the hotels, and no evening services were held in the churches. Factories which run all night had to shut down, and it is thought that considerable loss will be incurred by the glass houses and pottery from the cooling of the pots and kilns.

In Pittsburgh the gas pressure is very low in most of the private houses and the supply of gas in the pipes was altogether insufficient to supply them. The occupants were subjected to the greatest discomforts as the thermometer was only a few points above zero. In Allegheny City alone more than 1,000 dwellings were without fire, and in others there was the scampering around for coal for use in stoves which had not been changed to use natural gas. Many of the mills were also compelled to close down in part, and some of them altogether for the greater part of the morning. The different companies are all hurrying up new lines of pipes, and the work of making connections is given as the cause of the short supply. By next week the work will be finished and after that time no further trouble is apprehended. It has been exceedingly uncomfortable and annoying and besides considerable loss has been sustained.

FIVE MORE VICTIMS.

A tremendous aqueduct is being built from Croton to New York. By means of this the city is to be supplied with double the amount of water it now has at its disposal. Many workmen have already been killed while descending the shafts into the tunnel which is to carry the water. The last accident occurred on the 7th inst. and resulted in the death of four men and the probable fatal injury of a fifth. The men were descending to work in one of the buckets used for lowering them down the shaft. The start was made all right, but before the bucket had descended many feet a cross-beam or "billy," as it is called by the miners, used to steady the bucket, caught in the shaft and remained fast until the bucket had almost reached the bottom of the shafts when it became loose and fell crashing down a distance of over one hundred feet on the unfortunate men below. The following named men were instantly killed: Francis Carr, single, residence Glasgow; Frederick Dresser, single, of Yorkshire, England; and Lorenzo Dobbins, married, leaves a wife and family at Hibernia, N.J.; and Patrick Moran married, residence Jersey City. John Boardman the fifth man, will probably die of his injuries. When the cross-beam struck the bucket he was knocked out, but in his descent fell on a shelving constructed near the bottom and on the side of the shaft. This in all probability saved him from instant death. When found he was in a semi-unconscious state, but soon revived enough to be able to speak.

The dead men presented a shocking sight. Three of them had their heads crushed out of all shape. But for their clothing recognition would be wholly impossible. Of the four, however, Francis Carr's death was the most horrible. When struck by the falling beam he was knocked from the car, and fell headlong to the bottom of the shaft, repeatedly striking the sides in his descent. His body was mutilated beyond description, having been cut into little pieces. The news of the accident spread rapidly throughout the little village and created the utmost consternation. Hundreds of the villagers gathered around the shaft and viewed the ghastly spectacle of the mangled bodies, which were placed side by side. The Coroner has been notified, and

will hold an inquest at once. This makes a total of eight men killed at that place within the last two weeks.

A BATTLE IN A CHURCH.

There has been great trouble in a Polish Catholic church of Detroit over the dismissal of the pastor, Father Kolasinski. At last affairs came to a head and a pitched battle was fought between about a thousand women of the congregation and a squad of police, led by Captain Mack. Father Kolasinski turned over the books of the church, and was deposited by Bishop Burgess. It was rumored that Fathers Jaworski and Dombrowski had been placed in temporary charge, and Captain Mack learned that trouble impended, and at seven o'clock in the morning two patrol waggons and a dozen patrolmen were ordered to the place. On arriving, they found the large yard in front of the church crowded with the excited throng. St. Aubin avenue and Fremont street on both sides of the church were also jammed. Father Jaworski was on the sidewalk apparently unable to decide what to do. Father Dombrowski had gone to see

entered the yard and tried to "shoo" them out, but he was constantly surrounded, and, as a last resort, ordered his men to clear the place, and then began a wild scene. The police charged into the throng. The crowd opened before them, and as rapidly closed again. The women fought like tigers, using umbrellas and fists and the police soon piled them upon the sidewalk, when others would pick them up and drag them away. A few men got inside and were hustled out by the force. Some of the women were put into waggons but were afterwards released. After a hand fight of twenty minutes Capt. Mack was victorious. Anton Schinski, a leader, was arrested. Father Kolasinski reached the church at 10.30 o'clock, and the influence he has with his congregation was strikingly shown in the fact that a few words from him sent the excited people to their homes.

"Go home," he said. "I am here now and will remain as your adviser while this trouble lasts." He held out his hands and the women crowded around and eagerly kissed them, and then went home contented. At noon peace and order were restored to the neighborhood, although



THE LATE MR. W. H. VANDERBILT.

Bishop Burgess. Father Jaworski said at six o'clock the church was opened for early mass. Father Dombrowski attempted to ascend the altar, when the assembly rose to its feet and made a rush at him. "Out with him," "We want only our own priest," was the cry. Several women led the charge and were the first to lay hands on the priest. They were seconded by about fifteen men who came in at this junction. In a very few seconds the priests were out and the church doors locked. When the police arrived a woman named Annie Kuchliski rushed upon them, and using an umbrella for a weapon got in some effective work before she was hustled into the patrol wagon and taken to the station. Every moment the excitement grew greater. The police insisted that the roads and sidewalks must be cleared. Those who were unable to get into the yards were driven back to the commons east and west of the church. At nine o'clock Capt. Mack insisted that the people should return to their homes. Several police officers interpreted his orders "Tell the police to go away first," they answered with a wild laugh. "The women will remain all day if they do," Capt. Mack

many small groups were gathered in the vicinity discussing the incidents of the morning. "The people did right in opposing the entrance of a strange priest," Father Kolasinski said afterwards. "It was their money which built the church and they have a right to say who shall be their pastor. Even the Bishop has no right to install a new pastor if they do not want him. I shall remain with the people and the cause will be appealed to Rome."

(For the Weekly Messenger.)

POULTRY KEEPING FOR CHILDREN.

Perhaps there is no better way for creating in the minds of farmers' children an interest in their work than by committing to their charge the care and management of part of the live stock, more especially the poultry.

An early acquired fondness for domestic animals is one of the most essential qualities of a successful farmer, and the man who loves to see the small stock comfortable will very seldom be found neglecting the larger ones; but a great many farmers are careful to secure the comfort of their horses and cattle while they treat with neglect, if not cruelty, the pigs, sheep and poultry.

Probably on a majority of farms where poultry are kept, the men folk consider them a bill of expense and would not be bothered with them were it not to please the women. Although fowls do cause more loss than gain on too many farms, still with a little care and attention they can be made to give larger returns for the capital invested than any other live stock, and we hope that many of our young readers will at once begin poultry keeping in a systematic, even if in a small way.

A dozen good early pullets can now be bought for a little over three dollars and a pure bred rooster, White Leghorn or Light Brahma, can in many places be got for one or two dollars. If the object desired is the production of eggs, the Leghorns are best, but if "broilers" are wanted, the Brahmas are preferable. If a pure bred cock cannot be now got except at considerable expense, a common one will do for the present and next spring a "setting" of eggs can be readily procured from some poultry fancier, even if he lives at a considerable distance. But it will not do to leave the hens to look out for their own lodgings in cold, or even in warm weather, and a comfortable, though cheaply constructed hen-house is essential to success.

For a summer house all that is necessary is a few rough boards nailed to three-inch scantlings so as to form an enclosure six feet square, three feet high on one side and five feet on the other. This will give sufficient slope to the roof which is also made of rough boards with the seams battened so as to turn rain. The seams on the sides should be left two inches wide to admit plenty of light and air, but there should be no floor in this hut, so that the hens can have ready access to fresh earth and grass at all times, and to this end the building should be frequently removed to fresh pastures.

A winter hen-house can be readily made in one of the southern corners of the cow-stable. For a dozen of hens it will need to be about six feet long by four feet wide, and two and a half feet high. It is best to be made up against the ceiling with a tight floor to prevent the droppings from injuring anything beneath it. The sides, however, should be sufficiently open to admit of ventilation as well as warmth from the stable. A few panes of glass should be inserted in the sunny side so that the "chickens" can sun themselves without having to go out into the cold. The door of this coop can be left open for several hours daily to permit of the hens descending among the cattle to gather more or less food and get healthy exercise. But they should also be provided with at least two meals and plenty of fresh water every day. The morning meal should consist of waste crumbs, bits of meat, etc., from the kitchen table, supplemented with more or less soft food and vegetables, and the evening meal should be dry grain as much as they will eat. Wheat is the best single grain for fowls, but they do best on a variety. With proper treatment early pullets will soon begin to lay, and if near a city the eggs will bring fancy prices for some months yet. Even when not convenient to a city fowls can be made to yield from one to two dollars per head yearly, but don't keep them till they are over three years old. You must remember to clean out the house often, and always keep a dust-bath of ashes or dry earth for the hens to dust themselves in. They should, in addition to their ordinary food, have ready access to gravel, broken oyster shells or broken delf with occasionally a supply of bones broken up fine.

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THE WRECK OF THE "GROSVENOR."

James Payne, in *Harper's Handy Series.*

(Continued.)

The country now grew mountainous, and much more difficult to traverse. They saw no paths but such as were made by lions and tigers, a path which they had to make up huge fires at night; yet even these were preferable to such fellow-creatures as were to be found in that inhospitable land. Every morning, while their strength lasted, one of their number climbed a tree to examine the direction of the coast-line to which they kept as close as was possible. They presently became too weak to gather fuel for more than one fire, into which they put the few oysters and mussels they could collect, as they had no other means (having been long ago plundered of their knives) to open them. Their watches, as I have said, were gone, and the sun was their only timepiece. At first with a nail fashioned into a knife they cut notches in a stick for week-days, and one across for Sundays; but they lost the stick in crossing a river, after which "days, weeks, and months" went by without record. One day they found a dead whale upon the shore, a sight which filled them with ecstasy. As they had no means of cutting it up, they made a fire upon it, after which they cut out the parts thus grilled with oyster-shells.

The sight of a fine level country now led them to hope that they had got beyond Caffraria and reached the Dutch settlements. This caused them to strike inland, but they had soon to return to the coast again for food.

The strength of the whole party now began to fail. Captain Talbot sat down several times to rest himself, and the rest did the same; "but the captain repeating this too often through weariness," they presently went on and left him. His faithful servant, however, observing his master in that condition, went back, and was observed to sit down by him. "Neither of the two was ever more seen or heard of."

The wanderers still occasionally came across the natives. Once, on arriving at a village, they obtained a young bullock in exchange for buttons, a few of which the savages had left on their coats; and that the distribution of this godsend might be equal he whole was cut in pieces, and, just as we have seen done with cake at school, one of the party, standing with his back to it, named the person who should have the piece held up. But generally the natives denied them everything. Once they strove to barter some poor relic of their property for a calf, which the others appeared to agree to, "but no sooner had they got the price than the calf was driven away."

On one occasion only did they exhibit the slightest pity. On the party coming upon another dead whale, a band of natives surrounded them, but on their perceiving their sad condition, and that there was really nothing more to steal, they forebore to molest them, and one of them even lent his lance, with which some chunks of blubber were cut out.

A little afterwards they found two planks on a sandy bank, in each of which was a nail. "Elated," as we are told, "with this valuable discovery," they set fire to the planks, and getting out the nails, "flattened them between two stones into something like knives." A few yards further on, by turning up the sand, they found water of which they had been much in want; and here with much thankfulness they rested. This was the last day of what seemed to these poor souls good fortune.

They did indeed fall in with a dead shark, but it was in such an advanced stage of decay that "the liver only could be eaten."

Nay, driven by the extremity of hunger, the carpenter ate of some deadly berries, and was poisoned. Now this man it was who from the first, until the hour of his death, had taken care of the little boy; who had striven to relieve those fatigues which his tender limbs could so little endure; "who had heard his complaints with pity; who had fed him when he could obtain without to do it," and had lulled his weary little body to rest.

No human work more commends itself to our admiration than that of this poor carpenter, who reminds us, indeed, of the Carpenter's Son with His "Suffer little children to come unto Me." Even at this distant time, when that poor boy has been a hundred years "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest," the tears rise to our eyes when we think of his forlorn condition, deprived of his noble protector.

"I will take him," said the steward, however, who had now succeeded to the command; and that good man kept his word. The natives never gave them so much as a drink of water, though "now and then the women gave a draught of milk to the little boy," and the whole party began to break down from sheer fatigue and privation. When this took place, from hard necessity there was no chance but for the rest to leave them.

Only they never dreamed of leaving the boy. "It was marvellous," we are told, how he supported the journey (and, alas! how much more marvellous, since he was fated not to survive it after all). "Where the path was even and good," says John Hynes, in his simple fashion, "the child walked, and was able to keep pace with the party; when they came to deep sand or long grass, the people carried him by turns." His only duty was to keep their fire alight while they explored the sand for food.

It will be remembered that, having no flint and steel, they always carried torches; and once, in rounding a bluff to shorten the way, the surf put them out, they came, however, upon the remains of a fire which some Caffre women had lighted, "and joyfully rekindled them." In crossing the rivers where there was a ford, they tied their rags in a bundle, fastened it round their heads, and in it they stuck their brands, and thus kept them dry. Sometimes great storms would come on, and the rain fall so heavily that the men had to hold their canvas frocks over their fire to prevent its being extinguished. Without fire they would have been lost indeed.

Many times, from causes over which they had no control, the little party separated, but they never forgot one another. Those before used to write upon the sand whatever direction could be of benefit to those behind, such as, "Turn in here, and you will find wood and water." It makes the heart bleed to think that so much tenderness and good-fellowship, maintained under such trying circumstances, should have failed in the end, and have been shown, as it were, for nothing. And yet it was not for nothing. It is impossible to believe that those brave men have not gained their reward, and a great reward for their terrible sufferings. And as to "use," it should be of great and good use to us all to have such an example set before us.

Sometimes those left behind would turn up again, having proceeded, when a little refreshed, by some shorter way; but they had always the same tale of ill-usage and privation to tell. Hynes himself, having been wounded by the natives, was left for dead on one occasion; but recollecting the way his companions intended to pursue, by great

exertions he overtook them. "I shall bear the scar of that lance wound to my grave," he says.

One day the cooper died, and was buried in the sand. This happened in Hynes' absence, and as he had an affection for the man, he asked to be shown the spot; but on arriving at it, the body had already been dug up and carried away by some wild animal, as could be perceived by its foot-prints. The steward and his charge were now taken ill, and since the rest could not find it in their hearts to leave the child, they stayed with him. "Having prepared early in the morning whatever could be obtained for breakfast, and willing to treat his tender frame with all the indulgence in their power, they meant to call him when everything was ready. He still rested near the fire, where all had slept during the night before; but on going to wake him, they found his soul had taken flight to another world." These are the words in which John Hynes describes the misfortune which he evidently considers the worst that had hitherto befallen them. As for the steward, "the loss," we are told, "of one who had been so long the object of his care nearly overcame him. It was with the utmost difficulty that his companions got him along."

Presently Robert Fitzgerald asks for a shell of water; Hynes supplies him with one, which he drinks with great avidity. He then asks for another, which "having received, he swallows with equal relish, and laying himself down, instantly expires." They all thought this a very happy death, and were envious of it. Then William Fuel sinks exhausted on the sand; his companions from necessity go on to seek wood and water, but promised to return to him. Turning their eyes back, they see him crawling after them; but on returning for him after a few hours, they find that some wild beast has carried him away.

It would be painful to describe in detail what they now suffered; "former distresses were not to be compared to it." One after another drops from exhaustion; the rest "shake hands with him, and recommending him to Heaven for that assistance which they themselves cannot afford, leave him to expire." The party of forty-three are at length reduced to three, John Hynes, Evans, and Wormington, and the senses of even these are so impaired that they can hardly hear or see. One morning the torments of thirst became so intolerable that Wormington begs the two others to cast lots with him as to who shall die for the rest, that by drinking his blood the other two may survive. To which Hynes replies that if he (Hynes) drops, they may do what they will with him, but as long as he can walk he will consent to no such thing. The idea is then abandoned by common consent, nor is it renewed when Wormington falls, and "with one feeble effort to rise, stretches himself on the shore, burying his right hand in the sand."

The next morning the two survivors perceive some objects which to their failing powers look like "large birds." They turn out to be four of their own party, who had been left behind, now nearly blind and almost reduced to idiocy. It was a most ghastly meeting. Since they could no longer search narrowly for food, they would certainly have now starved to death but for watching the motions of certain sea-birds, which, after scratching in the sand, they perceived let something drop out of their beaks. On searching for themselves, the poor men found that the birds were catching shell fish which had burrowed in the sand.

On the one hundred and seventeenth day

of their journey (though they knew nothing themselves of dates) these six unfortunates at last met with a European—a Dutch settler. "Their joy was such that, combined with their weak condition, it could only be expressed by convulsive movements." But "after gaining some composure," they learned they were within the limits of the settlement, and not above three hundred miles from the Cape of Good Hope.

They were received with the utmost hospitality, which it seemed was offered with some imprudence, since on being supplied with bread and milk, "their voracity was such as to have almost proved their destruction." After being carefully nursed, and, in some degree recovered, they were forwarded in carts to the nearest town, which was two hundred miles distant. "During the whole way, wherever they passed the night, the farmers assembling to hear their sad story, and supplying them with all of which they stood in need."

Nay, notwithstanding that England and Holland were then at war, the Dutch Governor of the Cape of Good Hope despatched a very strong expedition through the country in quest of the other castaways, should any still remain. They met William Hubberley, servant of the second mate staggering on alone, "melancholy and forlorn." On other parts of the road they met seven Lascars and two of the black female servants. From these they learned that five days after the ship's company had separated another division of the party took place, but what had become of the others they knew not. They had seen the Captain's coat, however, on one of the natives, from which they gathered that he was dead. No further information could be obtained, and so violent was the opposition of the Caffres that the expedition was compelled to return.

Seven years afterwards Colonel Gordon, while travelling in Caffraria, was informed by a native that there was a white woman among his countrymen, with a child whom she frequently embraced, and over whom she wept bitterly. Bad health compelled the Colonel to return home, but he sent her a letter in French, Dutch, and English, begging that some sign, such as a burned stick, or other token, might be returned in answer to it, when every exertion should be made for her recovery; but nothing more was ever heard of her. Nevertheless, for years there was a general belief at the Cape that some of the unfortunate ladies still survived, who had it in their power to return, but that having been compelled to marry Caffre chieftains, and "apprehending that their place in society was lost, and that they should be degraded in the eyes of their equals," they resolved to abide where they were.

THE END.

THE ACCOUNT OF THE formal crowning of King Leopold as king of the Congo State says that Colonel Winton, mounted upon a tribune covered with a tiger skin, and shaded by the hairy spoil of a lion, received the chiefs of the tribes between Banana and Boma in the name of King Leopold. A salute of cannon, a small military display, with great hand-shaking and distribution of presents, were the features of the occasion. It was made clear to the natives that the Portuguese had yielded all claim to the dominion of the territory, and that thenceforth the people were to look to their new governors for the settlement of all disputes. The chiefs went away with apparent satisfaction, and a banquet closed the festivities. From Banana Colonel Winton departed up the river to repeat the ceremonies of proclamation. It is not unlikely that new tales of horror may follow on the heels of this formal beginning, especially so while the present restrictions upon the free sale of firearms and rum to the natives are continued.

(For the Weekly Messenger.)
THE WOMAN'S WORLD.

It is almost the universal custom to have plum pudding for Christmas dinner. It is said that the Christmas plum pudding is emblematic of the offerings of the wise men of the East to the infant Jesus. This is very probably true, but how good, frankincense and myrrh were associated with our Christmas dish we cannot quite see. It is likely that an emblem for the gifts of the wise men has been handed down from generation to generation and has gradually changed its form until it has taken the form of the Christmas plum pudding.

However that may be we are sure that the great majority of our readers regard plum pudding and Christmas as two inseparable things. And we therefore give a recipe for

THE CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING.

When plum pudding can be made and partially cooked days before using it seems a pity to put off preparing that important Christmas dish to the last day and thus hinder the other culinary preparations.

We give below a good recipe for a plum pudding in which no brandy is used:

Recipe.—Put in a large basin one pound of fine malaga raisins, picked and stoned; one pound of best currants well washed in several waters, dried in a coarse cloth and carefully picked; three quarters of a pound of powdered loaf or fine brown sugar; one pound of sweet beef suet; eight ounces of thinly sliced candied peel (citron, lemon and orange) mixed; and five ounces of finely chopped sweet almonds; five ounces of flour, and five ounces of fine bread crumbs. Add a grated nutmeg or half a stick of powdered cinnamon and a teaspoonful of salt, and mix the whole thoroughly with a little milk and ten well beaten eggs.

This pudding may either be boiled in a well floured cloth or in a pudding mould tied up in a cloth. Put in a large pot—a clothes boiler will answer the purpose—full of boiling water, letting it boil freely six hours, and if in a mould, one hour longer. Then turn out carefully and cover the top with powdered sugar. If cooked a few days before it is wanted the pudding should be boiled an hour less. Then, just before using, put it in boiling water another hour. In making this pudding care must be taken to keep the water boiling and to have the pudding well covered with water.

SAUCE FOR PLUM PUDDING.

To half a pound of melted butter, add three teaspoonfuls of powdered sugar. Flavor with grated lemon rind, nutmeg, cinnamon and a few bitter almonds ground. Simmer and serve hot.

MINCE PIE

is another dish which in many homes is considered quite indispensable at Christmas time. Like the plum pudding, mince pies have their significance. They used always to be made in a long oval shape to represent the manger in which our Saviour was laid. The paste over the "offering" was made in the form of a hay-rack.

For mince-meat you will want the ingredients in the proportions we give. The amounts, of course, may be greatly reduced, but as some people are accustomed to make mince-meat enough at one time to last them all through the winter we give the larger amounts. For mince-meat: 2 lbs. of raisins, 3 lbs. of currants, 1½ lbs. of lean beef, 3 lbs. of beef suet, 2 lbs. of moist sugar, 2 oz. of citron, 2 oz. of candied lemon peel, 2 oz. of candied orange peel, 1 small nutmeg, 1½ gallons of apples, the rind of two lemons and the juice of one. Stone and cut the raisins once or twice across, but don't chop them; wash the currants, dry and pick them free from stalks and grit; mince the beef and suet, taking care that the latter is chopped very fine; slice the citron and candied peel, grate the nutmeg and pare, core and mince the apples; mince the lemon peel, strain the juice, and when all the ingredients are thus prepared mix them well together; press the whole into a jar, carefully exclude the air and the mince-meat will be ready for use in a couple of days.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

In continuance of our idea of getting persons to make their own holiday gifts as much as possible we give the directions necessary to make an ornamental and useful matchbox.

Cut from heavy pasteboard a star measuring six inches in diameter; cover with red plush drawn smoothly over it and glued to

the back of the star. Take a small square tin box, cover the two sides and front with red plush, run a band of fancy ribbon diagonally across its face. Paste a piece of sand paper on the lower end, and attach this box to the star by strong thread passed through holes in the back of the box and corresponding holes in the star. All that is necessary to finish is a hole through the upper end of the star through which a screw may be driven into the wall. Of course this match box may be modified in many ways. There may be a receiver for burnt matches as well as for the usual ones and in place of having it screwed to the wall it may be hung up like a picture by fastening a piece of wire string or ribbon to the back of the star.

SCHOOLROOM AND PLAYGROUNDS.

Here are a few questions and answers from a recent competitive examination in England. The report is claimed to be official. All the answers were not given by the same individual, but all were by young men supposed to be educated: A student was asked, "Who was Ean?" His reply was, "Ean was a man who wrote fables, and sold the copyright to a publisher for a bottle of potash." Another student was asked to give some account of Wolsey. His reply was, "Wolsey was a famous general who fought in the Crimean war, and who, after being decapitated several times, said to Cromwell, 'Ah, if I had only served you as you have served me, I would not have been deserted in my old age.'" "What was the Star Chamber?" Answer: "An astronomer's room." "What was meant by the 'year of jubilee'?" Answer: "Leap-year." "What was the 'Bronze Age'?" Answer: "When the new pennies became current coin of the realm." "What are the 'Letters of Junius'?" Answer: "Letters written in the month of June." "What is the Age of Reason?" Answer: "The time that has elapsed since the person of that name was born."

IOWA LEADS the United States in the lack of illiteracy, the percentage being only 1.2 less than that of any other state. This is owing to the fact that a large majority of her people are native Americans, and of her foreigners Germans, who are generally not found in the illiterate ranks, and a lesser number of Scandinavians, whose percentage in that direction is not larger.

AT ZURICH, women form one-tenth of the actual number of students at the University, namely, forty-five. Of these, two are studying political science, fourteen philosophy, and twenty-nine medicine. Fifteen only of these ladies are Swiss by birth, and ten of them are Russian.

TOBACCO AND SCHOLARSHIP.

One of the professors of the Polytechnic School of Paris inquired into the habits of the one hundred and sixty students there, and then made a comparison between their devotions to study and to smoke. He found that one hundred and two were smokers, and fifty-eight never used, or said they never used, the noxious weed. He then found that in each grade of the school the students who did not smoke outrank those who did smoke, and that the scholarship of the smokers steadily deteriorated as the smoking continued.

On account of several trustworthy reports of such a nature, the minister of public instruction in France issued a circular to the directors of colleges and schools forbidding tobacco to students, as injurious to physical and intellectual development. The *Catholic Guardian* is an authority for the statement that the youth of Catholic colleges are not allowed to use tobacco in any way, and to this fact is attributed much of their proficiency in mathematics and the other branches which wear more particularly on the intellects than some others.—*Christian Union*.

FAGGING AT RUGBY.

St. Nicholas gives an account of the important custom of fagging at Rugby. "All new comers are purposely allowed a fortnight's grace that they may carefully study the duties exacted of them. It is with fagging as with foot-ball and hare-and-hounds. Its greatest days are past. Think of a boy having to warm three or four beds on a cold night by lying in them until the heat of his body had destroyed their chill, and then having to rise at four o'clock in the morning to run two miles to the Avon

to attend to the fishing-lines of the sixth-form boys, and then to be back in time for first lesson! Fancy his being obliged to form one of a team of four or twelve in harness, to be raced around the school-yard, or "close," by the preceptors of the Four-in-hand Club, and compelled to make flower-beds for the same mighty beings, having half a pewter spoon and a whole fork for his only garden tools, and the flowers to be supplied by fair means or foul! Yet these were a few of the services expected of fags in the days when "there were giants in the land," as a Rugby song says. Now they are treated with much more leniency. Only the sixth-form boys are allowed to have fags. The younger boys must wait on them at breakfast, tea, and supper, run their errands to the nearest pastry-cook shop, clean out their studies, attend to their wants in the dormitories, and sometimes "field" for them at cricket. As in several other public schools, when the sixth-form boy or preceptor wants anything, he calls out "F.a.a.g!" in answer to which call all the fagging boys must run, the last to arrive having to do the work. It is but for a short time, fortunately, that fagging is really a serious and perhaps tiresome duty. For the rule is that during a boy's first term, he must run at the first call; during his second, he need only answer the second, and so on; so that at the end of his second school year he has comparatively little to do as a fag.

OSTRICH FARMING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The former rude way of procuring ostrich feathers, by hunting and killing the bird, threatened to exterminate the ostrich, and it is a matter of surprise that its domestication was not undertaken much earlier than it was. In 1864, Mr. L. von Mallitz gave to the Agricultural Society of Cape Town, South Africa, an account of his experiment with seventeen ostriches. His result encouraged others, and ostrich farming soon became an established industry in South Africa. Ostrich farming has been followed to a limited extent in South America, and it has been commenced in South California. There are vast tracts on our Southern border that might be utilized for this industry, should no unexpected obstacle present itself. As that country is the home of the cactus family, an abundance of ostrich food is already provided.

About nine miles from Graaf-Reinet, Cape Colony, South Africa, is a farm, thirteen thousand acres in extent, belonging to Mr. Charlwood, who is one of the largest and most successful ostrich-farmers in the Colony. On this farm there are no less than fifty-six pairs of breeding ostriches. These are paired off, each pair being kept in a camp of about twelve acres, inclosed by wire fencing, and covering, in all, about six hundred and fifty acres. Besides the breeding birds, he has about two hundred which are kept for plucking, and a number of chickens. Breeding birds are worth up to two hundred and fifty dollars per pair, plucking birds about fifty dollars each, and chickens from the shell are valued at seven dollars and a half each. The market value of the feathers from a full grown ostrich for a year, averages about thirty two dollars. This will give some idea of the large revenue Mr. Charlwood receives from his ostriches. The farm on which Mr. Charlwood keeps the ostriches is so dry that not so much as cabbage will grow upon it, and the ostriches are fed, in times of drouth, on a species of cactus, known as the prickly pear. This is cut by a machine made for the purpose in America. At the present time, Mr. Charlwood has about one hundred and fifty chickens, which are taken from the nests as soon as hatched and fed by hand with green food which has to be brought from a village some miles away. Mr. Charlwood, in feeding the birds, uses tons of bones, limestone, etc., and employs a small army of native servants. The breeding birds must be supplied with water and food daily, which means that sixty-five troughs of water, dotted over six hundred and fifty acres of ground, have to be filled, and each camp supplied with cut up prickly pears and other food. The water is hauled from a dam some miles away from the camps. The plucking birds are herded like sheep and roam all over the farm. The engraving which we publish is copied from the *American Agriculturist* for which paper the group of plucking ostriches was photographed. The above account is taken from the same paper.

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A SAN FRANCISCO paper has pointed out one of the ways in which gold disappears from circulation. It estimates that in these days of poor teeth most adults have at least five shillings worth of gold in their mouths and every generation will probably bury in the cemeteries of the United States alone ten millions sterling in gold. Four or five times this estimate would be required for all the countries of the world.

YOUNG FOLKS.

A CURIOUS CUSTOM.

The Egyptians had a funeral tribunal, by which the dead were tried before they could be buried. After death every Egyptian was brought before this tribunal, and if convicted of having in his life acted unworthily he was denied a place in the burial place of his ancestors. This was a great disgrace to his family, and according to the Egyptian theology it deprived the spirit of the deceased of an entrance into heaven. One of the things which caused the infliction of this mark of disgrace was that of dying in debt. If, however, the children or friends of the deceased should pay his debts, as they sometimes did, he was allowed to be buried. Such an institution as this must have had a powerful effect upon the conduct of the people in their commercial transactions with each other. A man who knew that every act of dishonesty, unfair representation, falsehood or trickery, which he might practise in the course of business, might be remembered and uttered to the disgrace of his family over his dead body, would be cautious not to give occasion to such a procedure. As we have no exact information with regard to the mode of trial, we may perhaps be allowed to picture to our imagination the form of the proceedings.

Let us suppose it was somewhat like this:—An Egyptian merchant dies—the day arrives for the investigation of his conduct. The hall of judgment is thronged with citizens; the body, followed by a long train of mourning relatives is brought in, and placed in the midst; and judges take their seats, and the whole assembly is hushed into silence. An officer of the Court proclaims—“If any of you know any just cause or impediment why the body of our deceased fellow citizen should not be committed to the grave, ye are now to declare it.” A voice—“I object to the burial, for I had often dealings with the deceased and I could never depend upon his word.” Another voice—“I object to the burial, for the deceased attempted to injure my character in order to get away my customers.” A third voice—“I object to the burial, for he lived at a most extravagant rate, when he knew he was unable to pay his debts.” A fourth voice—“I object to the burial, for he made over his property to a friend, and then took the benefit of the Insolvent Debtors' Act. The Judges rise and exclaim, “Enough! enough! Take him away! Take him away! You may throw the body to be devoured by the beasts of the field, or to the fowls of the air; but never let the earth be polluted by receiving into its bosom the worthless remnant of so vile a man.”

MOTHER'S PIE.

Nearly all young wives have a horror of hearing their husband say that such and such a dish “don't taste like mother's cooking.” Young housekeepers who have thus suffered will rejoice over the victory of Mrs. Jones, and the complete annihilation of Mr. Jones. Mrs. Jones (newly married)—How do you like this pie, Mr. Jones?
Mr. Jones—It is rather good, but somehow it don't taste like the pies my mother used to bake. You ought to go around and get her recipe. Did you bake this?
Mrs. Jones—No.
Mr. Jones—Ah, who did?
Mrs. Jones—Your mother baked it, and sent it around. She thought you would like it.—N. Y. Graphic.

HE SAW HIS FATHER.

“Father,” he began, after taking the old man out back of the barn, “your years are many.”

“Yes, my son.”
“You have toiled early and late, and by the sweat of your brow you have amassed this big farm.”

“That's so, William.”
“It has pained me more than I can tell to see you, at your age, troubling yourself with the cares of life. Father, your declining days should be spent in the old armchair in the chimney corner.”

“Yes, William, they should.”
“Now, father, you being old and feeble and helpless, give me a deed of the farm and you and mother live out your few remaining days with me and Sally.”

“William,” said the old man as he pushed back his sleeves, “I think I see the drift of them remarks. When I'm ready to start for the poorhouse I'll play fool and hand over the deed! William!”

“Yes, sir.”
“In order to dispel any delusion on your part that I'm old and feeble and helpless, I'm going to knock down half an acre of cornstalks with your heels.”

And when the convention finally adjourned, William crawled to the nearest haystack and cautiously whispered to himself:

“And Sally was to broach the same thing to ma at the same time! I wonder if she's mortally injured or only crippled for life!”

HE TWISTED HER TAIL.

It was a cow, with mild brown eyes, Auburn bangs and a tail with a loose lock on the end, that switched the air and knocked imaginary flies into the hereafter with a snap. She was being led down West street toward the Cortlandt street Ferry by a ferocious-looking Jerseyman, whose complexion, owing to the cold weather and hot whiskey, was red as a meteoric sunset.

Suddenly, with what was apparently unnecessary cruelty, the Jerseyman struck the cow across the flank with a club, swung his arms over his head, danced a maddening double-shuffle in the street, and sat down with a strange rapidity upon a car-rail. The cow looked over her shoulder reprovingly, and stood in her tracks. The Jerseyman arose from the impression he had made upon the ice, smoothed his coat-tails, carelessly, and started toward the cow. He rapped her once, spat on his hands, rapped her twice, put his shoulder against her side—all to move her out of the tracks of the drays—but to no avail.

A crowd assembled. The Jerseyman got lots of sympathy but no assistance. One man suggested that she had frozen fast; another that she was undecided about the policy of the new Board of Aldermen. The owner went a few yards ahead, grinned a ghastly grin, and shaking his club behind him in a suppressed fury pleaded in persuasive tones, “Come, Mooly—Come, Mooly—Mooly.” But Mooly saw the club.

At last from the crowd stepped a lank and unshaven specimen of a ‘longshoreman. He was gifted with a wisdom beyond his kind. He drew the owner of the cow aside and whispered in his ear: “Twist her tail.” The Jerseyman shook his head. Then, as though bidding for the support of the multitude, the ‘longshoreman raised his arm and making a sweeping gesture exclaimed:

“Gents, I says twist her tail.”
“Twist it yerself,” was the answer.
A glance of scorn upon the crowd, and the ‘longshoreman bared his brawny arm

and stepped up to the cow. He took the love-lock in his hand; ran his fingers through it and clenched them, grasped the middle of the tail with his left hand, and tried to tie a knot. An agonizing silence, which was broken by a groan and dotted with a broad-brimmed hat, a pair of suspenders, and the arms and legs of a ‘longshoreman doing calisthenics in the frosty air. The battered remains of the ‘longshoreman were carried away muttering. The cow after she had replaced her hind hoofs on the ground was led on to the ferry by the Jerseyman, who observed as he paid his fare:

“Takes more'n a Yorker to learn me lessons.”

GREAT STRENGTH OF THE ANCIENTS.

Physical superiority of the ante Alexandrian Greeks to the hardiest and most robust nations of modern times, is perhaps best illustrated by the military statistics of Xenophon. According to the author of the “Anabasis,” the complete accoutrements of the Spartan soldier, in what we would call heavy marching order, weighed seventy-five pounds, exclusive of the camp, mining, and bridge-building tools, and the rations of bread and dried fruit which were issued in weekly instalments and increased the burden of the infantry soldier to ninety, ninety-five, or even to fully a hundred pounds. This load was often carried at the rate of four miles an hour for twelve hours per diem, day after day; and only in the burning deserts of southern Syria the commander of the Grecian auxiliaries thought it prudent to shorten the usual length of a day's march.

HOW AN EMPEROR RIDES.

The train which is always used by the Emperor and Empress of Russia for long journeys consists of sixteen carriages, of which the first is a kitchen; and then comes one for police agents, one for the military suite, two for members of the household, and three for the imperial family, each grand duke having an entirely separate compartment, which can be fitted for either day or night use. The carriage of the empress has a spacious sleeping compartment, with a hammock-bed, furniture of ebony, utensils of silver, and an immense looking-glass. There is a bath-room completely fitted, and a compartment for the lady-in-waiting. The empress' sitting room contains a writing-table, a sofa, and easy chairs. The emperor's sleeping carriage is fitted with olive green leather, and only contains a bed and a dressing-table and bath. Then comes a sitting-room, fitted very simply; and lastly the dining-room, which is furnished with carved oak, and merely contains tables, chairs, and a sideboard. There is communication throughout the train from one end to the other.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE LECTURE.

Archdeacon Farrar recently addressed a meeting in New York on the subject of Total Abstinence. He told in a simple way some of the reasons that had made him become a total abstainer. About ten years ago he had become convinced that the use of alcohol was not necessary. He knew that whole nations—and the most highly-civilized nations—had existed before it was discovered. He had constantly had before his eyes the fact that criminals, who for the most part had been accustomed from childhood to the habitual use of intoxicants, never suffered in the least from being made compulsorily “sober by act of Parliament.” Men who went into prison feeble and emaciated came

out robust and strong, and women who went in perfectly wretched and horrible emerged in the bloom of health, if not of beauty. He had also given due weight to the testimony of the greatest English physicians, who agreed that those who eat well and sleep well have the best contributors to health and vigor, and that men can do without alcohol and are better without it. He had concluded that he, for one, had better give it up; he did give it up, and had never suffered a single day. He referred his hearers to many standard works of English history, in no way written with the remotest intent of benefiting the temperance cause in which the most unanswerable truths stood forth to trumpet the necessity of a temperance reform. He would ask them to read Mr. Trevelyan's brilliant life of Charles James Fox, and they would learn how nearly all the public men of that day were afflicted with the gout—the consequence of much dissipation. He would commend them Sir John Kay's and Mr. Kinglake's histories, the former of which told how battles were lost in India because of drunkenness, and the latter of which declared that the British soldiers in the Crimea were brave as lions though gentle as women, when they did not degrade themselves by drinking. He would remind them how Lecky, in his “History of European Morals,” had singled out the year 1724 as one prolific of calamity to England, because in that year the gin manufacture was begun.

TEMPERANCE.

DEAR EDITOR,—I think that if there is one thing that should engage the attention of the young more than any other that subject is temperance. I think that the subject of temperance affords a wide field for discussion. Some people who profess to be lovers of temperance think that there is no harm in taking a glass of beer or cider. I, for one, believe that it is just as bad to drink beer or cider as it is to drink brandy or whiskey, for any well informed person knows that in nine cases out of ten the drunkard begins his downward course with cider or beer. The young man who now and then takes a glass of cider or beer, saying that he can stop when he wants to, will find ere long that he has created an appetite for intoxicating drink which he cannot control. The only safe plan with regard to strong drink is to leave it entirely alone, touch, taste, or handle not the beverage which year by year drags its tens of thousands down to dishonorable graves. May the day speedily come when the banner of prohibition shall wave over our dearly beloved Canada—when the last dram-shop shall cease its accursed work.

WALTER E. PETERS.

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