

# Weekly Messenger

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## The Weekly Messenger.

### ATTACKED BY A PANTHER.

Seven miles south of Bedford, Pennsylvania, near the village of Chaneyville, are extensive forests, which stretch away in all directions for many miles. The road from there northward to this town leads through these large forests which for some time past have been the haunt of panthers and other wild animals. A few days ago, in the evening, Philip Swartzwelder was returning home on horseback by this road from Chaneyville, and just as he passed a peculiarly rocky part of the woods a large panther sprang into the road and attacked him. The ferocious beast leaped upon the horse and clawed Swartzwelder terribly, tearing his coat and pantaloons from the shoulder down the side, along the leg and lacerating his leg from the hip nearly to the knee. The horse became frightened and in its frantic plunging the panther lost his grip and fell off. The horse and rider made good their escape. This is the second experience of this kind Swartzwelder has had within a short time. He may think himself fortunate for it is seldom that the panther is cheated out of his prey. A few days ago another gentleman was followed by a panther for several rods. Panthers have lately been heard crying in the woods by a large number of persons in the neighborhood of Chaneyville, and have been seen by several persons

### KING THEBAW.

Now that difficulty is expected in Burmah all that can be learned concerning that monster of cruelty, King Thebaw, will be of interest. On one occasion the King, having got uproariously drunk on three large bottles of raw whiskey, put over seventy of his relatives to death. He had them thrown head-foremost down wells and then crushed to death by heavy stones

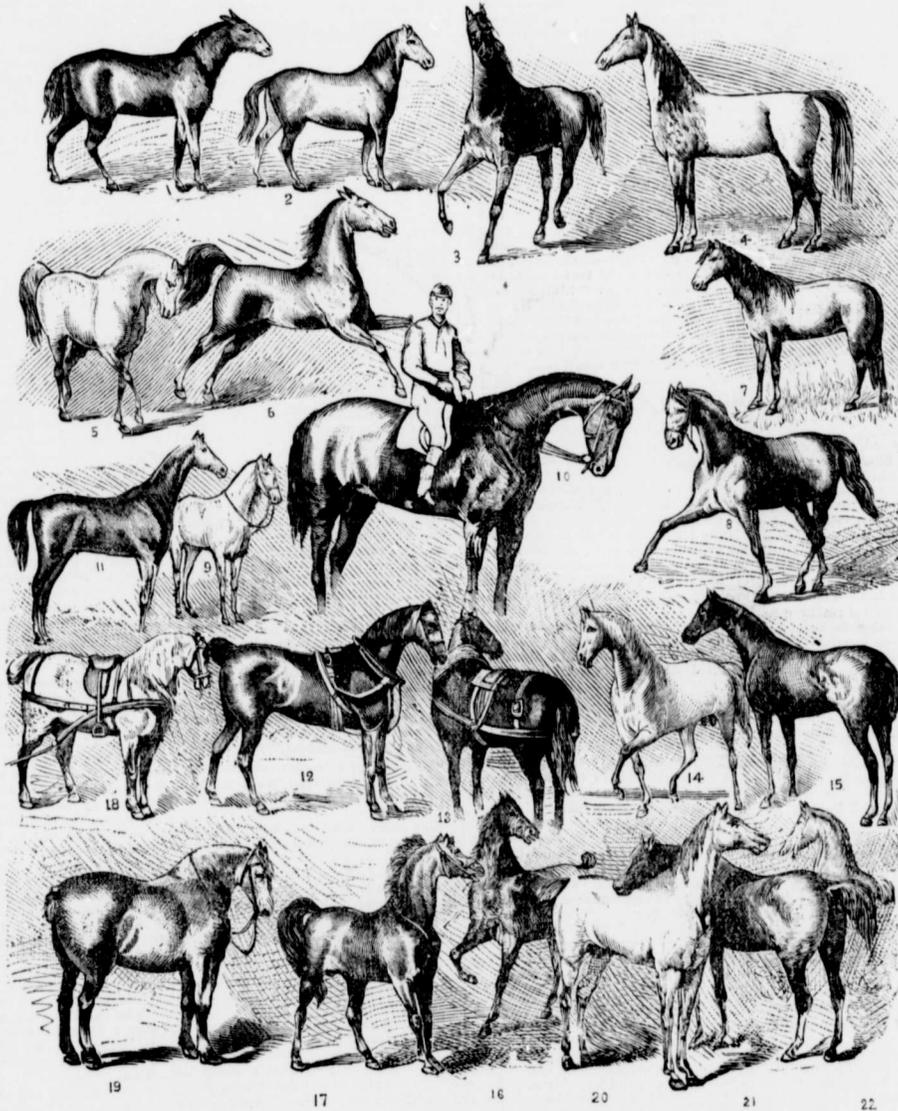
which were thrown on top of them. For six months the King apparently reformed for he committed no further monstrosities, but now his evil passions have again got the better of him.

In a letter recently received from Burmah a characteristic sketch is given, in illustration of the state of the country under its present ruler, in which it is stated that at Sagine there is what is called the king's

workshop, which was erected at the instance of the last ruler at an enormous expense, his idea being to build steamers for his own and the country's use. The ship-building yard is at Mandalay, and the place at Sagine was designed as a foundry, in which cast and wrought iron were to be treated. Two large furnaces, fifteen boilers, three furnaces for cast iron, seven large engines, five rolling mills for bar iron, and a quantity of other machinery (including a large steam hammer, lathes, punching and shearing machines and stone ore crushers) has been put down.

All that is required is to start the fires and raise steam, yet this valuable property is meantime overgrown with the products of the soil. The large steam hammer is twined round with beautiful crimson creepers; from out of one of the furnaces grows a large prickly cactus; the rolling mills are shaded with large tree ferns. The machinery, however, is not rusted, though nearly ten years have elapsed since the last king died. The works were suspended at his death, and the present king will neither spend more money on the undertaking nor sell it to others.

As King Thebaw still declines to deal fairly with the Indian trading company whose goods his government forfeited, troops and war materials are being sent out from Calcutta to make him submit. Burmese troops are also being mustered and altogether things look adverse to peace. Burmah will of course be the loser if there should be war.



USEFUL EUROPEAN BREEDS OF HORSES AND THEIR ANCESTORS.

1, WILD TARPAN; 2, KIAND; 3, ARABIAN HORSE "TURKMAN-ATTI"; 4, ARABIAN "TAJAR"; 5, MOROCCO BARR; 6, CIRCASSIAN; 7, HORSE OF THE RUSSIAN STEPPES; 8, OLEOFF, OF RUSSIA; 9, MOLDAVIAN; 10, ENGLISH THOROUGHBRED RACE-HORSE; 11, ENGLISH HUNTER; 12, CLEVELAND BAY; 13, SUFFOLK PUNCH; 14, ANDALUSIAN HORSE, OF SPAIN; 15, LIMOUSINE, OF FRANCE; 16, MELLEBAUD, OF FRANCE; 17, CROSTEN, OF FRANCE; 18, FERCHERON, OF FRANCE; 19, BULOANNESE, OF FRANCE; 20, IMPROVED MCKLENBURG; 21, 22, IMPROVED PRUSSIAN HORSES.

## HOW BILLY WENT UP IN THE WORLD.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.  
A NEW IMPULSE.

All went well with Billy in the very first weeks at the academy. His work at Doctor Higley's stable was not at all burdensome, and there were as yet no other tasks about the house to perform. In school he easily acquired the good will of the teachers and of his fellow-students. His room-mate was a tall, delicate fellow, with such refined, quiet ways that he made Billy feel at first shy and awkward; but Ned Fenton put on no airs of superiority. He frankly admired Billy's "muscle." He added his finer contributions to the furniture of their room without any parade; and after a little good-natured rallery at Prissy's taste in bed-quilts, won Billy's favor. Ned was the only son of a clergyman's widow. He was cared for and educated by his wealthy grandmother, with whom his mother, who had been left poor, made her home. He had never been strong, so he had become rather self-indulgent. Billy could hardly think him lazy; yet when not, as he frequently was, excited by fun making, or interested in the pursuit, most congenial to his tastes, Ned seemed to dread exertion, mental or physical. He would lie in bed in the morning until an hour which Billy thought ridiculously late; then would get up with an abused, dogged air, half assumed and comical, half real and felt. The next thing in order was the making of his strong coffee of which he drank inordinately; then he was ready for study. When Billy left him, at an early hour in the evening, he had usually disposed of his lessons—for he learned rapidly—and was deep in some old book or new magazine. It seemed to his simple room-mate that Ned had read every book known in literature; and he looked up to him as to a superior intellect. In fact, young Fenton had good literary taste; he had also a quick, sensitive mind, appreciative of the best, if not powerful in all its workings.

It was a rule of the Academy that every student on the "fourth story" should attend some church on Sunday morning. It was old Uncle Zeph's duty to see that every fellow was out of his room by half-past ten. Very few attempted to cheat him, and fewer succeeded in so doing; but occasionally boys who were not in their rooms on Sunday were not to church.

From the first Billy had, according to his promise made to Mrs. Ellery, gone regularly to the church which Nan attended, and he also entered a Sunday-school class. He might not have done this last unsolicited, but as he stood in the church vestibule, after the morning service one Sunday, a gentleman asked him into a Bible class. He found a little to his surprise, Ned Fenton seated in the class, as if he had long belonged there. It was evident that the latter was at home in such places. He answered readily questions on matters of religious belief and practice, when the other members of the class seemed, like Billy, unable to bring much of an answer out of any inner experience, or promptly to compose one from thoughtful observation. This puzzled Billy somewhat, but he reflected that Ned was a minister's son, and must have heard much discussion of religious topics.

Billy's evenings were usually spent in the doctor's office, but this Sunday evening he was at liberty. After supper he said to Ned, who was idly drumming on the window-pane.

"What are you going to do to-night?"

"I don't know. Do you like hymn-singing?"

"That depends. I like some hymns and some singing—my own not much, and yours not at all."

"Humph! Ever go to a gospel meeting?"

"Why, I suppose so. I never went to any other sort."

"I'll wager you have. Well, there's one held by the Young Men's Christian Association, in a hall in Cleaver Street. We'll go."

"Why isn't it in a church?"

"Oh, it is to draw in folks that might not go into a church. They sing well; that is the reason I go sometimes." Ned spoke in a very indifferent tone; but he began to pat on his coat, so Billy arose and followed him.

The "gospel meeting" was like many others held all over the land but it had some new features to Billy. He liked the easy,

informal exercises, the frequent singing by all the people of the inspiring hymns. He had always attended church, because the Ellery family did so, and he considered it right and becoming; but he had never been consciously moved out of his peace of mind by any sermon ever heard.

This night, toward the end of the meeting, his attention wandered, and he was reviewing a certain mathematical problem, when a plain faced, quiet man began to talk, as if he were urging something deeply felt by himself on some one hearer in whom he was personally interested. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," that was his message: for like a message it came slowly and solemnly to Billy. At first he listened because the man meant what he said; then because the man's meaning held him. There was a God. He had always said he believed it; but had he ever realized the awful thought of God and himself, one in relation to the other? Never! God had a kingdom, and reigned in heaven—yes, Billy had calmly accepted that; but he reigned in some human hearts—of that he had not reasoned. As the man told of that reign—that it meant active love; fervent toward the heavenly Father, helpful toward every human creature—meant pardon of sin, help in temptation, a light on all life, an indescribable, wistful sadness took hold of Billy. He had felt it more faintly just once before. It was that spring morning when a tender sunshine rested on the earth, and he, sitting desolate in the old doorway peered in where he could see the white apple blossom around little white Ben; and there stirred in him regret, a sense of something sweet and pure that he was missing. Then he only dully knew that he could not enter that kingdom, which the neighbors whispered about as the home of the child. That, as a result of that longing, he took a long step towards better things by going to the farmer, he was not aware. But to-night, when the man dwelt on the words, "Seek ye," Billy clearly felt that a call had come to him which he must deliberately comply with, or as deliberately refuse. He had not lived these last years in a Christian family without learning, intellectually, what was meant by a Christian life; but, until now, he had never in his heart asked:

"What is my life? What do I want it to be? What ought it to be?"

He looked at Ned, and saw him yawn, as if a little weary of the speaker. The man, and his words, so affected Billy, he had supposed he must be holding everyone's attention.

"They won't sing any more to amount to anything. Let us go," whispered Ned, as the speaker sat down.

Billy felt a sudden desire to get away from the place—perhaps from its influence, and he went out without remonstrance.

"Rather dull to-night; they often are," said Ned, as they sauntered home in the clear starlight.

His companion made no response, he was lost in thought. They soon passed a little shop, half a restaurant, half confectioner's, and Ned stopped before the lighted window.

"Hold on a minute, Knox. I am awfully thirsty. I'll have a glass of beer; don't you want one?"

"No; I'll walk on," returned Billy. "Very well; I'll overtake you. I like beer; I ought to have been a Dutchman. I'll have a keg for home consumption, if it wasn't against Academy rules."

Billy hardly heard him. He had seen so many noisy rum-holes, that this quiet spot in the pretty town did not seem to him very objectionable. He walked along under the trees until Ned caught up with him again.

"Don't you ever drink beer?" he asked, a little curiously.

"No."

"You don't think it wrong, do you?"

"Your words brought up on it, were you?"

"In a parson's family? No indeed!"

"Well, I was not either, but my nursery was a sort of a beer garden, as you might say. My father drank—anything—everything but water; and beer was to him, when he couldn't get whiskey, what bread is to a fellow who can't get meat. My mother was good as gold, but all the other women in the tenement house guzzled beer incessantly. They were always slapping along the pavement in slipshod old shoes, a dirty shawl over their heads, and a broken-nosed pitcher in their hands after beer—beer. When their hungry young ones yelled they made

them sleepy with it, and when these young ones grew a little older they spent their own pennies with it. I was in the beer business myself once. There was an old hag in a collar near our street, who took me into partnership. I used to go around with a tin pail, getting slops and dregs from the bottom of the beer casks at doors when they were sending them to be refilled. She gave me a few coppers, and made much more by peddling this stuff for half the price of the better article. I think I got enough of beer in those days."

Billy's tone was not in the least vehement, or like one who lectures another. He seemed coolly accounting for a personal peculiarity. He had forgotten the whole conversation when they reached home; but he was not in a lively mood. Usually he liked to talk; so Ned, finding him preoccupied, took a book and was soon lost in its contents. About eleven o'clock, the latter, looking up, saw him still gazing at the one picture that adorned their walls, but not as if greatly interested in it.

"What are you thinking about, old fellow? I thought you had gone to bed."

"Fenton, you are a—you ought to know about all these things, if you are a minister's son. Now, about how much must a body dismount on that man's talk to-night?"

"What man's talk?" was Ned's bewildered question.

"The one who talked about 'seeking the kingdom of God and his righteousness,' and did it every bit as earnestly as if he was selling western land, and expected to make something out of you and me."

"Why, he meant it, of course. He's a kind of city missionary, who comes here occasionally."

"And you believe every word he says?"

"Why, yes—all that I can remember of what he said to-night."

"Then, why are you not doing something; or why haven't you done something about it?"

"What on earth are you talking about?" asked Ned, tossing his book aside and facing Billy.

"If it is all true, why are you not a Christian?"

"Are you one yourself?"

"No."

Ned dashed a little, glanced at Billy, and remarked—"I am—a member of the church."

"A Christian?" asked Billy, so quickly that Ned was forced to reply.

"Of course—I suppose so."

"I should think you'd know what you were."

It was impossible to take offense where none was meant; and as Billy's voice was full of curiosity, Ned said:

"If you had been brought up as I have been, perhaps you would not be able to tell what you had found out for yourself from what people had told you about everything religious. You don't want any beer, because you had so much around you when you were young. I don't listen with great enthusiasm to every sermon, for I've heard ten thousand odd in the course of my life."

"You believe in them?" persisted Billy.

"Yes, certainly."

"There was a long silence after that, but at last it was broken by Ned, who arose, and stretching himself, said lazily:

"I haven't much backbone, I can tell you in the outset. You'll not think much of me in the long run. I always do what I feel like doing."

Billy said nothing, and soon there was silence and darkness in the old Academy; but one boy was not asleep. It was characteristic of Billy to look at issues squarely, and to act, if he saw the time had come for action. He went over and over the late sermon, and at last there, in the darkness, reverently, with full purpose of heart to "seek" that kingdom learned of, he prayed in the very words given him by poor old granny: "Teach me to do thy will: for thou art my God; thy spirit is good; lead me into the land of uprightness."

Ned saw no great or immediate change in him from that time, although he noticed that he was interested in his Sunday-school class; so much so, he seemed to study his lesson during the week; and as he, put it, Knox was always "on the square," Ned's own profession having little to do with his conduct, he was not inclined to criticize Billy for not defining his position more fully.

Ned Fenton was somewhat older than Billy, and the latter was not surprised to learn from him that he was an acquaintance

of Stan Ellery. In fact, before they had been long together at the Academy, Stan one day walked into their room. He had always kept on good terms with Billy; but it is not probable he would have come to see him, had Ned not been his room-mate.

These two talked of many people unknown to Billy, for both of them were in a sense "in society,"—while Billy had his own position to make hereafter in the social world. Stan, as a young man of property, education, and refined (if) manners, visited the best families of the town, and Ned might do the same whenever he chose.

"By the way, Stan," asked Ned, as young Ellery, tipping back in his chair, put his heels on top of their small stove, "I've meant to ask you before this, who that mighty pretty girl was I saw you with at a concert one Wednesday evening not long ago. I have not seen such bright eyes in an age."

"Wednesday—bright eyes? O that is Nan! Awful pity she is my cousin, and knows me like a book, for she is getting so saucy it would be downright fun to flirt with her."

"Well, I'm not her own cousin, and she don't know me; suppose you flirt by proxy. If you will introduce Miss Nan to me, she may be just as saucy as she likes. I hate insipid girls."

"All right, young man," said Stan. "Come around to-morrow night, and I'll take you to see her, and several other pretty girls. They are all young. Nan has only just put her hair up like a young lady—but they are nice. They board with a proper old maid who don't let them run wild, by any means; but being one of Uncle Zeph's family, or about the same as that, I go to see Nan any time. Of course I can take a friend, it will be a good idea, for she bothered me about to death last winter to go skating with her. I'll put you in her charge, vice versa; and when the time comes, if you are fool enough to like the ice, you can freeze in one another's society."

"Stan, you're a trump! Isn't there something or other I can do for you?"

"Yes, come back to the club."

"Oh, I can't afford it; or if I can spare the fees, I can't spend the time."

"Nonsense! Come over to-morrow night; we're going to have some fun. If you will, I'll tell Nan no end of fine things about you, before I trot you out."

"Oh, go along! You needn't 'paint the lily and gild the rose.' I'll speak for myself, if you give me the chance."

"Haven't a doubt of it. Girls are generally geese enough to like a lady, indifferent wretch like you. Your miserable liver makes you pale, and I presume she'll fancy you're killing yourself with hard study."

A boot-jack was aimed at Stan's head, but it struck the wall, already battered beyond injury, while Stan, calmly "ducking" to avoid it, went on. "Here's Billy now, all brawn and muscle; he's worth six of us for all practical purposes; but I bet you, not a girl in Nan's 'set,' as she calls it, would see anything about Billy but the size of his boots."

"They'd be taken up with a big subject, even then," laughed Billy, who sat writing not far off. He laughed, but he was not wholly amused. His boots were big, but so was he, and he had no desire to shrink. He did not wish to belong to any club. The fun Stan enjoyed would be too costly, even if it would have suited his taste in other respects. He did not expect later in the season, to have many leisure hours in which he could skate, and he had not proposed to himself ever to go skating with Nan. It did occur to him now that he might do this under some circumstances. No, perhaps not. Nan at home, he could meet on easy terms of familiarity; but Nan in town, with stylish young friends, would, perhaps, not want her father's farm-hand for an escort. Be that as it might, Billy was not glad to have Stan make Ned acquainted with Nan. It was not that he did not see a great deal that was agreeable and attractive about his room-mate, for he did see his many fine qualities. It did not once come home to Billy, that in his own acknowledgment of this last fact, was the real secret of his uneasiness.

## AT THE RED COTTAGE.

"Any messages left with you while I was out?" asked the old doctor, shaking himself free from his great coat, and sitting down by the office fire.

"An old lady called—Mrs. McGeard, and left word that she needed a tonic. She

thought some strong bitters would do her good," replied Billy.

"I'll warrant she said that! Well, bitters she shall have; but she won't be suited, not if they are as bitter even as the gall of bitterness and the good Book speaks of. There are bitters and bitters. I never expected to see Mrs. McGerald again after any more of my bitters, because there was only a gill of whiskey in the last that I made her, and she thinks a pint is little enough. If I'd give her a quart flavored with ginger and orange peel, and tell her to take it whenever she felt queasy inside, she'd have more faith in me than she has now. I tell you what, young man, if I should prescribe 'bitters' to all the women who tell me they need 'toning up,' I could keep a precious lot of 'em 'high' most of the time."

"What do drinking women come to a doctor for?"

"Drinking women! Why, they are many of them the first ladies of town. They don't drink, they only crave a stimulant, and the more 'bitters' they take the more they want. There is one effect in the town who would use such an amount I refused to give her any; but her son had to come and beg me to supply her with what she demanded, only making it as weak as possible; otherwise she would get the liquor from head quarters. When she had poured it, full strength, over the dregs of her last bitters, it was medicine, of course. He said the sediment in one pint bottle lasted out three quarts of Jamaica rum. She took bitters when faint before her meals, bitters after eating to aid digestion, bitters to overcome sleeplessness, bitters when she was chilled, bitters for a 'low state of the blood'—bitters early, and bitters late."

"Why, do they like the taste of the nasty stuff?"

"No; or they would not take it, if the taste was all there was to it."

"Well, if it is the effect they want, why not take the pure liquor?"

"Their consciences wouldn't allow that. It must be medicine for their stomachs' sake," grunted the old doctor.

"How funny! I should think they would take wine, or even beer."

"Bless your heart, boy! they do all that. Why, one lady—she used to be my patient, but is not now, because I told her once she had 'hysterics'—this lady took strong bitters for medicine, port wine for a tonic, and beer to aid digestion and induce sleep. Her husband used to tell me he believed he should buy a distillery, and have done with it, for he was tired of running round to fill small orders."

"Such men must be mighty pusillanimous. Why don't they put a stop to the whole thing—just put their foot down?" exclaimed Billy.

"Ho! ho!" chuckled Dr. Higbee. "You'll be wiser when your beard is grown. Set your foot down—what on, pray? This woman's husband is a temperance man, and is as big as the Cariff Giant besides; but when she drops back, throws up her delicate hands, gasps, and can only just put out a request for something 'stimulating'—do you suppose he dare say: 'You can't have it; it is against my principles?' Of course he can't! The kinder hearted he is, the quicker he runs for the brandy bottle."

"Well, then, why don't he argue with his wife and convince her of her folly?"

"The old doctor gave Billy the benefit of a prolonged grin, before he returned: "You are not married yet, neither am I—but I'm acquainted with a great many married women. I have the highest opinion of them. It is my private and professional opinion, in fact, that the world could not get on well without them; but every one of them can out-argue her husband, and when she has convinced herself, she is convinced, and that's the end of it."

Billy at eyeing a box of pills: he was silent, as became his youth and inexperience. The doctor's next remark was a little unexpected:

"Bitters are expensive, and hysterics are troublesome, but some women have neither. So taking them all as they come, like needles, sharps, flats and assorted, I think they are a mighty sight better than men. Get a wife as soon as you can take good care of her. I should have done the same, long ago, if folks had ever given me a chance to attend to it between office hours. If I were to get one as far as the altar to-day, before I could say 'yes,' I'll wager the parson himself would take that time to have a fit, and need my services more than I needed his!"

The doctor's tone was as serious as possible; moreover, he seemed in an unusually social mood, for he poked the fire, and leaning back in his great arm-chair, asked, graciously:

"What are you going to make of yourself, Knox?"

"Well, I think it is likely that I shall be a farmer."

"Good for you! If one-half the young fellows that set out to wear a white choker, or to carry medicine chests, would go on farms, they would be better off, and so would the rest of mankind. It is clean work, morally, and"—

There was a loud rap on the office door, and when Billy opened it a boy shouted out:

"Miss Perkins wants the doctor, quick; she's most dying."

"She ain't either, nowhere near it!"

"Wall, she says she is, and they want you 'quik'."

"She has died just so, half a dozen times this year; but I'm coming," growled the doctor, pulling on his boots.

Billy, left alone in the office to await his return, was laughing to himself at the old man's oddities, and at his advice about matrimony, when he remembered a very important event which was to take place on the next evening—nothing more or less than a wedding.

(To be Continued.)

REAPING.

Every one is sowing, both by word and deed; All mankind are growing, either wheat or weed, Thoughtless ones are throwing any sort of seed.

Serious ones are seeking seed already sown; Many eyes are weeping, now the crop is grown; Think upon the reaping—each one reaps his own.

Surely as the sowing shall the harvest be— See what you are throwing over hill or lea— Words and deeds are growing for eternity.—Selected.

THE COCOA PALM.

The cocoa-nut, in fact, is a subject well deserving of the most sympathetic treatment at the gentle hands of grateful humanity. No other plant is useful to us in so many diverse and remarkable manners. A Chinese proverb says that there are as many useful properties in the cocoa-nut palm as there are days in the year and a Polynesian saying tells us that the man who plants a cocoa-nut plants meat and drink, hearth and home, vessels and clothing for himself and his children after him. Like the great Mr. Whiteley, the invaluable palm tree might modestly advertise itself as a universal provider. The solid part of the nut furnishes food almost alone to thousands of people daily, and the milk serves them for drink, thus acting as an efficient filter to the water absorbed by the roots in the most polluted or malarious regions. If you tap the flower stalk you get a sweet juice, which can be boiled down into the peculiar sugar called (in the charming dialect of commerce) jaggery; or it can be fermented into a very nasty spirit known as palm wine, toddy or arrack; or it can be mixed with bitter herbs and roots to make that delectable compound, "native beer."

If you squeeze the dry nut you get cocoa-nut oil, which is as good as lard for frying when fresh, and is "an excellent substitute for butter at breakfast," on tropical tables. Under the mysterious name of copra (which most of us have seen with awe described in the markets as "firm" or "weak," "receding" or "steady") it forms the main or only export of many oceanic islands, and is largely imported into the realm of England, where the thicker portion is known as stearine, and used for making sundry candles with fanciful names, while the clear oil is employed for burning in ordinary lamps.

In the process of purification it yields glycerine; and it enters largely into the manufacture of the best soaps. The fibre that surrounds the nut makes up the other mysterious article of commerce known as coir, which is twisted into stout ropes, or woven into cocoa-nut matting and ordinary door mats. Brushes and brooms are also made of it, and it is used, not always in the most honest fashion, in place of horse hair,

in stuffing cushions. The shell, cut in half supplies good cups, and is artistically carved by Polynesian, Japanese, Hindoos, and other bright-headed heathen, who have not yet learned the true method of civilized, machine made, shoddy manufacture. The leaves serve as excellent thatch: on the flat blades, prepared like papyrus, the most famous Buddhist manuscripts are written; the long mid-ribs or branches, (strictly speaking, the leaf stalks), answer admirably for rafters, posts, or fencing, the fibrous sheath at the base is a remarkable natural imitation of cloth, employed for strainers, wrappers, and native hats; while the trunk, or stem, passes in carpentry under the name of porcupine wood, and produces beautiful effects as a wonderfully colored cabinet maker's material. These are only a few selected instances out of the innumerable uses of the cocoa-nut palm.—Grant Allen, in Popular Science Monthly.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Meloubet's Select Notes.)

Nov. 1.—2 Kings 13: 14-25.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

The gem of this lesson lies in the first few verses; therefore dwell on the setting enough to have the central thought clearly and vividly presented.

First scene. Forty-five years of the prophet's life without a single mention in history; and yet these compose usually the most active and useful period of life. Ver. 14 throws a flood of light upon this darkness, and shows that they have been years of usefulness, and good deeds, and power. No idle, useless man, though a prophet, could be "the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof."

Illustration. A sinking ship, the water filling the hold, and all in danger of being lost. A man stands at the pump, and is continually working to save the ship, and yet it gradually settles in the water. But the man has done great good by his pumping, and made the ship sink slower, and given larger hope of final relief.

Second scene. A country devastated by foreign enemies, ground to the very dust, all the army inherited by the new king has but ten chariots and fifty horsemen. All this on account of the sins of the king and people.

Third scene. A young man just crowned as king, after a brief two years' experience of ruling in connection with his father. All life and hope are before him. His country's weal or woe depend on his character and choices.

Fourth scene. A sick-room; the aged prophet dying. The young king makes a visit to the sick-bed of his most illustrious subject, and utters words of appreciation. As a parting blessing, no doubt after patient waiting and earnest prayer, the prophet receives permission to offer a great promise to his king and his beloved country. Many a blessing comes from a sick-bed.

Subject.—God's promises and our receiving.

I. The promise (vers. 15-17). This was accompanied by a full explanation of the meaning of the trial soon to come. Dwell on the greatness of the treasures God has laid up for us and promised us.

Illustration. The fulness of nature. How much greater her treasure than men dreamed! And yet every power and treasure was there from the beginning.

II. The trial of faith (vers. 18, 19). Dwell on the way we are tried in daily life, in little things. He that is faithful in little, will be faithful also in much. By doing well our daily duties, by true faith in everyday trials and temptations, we are prepared to receive larger blessings.

III. We put our own limit to our blessings. God is rich in treasures for us; it is we who are not ready and willing to receive.

Illustrations from Scripture. (1) From Elisha's life (2 Kings 4: 1-7). The woman's faith was measured by the number of vessels she borrowed. Every one was filled, and the oil stayed. (2) From the life of Christ (Matt. 9: 27-31). According to the blind men's faith it was done unto them.

IV. The Prophet's tomb (vers. 20, 21). Our influence lives beyond the grave: (1) in our own existence; (2) in the effects living in others, and working through them; (3) in the new effects from the recorded history of what we have done.

V. The promise fulfilled (vers. 22-25).

Question Corner.—No. 20.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

What did the priest, arrayed in white, Sound to Jehovah's praise? What, fourth upon the breastplate bright, Shone, next a sapphire's rays?

Where Abram went, at God's command, A promised son to slay? By what did youthful Joash stand On coronation day?

What sacred light was burning dim, When little Samuel woke? And who he fancied called to him, When thrice Jehovah spoke?

The man of war may not this building raise, It is reserved for happy, peaceful days.

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

The initials of the words to be found out, all of which are connected with the whole, form the name of a remarkable worshipping place of the Israelites.

- 1. This included the whole.
2. These were made of blue and purple and scarlet and fine twined linen.
3. This was always worn during the worship.
4. This was the Lord's chosen resting-place.
5. Here sacrifice was offered.
6. These were from the bottom of a robe.
7. This was beautiful, ornamental work.
8. This color was very prominent.
9. This occupied wise-hearted women.
10. This was he who wore the third.
11. This was an article of furniture made of pure gold.
12. This held the water for purifying.
13. This was a precious stone, part of an official dress.
14. This, ascending in smoke, represented prayer.
15. The day of the month when the whole was erected.
16. This held consecrated bread.
17. This was he who held the highest office.
18. This one prepared the precious stones.
19. These covered an especial place.
20. These offered of their best for the whole.
21. This, pure and fine, hung all around.
22. This was the tribe of the special worker Aholiab.
23. The third son of number ten.
24. This was the longer garment always in this place.
25. One of the tribes which worshipped here.
26. Favorite ornaments offered by the women.
27. Bread to be eaten by the priests only.
28. Wood largely used in the construction of the whole.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS—No. 18.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE SCENE—SAMARIA.

The site of Samaria is well known, and the view of it fully explains what is said of it in the Bible. The Hebrew name was Shomeron, called after Shomer, of whom Omri bought it. It is a hill remarkable for its situation. It stands alone, surrounded by a circle of other hills. It was thus well adapted for a fortress, and we are not surprised to hear that it was besieged twice in vain. The hill rises by successive terraces to a height of 800 feet, and on the top is a level platform which may have been the base of the great temple of Baal, built by Ahab, and utterly destroyed by Jehu. From this level there is a lovely view over the surrounding hills with the blue Mediterranean in the background. Herod the Great built here a city which he called Sebaste, the Greek for Augusta, in honor of his patron, the Emperor Augustus. This word remains a little altered in the name Sebastopol, which belongs to the present village. It is situated a little below the top of the hill, and bears no comparison to the former city. The whole hill is covered with ruins, among which are rows of columns certainly as old as the time of Herod the Great. See also 1 Kings 16: 21, 32; 1 Kings 19: 1, 2; 2 Kings 6: 24, 35; 2 Kings 7: 1, 20; 2 Kings 17: 1, 41.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Alfred Gould, Collin Sutherland, George A. Kiddell, Albert Jessé French, and Jennie Lygat.

THE MISTAKE OF HIS LIFE.

Dr. H. I. Bowditch, of Boston, is reported as saying of his advocacy of beer in moderation:

"It was the mistake of my life, which I entertained but a brief period, that beer was beneficial to anybody under any circumstances. I regard it as not merely worthless but as productive of a most diseased state of the whole system, the worse that it is often not suspected until too late."

They had... Stan... Billy... but... see... mate... people un... were in a... had his own... the social... property... visited... Ned might... Ned, as is... chair, put... love, "I've... who? I thought... with a... not long... eyes in an... O that is... cousin, and... getting so... to flirt with... usin, and she... hirt by proxy... to me, she... kes. I hate... said Stan... night, and I'll... other pretty... Nan has only... ing lady—but... with a proper... rum wild, by... Uncle Zeph's... hat, I go to see... take a friend... bothered me... skating with... vice versa;... You are fool... freeze in one... n't there some... ou?" I can spare... ub."... "to-morrow... some fun. If... end of mine... you out."... adn't 'paint the... speak for my... ce."... Girls are gener... lazy, indiffer... able liver makes... I fancy you're... tudy."... Stan's head, but... sattered beyond... "ducking" to... s Billy now, all... rth six of us for... I bet you, not a... ills it, would see... the size of his... ith a big subject... who sat writing... but he was not... were big, but so... go to shrink. He... any club. The... too costly, even... his taste in other... pect later in the... re hours in which... ad not proposed... ing with Nan. It... he might do this... as. No, perhaps... ould meet on easy... Nan in town, with... old, perhaps, not... nd for an escort... was not glad to... nited with Nan... ee has a great deal... ractive about his... ee has many fine... ce come home to... knowledge of G... I secret of his un... OTTAGE... th you while I was... or, shaking myself... and sitting down... —Mrs. McGerald... sed a tonic. She

## SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY.

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

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

## BEST OF THE YEAR FREE,

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

1ST OF JANUARY, 1887.

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

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

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

(Second List.)

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

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

(Third List.)

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

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

(Fourth List.)

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

1. An extra copy of this paper, to be sent to any address free until 1st January 1887.
2. A pocket knife (Rodgers' steel.)
3. A fancy silver thimble.
4. Any one thing mentioned in *Third List* and any one thing mentioned in *Second List* besides.

(Fifth List)

Everyone sending us ten new subscrip-

tions may choose one of the following:—

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

## WHAT "EIGHT YEARS OLD" CAN DO.

One of our subscribers in sending in a list of sixteen new names to the end of the year, says 'This club was raised by my little boy eight years old in order to obtain one of the prizes.'

## WINNERS OF PRIZES.

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

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

IT IS A GREAT MISTAKE for anyone to imagine that experience is needed in canvassing for a paper. Hundreds of girls and boys have made money by getting subscribers for the *Weekly Messenger* who knew nothing about canvassing.

OUR SPECIAL OFFER in regard to yearly subscribers is that to everyone who obtains five names we will either give a book of reprinted stories worth sixty cents or fifty cents out of the \$2.50 he collects. This offer expires at the end of this month.

DOES YOUR SUBSCRIPTION run out in a few weeks? Then you ought to renew now so as to be sure and not miss any copies. You will not lose anything by so doing and it will be easier for us to get your name on our lists in time. The date printed on the address of your paper indicates the time when your subscription expires.

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

WE HAVE A STRONG MAGNIFYING GLASS in our establishment which will have to be brought into requisition if anyone writes much finer than one gentleman, who, taking advantage of our offer to send free sample copies, sent the names of thirty persons with their addresses on what proved to be by measurement less than half of the space on a post-card. Many of those who have wished their friends to get sample copies of this paper have written to us. In case there are still

others who would like to get sample copies sent to their friends we continue our offer for a few weeks more. Address your post-card to, *Weekly Messenger*, Montreal, P. Q.

## THE WEEK.

THE NEW CONGO STATE is now within the postal union.

THE REMAINS OF CARDINAL McCLOSKEY, whose picture we gave last week, were buried in the vaults of St. Patrick's church, New York, with great pomp.

THERE IS SOME TALK in New York of the United States buying Cuba. It is thought that Spain cannot long maintain possession of the island as most of the property holders are strongly in favor of annexation to the United States, in view of the increase in the value of property which would likely ensue.

THE FINING AND IMPRISONING of polygamists in Salt Lake City is still being continued with a will by the judges there. A week ago a son of the editor of the *Deseret News* of Salt Lake City was sentenced to six months in the penitentiary as well as a fine of \$300.

THE SMALL British steamer "Greyhound," trading in Chinese waters, has arrived at Hong Kong, and her second officer reports that a daring attempt was made by Chinese pirates to capture the vessel. The captain of the "Greyhound" was inveigled on board the pirate ship, and after being plundered was killed. The pirates then attempted to seize the "Greyhound," and a desperate fight ensued, in which another officer and the engineer of the latter ship were badly wounded. The "Greyhound" put on a full head of steam and escaped.

A VERY SINGULAR INCIDENT happened at Churchill, on Hudson's Bay, while the "Alert" was there. The missionary, the Rev. Joseph Lofferhouse, is the only minister there, and a Miss Faldling, engaged to him, arrived on the Hudson's Bay bark "Cam Owen," to become Mr. Lofferhouse's wife. When she arrived there was nobody to marry them, there being no minister or magistrate within many hundred miles, and Mr. Lofferhouse being unable to marry himself Captain Gordon of the "Alert" was called upon to act in the emergency. The captain though having no legal authorization to tie the Gordian knot, thought that being the captain of a Government steamer he would be justified in performing the ceremony, and that an entry to that effect on the ship's log would sufficiently legalize the marriage. Thereupon the contracting parties and the other inhabitants of the post assembled on board the "Alert," and the sacred rite was performed by Capt. Gordon reading the ceremonial of the Church of England amid a gale of wind. The marriage contract and certificates were entered on the log and duly signed.

"JOSH BILLINGS," the humorist, whose real name was H. W. Shaw, has died of apoplexy. He had taken suddenly poorly and sent for a medical man. When the latter arrived Mr. Shaw complained of a severe pain in the chest, and remarked, "My doctors East ordered rest of the brain," and added, throwing back his long hair, "but you can see I do not have to work my brain for a simple lecture; it comes spontaneously." While he was talking he suddenly threw his hands over his head and fell backwards unconscious. He was carried to his room, and in three minutes life was extinct.

A DISGRACEFUL Sunday riot took place at Pittsburg on the 18th inst. A crowd of several thousand people, among whom were a large number of roughs, gathered on the wharf in the afternoon to join an excursion to Davis Island dam, where Capt. Paul Boyton was advertised to give an exhibition. The officers of the steamers were overpowered and their boats loaded to the water's edge. On this account they were afraid to make the trip, and announced that the exhibition would be given before the wharf. This announcement led to a riot, during which the roughs, with axes and other implements, almost cut up the barges "Edna" and "Alice," and compelled the officers to jump into the river to save their lives because they would not return the money taken for tickets. A large force of policemen were ordered to the wharf, but order was not restored for a long time. The ringleaders were arrested.

THE 13TH of this month, being the feast of St. Edward the Confessor, was especially observed by the worshippers at the Catholic Church of St. Edward in London, England. At High Mass Cardinal Manning officiated and the sermon for the most part was a consideration of the probabilities of the return of the English nation to the Roman Catholic faith. His Eminence is a firm believer in the ultimate accomplishment of this object, and in its furtherance. He organized a pilgrimage to the shrine of the Confessor in Westminster Abbey. The pilgrims were all to pray for the conversion of England to Roman Catholicism—a rather strange thing to do in a Protestant church. At the direction of the Cardinal the appearance of a demonstration was avoided as far as possible, but the sudden inroad of the band of devotees indulging in adoration at the tomb of the historic saint and king excited general curiosity. The vergers and authorities of the Abbey did not interfere with the devotions of the strangers. More practical minded, the police in attendance thought proper to inspect the bags and parcels carried by the inflowing crowd; but as no connection could be established between beads and explosives the emblems of intercessory prayer were allowed to pass. The question of the propriety of the procesion was immediately taken under consideration by the dean and chapter.

OSMAN DIGNA has been again killed, according to accounts of a great battle in the Soulian, and this time the Italian Government has been assured that the news is correct. The Abyssinians attacked an army of 10,000 Arab rebels who scattered after the death of Osman Digna. Four hundred Abyssinians were wounded in the fight.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT having determined to put a stop to the boycotting in Ireland by means of the common law, two hundred respectable inhabitants of one town were arrested. The Dublin branch of the National League sent a lawyer to defend the prisoners, but the magistrate convicted all of them and ordered them to find sureties for their good behavior. The defendants elected to go to prison. The magistrate hesitated to commit them and finally gave them a fortnight to consider the matter.

THE NEW French representatives count among them 391 Republicans and 205 Conservatives against 462 Republicans and 95 Conservatives in the last Chamber.

THE HUDSON'S BAY OFFICIALS are doing all they can to impede mission work at Churchill and other places along the Hudson's Bay on the alleged ground that the missionaries make the Indians idlers, whereas their proper sphere is out hunting for furs.

A NUMBER of Cree Indians, refugees from the British possessions, have crossed the line into an Indian reservation in northern Montana having in their possession silver ware, articles of ladies' apparel and other spoils, supposed to have been captured during the Big Bear outbreak. The agent requested that these intruders be escorted across the line and forbidden to enter the United States, but the Department of the Interior at Washington has no power by which they can get rid of the troublesome Indians.

THE TURN AFFAIRS have taken in connection with the Bulgarian question makes it still more interesting and it is difficult to see how war is to be avoided when almost every European nation has something which it covets to fight for. Bulgaria, Roumania, Greece, Turkey, Servia and Russia are all eying each other and either scheming how best they can either add to their territory or struggle to maintain what they already possess. The Servian forces have already crossed the boundary into Bulgaria and mean to fight for territory since they cannot obtain it by any other means.

LIEUT. ALLEN an officer of a United States cavalry corps has accomplished a feat heretofore deemed next to impossible. He went on an exploring expedition in Alaska. After crossing the Alaskan range of mountains on snow-shoes, which in itself was a great achievement, he reached the headwaters of the Tannah river. For seven hundred or eight hundred miles he followed the Tannah until it emptied into the Takon, the great river of the north, to its mouth, a distance of four hundred or five hundred miles more. The exploration of the Tannah and Takon rivers has been the ambition of explorers long before Alaska came into possession of the United States, but the Russians failed each time it was attempted. Since then several explorations by American officers have ended in failure until among army officers on the Pacific Coast the feat came to be considered well nigh impossible. Lieut. Allen's companions were a sergeant and an officer of the signal corps, with Indians whom he persuaded to join him.

THERE HAVE BEEN more eviction riots in Ireland. Trouble occurred on the Duke of Devonshire's estates in Mallow, County Cork, while certain tenants were being turned out. The tenants and their friends made a determined resistance and attacked the police with stones. The sheriff and police finally dispersed the mob at the point of the bayonet.

THE POLITICAL CONTESTS in France are apt to be extremely demonstrative in character. But when it comes to throwing round stones, and firing revolvers one would rather not take part. At Cannes a few days ago the Duc de Cazes was assailed in his carriage by a band of roughs who did not approve of his political tactics and his coachman was wounded by a bullet. At another place a prominent Conservative and his supporters were hunted and stoned till they took refuge with the gendarmes.

MRS. LANGTRY is not very happy in her married life. The other day she was summoned to appear before the County Court of Chelsea for refusing to pay household debts, contracted while living with her husband. A number of dressmakers' bills are among the items mentioned in the summons. Mrs. Langtry claims her husband is responsible for the debts. Mr. Langtry's friends say that he is unable to pay the bills as the only source of income he has at present is an annuity allowed him by his wife, on condition that he does not molest her.

GUATEMALA has been the scene of some shameful proceedings. The people generally attend the meeting of Congress in large numbers, and claim the right to indulge in running comments on the debates. At a recent sitting one of the populace moved that the portrait of the late Gen. Barrios be removed from the walls of the House, amid yells, and hooting. Stones were thrown and a free fight was inaugurated the same night, and next day windows in the President's house and other public buildings were smashed.

SINCE THE Chilians have evacuated Peru, about a year and a half ago, the latter country has been in a perpetual state of civil war. For a long time a certain general, Monteneros, kept up a brigandish fight with the provisional Government of Peru which had become odious through making terms with Chili. The news from Peru is very scanty, but we learn that a desperate battle has been fought at Cajamarca between the Monteneros (a party called after the above mentioned general), and the Government troops. The battle lasted for several hours, the Monteneros completely surrounding the city. Finally the Government troops were victorious, capturing large quantities of arms and ammunition belonging to the Government.

#### WEATHER AND CROP REPORT.

The season is now so far advanced and as most of the crops are pretty well beyond meteorological influences the commercial journals have ceased to report the state of the weather and crops throughout the United States. Although the very fine weather of the past fortnight may not have added much to the cereal crops, yet turnips, beets, carrots, &c., have grown more rapidly than for several weeks previously, and the fall feed for live stock has been greatly increased, which fact, together with the mild weather, will save a large amount of stored cattle food and the cattle will begin the winter in better condition than usual. Unfortunately the potato rot continues to destroy large quantities of those useful tubers causing a considerable degree of scarcity in many places and higher prices over nearly the whole country. The hog cholera also continues its ravages with unabated vigor and is spreading over a considerable extent of country.

#### PROHIBITION IN GEORGIA.

The Georgia Local Option Bill has become law. It provides that upon the application for prohibition signed by one tenth of the voters in any county, the Ordinary shall hold an election to determine whether or not spirituous liquors shall be sold in that county. If the result of the election should be against the sale, the Ordinary shall give notice once a week for four weeks, and the Act shall take effect as soon as the result is ascertained, except as to the vested rights of persons whose annual license has not expired. If the result of the election should be "for sale," no other election on the question shall be held in that county within less than two years. When any county votes "against the sale" no person shall sell or barter, directly or indirectly, or give away at his place of business, or furnish at any other public place, any alcoholic, spirituous or malt liquors or any other drinks which produce intoxication. There is nothing in the Bill to prevent the manufacture, sale, and use of domestic wines or cider, or the sale of wines for sacramental purposes, provided they are not sold by bar-rooms at retail. Licensed druggists will not be prevented from furnishing pure alcohol for medical or scientific purposes.—N. Y. Evening Post.

#### TWO PROMINENT MEN.

SOMETHING ABOUT KING MILAN AND PRINCE ALEXANDER.

Some knowledge should be had of two of the principal persons connected with the Roumelian Revolution.

Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, who is now at the head of the Roumelian Government, has had an interesting career. He is the eldest brother of Prince Henry of Battenberg, recently married to the Princess Beatrice of England. For several years he was an officer in the German army. In 1877 he entered the army of Russia. He accompanied the Russian headquarters in the last war between Turkey and Russia, from the opening of the campaign to the fall of Plevna. He was a favorite officer, good-natured and ready to oblige on all occasions.

On April 29th, 1879, he was elected Prince of Bulgaria by unanimous vote of the Constituent Assembly of Bulgaria. But for a disposition which appears to be extravagant in the eyes of his thrifty subjects he enjoys great popularity. He looks every inch a prince, is over six feet high, straight as an arrow, and possesses a fine, commanding figure. Whether on foot or in the saddle his soldierly bearing is remarkable. His face is dark, so are his hair and eyes; his features are regular. He enjoys the use of a civil list worth about a hundred and twenty thousand dollars a year, with the maintenance of a palace at Sofia. Late events will probably serve to better his financial fortunes.

Milan I, the King of Servia, who is proposed to the extension of Bulgaria, was born in 1854. In 1868 his uncle, Prince Michael III, who occupied the Servian throne, was assassinated, and Prince Milan succeeded him. He was only fourteen years old at the time, and a council of Regency was appointed to conduct the Government in his name. In 1872 he attained his majority, was crowned and took charge of the Government in person. Servia declared war against Turkey, in 1876. The result was disastrous to King Milan. In March, 1877, the conditions of peace were signed. The next month Russia declared war against Turkey. Fortune favored the forces of the Czar, and by the Berlin Congress Servia was recognized to be independent of Turkey, with an important increase of territory. In March, 1882, Prince Milan accepted the royal dignity as tendered him unanimously by the National Assembly. In October of the same year, a woman fired at him twice in the cathedral at Belgrade, his capital. The King was unhurt. His assailant was the widow of a Colonel who had been executed by his orders more than four years previously, for rioting.

#### USEFUL HORSES AND THEIR ORIGIN.

The study of horses is very interesting to most people and many who know nothing about horses would take an interest in studying their appearance, at least, if they only had some facts to start on. This week we give a picture of twenty-two kinds taken from the *American Agriculturist* which gives the following instructive and clear history of some prominent breeds:

The picture is illustrative of some of the oldest, original races, from which the rest have largely sprung, and some typical modern breeds improved, and by careful breeding brought to their present excellence. Prominent among these, and probably that one approaching most nearly the original horse, unchanged by contact with man, is the Tarpan, or wild horse of Central Asia. Closely allied, are the Kiangs, the wild horses of the northern slopes and steppes of

the Himalayas. These are the horses upon which the mounted horses of Parthia swept over rich plains of Persia and Media in ancient times, and which greatly improved the breeds of horses then used by the Persians, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and the Caucasus. The Arabians are a distinct race, greatly modified by man, yet maintained to the present day little changed from the earliest historic times. They have been reared from these early times, with regard to the strictest rules, and with unbroken pedigrees.

The English thoroughbred is essentially of pure Oriental blood. He is much larger than the Arab, and preferred by modern breeders as a source of the highest qualities of the horse—speed, bottom, style, action, and constitution. He has given the finest characteristic to all the breeds of England and America, excepting only the native breeds of ponies, and of the heavy draught horses of England and Scotland, which last affiliate closely with the heavy horses of Flanders and Denmark. Examples of this improvement are seen in the superb Cleveland Bays, used chiefly as carriage horses, and in the excellent Suffolk Punch, an admirable horse of all-work, while the English hunter, which is not a breed, but a high-bred grade, is doubtless the best saddle horse and heavy-weight carrier for rough work, to be found in the world—in fact a typical war-horse for the uses of modern warfare. The French horses have been greatly improved since the times of the crusades, by the introduction of Arabian blood. Prominent among these are the Percheron, which shows the Arab blood prominently, and the Mellerand. The horses of Germany owe their excellence, and among them are many of good quality, to crosses with the Arabian—and with the English thoroughbred, or both—largely to a magnificent Arab stallion, owned by the Empress Catherine II. of Russia. His name was Turkman Atti, and his portrait is No. 3 while his descendants, which are among the most famous Prussian horses with the English cross, are seen in figures 21 and 22.

#### OMINOUS PROPHECIES CONCERNING '86.

Somebody has unearthed an old prophecy for the year 1886 of a decidedly uncomfortable nature. It appears that in the Church of Oberemmel, near the city of Treveri, in Germany, there is a stone tablet, some centuries old, on which is cut the prophetic verse—in prose it may be rendered:

"When Mark shall bring us Easter and Anthony shall sing praises at Pentecost, and John swing the censor at the feast of Corpus Domini, then shall the whole earth resound with weepings and wailings."

Now it so happens that next year Easter falls on St. Mark's day, Pentecost on that of St. Anthony at Padua, and the Corpus Domini comes on St. John the Baptist's Day, June 24. Here, then, are the first conditions of the prophecy fulfilled, so that now believers in prophecies, and anxious minded persons generally, have only to sit down and think of everything disagreeable that can possibly happen to this poor old planet and the dwellers thereon between January and December, 1886. And, really, if the cyclones and earthquakes and epidemics, and "wars and rumors of wars," of the years 1882-3-4-5, are to be eclipsed, the prospect is not an agreeable one.

IT IS NOW GENERALLY UNDERSTOOD in London, England, that the sentence of death passed on Louis Riel will be commuted to life-long servitude.

## START THEM RIGHT.

The little girl's name was Edith. The year she was born, the church which her parents attended adopted the plan of weekly offerings for benevolence. The parents said to themselves, "Why should not the baby give as well as we? Let us pledge her for one cent a week, and when she is two years old let it be two cents a week, and so on. We will, at least, start the child right and keep her right as long as she remains with us, in the hope that after twenty or twenty-five years of such training as this she will not depart from the good old Scripture method of systematic Christian giving."

The suggestion was adopted, and the mother began to carry, each Sunday, an envelope for the baby. It was not long before the treasurer's wife, who had a child of the same age, discovered that Edith was a regular contributor to the charities of the church, and soon another baby was holding up its tiny hand, and flashing a ray of Gospel light into the dense darkness of heathen lands. Many other children were contributing weekly, out none so young as these two.

Shortly after, Edith's parents moved to another town, and the church where they worshipped had no weekly offering. This was a great trial to the little girl, for she was now old enough to carry her envelope herself. Every Sunday she begged for her "envelope," nor could she understand why she might not carry it. "Were the missionaries all dead?" "Had the heathen children all heard of Jesus?" She had not long to wait, however, for soon the church voted to adopt the weekly offering, and no child was ever happier over a new doll than was Edith when her old habit was resumed. In the meeting at which the plan was discussed, Edith's father, without mentioning any names, described the way in which she was being trained in Christian benevolence.

The idea seemed to please the young parents of the congregation, for when the pledges came in, out of many which were handed in by children, several were for amounts corresponding to the age of the giver. The charities of the church were at once increased by about one hundred percent, and the next year they were larger still. But nothing is more gratifying to the pastor than the manifest interest of certain parents to train their children, from the very outset, to systematic and conscientious giving.

Oh, for more Christian homes in which children are taught to respond cheerfully to every appeal of the Master! If all parents would start their children right, the next generation would not so often read in the *Home Missionary*, the sad, sad story, "Treasury absolutely empty."—*Sabbath Reading.*

## GARFIELD ON MARGINS.

Life is almost wholly made up of margins. The bulk itself of almost anything is not what tells. That exists anyway. That is expected. That is not what gives the profit or makes the distinguishing difference. The grocer cares little for the great bulk of the price of his tea. It is the few cents between the cost and selling price, which he calls the margin, that particularly interests him. Is this to be great or small? Is the thing of importance. Millions of dollars change hands in our great markets of trade just on the question of margins. This same thing is all-important in the subject of thought. One mind is not greater than another, perhaps, in the great bulk of its contents; but its margin is greater, that's all. I may know just as much as you do about the general details of a subject, but you can go just a little farther than I can. You have a greater margin than I. You can tell me of some single thought just beyond where I have gone. So I must succumb to your superiority.

A good way to carry out the same idea, and better illustrate it, is by globes. Did you ever see two globes, whose only difference was, that one had half an inch larger diameter than the other? This larger one, although there is so little difference, will entirely enclose the other, and have a quarter of an inch in every direction to spare besides. Let these globes be minds, with a living principle of some kind at their centres, which throws out its little tentacle-like arms in every direction as radii to explore for knowledge. The one goes a certain distance

and stops. It can reach no farther. It has come to a standstill. It has reached its maximum of knowledge in that direction. The other sends its arms out, and can reach just a quarter of an inch farther. So far as the first mind is able to tell, the other has gone infinitely farther than it can reach. It goes out to its farthest limit, and must stop; the other tells him things he did not know before. Many minds you may consider wonderful in their capacity. They may be able to go only a quarter of an inch beyond you. What an incentive this should be for any young man to work to make his margin as great as, if not greater than, the margin of his fellows!

I recall a good illustration of this when I was in college. A certain young man was leading the class in Latin. I couldn't see how he got the start of us all so. To us he seemed to have an infinite knowledge. He knew more than we did. Finally, one day, I asked him when he learned his Latin lesson. "At night," he replied. I learned mine at the same time. His window was not far from mine, and I could see him from my own. I had finished my lesson the next night as well as usual, and, feeling sleepy, was about to go to bed. I happened to saunter to my window, and there I saw my class-mate still bending diligently over his book. "There's where he gets his margin on me," I thought. "But he shall not have it for once," I resolved. "I will study just a little longer than he does to-night. So I took down my books again, and, opening to the lesson, went to work with renewed vigor. I watched for the light to go out in my class-mate's room. In fifteen minutes it was all dark. "There is his margin," I thought. "It was fifteen minutes more time it was hunting out fifteen minutes more of rules and root derivatives. How often, when a lesson is well prepared, just five minutes spent in perfecting it will make one the best in the class. The margin in such a case as that is very small, but it is all-important. The world is made up of little things."—*Gen. Garfield.*

## ORIGIN OF THE WORD "CHINA."

Upwards of 1100 years before Christ the Chinese were a people ruled by a dynasty of kings, of whom, like the Pharaohs of old, there is no clear history, and not until the "Chow" dynasty, B. C. 1125, is there any clear history of the man Chinese State. The Chinese take their history back to the time of Noah. This very ancient empire has borne in its time many names, for it was a custom when a new dynasty ascended the throne to give another name to the empire, as Hai que, Chum-que, Han-que, etc., according to the name of the ruling monarch. The true name is said to be Chumque, "the centre kingdom of the world." This term was by usage corrupted to Chin-que, and from this word the Portuguese gave it the name of China. China proper consists of eighteen provinces, containing 250,000,000 people.—*English Illustrated Magazine.*

## A WISE CAPTAIN.

A Nantucket steamboat-captain was once asked by a passenger on his boat how much ardent spirits he used.

He replied, "I never drank a teaspoonful of rum, brandy, gin, cider, wine, or beer, I never smoked or snuffed, and never drank tea or coffee."

"But," said the passenger, "what do you drink with your breakfast?"

"Cold water," was the answer.

"And what with your dinner?"

"Cold water."

"Well," said the passenger, "but what do you take when you are sick?"

"I never was sick in my life," was the ready and glad reply.

He was a wise captain. He was accustomed to exposure in all sorts of bad weather, wind and storm, and never believed in the foolish notion that he must take a drop of spirits to "keep out the cold."

Cold water was the drink of Adam in paradise. Cold water was the drink of the children of Israel in the wilderness. It was also the drink of Samson, and of Daniel, and of John the Baptist. It is the best drink for you.—*Little Sower.*

## WATCHING AND WAITING.

BY FANNIE H. GALLAGHER.

It was growing dark, and old Mrs. Jameson went once and again to the door, peering anxiously down the road, but no sound did she hear; the third time a well-known voice called out, "Here we are, mother, safe and sound!" and "Old Job" himself, as the neighbors called him, drove into the yard, his horses snorting and panting, while a net work of frost encircled the old man's face.

It was not long, however, before all the discomforts of the journey were forgotten by man and beast alike, for the horses in their comfortable stalls, well groomed and fed, had not a thought beyond the present; and old Mr. Jameson cozily settled in the warmest corner of the kitchen, with a comfortable supper before him, and his "thriftful smile" to warm his heart, thought himself a very happy, contented old man.

There was much to talk over that night; for Mr. Jameson had started early in the morning for the market town, twelve miles away, and mother must hear how much her butter and eggs brought, and if he matched the yarn she wanted, and whom he had seen in town, and all the news he had heard. At last, pushing back his chair, the old man said: "There's the yarn, mother; Mr. Rogers wrapped it up in last week's paper, so while you're washing the dishes I'll just look it over."

As Mrs. Jameson was putting up the last cup, she heard a quick exclamation, and, turning to her husband, found him with white face and trembling hands holding out the paper to her. "Read, mother; read!" She seized the paper, almost as much frightened as he, and read slowly, and with trembling voice:

"The Methodist Church gave a warm welcome to its young pastor last evening. The Rev. James Jameson and his young wife are comfortably settled in their new home, and we hope a long, happy, and successful life lies before them."

The color faded from the old lady's face as she whispered: "Husband, can it be true? Is it, indeed, our boy?"

"Our boy, mother! How could he come so near the old home, and not come to us! And yet the name!"

"It may be, it may be," quickly replied the wife. "Perhaps he did not dare come to us after fifteen long years away from home; but come so near, so near, and waited for us to come and meet him!"

"And when he was yet a great way off his Father met him," said the old man musingly. "God knows how gladly I'd go to the ends of the earth to meet my boy. But this man is a minister, mother."

"And who knows but the grace of God has met our boy on the way somewhere, and converted his heart; and once a saved man, why shouldn't he go preaching to save other men,—you know we gave him good schooling, father—and where should he preach but here, near his own home, where his own parents and old neighbors and friends would soon hear of him, and open their arms and take him to their hearts again. Oh, let us go, father! let us go this very night to him."

She had risen in her earnestness, and stood with her hand on the door as though, unprotected from the weather as she was, she would start for her boy.

"Patience, mother," said the old man, drawing her back. "It isn't very likely it is our boy; 'Jameson' isn't a very uncommon name; it is too late to go to-night any way, and we'll sleep over it, and if it seems best to go in the morning, why, the horses and I can get over the ground faster if you stay at home and manage things."

How much or how little sleep visited the old couple's eyes that night, neither ever knew; but as early the next morning as the necessary work of the farm would permit, old Mr. Jameson trotted his horses briskly down the road with their heads turned again toward Morris, twelve miles away.

Meanwhile the minister and his wife were sitting down to a little earlier dinner than usual, when to a little earlier dinner Mr. Jameson stepped to the door, and found himself face to face with an old man. His face was seamed with lines which toil and sorrow had drawn there, while clear, honest eyes looked out from under shaggy eyebrows with such an eager, expectant look that the young man was startled.

Not a word was spoken, till the minister said:

"Did you wish to see me? Will you not come in and tell me your errand?" Then the old man's face clouded; shaking his head slowly, he said, as though he had not heard the question:

"No, it is not he; the voice is not the same, the eye is not the same, nothing is the same. My boy's eyes were blue, and his hair brown; no, it is not he. But how can I go home and tell his mother?"

"What is it, my friend?" asked the young man, deeply touched. "Whom did you wish to see? Come in, and I'll tell me about it."

"It was my boy I wanted to see; my Jameson! He left home fifteen years ago,—sailed in an English vessel, he said,—but that was the last word we ever heard, and we've watched and waited all these years for him. Last night we saw your name in a paper, heard you had come here to live, and we thought, mother and I, there was just a chance.—" But here his voice shook, and he turned and looked down the street, hiding his face from the young man's gaze.

"I am Jameson, surely," said the minister, taking the old man's hand tenderly, "and though not your son, I will be all to you that a son can be, if you will let me. Come in, and see my wife, and let us give you a cup of tea before you start home again."

A tear stole down the old man's cheek, but he shook his head.

"No, thank you; and thank you again for your kind words. We are sorely in need of a little comfort, mother and I, and if you'll bring your wife, and come and see us some day, you'll be more than welcome. But now I must go, for she'll be watching for me; but how can I go back to her without the boy!"

He wrung the young man's hand and left him.

And I thought, as I heard the story from the lips of the young minister himself, just so our heavenly Father loves us; so he watches and waits, year after year, for our return to him. The home is ready; the feast is prepared; how long shall he wait for the returning footsteps of those who have wandered away!—*S. S. Times.*

## A HINT OR TWO.

It is the penny saved more than the penny earned that enriches; it is the sheet turned when the first breakfast break that wears the longest; it is the damper closed when the cooking is done that stops the dollars dropping into the coal bin; it is the lamp or gas turned low when not in use that gives you pin money for the month; it is the care in making the coffee that makes three spoonfuls go as far as a tea-spoonful ordinarily; it is the walking of one or six blocks instead of taking a car or omnibus that adds strength to your body and money to your purse; it is the careful mending of each week's wash that gives ease to your conscience and length of days to your garments; and last of all, it is the constant care exercised over every part of your household, and constant endeavor to improve and apply your best powers to your work, that alone give peace and prosperity to the family.—*Ez.*

## GARIBALDI'S PATIENCE.

It is related that one evening in 1861, as General Garibaldi was going home, he met a Sardinian shepherd lamenting the loss of a lamb out of his flock. Garibaldi at once turned to his staff, and announced his intention of scouring the mountain in search of the lamb. A grand expedition was immediately organized. Lanterns were brought, and old officers of many a campaign started off, full of zeal to hunt the fugitive; but no lamb was found, and the soldiers were ordered to their beds. The next morning Garibaldi's attendant found him in bed fast asleep. He was surprised at this, for the general was always up before anybody else. The attendant went off softly, and returned in half an hour. Garibaldi still slept. After another delay, the attendant waked him. The general rubbed his eyes; and so did the attendant, when he saw the old warrior take from under shaggy eyebrows with such an eager, expectant look that the young man was startled.

Not a word was spoken, till the minister said:

WHY I GAVE UP SMOKING.

BY A MISSIONARY.

I was a smoker, and the son of a smoker I began to smoke when I began to preach—that is, when about twenty years of age. Most of the preachers of my acquaintance did the same. I thought it precherly to imitate them. I smoked during the time I was at college; that was contrary to the rules of the institution, but then the president was a smoker too. In after years, however, when we were having a friendly chat over our pipes, he positively and solemnly assured me that, if he had found me out, he would have expelled me from the college instanter. When about to sail as a missionary to a distant land, I recollect having the honor and felicity of having, in a little row, not three miles from Paternoster Row, in London, a pipe with a veteran in the service, whose praise was and is in all the churches. "A fine thing," said he with a little Scotch accent, "is a pipe of tobacco in a hot climate. Let me recommend you, my young brother, to take with you a good stock of pipes and tobacco." You need not ask me whether I did so. In the course of time, however, when laboring as a missionary, I felt compelled, for the sake of example, to become a teetotaler, and to throw myself heart and soul into the total abstinence movement; but still adhered to the beloved pipe.

In a parcel of temperance tracts, which I obtained from England, was one headed, "Dost thou smoke, Bill?" I read it, and it made me feel uncomfortable. Some copies of it had got into circulation among my people before I was aware of it. A fine black young man came to me one day and after bowing and scraping and bidding me good morning, asked, "Will massa please give me one lecture tract?"

"Yes, Quamina, and welcome; which will you have?"

"Dat tract called, 'Does you smoke, William?'" He thought it would be too vulgar in my presence, to say "Bill"—politeness led him to say "William."

I gave him the tract; but I felt I would rather he had asked for any other than that, and my uneasiness was increased. The tract was evidently attracting some attention. It was condemning amongst the people, their pastor's habit.

One night soon after Quamina's visit, having knocked out the ashes of my last pipe, before retiring to rest, a colloquy took place between my conscience and myself, of which the following is a faithful report:—

Conscience.—You have given up all intoxicating drinks, and you have done well. Why not give up that smoking too?

Myself.—I cannot. It is a pleasant habit, to which I have been addicted for fifteen years.

Conscience.—Does it do you any real good?

Myself.—I must confess that it does not.

Conscience.—Is it not in a variety of ways, positively injurious to you?

Myself.—It is; both my judgment and experience are against it.

Conscience.—Do you not feel that many of the arguments against alcoholic drinks tell against the use of tobacco?

Myself.—I cannot deny that I do.

Conscience.—How much have you spent on tobacco during the fifteen years that you have been a smoker?

Myself.—Oh, not much. I never smoke cigars, except when some ship-captain makes me a present of a few; they are otherwise too expensive—the pipe is much more economical.

Conscience.—But how much has the pipe cost you since you became a preacher? Try to form an estimate.

Myself (after a long pause).—The amount, I find, is larger than I thought it was; I cannot, however, exactly say how much it is.

Conscience.—But I insist upon knowing. Honestly, now, can it have been less, on an average, than two pounds a year, or thirty pounds in the fifteen years?

Myself.—I believe that will be somewhere about it.

Conscience.—And how much, during the

same period, did you contribute directly towards the spread of the Gospel?

Myself.—I really cannot tell, for I try not to let my left hand know what my right hand doeth.

Conscience.—Come, come, none of that cant and nonsense, I insist upon knowing. Call to mind your contributions, and give me some approximate idea.

Myself (after another long pause).—I believe about ten pounds.

Conscience (in a thundering voice).—What! only one-third of what you have spent upon tobacco?

Myself.—Only one-third!

Conscience.—And yet you are a minister of the Gospel?

Myself.—Yes, I am.

Conscience.—A missionary sent out to this distant land?

Myself.—Yes.

Conscience.—Supposed, of course, to be a very good man?

Myself.—Yes.

Conscience.—And your business, as a mis-

poison, tobacco, as you have given for the spread of that glorious Gospel, which you call "Heaven's best boon to man!" And yet you have the face to call upon others to deny themselves for that purpose! Shame, shame upon you.

Myself.—I am ashamed and confounded. I scarcely ever felt more despicable in my own eyes than I do at this moment. From this night forth, I vow that I will never spend another penny in tobacco.

Conscience.—Good, good! stick to that, and you will be more worthy of your position and office.

So ended the colloquy. Having asked God to forgive me the great sin of which I had been guilty, and to grant me grace and strength to carry out the resolve I had just made, I went to bed. The next day was the commencement of a great conflict. At the usual time for taking the pipe, the craving for it was very strong. I managed to resist it, however, by putting to myself a few plain questions, such as—"What is the matter with you? Why are you restless and un-

or great." Most devoutly do I thank God for my deliverance both from alcoholic drinks and from tobacco. Against them both I am determined to battle till I die.—*Family Friend.*

A LONDON FOG.

To study by night a London fog in its deepest pitch, one must, during its prevalence, visit the neighborhood of the parks of the city where large bodies of water add their exhalation to the ordinary mist. Half a mile from Regent's or Hyde Park, it may be that the fog is comparatively thin. The eye can perhaps penetrate it for fifty feet, and one can descrie moving objects and avoid them. But, the moment one steps into the denser fog area, the ghastly change begins. The foot passenger notices that, as he moves on, objects seem to fade without new ones coming into view. Then, the city lamps, though perhaps only a hundred feet apart, die out one by one. There is no real black darkness; but, if I may use the paradox, a darkness of impenetrable light, a darkness made visible. One seems to be immersed in a luminous cloud so solid that it can be handled, cut, and shaped. The fog seems also to deaden all sounds. A human figure—man, woman, or boy—suddenly materializes on the pavements a few feet away. It glides by noiselessly like a phantom, and is gone. You feel like a human apparition among fellow-ghosts. Everything puts on the same unearthly aspect. The gas-jets become little spurts of blue flame hanging in the air, and barely perceptible thirty feet away. The solid pavement is felt below the feet, but is unseen. The hand held close to the face is described; but, moved to arm's length, the digits become spectral, then dissolve. The stillness of the streets, the general hush of sounds of traffic, and a peculiar sense of isolation and helplessness keep up the illusion that one has for the moment passed from the world of mortals into a region of disembodied spirits.

Apart from its supernatural aspect, a dense London fog brings out some queer phases of human life. The street boys hold high revel during the mists. Buying for small sums long pieces of hemp, stiffened with tar, they light the ends, and a party of them earn a good stock of sixpences by escorting lost wayfarers home. At the stations of the underground railways, and at centres of cab-traffic, gather dense crowds, unable to get their bearings and utterly without aid. The cabmen, who in ordinary times know all the ins and outs of London streets, are as helpless as the rest. If they take passengers at all, it is for short trips and big prices; and even then, they venture only at a walk, leading their horses by the bridles. On the occasion of one of these fogs, I remember almost stumbling over a prostrate horse which had fallen across the foot pavement on which his careless master had led him. As a rule, passengers caught in the deeper mists leave cabs and omnibuses, preferring foot travel as equally fast and as a safer style of locomotion. The absolute helplessness of almost everybody, the blind leading the blind, the lost seeking their bearings from the lost, and the universal confusion and chaos fill in the details of a curious picture out-of-doors. In-door there are scenes well-nigh as grotesque. The smoky mist has a singular penetrating quality, and only needs a key-hole to get in. At large in-door places, like the reading-room of the British Museum, half the interior is entirely obscured; and, even in the smaller rooms of dwellings, objects appear dim and phantom-like.—*Clarence Deering in By-ways of Nature and Life.*

BIBLE FACTS.

The Bible contains 3,586,498 letters, 773,692 words, 31,173 verses, 1,186 chapters, and 66 books. The word Lord occurs 1,855 times, the word and 46,277 times. The word revered is found in Psalm 111:9. The mid letter is Psalm 117:8. All the letters of the alphabet except the letter j are found in Ezra 7:21. The longest verse is Esther 8:9, and the shortest John 11:35.



"DAT TRACT, CALLED 'DOES YOU SMOKE, WILLIAM?'"

sonary, is to try and make those colored people around you good?

Myself.—Yes.

Conscience.—You tell them that their money is not their own; and you urge them to deny themselves, and to make sacrifices, in order that they may be able to contribute towards the support and spread of the institutions of Christianity.

Myself.—I do.

Conscience.—You urge even the children not to spend their little pocket-money in oranges, mangoes, sugar-canes, and sapodillas, and other fruits and sweets, but to give it to send the gospel and plant Sabbath-schools where they are not yet known?

Myself.—I do.

Conscience.—A pretty fellow, then, you are! During the time you have had the honor of being a minister of the Gospel, you confess that you have yourself spent three times as much of God's money on that worthless weed, or rather that injurious,

happy? Have you a headache?" "No." "A toothache?" "No." "Have you a pain in any part of your body?" "No." "Are you cold?" "No." "Hot?" "No." "Are you hungry?" "No." "Thirsty?" "No." "Then why, in the name of all that is rational, are you not contented, and even thankful to God, for the exemption from pain which you enjoy?"

In this manner I lectured myself against the unnatural craving. Every time I resisted the appetite, I felt that I had achieved a victory; that I was rising higher in the scale of being; that my moral strength was augmented; that I was getting more into harmony with God's laws and my own conscience; and that my example, in regard to the youths of my congregation was becoming more worthy of me as a Christian missionary and pastor. Ere long the craving ceased; the appetite died away; I was emancipated! And now I would not be again enslaved for "all the world calls good

Will you not and I?"

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nd the story from ater himself, just loves us; so he ter year, for our e is ready; the ng shall he wait ps of those who S. Times.

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TWO.

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adds strength to your purse; it is ch week's wash that ence and length of and last of all, it ised over every part constant endeavor our best powers to ve peace and pros-

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PATIENCE.

evening in 1861, as going home, he met mentioning the loss of

Garibaldi at once nounced his inten- ountain in search of

petition was immen- items were brought; a campaign started the fugitive; but no soldiers were

The next morning und him in bed fast sed at this, for the before anybody else, softly, and returned aribaldi still slept, he attendant waked bed his eyes; and so he saw the old war-

the covering the lost uey it to the sheph- l kept up the search until he found it.—

## YOUNG FOLKS.

## A MAINE BEAR HUNTER.

AMID HIS BEAR TRAPS HE DESCRIBES HIS PURSUIT.

From the *Lewiston (Me.) Journal*.

I found myself hobnobbing with a bear hunter in the midst of his traps the other day. The hunter was Enoch R. Knapp, who lives on Bear River, in the town of Newry. Bear River is a small stream that runs down from a spur of the White Mountain chain and empties into the Androscoggin at Newry. The bear hunter's house is a neat cottage at the base of Bear Mountain, around which the river runs. The road winds among steep hills and thickly wooded mountains till it seemed to lose itself, and to lose you in the bargain.

This mountain has long been known as a favorite resort for bears. The farmers in the vicinity do not try to keep many sheep. One of them went up on the mountain with a yoke of oxen to haul out some timber not long ago. A very large and hungry bear appeared on the scene and rushed at the cattle with mouth open and eyes full of fury. The oxen snorted and started on a wild gallop down the steep mountain. The farmer's judgment was as good as his cattle's. He had nothing with which to defend himself and he had to think lively to devise a way of escape. He did an amusing but brilliant thing. Running between the oxen he caught hold of the ring in the yoke and dangled there until the oxen had carried him to the foot of the mountain and out of the reach of the bear. The old growler jumped and snarled around the oxen's flanks and tore their hides, but could not reach the man between them hanging on for dear life.

Mr. Knapp has a blacksmith's shop opposite his house, where he makes bear traps and shoes horses. His traps are ingeniously made of iron and steel, and one of them looks like two stout waggon springs with a pair of jaws in the middle. These jaws are bands of wrought iron with great steel teeth riveted into them. When the jaws are opened and caught under the stout steel springs, you see a trencher in the middle of the machine. The object of the bear hunter is to induce the bear to step his fore foot on that trencher. The least pressure lifts the catch and the jaws fly together with crushing force. The teeth in the jaws make this kind of a trap a bear-killer as well as a bear-catcher.

Your bear hunter must use considerable craft. Said Mr. Knapp: "I usually build a cubby-house in the woods of old stumps and decayed branches. I sorter pile 'em up around, you know, and leave a little opening for the bear to go in, after he sees the consarn and his curiosity is excited. I catch some suckers or other kind of fish in the river, and hang 'em up in the cubby. Then I try to fix the trap so that the bear will have to step on the trencher if he gets the fish. A bear never steps on a log in his path, but always steps over it. I usually fix the trap on the 'other side of a log or branch, so he will be pretty sure to step over the log and into the trap. A knowing old bear won't go into one of these cubbies. Sometimes after trying to catch an old sheep thief in this way and not getting him, I have caught the old fellow by hanging a string of fish in a careless way on a tree, as if left there accidentally by some sportsman, and putting the trap underneath. Sometimes I fit a track where a bear has a habit of fording a brook. I take away the stone in the brook which the bear steps on when he crosses, and put the trap in its place. When

the bear feels after the old and familiar stone his forepaw is caught in the trap. Some bears have learned to smell a trap, so we have to kill the smell. We do that by daubing it over with lard and beeswax. I have 12 traps, and visit 'em twice a week. The bear is usually caught by the fore-paw. He don't live more than 24 hours after the jaw closes on him, as a general thing. In warm weather the pelt would soon spoil if I did not get it pretty quick after the critter died. The fur is in the best condition when the bears are housing late in the Fall. Then it is as nice as a Merino sheep's wool. I get \$8 to \$15 apiece for my pelts. The bears spend the winter in the ledges about here or under the stumps. Since we had that hurricane that blew down so many trees there have been a lot of cozy places for bears around here."

The skin of a bear, caught the day before decorated the barn door of the Newry bear trapper.

## BAD PENMANSHIP.

In spite of the theory of a bad penman who wrote a sprawling hand (was it not the first Napoleon?) that the poorer a man's handwriting is the more character it has, the majority of letter-writers, authors, scholars, and journalists are envious of the clerk and the copyist with their one talent for writing a clear and beautiful hand. As a nation, we have sadly degenerated in the art of using the pen. Comparing the beautiful and uniform handwriting of the last century with the skim-along, spider-track, rail-fence style of the present day, one almost regrets the fact that the goosequill has gone out of fashion and a stiff and awkward writing implement been substituted in its stead.

A fortune awaits the man who will invent a flexible writing stick—not a gold pen tipped with platinum—of some non-corrosive material. It is so hard to break in a pen; and having worn down the point to suit your style, they are likely to snap or splutter before you have tossed off a dozen pages of manuscript. Then there is the annoyance of getting a fibre between the nibs, analogous to that of getting a bit of meat between the bi-cuspid at the dinner table; and nine persons out of ten will wipe the pen frantically on the occiput to rid it of the filament—and catch a hair! A new steel pen is as awkward as a phenomenally stiff collar, or a pair of new shoes; and, moreover, as the average penman is in continual danger of "impaling himself on his own pot-hooks," perhaps the only relief is found in the type-writer, which seldom betrays one into a loose and slovenly style of handwriting.—*The Current*.

## TWELVE PAIRS OF TWINS.

I was reading in the *Blade* about aged twins and of the 12 pairs of twin boys. Now I propose to tell you of what I distinctly remember. I am now 62 years old, and when I was from 12 to 15 years old, my father, Samuel L. Corning, kept the one tavern at the centre of Brookfield, Trumbull County, Ohio, the first range of townships in the Western Reserve, next to the State line of Pennsylvania. Just at night there drove up and halted at the tavern two waggons of the Pennsylvania style, so called in those days, having broad tires, schooner-shaped bodies and linen covers. In them were a man, his wife, and 12 pairs of twins, all boys. They wanted a place to cook their suppers, having their own provisions in the said waggons. That night the boys

all slept in the waggons, but my mother furnished the father and mother with a bed in the house. It excited the curiosity of all the people in that vicinity, as being so far an unheard of thing. Squire Chew kept a hat shop near the tavern and made wool hats, good and durable, such as were made in those days. Before starting next morning he marched the twins, two and two, in front of his shop, and fitted each boy with a neat hat, and the father with one such as he (Chew) wore himself. It was tall, bell-crowned, wide brimmed and trimmed with fur, and a band half an inch in width, of a dirty white color, but green on the under side of the brim to protect the eyes. They received other presents. Ambrose Hart, who kept the one store, gave the mother calico to make a frock for herself, and they resumed their journey for the, at that time, Far West.—*Toledo Blade*.

## THE PET YOUNG MAN.

The young man who was raised a pet is becoming a nuisance. He is seldom of any good. What is wanted nowadays is a practical man who can do something else besides smoke cigarettes and twist acane. The time to learn to work and to learn business habits is one's youth. He who leads the life of a butterfly until he is 25 or 30 years of age and then recognizes the fact that he has made an ass of himself, has precious little to recommend him when he applies for a job. This may be a chestnut, but it fits not a few young men of every city in the Union. The boys at the reform farm are better off, if they only knew it, than thousands of the boys who are at large. There is nothing like being practical, and there is but one way to be so, and that is to be so. Acquire business habits, and train yourself to good, honest, hard work. Don't waste your time learning to tie a cravat. You can buy cravats already tied.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

## REVIVING THE THUMB SIGNATURE.

In mediæval times, when one of the fashionable follies was neglect of education, rulers and other gentlemen, instead of making their mark or endeavoring to sign their names, dipped one of their thumbs in ink and blotted their mark on documents in that way. In some respects it marks the distinction between two signatures even better than the writing employed by civilized people, since the latter may be perfectly imitated and the thumb imprint cannot be counterfeited. On account of the difficulties which it places in the way of deception, it is probable that the thumb system will be taken advantage of by the new custom house officials so as to make it impossible for a return certificate to be used by any Chinese except the one to whom it is regularly issued. No two thumb signatures are alike. Even the imprint of one's right thumb does not correspond with that of the left, and when the two are had together no Mongol can palm himself off for the real holder of a certificate. The complete difference between the arrangement of the grain of various thumbs has been demonstrated in enlarged photographs of such signatures. The lines of the grain are all that are left on the paper. The photographs were shown to Mint Superintendent Lawton, and he wrote to Secretary Manning advising the adoption of the plan they afforded with regard to marking Chinese certificates. If this be done, the description of a departing Chinaman, which, as has been found, applies in most or all particulars to other Mongols, cannot be mistaken.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

## THE ART OF PLEASING.

MR. EDITOR,—Allow me space in the columns of your valuable paper to answer, nay, (it is too difficult to answer), I will say reply to Miss A. T.'s letter of Oct. 3rd. Of course I do not pretend to have the knack asked for, but I shall give my experience in trying to please. Your correspondent says her efforts seem sometimes to be of no avail. Certainly, sometimes our efforts are futile, but they will tell in the end. If we are always found to be trying to be agreeable, our associates will soon know it and they will appreciate it. There are chronic grumblers and fault-finders no one can please, but let us do our part well and we will certainly benefit ourselves and others. One sure but difficult way of pleasing those with whom we come in contact daily, is to study their natures and find out what will please them and what will not, then endeavor to treat them accordingly.

Again, the true art of being agreeable is to appear well pleased with all the company and rather to seem well entertained with them than to bring entertainment to them. A person thus disposed, may not have much learning, nor any wit, but if he has common sense and something friendly in his behavior, it conciliates men's minds more than the brightest parts without this disposition. It is true, indeed, that we should not dissemble and flatter in company; but a person may be very agreeable, strictly consistent with truth and sincerity, by a prudent silence where he cannot concur, and a pleasing assent where he can. Now and then you meet with a person so exactly formed to please, that he will gain upon every one who hears or beholds him. This very often is the gift of nature, and also frequently the effect of much knowledge of the world, and a command over the passions. Last of all, if we follow the Golden Rule—"Do unto others as you would have them do to you"—we will in most cases prove an agreeable victor. Thanking you for the space,

I am, yours, etc.,  
JACKSON S. WILSON.

Brussels, Oct.

## CURIOSITIES.

Gay old gentleman to boy, on twelfth birthday: I hope you will improve in wisdom, knowledge and virtue. Boy, politely returning compliment, totally unconscious of sarcasm: The same to you, sir!

The Japanese have a coin which takes 1,000 to make \$1. The contribution box must have been used in Japan a great many years.

We expect to give away thousands of premiums, including money prizes. See 4th page.

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