

# Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

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## The Weekly Messenger.

### A KING'S HISTORY.

King Thebaw has fled before his enemies. Of course no one but the thick-headed king himself, and those who supported him in his defiance of the British expected that he would be able to offer any appreciable resistance to the forces sent against him. Thebaw has always been one of those unfortunate characters who, through an inordinate amount of self-conceit, utterly fail to have any idea of the way in which they are regarded by others. This failing has on several occasions placed his majesty in the most ludicrous positions, and indeed the present war is due in great part to a curious idea which the King conceived, and by which he thought to satisfy his pride. He was already in debt when the thought struck him that it would be a grand thing for him to prepare a magnificent banquet to celebrate the boring of his daughter's ears. To this feast he would invite all the crowned heads of Europe. But there was a difficulty in the way of this truly striking idea. The King was bankrupt. The Bombay-Burmah Trading Corporation had already paid the King large sums of money from time to time in advance, in anticipation of duties which would become due from timber worked out of the forests leased by them from the King. In order to have his banquet, and in order that he might complete one of the many Pagodas he and the Queen had set their hearts on having, it was necessary to obtain still further

money by hook or by crook. All Mandalay merchants of all nationalities were pressed to contribute. Then the whole sum was demanded from the Corporation, and every persuasive argument was made use of. The King's chief adviser, hearing that the thing was being put in the form of a request, stated in a loud voice in open Court that the demand must not be put in a mild form; he would put the matter clearly before the Corporation's Mandalay

Agent, and if the money was not forthcoming with good grace, he would see that the Corporation's work being carried on in the forests should be made so unpleasant for them that they would not be able to work at all. It was these unlawful attempts to extort money which brought on the war which has ended so unsatisfactorily to King Thebaw.

The King according to the reliable accounts has never been much more than a

puppet in the hands of those about him. He was called bloodthirsty and a drunkard when he waded through the blood of his brothers and relations in order to get to the throne. This description is probably not altogether just. His chief adviser was an ignorant, cruel, and unprincipled being. He was one of the principal officers of the old King's body-guard, who, in one of his generous freaks, installed him as one of his body-guard at the moment when it was ex-

pected sentence of death would be passed on him for the many crimes he had committed.

Burmans are cruel by nature, without generally betraying any such trait in their faces, but the King's chief adviser has cruelty and brutality clearly marked in every feature. It was this man who placed Thebaw on the throne. As officer of the guard, he knew of the late King's death before any one, probably eight or ten days before even the Ministers of the Court, and during that time he hatched and schemed his arrangements for butchery, etc., with the present Queen's mother. He is believed to have done much of the butchery with his own hand, and certainly helped the King to drown his remorse by initiating him into and prompting him to use strong drinks. This habit the King has probably not kept up, at any rate his features betray no sign of it.

The Burmese monarch waged war at a great disadvantage. He had not made himself popular among his people and ammunition had to be purchased from Italian firms and brought into Burmah through British territory packed in packages resembling those of macaroni. But there was scarcely



A BAD CASE.

(Continued on Fifti Page.)

## HOW BILLY WENT UP IN THE WORLD.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.  
A RANDOM SECT.

Dwellers in a city are accustomed to grand parades, to informal fireworks, to noise, in short to all kinds of excitement. They can hardly understand the interest of a Fourth of July celebration in a large country town. Such an affair occurred in Sefton the second year of Billy's farming, and was greatly enjoyed by the inhabitants. The Fourth happened on a bright day, and by nine o'clock the Barnards were ready to start for the field of operations. Prissy, as she stowed her three youngsters away in the wagon, warned Silas to watch Urban (the idol), for he would surely eat any torpedoes or fireworks that came to hand. She solemnly adjured the twins not to squeeze orange juice over their new pink frocks and then she began wondering why Billy Knox did not appear.

"Don't freeze and fret!" said Silas, picking up the reins. "Billy is going to Sefton along with the Ellerys. The old man has got a lame wrist, and he wanted him to drive."

"Oh, has he? Well, hurry, Silas, or we shall be late."  
"No, there they be now, just ahead of us, Billy didn't care about the parade. He said he shouldn't go into town until noon, but I suppose he had to be accommodating."  
"Yes, he can accommodate himself to Nan's movements almost any time," said Prissy, forced just afterwards to put her fingers down Urban's throat, after an agate button. He certainly did think his stomach was the best receptacle for any rubbish about the outside universe. The spluttering ended Prissy noticed that Silas was lost in meditation.

"What are you thinking about?" she asked.

"Why, that!"

"What?"

"Why Billy and Nan Ellery! Is he does he?"

"Yes, he is and he does; and he has been for the last three years," returned Prissy, reckless of all syntax, adding, "but I guess it is all on his part. There, I hear brass bands!"

They were crossing the town boundaries, and soon had met the Ellerys. The team had been put in a safe place, the families had joined forces and were in the Park, the centre of festivities. The trees shaded them pleasantly; the houses on every side were gay with flags, and the on-coming parade was sufficiently gorgeous. The marshal first (a peaceful citizen, looking to-day like a bloodthirsty warrior), the Goddess of Liberty, the States of the Union (young ladies in red, white and blue), the soldiers of the Grand Army, the town firemen—all were there in proper order. Bells rang, cannons fired, and Prissy, excited by the music, was as lively as were Jack and Jill.

Billy, who remembered many street processions in New York, was chiefly interested in meeting his friends; for everywhere he met familiar faces. Before the oration, however, he was careful to secure the cool corner of a stone porch, where the ladies could be out of the crowd. Perhaps he heard everything said by the long-winded speaker, and enjoyed the reading of the "Declaration," but he did not lose any of Nan's merry comments on the scene around them. Often during the past year he had said to himself, that as he had no reason to think Nan would ever return his affection, it was wise for him to shun her society. That was his theory; his practice was never to lose an opportunity like the present to enjoy her conversation. He had not been alarmed for a long time by mention or by sight of the Professor, and gradually, his fears in that direction were allayed. He often nowadays called at the Ellerys', and Nan never avoided him.

When the speeches were over, the Barnards wandered off to show the twins everything astonishing that the town afforded. Mrs. Ellery went with her husband somewhere for a cup of tea, leaving Nan and Billy together. They were away from the noise and the crowd, yet near enough to see it all, had they cared to see. Billy was too happy to sit quietly near Nan and talk of the Academy, of their school friends, and

similar topics. At last he ventured one direct question, his eyes full of meaning: "Where is your friend the professor?"

"In Boston."

"May I see him?"

"Yes, six months ago," replied Nan.

"I am so glad to know it," said Billy.

When the most formal ceremonies of the day were ended, he betook himself to the one large hotel of the town to see a man with whom he had appointed an interview. He not only found him, but with him were many acquaintances, all talking of the news, politics, or business. A few were in very high spirits, owing to excess of patriotism, or proximity of the Sefton House bar; and after a while, Billy perceived that his neighbor Holmes was behind this bar as an extra assistant for the day.

"Pshaw! Isn't it hot here!" exclaimed a pleasant faced man, one of the group with Billy. "I seldom drink beer, but that looks cooling. Won't you have a glass, Knox?"

"No, thanks."

"Don't you ever take it?"

"Oh, don't you know Knox is as mad as a March hare on the temperance hobby?" laughed a bystander. "It is of no use to ask him to drink."

"Yes," added another, "Holmes here, says he is spoiling the beer trade up his way."

"He's spoiling other folks' interest in it, but, mind you, he ain't hurting his own a penny's worth," grumbled Holmes.

"How is that?" asked Billy.

"What do you suppose I sell beer for, anyway?" was Holmes' loud return question.

"Why, to make money by it, I suppose."

"Exactly! I have bought a public house, and I have got to sell beer to pay expenses. Now you have taken a farm, and you are trying to pay for it, too, ain't you, Knox?"

"That is just what I am doing."

"Very well then. I sell lager over the counter, by the glass; and you sell lager by a bigger measure. What is the difference, I'd like to know? You raise barley to go in one door of your hands, you hold them up in holy horror at a fellow who sells the lager that comes out of the other door."

A loud laugh went around, not so much at the significance of the defense, as at Holmes' triumphant tone, and Knox's expression of amazement; for the latter stood a second speechless. Of course, there was an absurdity, or a catch, in this adroitly turned argument of the bar-tender; but he could not in his sudden bewilderment, get hold of the fallacy to expose it. He stammered:

"All barley is not raised for the brewery."

"No; but all that you sell goes there, straight enough, and you know it."

"If I raise and sell good grain, I'm not responsible for the bad use it is put to afterwards."

"I don't say as you are; and by that same token, if I sell a glass of good sound beer, you needn't go ranting around about the misery I'm making. I ain't responsible for the bad use made of lager. I tell you, Knox, we're after the very same fish, with the very same bait; and if your line is longer, and has got more knots in it, you're at the other end of it, all the same. Hello here, Jim, these gentlemen want glasses!"

The laugh had subsided; the bar-tender was immediately intent on his duties; and the man who had been interrupted in a talk with Billy about a self-binder, went on as before the depression. In the opinion of the crowd, nothing of any weight had been said. Everybody who owned a farm raised barley. Holmes had only hit on this notion as one calculated, for the time, to silence Knox.

"Where have my wits gone?" thought Billy, half-listening to the praises of the binder. "I ought not have let Holmes get the best of me like that. I must straighten out this kink, and be ready for him my next chance."

A new comer greeted him, and later the incident was only remembered as a slightly unpleasant episode. Then came a Sunday afternoon before harvest, when it was recalled to him by a chance remark of Silas'. They were sitting together in the doorway—the Barnards and Billy—as Si, looking up from a paper, said:

"If nothing happens to that barley out there, before harvest, it will beat our last year's crop all holler."

"Stop your week-day talk, Si," said Prissy, promptly. "Remember the man

who was going to pull down his barns and build greater."

"Tell me about him! Tell me about him!" roared Jack, before whom the mention of a story was a red rag exciting him to frenzy. Prissy resigned herself to giving details; while Billy, coming nearer Silas, told him for the first time of Holmes' speech in the Sefton House.

Si, shrugging his shoulders, laughed:

"Why, I didn't think Holmes had gumption enough to fire such a shot as that."

"Well, it was like shot; it floored me."

"What would you have said to it?"

"I should have thought of my smart answer next day."

"I have not thought of it yet. If it is wrong for Holmes to sell beer, because it is beer, why isn't it wrong for me to sell what is surely going to be beer?"

(To be continued.)

## SUSIE REDMAYNE, OR THE BITTER CRY.

(By Christabel)

## CHAPTER I.—"ALONE, ALONE; ALI, ALL ALONE!"

"It is so cold, Ralphy—so cold! it is going to be colder."

"Do you feel it very much, Susie?" said the boy, turning to the all but fireless grate and trying to rake together the few dying wood ashes.

But it was no use. There was nothing in the grate to give warmth—nothing to give light—nothing to make the cheerless winter afternoon seem cheerful.

They were not quite orphaned children, perhaps they were rather worse than orphaned.

The mother had died when little Susie was born; and it would be hard to say how the child had managed to live through seven summers and winters of neglect, hard usage and scant fare.

Yet she had lived as nature's wild flowers do live, and like them, the little thing contrived to shed a certain sweetness upon the hard world about her.

She was almost like a flower to look at with her golden head, her lily-white face, and her eyes of pure forget-me-not blue; and there was a flower-like grace about her that caught your attention at once if you happened to be passing through Piper's Court.

The room, or rather the garret in which the children were sitting, was at the top of Smirk's Buildings. The slanting roof was low and smoke-blackened. The snow which had been falling softly all the afternoon, was beginning to lie densely on the cracked skylight, shutting out the last ray of light, and making the children feel as if it were probable that they might be buried there in the chill gloom and darkness.

They had not much to say to each other now. They had had time enough during the day to talk themselves sad, and then to talk themselves bright again, half a dozen times over.

They had eaten the last morsel of bread, or rather Susie had eaten it; for Ralph declared that he had no appetite when he had no work.

His work was to run errands, to hold horses, or to help the market people, in short to do anything and everything that a quick and eager boy of eleven might be expected to do.

He had been unfortunate on this particular day. Not a penny could he earn, and he had never yet had to beg. He could not have told you what instinct within him made him shrink from an appeal to charity, as he would have shrunk from that.

He only remembered his mother very vaguely, but that vague remembrance acted as an unseen check, when t. boy knew it not.

It gave him a feeling that he was not exactly as the other boys of Piper's Court, and he saw plainly that Susie was not like the other girls.

Something marked them off, though the boy was all too young and too ignorant to know what that something was.

His resolution, if such it could be called, had been tried many and many a time, but never more than to-day, and now, when the day was almost gone, it was tried more than ever.

His little sister's words rang in his ear, "It is so cold, so very cold!" He knew how cold it was too; his own jacket was thin, he had no stockings, and in the morning he had had to fasten his left shoe on to his foot with a piece of string. He had laughed as he did it, but he did not laugh now, when the night was coming down into that bare unfurnished room, bringing with it new hopelessness, new terror, new and unknown dread.

There was a little straw bed in one corner of the garret, where Susie always slept. Ralph's bed, where he slept with his father on the rare nights that the latter went to bed, was in an adjoining garret; that was a straw bed too, and had only a ragged coverlet, which was of little use in the way of warmth.

The frost grew more and more intense, and colder still grew the evening.

Instinctively the children crept closer, and Ralph put his arm round Susie, for was he not her protector?

It was a great thing that each had the other. Fain would they have tried to soothe one another, but what could they do? This thought puzzled them much.

Then a cheering idea occurred to Ralph. He had been a Sunday school scholar before his father had sunk so low through drink. And his teacher had once told him, that when we were in difficulties and could do nothing for ourselves, that if we prayed, God would do it for us.

"Susie, child," said Ralph, in tremulous tones, "let us ask God to help us." And with Susie's hand locked fast in his own he knelt and uttered a broken prayer.

Who shall say that it was not answered when half an hour afterwards good old Bessie Brown looked in upon the forlorn little ones?

"Has it come to this, Ralph?" said Bessie in a husky voice, as she looked at the fireless grate and the desolate room.

"Heaven help you! poor motherless bairns," she continued.

Then in a more cheery voice:

"Come now, Ralph and Susie, I think we could make this place a little bit cheerful, and perhaps father will be pleased, when he comes home, to see that you have made the best of things. Just run along to my room, Ralph, and bring a few pieces of wood and coal."

Very soon a blaze from the fire sent its fitful glare over the bare floor and walls.

Ralph was sent to get a loaf. And while he was gone, Susie, who had taken off her shoes to save them, took the big kettle and ran off to the tap.

The splash of her bare feet amid the half-melted snow on the wet stone steps fell heavily on the ears of a well-dressed young lady, who passed upward to another gallery to see a sick woman.

The lady turned to look but the child was gone. It seemed useless to follow, for the windings in Piper's Court were very intricate to a stranger.

She passed on to fulfil her errand. But as she returned to her comfortable suburban home, the momentary glance, by one dim gas-lamp, of the naked feet and the big kettle, and the beautiful tangled hair flying wildly in the wind, and she thought the child was sobbing—these things haunted her.

The luxuries of her home had lost her charm. When she retired to her boudoir her eyes rested on velvet, and marble and gilt; but these she saw not.

Miss Frere's mental vision was too full of the sad picture in Piper's Court. The frail child, the tiny bare feet, the big kettle, and the ice and snow. To what kind of people could the poor child belong? Miss Frere almost despaired of ever finding her, farther organ of hope was not large; but she at once resolved to pray every day that she might again meet the child and befriend her.

If a room could be made tidy or cheerful Bessie Brown could do it. And Susie looked carefully among the cups and saucers to find one that was not cracked, to set ready for father. Bessie made them some hot coffee, for she thought it would help to keep the frost out.

They drank their coffee and at their bread, and although they had neither sugar, milk, nor butter, they were happy; for good old Bessie was near them, and she always carried about her an atmosphere of peace and kindness. Yet over their short-lived happiness there hung a cloud. They could not shape their fears into words. But a

(To be continued.)

For the Weekly Messenger.

THE WOMAN'S WORLD.

Domestic economy is a study that no woman should neglect. Hints on that subject, as well as on dress, will now and again find places in this paper and letters on any one of these subjects will be thankfully received by the editor of the household department of the "Weekly Messenger."

HINTS ON THE FASHIONS

There is no part of a lady's dress so important next to a well-fitted garment as a becoming hat or bonnet. The fashion this year does not promise comfort or beauty, but no one should disgrace herself for the sake of following the fashion, and the variety in this part of a lady's dress is so great that no one knows what the orthodox style is. No one needs, however, to follow eccentric fashions. Bonnets made of the same material as the dress are still worn.

The fashion in hats gives the preference to the high pointed ones worn a century ago. Bonnets, too, are high in front and require much skill and taste to make them becoming. We notice that plush is usually used in trimming both bonnets and basques. Sometimes two shades are used and form a pretty effect.

Bonnet strings will be tied under the chin this winter.

There are shapes to suit all styles in seal-skin wraps this season and as many kinds of seal-skin too.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

This is the time when many a mother is asked by her children what she shall make for Christmas presents to give to their friends. Little boys especially find it difficult to know what to make for the purpose.

We like to encourage the making of Christmas and New Year's gifts, as presents which have taken the time and thought of the giver are generally accompanied with more love and at the same time are often received with more satisfaction than those which have merely been bought. In settling this difficult question "what shall I make?" a correspondent has come to our aid. The boys who read this letter need not laugh at the suggestion made, for many men who became great have not despised to learn to knit and sew. It is well known how the sailors in the British navy can do exquisitely fine sewing work with their clumsy fingers, and one of the most famous admirals, who died about ten years ago, declared he was very thankful that he had learned both to knit and sew when a small boy. We ourselves have seen needle-work of the very finest character which had been made by soldiers in the army. Of this work we may mention, for example, a coat of arms, embroidered in various colors on a small piece of dark blue silk, and valued at no less than \$200.

With these few comments we publish a portion of the letter referred to: "I advise mothers to teach their children, both boys and girls, how to crochet. In one day I taught my three vigorous and frolicsome boys to handle the crochet-needle nimbly. In three days, they had made and put by three presents for father, sister and aunty. Perhaps there was one for mother but that was kept in the dark.

"A pair of slippers was made of dark green double wool, twenty-one stitches for the toe, augmenting, two stitches in the middle of every other row till the work covered the top of the foot. Then, having divided the number of stitches in two, the sides were crocheted backwards and forwards. The strips for the sides need to be long enough to go around to the back of the foot and join. A soft felt sole can be had cheap and a very serviceable and comfortable pair of slippers are made at little cost.

The second little boy made a pair of mittens, half mitts, and the third boy of ten made a lovely pair of cuffs with two different colored wools. Reading aloud to them became an easy matter when their hands were usefully occupied. Mothers, help your children to make their own presents and make the little ones doubly happy."—A MOTHER.

In a paper read before the French Academy of Sciences, it was stated that a man fifty years of age sleeps away an aggregate of 6,000 days, works away the same period, cats away 2,000 days, walks away 800 days, and is ill 500 days.

THE TRAVELLING MUSICIANS.

An honest farmer had once an ass that had been a faithful servant to him a great many years, but was now growing old and every day more and more unfit for work. His master, therefore, was tired of keeping him, and began to think of putting an end to him; but the ass, who saw that some mischief was in the wind, took himself slyly off, and began his journey towards the great city, "for there," thought he, "I may turn musician."

After he had travelled a little way he spied a dog lying by the roadside and panting as if he were very tired. "What makes you pant so, my friend?" said the ass. "Alas!" said the dog, "my master was going to knock me on the head, because I am old and weak, and can no longer make myself useful to him in hunting, so I ran away; but what can I do to earn my livelihood?" "Hark ye!" said the ass, "I am going to the great city to turn musician; suppose you go with me and try what you can do in the same way?" The dog said he was willing, and they jugged on together.

They had not gone far before they saw a cat sitting in the middle of the road and making a most rueful face. "Pray, my good lady," said the ass, "what's the matter with you? You look quite out of spirits!" "Ah me!" said the cat, "how can one be in good spirits when one's life is in danger? Because I am beginning to grow old, and had rather lie at my ease by the fire than run about the house after mice, my mistress laid hold of me, and was going to drown me; and though I have been lucky enough to get away from her, I do not know what I am to live upon." "Oh!" said the ass, "by all means go with us to the great city; you are a good night singer, and may make your fortune as a musician." The cat was pleased with the thought, and joined the party.

Soon afterwards, as they were passing a farm yard, they saw a cock perched upon a gate, and screaming out with all his might and main. "Bravo!" said the ass; "with my own word you make a famous noise; pray what is all this about?" "Why," said the cock, "I was just now saying that we should have fine weather for our washing day, and yet my mistress and the cook don't thank me for my pains, but threaten to cut off my head to-morrow, and make broth of me for the guests that are coming on Sunday." "Heaven forbid!" said the ass; "come with us, Master Chanticleer; it will be better at any rate than staying here to have your head cut off! Besides, who knows if we take care to sing in tune, we may get up some kind of a concert; so come along with us." "With all my heart," said the cock; so they all four went on jollily together.

They could not, however, reach the great city the first day; so when night came on they went into the wood to sleep. The ass and the dog laid themselves down under a great tree, and the cat climbed up into the branches; while the cock, thinking that the higher he sat the safer he should be, flew up to the very top of the tree, and then according to his custom, before he went to sleep, looked out on all sides of him to see that everything was well. In doing this he saw afar off something bright and shining; and calling to his companions said, "There must be a house no great way off, for I see a light." "If that be the case," said the ass, "we had better change our quarters, for our lodging is not the best in the world!" "Besides," added the dog, "I should not be the worse for a bone or two, or a bit of meat." So they walked off together towards the spot where Chanticleer had seen the light; and as they drew near, it became larger and brighter, till they at last came close to a house in which a gang of robbers lived.

The ass, being the tallest of the company, marched up to the window and peeped in. "Well, donkey," said Chanticleer, "what do you see?" "What do I see?" replied the ass, "why I see a table spread with all kinds of good things, and robbers sitting round it making merry." "That would be a noble lodging for us," said the cock. "Yes," said the ass, "if we could only get in!" so they consulted together how they should contrive to get the robbers out, and at last they hit upon a plan. The ass placed himself upright on his hind legs, with his fore feet resting against the window; the dog got upon his back; the cat scrambled up to the dog's shoulder, and the cock flew up and sat upon the cat's head. When all was ready, a signal was given, and they began

their music. The ass brayed, the dog barked, the cat mewled, and the cock screamed; and then they all broke through the window at once, and came tumbling into the room, amongst the broken glass, with a most hideous clatter! The robbers, who had been not a little frightened by the opening concert, had now no doubt that some frightful hobgoblin had broken in, upon them, and scampered away as fast as they could.

The coast once clear, our travellers soon sat down, and dispatched what the robbers had left, with as much eagerness as if they had not expected to eat again for a month. As soon as they had satisfied themselves, they put out the lights, and each once more sought out a resting-place to his own liking. The donkey laid himself down upon a heap of straw in the yard; the dog stretched himself upon a mat behind the door; the cat rolled herself up on the hearth before the warm ashes; and the cock perched upon a beam on the top of the house; and, as they were all rather tired with their journey, they soon fell asleep.

But about midnight, when the robbers saw from afar that the lights were out and that all seemed quiet, they began to think that they had been in too great a hurry to run away; and one of them who was bolder than the rest, went to see what was going on. Finding everything still, he marched into the kitchen, and groped about till he found a match in order to light a candle, and then espying the glittering fiery eyes of the cat, he mistook them for live coals, and held the match to them to light it. But the cat, not understanding this joke, sprang at his face, and spit and scratched at him. This frightened him dreadfully, and away he ran to the back door; but there the dog jumped up and bit him in the leg; and as he was crossing over the yard the ass kicked him, and the cock, who had been awakened by the noise, crowed with all his might. At this the robber ran back as fast as he could to his comrades, and told the captain "how a horrid witch had got into the house, and had spit at him and scratched his face with her long, bony fingers; how a man with a knife in his hand had hidden himself behind the door, and stabbed him in the leg; how a black monster stood in the yard and struck him with a club, and how the devil sat upon the top of the house and cried out, 'Throw the rascal up here!'" After this the robbers never dared to go back to the house; but the musicians were so pleased with their quarters that they took up their abode there, and there they are, I dare say, at this very day.

SYSTEMATIC visitation of scholars, or of those who ought to be scholars, is to be made the leading feature of the Brooklyn Sunday-school Union's recently adopted programme of missionary work. The territory covered by the Union is to be divided into six divisions, with a member of the Missionary Committee of the Union in charge of each, and each of these members is to subdivide the district under his immediate charge, assigning to every church or Sunday-school a field for its special labor. Then each church will be asked to subdivide its own field into sections containing, if possible, not more than twenty families, and have them numbered, and have church members assigned to the personal oversight of each such section. Thus it is hoped that the churchless or lapsed masses of the city may be directly reached. These home visitations are to be repeated and frequent. The directors of this movement add the following wise words of caution to those who are to engage in this effort, and the caution is equally applicable to all engaged in missionary Sunday-school work anywhere. (1) "Do not draw away scholars from one Sunday-school into another, and by this means embarrass where you intend to aid." (2) Take the child into such Sunday-school as its parents or friends prefer, and thus avoid the suspicion of proselytism. (3) If the scholars have no particular preference, take them into your own school.—S. S. Times.

THE TEACHER who has not enough real kinship with children to enter with genuine, not assumed, interest in to little joys and sorrows, who is too dignified to have a simple, lively manner, both in and out of the class, might as well be placed in a solemn corner of the adult Bible class, for stiff, cold teaching can no more succeed than dried butter-plum pinned in rows in a cabinet can fly.—Faith Latimer.

HINTS TO STUDENTS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

Dec. 13.—Isa. 53: 1-12.

Note the time of this prophecy, and the wonderful accuracy of the description written 700 years before the event.

Subject,—salvation through a suffering Saviour.

I. How the Saviour was first received by men (vers. 1-3). Christianity, now so great, had the feeblest beginnings; and Jesus Christ, now so honored, was at first despised and rejected.

Illustrations. (1) The stone that smote the image in Nebuchadnezzar's dream, and which became a great mountain. (2) A little feeble child, like Moses in the bulrushes, becoming the founder of a great nation, and doing wonderful deeds as a general, a law-giver, an organizer. (3) Almost all the greatest inventions and discoveries have been rejected and despised at first,—the printing-press, the steam engine, railway, telegraphs, etc.

Reason why Christ was rejected then. Application to our day.

II. The Saviour bearing our griefs (vers. 4). In two ways when on earth. (1) By sympathy (John 11: 33-36; Luke 19: 41, 42). (2) By healing their diseases (Matt. 8: 16-17). In four ways in our time. (1) By sympathy (Heb. 4: 15, 16). (2) By making them work out our good (Rom. 8: 28; Heb. 12: 10). (3) By making for us an eternal weight of glory (2 Cor. 4: 17, 18). (4) By the Gospel's power in lessening poverty, sickness, and pain among men (Rev. 21: 3, 4).

III. The Saviour bearing our sins (vers. 5-9). Here we study the meaning, the necessity, and the power of the atonement, the central fact of Christianity. Illustrations. (1) The story of Zeleucus, king of the Locri. (2) The sufferings which one person voluntarily takes upon himself to help others do not illustrate the atoning power of Christ's death, but they do take away the objections sometimes made to the atonement, as if causing the innocent to suffer for the guilty. For (1) the innocent suffers for the guilty of his own free will. (2) He inflicts it on himself. (3) It is the highest manifestation of love and heroism.

IV. The Saviour triumphing by means of his suffering. (vers. 10-12). Note that in each of these verses the source of the triumph is in the atonement. To leave that out of the Gospel is like leaving the steam out of the steam engine or the light out of the sun.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 20

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.—TEMPLE.—1 CHRON. XXVIII. 3.

- Trumpets . . . . . 2 Chron. v. 12.
Emerald . . . . . Ex. xxxix. 11.
Mosaic . . . . . Gen. xxi. 2.
Pillar . . . . . 2 Kings xii. 11.
Lamps of God . . . . . 1 Sam. iii. 3.
Oil . . . . . 1 Sam. iii. 5.

BIBLE ACROSTIC.—I. TERT. 2. H-ARG RES. 2. E.P. of 4. Tabernacle 5. Altar 6. Beds. 7. Embroidery. 8. Bed. 9. Needlework. 10. Aaron 11. Candlestick. 12. Laver. 13. Emerald. 14. Lincense. 15. N-W Moon. 16. Table. 17. High Priest. 18. Engraver. 19. Wings of the Cherubim. 20. Israelites. 21. Lincense. 22. Day. 23. Edvard. 24. Rose. 25. Naphtali. 26. Earings. 27. Snow-head. 28. Nuttin-wood. The Tabernacle in the Wilderness.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Albert Jesse French, and Lizzie E. Caldwell.

A GENTLEMAN, who was a bit fuddled by wine, was paying his cabman for taking him home. The gentleman had only a fifty cent piece and fifteen cents in small change whilst the carter had only dollar bills. How was the change to be made? The gentleman, wishing to dispose of the matter, said, "Well, here, you give me that dollar and I'll give you this" handing sixty-five cents to the cabman. The bargain was made. After getting into his house the gentleman thought the matter over and soon found that the cabman had paid him thirty five cents instead of his paying the cabman that amount as he had intended. No doubt the cabman must have found out his mistake too, but at the time he was of the impression that he was getting ten cents more than the twenty-five cents due him.



"NOT A HARD JOB."

A subscriber sending in his second list of names for our competition, says: "I intend getting more subscribers for this paper as it is not a hard job, for nearly everyone who sees it is willing to sign for it. We take quite a number of papers and papa says he likes the Messenger best of all and is reading it nearly all the time. I was talking to a person who has just started to take the "Messenger" and he says he likes it better every time it comes." This letter, of which we have made an exact copy, is only an example of the numbers we receive.

A PRIZE STORY.

In order to encourage literary talent among our readers we offer prizes of \$6, \$4, \$3 and \$2 to the persons who send us respectively the first, second, third and fourth best original stories with the picture we publish on our first page as the subject. A little girl pouring out a dose of medicine for her doll, who she pretends is taken very ill, ought to be an easy subject for everyone to write about. The story must not exceed two thousand words in length but may be as much shorter as the writer desires. The prize story will not necessarily be one of the longest. The length, provided the story is good all through, will count for something, but it is quite possible that one of the shorter stories may carry off the prize. All stories must be sent to us previous to the 15th of January on which day the prize-story competition ends. Those who intend competing should begin to think of the plot of their stories now, as we have allowed none too much time.

December Competition.

New subscribers have been fairly pouring in upon us. They are counted by hundreds every week. We rejoice at this as it enables us, if it be possible, to make the "Weekly Messenger" even more lively, interesting and instructive in the coming year than it has been in the past. Our friends should remember that it is just as easy for us to talk to one hundred thousand people as to twenty or thirty thousand. Many of their acquaintances will be thankful to have the paper brought to their notice. We should judge that larger numbers of people take the "Weekly Messenger" by merely having it shown them, for so many write to us—"Having come across a copy of the 'Weekly Messenger' I wish to subscribe for it," or words to a similar effect. Space fails us to tell of the praises bestowed on this paper by those who renew, of the thanks we have received for sending "such a nice book" as "Reprinted Stories" for prizes, and of the general manner in which the "Weekly Messenger" is conducted. If we had space to reproduce a hundredth part of the kind words spoken for us we would not need any comment of our own. We must not encroach on our news columns however, and so we leave everyone to be his own judge of the paper without having the opinions of others. In getting up our present competition we took into account that many young people will be looking about them to find how they can earn some pocket money during the holiday season. We believe we have a very good plan. By canvassing for the "Weekly Messenger" many a boy and girl has made sufficient money to buy a pair of skates, a much coveted book, or other useful article. There is no better business

training for a boy than a few days spent in canvassing.

LIBERAL COMMISSION.

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

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

PRIZES!

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

THE FIFTEEN PRIZES

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

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

5th to 15th prizes (both inclusive) our book "Reprinted Stories" which so many obtained in one of our competitions and which has been highly praised by all. The price of the book is sixty cents a copy. It contains 237 pages as large as those of the Messenger, and is profusely illustrated.

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

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

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

ONE OF OUR \$1.25 BOOKS FREE.

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

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

As WE PROMISED our readers and those who sent in new subscriptions for prizes, we will send the prizes now that the competition is over.

IN OPENING up a special column for the ladies we are sure we will please, especially as the matter printed under the "Woman's World" will not be uninteresting to the male portion of our readers.

SOME FEW of our subscribers, through a careless reading of the conditions of our competition, have asked for more than they have earned. We are sorry to disappoint anyone, but when a person asks us for more prizes than he is entitled to, and winds up the letter by saying "please send these, and any others that may be convenient", (one person has done this) it is too much to expect that we will comply with their wishes. Anyone who has asked for more than he was entitled to ought to re-read our offer carefully and then he will see just what we will give.

IN INTRODUCING a collection of German popular stories, Ruskin recommends them to both old and young. He says that their quality renders them equally attractive to all and we do not doubt that our readers will find it so if they read the two fairy tales which we print in this issue. These stories resemble Robinson Crusoe in that they improve with each reading.

THE WEEK.

POPE PIUS NINTH advised all good Catholics not to vote. The present pope, who does not seem quite so anxious to do away with the papacy as his predecessor, has just given a contrary advice.

THE ICE PALACE which is to be put up at St. Paul's this winter is to resemble the one so much admired at Montreal's last winter carnival. It is a great cross, 144 feet long by 120 wide, with a square tower in the middle of 80 feet high. The wings are finished with round turrets. The first idea of the ice palace at St. Paul was a huge dome of ice, forming one great room which was to be heated by large stoves. At least this was the form which one well-known paper said it would take.

A NUMBER of Russian Socialists are on trial at Warsaw. They are charged with having made an attempt upon the life of the Czar, through a mine under a street in Warsaw, and with murdering two police agents. We are inclined to think that it is intolerance on the part of the authorities that causes the increase of dynamites and Socialists, and not vice versa. Newspapers have been forbidden to report the proceedings of the trial. The advocates for the defence are so restricted that several refuse to act. Some of the leading members of the bar of St. Petersburg, Moscow and Warsaw have consented to defend the prisoners. Whenever newspapers are forbidden to publish the proceedings at such trials, there is created in the minds of the public a feeling of insecurity. The civil rights of the people may be infringed with impunity by a government which can conduct trials in a star-chamber manner. In this case it appears that the Government do not mean to allow the prisoners fair play, and it may therefore have good cause to exclude the press.

THE RUSSIAN MINISTER OF FINANCE has issued a circular to the inspectors of excise in the different provinces in relation to the issuing of licenses under the new law, and says, "this will lead to the closing of eighty thousand drinking-places on the 1st of January."

THE GRANT MONUMENT FUND ASSOCIATION set the limit at \$1,000,000 shortly after the General's death. At the end of five months \$100,000 has been collected.

THE SCOTT ACT has been defeated by a large majority in the counties of Prescott and Russell, Ont. The French went en masse against the Act. This is one of the few contests in Scott Act elections which have been won by the liquor dealers.

THE Leger, of Chicago, says:—"There is a parish in Louisiana where prohibition is enforced, and they use the gaol for storing corn. Better store the corn in the gaol and let men be free than convert it into whiskey and store the whiskey in the men, and the men with the whiskey in the gaol. It is much more economical to store only the one article in the gaol at a time."

ALONG THE UPPER border of Chinese newspapers, where we usually place the title and date, is written the exhortation, "Please respect written paper; the merit is boundless"—an exhortation that is generally heeded, for the papers are carefully filed in shop and office, and are read and re-read until at last they fall to pieces. Then a man from the society that takes written paper for its special care comes and takes away the well-thumbed, printed rags and tatters to be reverently burnt in a crematory attached to the Literary and Military Temple. People have so much reading matter these days that there are very few who think it worth while keeping files of newspapers. Those who do, however, say that they find a great deal of interest in occasionally looking over them.

THE JEALOUSY with which some nations try by all means to promote the use of their own language to the exclusion of others in their own territory is natural enough, for one of the great forces which tend to keep empires in their integrity is the universality with which the national language is spoken. The Czar then is wise. He has issued an order to all governors and other officials throughout the provinces to use the Russian language exclusively in all official writings and documents. The English language, being by far the most perfect, stands without any unnatural support. French still remains the language of diplomacy, and is still very strong, but where French is mixed with English, as for instance in Lower Canada, it takes a continual pushing to make the French language maintain its ground. Where there is a mixed population, comprising even so low a proportion of English to French as one of the former to three of the latter, it will be found that the French can all speak English, whilst the English know almost nothing about French. This is partly due, no doubt, to the greater ease with which the French acquire languages, but it is also due to the superiority of the English language for every-day use. The Russians and Germans are continually pushing their respective languages, recognizing them as very powerful instruments to enlarge their territories.

KING CHULALONKORN of Siam has affixed his signature to a treaty made with the United States by which citizens of the latter country are allowed to import liquors into Siam and sell them.

IN THE YEAR 1858 the luminary known as Biela's comet was seen for the last time. But every six and three-quarter years after there has appeared in its place a shower of stars. This star shower is supposed to be nothing more or less than pieces of the disrupted comet passing through the atmosphere of our world.

(Continued from first page.)

an attempt made to oppose the advance of the British soldiers. Just as the latter had come within three miles of Mandalay and were considering in what manner the town should be taken King Thebaw became humble and sued for peace. It only needed the sight of the forces marched against him to bring out all the coward that was in him. Gen. Prendergast, in reply to the request for a peaceable settlement of the difficulty, demanded the surrender of the Burmese army and Mandalay, the capital, stating that only then could he entertain any request looking to a settlement of the dispute. The King acceded to the terms, and Ava Forts, with twenty-eight guns, were turned over to the British troops. The garrison was placed there, and the British troops proceeded to Mandalay on the 28th inst.

We say the King acceded to the terms, but it is believed that His Majesty, some time previous to the arrival of the British and Indian army of invasion before the walls of Mandalay, sought refuge on Chinese soil, not being willing to wait and see what the conquerors would do with him. The Chinese Government recently informed Great Britain that it would in no way oppose the British operations in Burmah, even if they resulted in the annexation of the country to India. It is not believed, therefore, that Thebaw will be allowed to remain long in Chinese territory, where he might be a menace to the permanency of whatever Government the conquerors may set up in Burmah. It is said he will be handed over to Earl Dufferin and be sent into exile in some remote British possession.

A BLOODY FIGHT took place recently among the Indians of Salmon River, British Columbia. One Indian is held at Victoria on the charge of murder. The accused man, in a drunken fury, struck an Indian over the head with a bar of iron, crushing his skull. He also fatally stabbed another Indian and split open the head of a squaw. The father of the murderous Indian, in attempting to take the knife from his drunken son, received severe cuts, and a daughter of the murdered man also sustained several wounds while trying to gain possession of the knife.

IT IS CURIOUS how often we hear of the oldest person, perhaps in America, dying. The following is one of three or four such telegrams for this week: "Kitty Moore, who has become famous as the oldest person in Ottawa, if not in America, died in the Protestant Hospital on Saturday at the advanced age of 106 years. Kitty was born in Omagh, County Tyrone, Ireland, in the year 1779, and came to America and settled in Ottawa, then a small hamlet, in the year 1837."

NATURALLY ENOUGH the fishing-men of Portland, Maine, think that if they are going to be heavily taxed for the sake of the manufacturers and factory hands the latter should also be taxed for their benefit. So a memorial to Congress was drawn up, protesting against any treaty arrangements or legislation which would admit Canadian fish into American markets free of duty.

DISEASE is making terrible ravages in the ranks of the French army in Tonquin and Annam, and everywhere the natives seem to be in a rebellious condition. Since last June over six thousand troops have died or been disabled by sickness.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT publishes advertisements soliciting tenders for laying a cable from Halifax to Bermuda and Jamaica under a subsidy from the Government.

THE RAPIDITY with which water is capable of being developed into steam is something wonderful. A serious explosion occurred in Wilson & Cousins' brass foundry in Toronto. Wm. Popham was engaged in melting brass in a small furnace and shortly after the crucible was set in the furnace the bottom fell out of it, the melted metal fell into a pan of water, and immediately a terrible explosion occurred. Windows were smashed and a portion of the roof carried away, and the boiling metal scattered in all directions. Popham was terribly burned about the head, neck and arms, besides being cut and injured internally. His recovery is doubtful. James Slater, a boy of thirteen, was also badly burned, but not so seriously as Popham.

THE BRITISH ELECTIONS have taken place and so far the results show badly for the Liberals who have had five or six of their former Cabinet Ministers elected to stay at home. In different places in Ireland considerable rioting over the elections has taken place. The elections in Londonderry were attended with serious rioting between Catholics and Orangemen. The former were the aggressors. They marched through the streets in large bands shouting and smashing the windows of shops and residences occupied by Orangemen. Some of the Protestant churches were attacked and the Salvation Army barracks were wrecked. About twenty loyalists were more or less badly wounded. A Stipendiary Magistrate was stoned and seriously injured. Many arrests were made.

Mr. Gladstone has been elected by a large majority.

A TRUE PIRATE STORY:—The steamer "Greyhound," Captain C. M. Sieder, trading between Hong Kong and Pakhol, left the former port on October 11th on one of her regular trips, with 120 passengers and a general cargo. When the steamer was about seventy miles south-west of Hong Kong, about forty apparently innocent passengers scattered over the vessel and suddenly opened fire on the unsuspecting officers with revolvers. The captain attempted to reach the chart room and arm himself, but was met with a volley from the pirates, stabbed and thrown overboard. The only other white officers on board were the first and second mate and the chief and assistant engineers. The chief officer and assistant engineer were forced at the point of the revolver to work the vessel, while the others with the remainder of the passengers and the Chinese crew of twenty-five men, were batted down in the hold. The pirates then ransacked the steamer. The vessel was turned about, and when about forty miles from Hong Kong, three junks came alongside and took off the pirates and their plunder, valued at \$10,000, and sailed away. The pirates were in possession nearly nine hours. The Chinese authorities have captured two junks containing property pirated from the "Greyhound" and six men who were concerned in the outrage. They have been taken to Canton, where they will probably be beheaded.

ANOTHER UPRISING is feared in the Sudan. The Mahdi's death seems only to have strengthened his cause. His mantle has fallen on Khalifa Abdulla El Pasha who now holds the authority which the first Mahdi possessed. The new Mahdi is the recognized successor to the old and seems to have the confidence of his followers. Altogether things look far too much like another English campaign in Egypt. It is believed that Lord Salisbury, if he remains in power, will attempt to reconquer the Sudan.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT is contemplating an elaborate scheme for placing the Mother Country in close and constant cable communication with all her colonies and dependencies.

TO ALLOW TIME for letters posted last Monday by our subscribers in Texas, California, British Columbia and other distant places to reach us, we have had to allow until Wednesday and cannot therefore publish the results of the competition this week. We have begun sending off the immense number of prizes earned by those who sent in new subscriptions.

WE HAVE OFTEN HEARD that when a man begins speculating and is successful in his ventures he is likely to go on and on till he either fails or dies. Jay Gould is one of the rare exceptions to this rule if the telegram, which says that he declares he is done with stock speculation is true.

AT THE TIME when everyone was questioning whether Riel's death sentence would be commuted to imprisonment for life or not there was some dispute as to what power the Governor-General had in the matter. His Excellency has shown his power in a very practical manner. The following is a telegram from St. Catherine's, Ont. "Sheriff Duncan, of Welland, received a telegram this afternoon from the Minister of Justice, stating that 'His Excellency the Governor-General has been pleased to commute the sentence of death passed on John Easterbee for the murder of his brother to imprisonment for life.'"

A FEW DAYS ago the news came that Mount Vesuvius was in eruption. We have had to omit many important things his week and among others a picture of the crater of Mount Vesuvius.

THE GERMAN CORVETTE "Nautilus" has formally annexed the Marshall Islands to Germany.

## ALFONSO XII. DEAD.

Alfonso, King of Spain, is dead. On his death bed he absolutely refused to allow the doctors to hold a consultation. His mother and wife were obliged to implore him to permit the doctors to attend him. Hypodermic injections were made in order to induce sleep. The Queen and Dr. Camison watched by the King's bedside throughout the night. The scene when the last sacrament was administered was deeply impressive and tears coursed down the cheeks of all present. When the King expired Queen Christina, who was tearless, with a wail of anguish cried, "Alfonso! Oh God! He answers not! Alfonso!" Ex Queen Isabella knelt, crying "Holy Virgin, have mercy."

The mourning for the dead King was almost universal throughout Spain. All the noblemen closed their houses, and shops and theatres remained shut until after the funeral. Minute guns were fired every half hour, and peasants flocked to the palace murmuring "Poor queen," "Poor children." Loyalist papers express the deepest sympathy and regret.

The dying agonies of King Alfonso lasted almost continuously from Monday afternoon until Wednesday morning. Throughout Monday night His Majesty had a succession of spasmodic fits, which were the result of the fever and debility caused by his long illness, and his inability to retain or assimilate food. Although considerable trouble and revolts were feared after the death of the King, there has been nothing of the sort to speak of so far. Queen Christina has become Regent and a new Cabinet has been formed.

## THE VICE-PRESIDENT DEAD.

Vice-President Hendricks died very suddenly, at his residence in Indianapolis, Ind., a few minutes before five o'clock on Wednesday afternoon last week. He came home from Chicago early in the week and complained of feeling unwell, but nothing serious was thought of it at the time. Shortly before he died Mrs. Hendricks left his bedside to see a caller for a few minutes in the parlor. She was delayed longer than she expected, and when she returned to the room she found that Mr. Hendricks was dead. The end of a busy and eventful life had come peaceably and quietly. On his face there was no indication of pain or suffering and his eyes were only half closed, as if in gentle sleep. He died of paralysis of the brain.

The funeral was attended by a tremendous concourse of people from all parts of the country. The floral offerings were abundant and very beautiful. While the body lay in state an average of from seventy to eighty persons a minute passed by to have a last look at the face of Vice-President Hendricks.

There is one thing which very much does away with the feeling of mourning for a public man and that is the general desire to know who shall be his successor. All that has been said about who shall succeed the deceased Vice-President is merely conjecture. President Cleveland thought it wise not to go to the funeral as if anything had happened to him there would have been no one to succeed him as President.

## A GREAT WAR THREATENING.

King Milan's victorious march was short-lived, the troops of Prince Alexander of Bulgaria proving too much for him. On Thursday morning, last week, Prince Alexander at the head of 50,000 Bulgarian troops entered Serbia. Great enthusiasm prevails in the army and throughout Bulgaria.

Now that King Milan and Prince Alexander have had their fight and the latter came out victorious, there are three great Powers who are dissatisfied with the results and are vigorously preparing to make war if they see a chance to do so with benefit to themselves. The three Powers we refer to are Austria, Russia and Turkey. We should not be at all surprised to see a great war come out of this Roumelian revolution, nor would we be surprised to see England put in her oar, more especially if Lord Shaftesbury's Government remains in power.

THE PEOPLE of Monterey, Mexico, witnessed degrading bull fights about a week ago, in which the excitement was enhanced by one of the fiercest of the bulls killing a fourteen-year-old bull.

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM will celebrate the 25th anniversary of his accession to the throne of Prussia on January 3rd. On that day he will give a reception to his generals, instead of on New Year's Day.

ONE WOULD THINK by the way those who cable the news from England spread out the Caroline islands affair that the great object was to get as much news of any sort as possible. It was about three weeks ago that we mentioned how the German Government had recognized Spanish Sovereignty over the Caroline islands. The news came again and again in very slightly different forms till now we hear that "Germany and England have signed an agreement to recognize Spanish sovereignty over the Caroline islands, Spain having conceded commercial facilities in that quarter to these powers." We hope that this is a summary disposal of the whole matter.

THE WRECK OF THE "GROSVENOR"  
James Payne, in Harper's Handy Series.

On the 4th of August, being Sunday, 1782, the "Grosvenor," East Indianman, homeward-bound, was scudding, under little canvas, before a north-west gale. She had left Malaga ear to the north-east some days ago, and was supposed by her captain (Captain Coxen) to be at least a hundred leagues from the nearest land. Before daylight John Hynes, a seaman, with one Lewis and others, were aloft striking the foretop-gallant mast, when Hynes asked Lewis if he did not think certain breakers ahead indicated land. The latter answering in the affirmative, they hastened to inform the third mate, Mr. Beal, who had the watch. Mr. Beal "only laughed at them," but in a few minutes the "Grosvenor's" keel struck, and "as she beat very hard, every soul on board instantly ran on deck."

These souls, predestined to destruction, were very many—nearly two hundred, including, alas! both women and children and sick. If the position of those who are well and strong in such circumstances is pitiable, what must be that of the weak? The captain endeavored in vain to mitigate the universal panic; for though no water could be detected in the vessel by the pumps, it was well understood there was a hole in her; and since the wind was off the land, which could now be discerned a hundred yards away, it was feared she would be driven to sea, and founder. The gunner was ordered to fire signals of distress; but on going to the powder-room he found it full of water. The mainmast was cut away, then the foremast, but without easing the doomed ship, against which the waves beat with impatient fury, as though greedy for their prey.

To those who have only seen the summer sea at play upon our shores it is difficult to picture the force with which in storm every wave strikes a vessel in this position. She shudders at every blow, and groans and shrieks like any living creature. To the ignorant and timid, who feel the hull quivering under them, it seems as if she were going to pieces at every stroke. "At all hazards," they say to themselves, "let us get out of this to land;" but when they look upon the boiling waves, that seethe, as in some bottomless caldron, between themselves and the wished-for shore, even the frail planks on which they stand seem, by comparison, security. Even when a boat has perhaps with infinite difficulty been lowered, and they see it thrown hither and thither like a ball beneath them, and only kept from instant destruction against the ship's side by boat-hooks, they shrink from such a means of escape, and leave it to beller spirits. In the case of the "Grosvenor," the yawl and jolly-boat, which had been hoisted out, were dashed to pieces as soon as they touched the water. An Italian and two seamen, however, swam to land with the deep sea line, by help of which a stronger rope was conveyed ashore, and then a hawser.

By this time a great crowd of natives had collected on the beach, who helped to fasten the hawser to the rocks, and the other end of the rope being made fast to the capstan on deck, it was hauled tight. Communication was thus established between the ship and the land; a perilous mode of safety, however, that could only be used by the most agile seamen, of whom no less than fifteen out of twenty attempting to pursue it dropped into the sea, and were drowned before the eyes of their companions.

The people on the wreck now busied themselves in constructing a raft, the only means of escape that was apparently left them, and it was launched overboard, and guided to the ship's stern, so that the wo-

men and children might be dropped into it from the quarter gallery. But hardly had it reached the waves when it was torn asunder—"the great ropes that bound it together parting like pack-thread"—and the men in charge of it perished. Picture to yourself, reader, how each of these successive events must have affected the survivors, who beheld them all, and felt them to be so many preludes to their own destruction. In despair they all huddled together on the poop awaiting death, while with a crash that made itself heard above the tempest, the great ship clove asunder.

And here, as we shall find often happens in these narratives of disaster, what would seem to have been their certain doom proved for a time their preservation; for the wind suddenly veered round, and blowing directly to the land, carried the starboard quarter on which they stood into shallow water, and the whole company reached the shore.

By this time the night was falling; but the natives, who had retired with the setting sun, had left the embers of a fire, by which means three others were lighted, and some hogs and poultry being driven ashore, the poor creatures made a good repast—which was their last one. They soon learned from their companions on the land that it was from no motives of humanity that the inhabitants had offered them assistance—nor, indeed, beyond fastening the hawser, had they given any help, but occupied themselves in seizing whatever came to land, especially anything in the shape of iron.

Among most savage nations iron holds the place which gold fills among those more civilized, and a few horse-shoes or rusty nails are valued more highly by them than pearls or diamonds. To any one who has seen the weapons or instruments in use among the South Sea Islanders, and the curious devices by which horn and bone and wood are made to supply the place of the coveted metal, this will not appear strange; and as the desire for gold too often hardens the heart among our own people, so that for iron makes that of the savage as the nether mill-stone, or as iron itself.

With the next morning a host of natives thronged the beach, to the great terror of the castaways, who had no weapons of any kind. The former took not the slightest notice of the new arrivals, but, knowing that they could turn their attention to them at any time, busied themselves exclusively with plunder. Next to positive ill-treatment, the poor "Grosvenor" people felt that nothing could augur worse for them than this total indifference to their wretched condition.

A cask of beef, a barrel of flour, and a puncheon of rum they managed to secure for themselves, and with a couple of sails they contrived two tents for the ladies and children. This was all the provision they had, though they were a hundred and thirty-five in number, and even the puncheon of rum the captain gave orders to be staved, "lest the natives should become dangerous by getting intoxicated."

Then he called the people together, and in a pathetic speech informed them that to the best of his belief they were on the coast of Caffaria, and that it might be possible in sixteen or seventeen days to reach on foot some of the Dutch settlements. As the ship was wrecked, he informed them that his authority was at an end, but if it was their wish he would resume it, as without discipline the difficulties of travel would be greatly increased. Then they all answered that "he should still be their captain, by all means."

One man named O'Brien had a swelled knee, and elected to remain with the natives,

whom he thought he might conciliate by making them little trinkets out of the lead and pewter cast ashore, and having recovered from his ailment, and learned their language, might better be able to get away from them, therefore, they left (little knowing the tender mercies of those to whom he so pitifully intrusted himself); "but Mr. Legie, the chief mate, being ill, was carried by two men in a hammock slung upon a pole."

The whole company then began to move westward, followed by many of the natives, "who took whatever they chose from them, and occasionally threw stones." Presently they met thirty Caffres, whose hair, instead of being crisp and curly like the rest, was made up in the shape of a sugar-loaf, and whose faces were painted red. Among them was a Dutchman called Trout, who spoke English. They offered him an immense sum if he would conduct them to the Cape; but he replied that it was impossible. He had murdered several of his own countrymen, and therefore could not venture among them again; besides, having a wife and children among the Caffres, to whom he had fled for refuge, he was averse to leave them, even if the tribe would have let him go, which he was well assured they would not. As to the journey, he informed them (as it turned out only too truly) that it would be attended with unspeakable difficulties, arising from the cruel nations through which they would have to pass, desert lands, and wild beasts.

Greatly depressed, the party moved on, every day harassed by the natives, who when the sun went down invariably retired. The poor unarmed Englishmen could do little against men armed with lances and protected by targets made of elephant's hide, and in the end they had always to sue for peace, cutting the buttons from their coats, and offering such trinkets as they possessed, to buy off their assailants. One day they plundered the gentlemen of their watches, and the ladies of some diamonds they had concealed in their hair; on another they took from them what was far more valuable, their one tinder-box, flint, and steel.

After this loss every one travelled with a fire-brand in his hand to guard against the wild beasts at night. Fresh water they generally found by digging in the sand, but their provisions were now nearly all expended, and discussion for the first time appeared among the unhappy band. "The fatigue of travelling with the women and children being very great, the sailors began to murmur."

We should pause before condemning these men, though they may deserve condemnation, to consider what some of us at least might have done in their case. It was morally certain that to advance as they were at present doing, by slow degrees, was to perish. Some hoped, no doubt, that by making quicker progress they might get help, and return for the rest, as indeed some did. Moreover, the same chivalry is hardly to be expected (though in these narratives it will be seen that it was often found) among uneducated persons as in those of gentler mould; it may even be added—to be quite fair—that when it is exhibited they do not get the same credit for it. For an officer to run away in battle is actually more difficult, because it is more disgraceful than for a common soldier. In this case almost all the officers, including the captain, remained with the ladies and children, and "many of the sailors, induced by the great promises made by Colonel James and others were prevailed on to stay with them, to carry what little provision was left, and the blankets with which they covered them-

selves in the night." A Captain Talbot, three of the ship's mates, one or two gentlemen and their servants, with the remainder of the seamen, among whom was John Hynes, "being in all forty-three," made up the forward party.

A young boy, Master Law, a passenger, between seven and eight years old, crying after one of these, a passenger, and having no surviving relatives of his own, was taken with them, it being agreed that they should carry him by turns whenever he should be unable to walk. It is not to be supposed that this separation of the two parties took place in anger or bad feeling on either side. Indeed, the next day, when those who had left the captain's company, having had to wait all night beside a river for the ebb tide, were overtaken by the rest, the meeting between them was most affecting, and once more they all travelled on as before. Nay, all the shell-fish, oysters, mussels, and limpets they could find on the sea-shore, although their other provisions were now quite expended, were that day, we are told, reserved solely for the women and children. Arriving at a Caffre village, where the Dutchman Trout lived, they were wickedly ill-treated by the inhabitants; and by his advice, since in smaller numbers they would be less likely to arouse the jealousy of the natives, they once more separated, "never to meet again." From this moment, unless from hearsay we have only the record of what may be called the sailors' party, narrated by John Hynes.

They kept along the coast-line as well as they could; but the frequent rivers, too deep and swift to be crossed by those who could not swim well, often compelled them to journey inland. Here we see how, not only in time of shipwreck, but afterward, the art of swimming, so easily acquired in youth, is so valuable. If it had not been for these diversions from their course more lives would certainly have been saved, as they had to take to the woods, where sorrel "and such wild berries as they observed the birds to peck at," and which they therefore knew were not poisonous, were their only food, and where wild beasts devoured them at night. When the rivers grew somewhat narrower, they lashed together all the dry wood they could collect with wood-bines and their handkerchiefs, and on the raft thus formed they set the little boy and those who could not swim, while the others pushed it over. In this way they sometimes crossed rivers two miles broad.

(To be continued.)

HANS IN LUCK.

Hans had served his master seven years, and at last said to him, "Master, my time is up, I should like to go home and see my mother; so give me my wages." And the master said, "You have been a faithful and good servant, so your pay shall be handsome." Then he gave him a piece of silver that was as big as his head.

Hans took out his pocket-handkerchief, put the piece of silver into it, threw it over his shoulder, and jogged off homewards. As he went lazily on, dragging one foot after another, a man came in sight, trotting along gaily on a capital horse. "Ah!" said Hans aloud, "what a fine thing it is to ride on horseback! there he sits as if he was at home in his chair; he trips against no stones, spares his shoes, and yet gets on he hardly knows how." The horse man heard this, and said "Well, Hans, why do you go on foot then?" "Ah!" said he, "I have this load to carry; to be sure it is silver, but it is so



heavy that I can't hold up my head, and it hurts my shoulder sadly." "What do you say to changing?" said the horseman. "I will give you my horse, and you shall give me the silver." "With all my heart," said Hans; "but I tell you one thing—you'll have a weary task to drag it along." The horseman got off, took the silver, helped Hans up, gave him the bridle into his hand and said, "When you want to go very fast, you must smack your lips loud, and cry 'Jip.'"

Hans was delighted as he sat on the horse, and rode merrily on. After a time he thought he should like to go a little faster, so he smacked his lips and cried "Jip." Away went the horse full gallop, and before Hans knew what he was about, he was thrown off, and lay in a ditch by the road-side; and his horse would have run off, if a shepherd who was coming by, driving a cow, had not stopped it. Hans soon came to himself, and got upon his legs again. He was sadly vexed, and said to the shepherd, "This riding is no joke when a man gets on a beast like this, that stumbles and flings himself off if he would break his neck. However, I am off now once for all! I like your cow a great deal better, one can walk along at one's leisure behind her, and have milk, butter and cheese every day into the bargain. What would I give to have such a cow?" "Well, said the shepherd, "if you are so fond of her, I will change my cow for your horse." "Done!" said Hans merrily. The shepherd jumped upon the horse and away he rode.

Hans drove off his cow quietly, and thought his bargain a very lucky one. "If I have only a piece of bread (and I certainly shall be able to get that), I can, whenever I like, eat my butter and cheese with it; and when I am thirsty I can milk my cow and drink the milk; what can I wish for more!" When he came to an inn, he halted, ate up all his bread, and gave away his last penny for a glass of beer; then he drove his cow towards his mother's village; and the heat grew greater as noon came on, till at last he found himself on a wide heath that would take him more than an hour to cross, and he began to be so hot and parched that his tongue clung to the roof of his mouth. "I can find a cure for this," thought he, "now will I milk my cow and quench my thirst," so he tied her to the stump of a tree, and held his leathern cap to milk into; but not a drop was to be had.

While he was trying his luck and managing the matter very clumsily, the uneasy beast gave him a kick on the head that knocked him down, and there he lay a long while senseless. Luckily a butcher soon came by driving a pig in a wheelbarrow, "What is the matter with you?" said the butcher as he helped him up. Hans told him what had happened, and the butcher gave him a flask, saying, "There, drink and refresh yourself; your cow will give you no milk, she is an old beast good for nothing but the slaughter-house." "Alas, alas!" said Hans, "who would have thought it! If I kill her, what would she be good for? I hate cow-beef, it is not tender enough for me. If it were a pig now, one could do something with it, it would at any rate make some sausages."

"Well," said the butcher, "to please you I'll change, and give you the pig for the cow." "Heaven reward you for your kindness!" said Hans as he gave the butcher the cow, and took the pig of the wheelbarrow, and drove it off, holding it by the string that was tied to its leg.

So on he jogged, and all seemed now to go right with him; he had met with some misfortunes, to be sure; but he was now well repaid for all. The next person he met was a countryman carrying a fine white goose under his arm. The countryman stopped to ask what it was o'clock; and Hans told him all his luck, and how he had made so many good bargains. The countryman said he was going to take the goose to a christening; "Feel," said he, "how heavy it is, and yet it is only eight weeks old. Whoever roasts and eats it may get plenty of fat off it, it has lived so well!" "You're right," said Hans as he weighed it in his hands; "but my pig is no trifle." Meantime the countryman began to look grave, and shook his head. "Hark ye," said he, "my good friend; your pig may get you into a scrape; in the village I just come from, the squire has had a pig stolen out of his sty. I was dreadfully afraid, when I saw you, that you had got the squire's pig; it will be a bad job if they catch you; the least

they'll do, will be to throw you into the boisepond."

Poor Hans was sadly frightened. "Good man," cried he, "pray get me out of this scrape; you know this country better than I, take my pig and give me the goose." "I ought to have something into the bargain," said the countryman, "however I will not bear hard upon you, as you are in trouble." Then he took the string in his hand, and drove off the pig by a side path, while Hans went on the way homewards free from care. "After all," thought he, "I have the best of the bargain: first there will be a capital roast, then the fat will find me in goose-grease for six months; and then there are all the beautiful white feathers; I will put them into my pillow, and then I am sure I shall sleep soundly without rocking. How happy my mother will be!"

As he came to the last village he saw a scissor grinder with his wheel working away, and singing

Over hill and o'er dale so happy I roam,  
Work light and live well, all the world is my home,  
Who so is with me, so merry as I!

Hans stood looking for a while, and at last said, "You must be well off, master grinder, you seem so happy at your work." "Yes," said the other, "mine is a golden trade; a good grinder never puts his hand in his pocket without finding money in it;—but where did you get that beautiful goose?" "I did not buy it, but I changed a pig for it." "And where did you get the pig?" "I gave a cow for it." "And the horse?" "I gave a horse for it." "And the horse?" "I gave a piece of silver as big as my head for that." "And the silver?" "Oh! I worked hard for that seven long years." "You have thriven well in the world hitherto," said the grinder; "now if you could find money in your pocket whenever you put your hand into it, your fortune would be made." "Very true; but how is that to be managed?" "You must turn grinder like me," said the other, "you only want a grindstone, the rest will come of itself. Here is one that is a little the worse for wear; I would not ask more than the value of your goose for it;—will you buy?" "How can you ask such a question?" replied Hans; "I should be the happiest man in the world if I could have money whenever I put my hand in my pocket; what could I want more! there's the goose!" "Now," said the grinder, as he gave him a common rough stone that lay by his side, "this is a most capital stone; do but manage it cleverly, and you can make an old nail out with it."

Hans took the stone and went off with a light heart; his eyes sparkled with joy, and he said to himself, "I must have been born in a lucky hour; everything that I want or wish for comes to me of itself."

Meantime he began to be tired, for he had been travelling ever since daybreak; he was hungry, too, for he had given away his last penny in his joy at getting the cow. At last he could go no further, and the stone tired him terribly; he dragged himself to the side of a pond, that he might drink some water and rest awhile; so he laid the stone carefully by his side on the bank, but as he stooped down to drink, he forgot it, pushed it a little, and down it went plump into the pond. For a while he watched it sinking in the deep clear water, then sprang up for joy, and again fell upon his knees, and thanked heaven with tears in his eyes for its kindness in taking away his only plague, the ugly heavy stone. "How happy am I!" cried he, "no mortal was ever so lucky as I am." Then up he got with a light and merry heart, and walked on free from all his troubles, till he reached his mother's house.

#### SCHOOLROOM AND PLAYGROUND.

IF SCHOLARS attend to their grammar lessons they will never make the mistake of using the new past tense employed in the following narrative:

"I don't care if our dog did whip yours," said an angry little girl to a playmate. "Your dog is a sneaking little thing, anyhow!"

"I don't care," sobbed the owner of the sneaking dog. "I guess your dog snooked first."

IN MANY PLACES in the Northern States and through Canada there have been heavy snowfalls, and the scholars have begun their winter sports. We would like to hear from some of our readers in the Southern States

how the scholars there amuse themselves during the winter months.

TEACHER—"Why, how stupid you are, to be sure! Can't multiply eighty-eight by twenty-five? I'll wager that Charles can do it in less than no time." Pupil—"I shouldn't be surprised. They say that fools multiply very rapidly now-a-days."

AT A LADIES' prayer meeting the chairman (a lady) after reading a chapter of the Bible, in which the words "that man" and "he" were used in a general way, referring to any person irrespective of gender, expressed her inability to explain why these expressions did not read "that man or that woman" and "he or she." Although "man" and "he" are put down in our grammars as words of masculine gender they are not masculine in every case but are often used indefinitely to refer to man and woman.

A MEDICAL authority has given the following as being safe periods of quarantine, which teachers should exact of pupils who have suffered attacks of the diseases mentioned, before their return to school: Scarlet fever, eleven days; measles, sixteen; epidemic roseola, sixteen; chicken pox, eighteen; small-pox sixteen; mumps, twenty-one; whooping cough, twenty-one; diphtheria, ten.

#### THE NEW BOY.

##### I.

A new boy—unfriendly, and timid, and shy—  
Who looks at the fellows with wondering eye;  
He's "out of it all" in the burry and push,  
And longs to be back at his home in the bush;  
So chaff not, and ask not too often his name—  
Remember, oh, youngster, the day when you came.

##### II.

Tho' raw and a duffer, perhaps he may grow  
To be the one fellow you're proudest to know,  
The chosen companion, the steadiest friend,  
Who's ready your name as his own to defend,  
Who'll stand by you firmly thro' good and thro' ill,  
And tho' you be parted will think of you still.

##### III.

It may be, the new boy you hold but a weed  
May win us the battle in utterest need,  
May play for the twenty and row for the crew,  
And come to be dux of the Grammar School too,  
And think, when asunder you hear of his win,  
How jolly to know that you welcomed him in.  
—C., in the *Geelong Grammar School Quarterly*.

#### A MOSLEM SCHOOL.

The school-room is usually in a mosque, the Moslem place of worship and prayer. The scholars have no desks and no seats, but squat on the floor on rugs; sitting on their heels to read, or raising one knee to rest the hand on while writing with a reed pen. The teacher sits facing the boys; he holds a book and listens to the reading. They all read aloud, not in concert, but each one his own lesson. When the noise of voices is very loud and deafening, the teacher is satisfied, for then he is sure all are studying; but if the noise should grow less, he would probably stir up the boys with a stick.

The Moslems think it is a sin to print the Koran, therefore all their books are written with a reed pen, in the finest Arabic characters, in ink of several colors. A scribe who writes well is thought a great deal of, and the best writing is much admired.

On entering the mosque the boys kick off their slippers, for it is good manners in that country to take the shoes off and keep the feet on in the house. These boys have on turb, black, astrachan fur caps, and under these they wear smaller caps made of quilted silk. Their hair is curiously shaved in a broad band across the head, from forehead to neck, leaving tufts of hair about the ears. They wear full trousers, and a coat of cloth or Persian shawl outside, with the skirt gathered and sewed in full at the waist; the sleeves are loose and flowing, and sometimes the arms are not put through the sleeves, so they hang flapping about.

The boys bring their books in satchels over their shoulders. A bag of the same

kind, though not so handsome or gayly embroidered, is used to carry their lunch of bread and cheese. The window with the little panes of glass, often of the brightest colors, has the sash pushed up for light and air. Hanging from the ceiling is a rickety lamp, and around the walls various strange decorations. The Moslems are forbidden to make any image of living things, even of flowers and plants, so they ornament their houses with various patterns formed of straight and curved lines.—*Ex.*

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## YOUNG FOLKS.

## FRIENDLY LIONS.

Every boy who has visited a menagerie knows that the lion is capable of being taught. A lion exhibited in a Dutch menagerie would leap through a barrel covered with blazing paper. He was so tame that his keeper took his food from him several times, with no resistance save a slight clutch and growl.

If a lion is captured when young and treated with kindness he becomes attached to his master and will follow him like a dog. Anderson, the Swedish naturalist, saw, in the hut of an African trader, one that was not only fond of his owner, but lived on the most affectionate terms with the dogs, cats, and other domestic animals.

Layard says, in his "Nineveh and Babylon," that the Pasha of Hillah, the town built on the ruins of ancient Babylon, had a tame lion that was allowed to stroll, unattended, through the bazars. He had only one bad habit; when he was hungry, he would take possession of a butcher's stall, drive out the butcher, help himself to a joint, eat it, and then depart.

If he had a fancy to breakfast on fish, he would go down to the bank of the Euphrates, wait the coming of a fisherman's boat, scare away the owner, pick out the largest fish, and break his fast at his leisure.

The Pasha encouraged his pet to get his daily rations by this method, as it relieved him from paying fishermen's and butchers' bills. When the lion had appeased his hunger, he would stretch himself in the sun, and allow the Arab boys to play with him as if he were a large dog.

The captain of an English frigate kept a huge pet lion, which he had reared from a cub, that was so tame as to be allowed the run of the ship.

"Prince," as he was called, was more attached to his keeper than to his owner. One day the keeper got drunk, and the captain ordered him to be flogged. The grating on which the keeper, stripped to his waist, was tied, stood opposite Prince's cage. While preparations were being made for the flogging, the lion kept walking around his cage, stopping now and then to look at his friend, and at the boatswain, who stood "cat" in hand, waiting the word.

At the first stroke of the knotted tails on the man's bare back, the lion's sides resounded with the quick lashings of his tail. His eyes glowed with rage when he saw the blood begin to flow. With a roar of thunder he dashed himself against the bars of the cage. They bent, but did not give way, and the lion, finding that he could not break out, rolled on the floor, shrieking as if in agony.

"Cut down the man!" said the captain to the boatswain.

"Go to your friend!" said he to the bleeding keeper.

When the man entered the cage, the lion leaped beside himself with joy. He caressed him with his paws, gently licked the mangled back, and then folding him in his huge fore-limb, looked as if he dared the whole crew to take his friend from his embrace—*Exchange*.

## THE POWER OF DISCIPLINE.

Frederick the Great of Prussia was at his palace at Potsdam, when some of his orders, by their excessive severity, caused great discontent among the Prussian troops; so the soldiers then in garrison resolved to avail themselves of that ease and facility with which Frederick could at all times be

approached by them; and thus a deputation of the grenadiers of Ogilvie marched deliberately from their barracks across the great square which lies before the palace and halted at the porch. An officer in waiting—afterwards the great Field-Marshal Keith, who was killed in battle by the Austrians at Hochkirchen—acquainted the King of their arrival, adding, "Shall I order them back to barracks, sire, or place them under arrest?"

"Do neither; they have come to see me, and see me they shall; good soldiers have nothing to fear from me, and the regiment of Ogilvie is one of the finest of Prussia. I shall try on them the power of discipline."

Frederick hastily put on his shabby old uniform, his long jackboots, which had never known blacking, his orders of knighthood, his cocked hat, sword, and sash.

"Sire," urged Keith, "will there not be an inconvenience in all this?"

"To whom?"

"To you, sire."

"How, comrade Keith—how?"

"Discussion will lead to other deputations, and every order your Majesty may issue will be dissected and cavilled at in turn in every guard-room and beer-shop in Prussia."

"No matter, comrade—march the rascals in; I'll trust to the power of discipline."

In they came accordingly, twenty tall and swinging fellows, all after Frederick's own heart; but the appearance of the King, dressed as if for parade, awed them into total silence.

"Achtung!" (attention!) cried he, drawing his sword: "To the right-face—front! To the left-face—front!"

These commands the deputation, who were formed in line, obeyed in perfect silence, and wondering what was to follow a reception so unexpected; and so Frederick cried suddenly, "To the right-about-face; to your barracks. Quick march!"

Then, as he never gave the word "Halt," they felt compelled to march on, and the old King and Marshal Keith laughed heartily as the baffled deputation disappeared within the barrack-yard, where their expectant comrades gathered round them, to hear the report of how Frederick had received the complaint.

"We have never opened our lips," said the oldest grenadier, with a very heavy, crestfallen expression.

"Der Teufel! Did not you see the King?" cried they.

"We have just left him—"

"Blockheads! and why did not you follow your instructions?"

"It was impossible."

"Impossible—and why so?"

"Because when we saw old Father Frederick in his fighting coat, and dirty boots, and heard his voice of command, our hearts failed us, and the—the—the power of discipline proved too great."

Those who do not know what discipline is have no idea of the power it gives to the man who can use it properly. Before giving the order "to the right-about-face!" Frederick took care to take the attention of the men's minds from off their errand by giving them a few preliminary turnings.

## THE BET WAS OFF.

A few days ago, after a couple of esteemed citizens, who are close neighbors, had arranged to pass a few days with their families at a lake in the country, one of them offered to wager a box of cigars that he would catch the largest fish. The wager was promptly taken, and next day one of the gentlemen put in an appearance at a fish-stand on the market, and said to the dealer:—

"Have you got a fresh pickerel weighing about fifteen pounds?"

"I have, sir?"

"Well, I want you to put him on ice and ship him to me at——Lake. I propose to catch him on a hook out there."

"Very well, sir. I think I'll ship the two together."

"Yes, sir. Mr.—— (mentioning the other esteemed citizen) was here an hour ago, and bought one weighing twenty pounds. It will take less ice to pack the two in the same box!"

The fish were paid for, but the bet was declared off.

## AN HONEST MAN.

"I am going down town," said a citizen on a Woodward avenue car yesterday, "to return a lost wallet to its owner."

Every man in the car pricked up his ears, and one of them moved up closer and inquired:

"You found a wallet, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"On the street?"

"Yes."

"In the daytime?"

"No; at night."

"Anybody see you pick it up?"

"Not a soul!"

"And you would have been perfectly safe in keeping it?"

"I would."

"Well, sir, let me shake hands with you. I have wanted to live long enough to find an honest man, and I have found him."

They shook.

Many of the passengers were visibly affected.

"And how much money was in the wallet?" queried the interrogator after wiping his eyes on a pink bordered handkerchief.

"Not a blamed cent!"

Then the curtain went down and the audience filed out.—*Detroit Free Press*.

## MARRY ME, DARLINT, TO-NIGHT.

Me darlint, it's axin' they are  
That I goes to the wars to be kilt,  
An' come back wid an iligant shkar,  
An' a sabre hung on to a hilt.

They offers promotion to those  
Who die in defenise of the right,  
I'll be off in the mornin'—suppose  
Ye marry me, darlint, to-night?

There's nothin' so raises a man  
In the eyes of the wurld as to fall  
Ferinest the ould flag, in the van,  
Pierced through wid a bit of a ball.

An' whin I am kilt ye can wear  
Some iligant erape on yir bonnet,  
Jist think how the women will shtare  
Wid invy whinver ye don it!

Oh, fwa't a proud widdy ye'll be  
Whin they bring me carpsae home—not to  
minton

The fact we can live (don't ye see?)

All the rest of our lives on ice pinion!

—*W. W. Fink, in Brie-a-Brac*.

## CURIOSITIES.

A Japanese inventor has just made from seaweed, a paper transparent enough to be substituted for window glass.

A Frenchman has invented a revolver which, though so small as to be conveniently carried in the vest-pocket, can be fired ten times without reloading, and with greater ease and certainty than those of the old pattern. The whole length of the weapon is four inches, which can be reduced to two and five-eighths by unscrewing the barrel.

Everybody who sings or hears sung Burns' pretty song of "Comin' Through the Rye" is apt to picture to himself a field of this grain through which the lassies are

seen coming. This conception is now said to be incorrect, the reference being to a small stream in Ayrshire called the Rye. It was easily waded, but the lassies in going across would have to hold up the skirts of their dresses. While in this attitude, mischievous lads would wade out and snatch a kiss, which the lassies would be obliged to allow, or else let their skirts fall into the water.

## HOW TO BE AGREEABLE.

MY DEAR ADA MAY,—I know of nothing more calculated to awaken pleasant emotions in a generous breast, than to witness the efforts of a young boy or girl to make themselves agreeable to all about them. And if the desire to please springs from benevolence, and you sincerely wish to make others happy, you will meet with enough loving hearts to appreciate your kindness to more than reward you for whatever inconvenience you may have caused yourself even though the effort may be awkwardly put forth. But if your efforts spring only from the desire to be admired and loved yourself, it will be apt to lead you to extreme humility, or extreme dignity of manner, either of which will render you ridiculous.

Remember it is the fate of but few to be universally pleasing, and I would not like to say that they are the highest type of character, for, though we must study to be agreeable to all, still we should not lose sight of the fact there are higher virtues than the art of pleasing which must not on any account be sacrificed to it, for, as there is a time for all things, there is a time to smile, and a time to frown, and as you grow older, you will find out that in every department of life you will find people saying and doing things upon which you will have to frown if you wish to maintain your integrity; then let your disapproval be shown with firmness, and the best possible grace.

But first and above all things, I would wish to persuade all boys and girls, to read the Infallible Word of God, and open your dear young hearts to the loving Jesus, ask Him to come in, and drive out all ugly selfishness and give you a clear sense of right and wrong, and ask Him to enable you in all things to fulfil the "Golden Rule" in the most gentle and pleasing manner, and you will have all the love that is worth having in this world, and the approbation and smile of Heaven.

CLARINDA.

Martintown.

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