

THE BOASTER.

A grim legend tells of an inflated frog, the usual type of the boaster, who wanted to accompany a brood of wild geese on their migration from the cold North to the sunny Southern climes. As he heard the geese planning their trip in his northern pool, the frog proposed to them to accompany them. But they said, "How can you ever fly? We are provided with wings and you can only croak and swim." "Oh, but," said he, "I have brains, and if you will carry out my directions, you will be surprised at the ingenuity of my plan." The geese consented and immediately the frog directed them to a strong reed in the swamp which they pulled up and brought to him. "Now," he said, "you just take hold of this reed in your mouths, one at each end, and I will hold on with my mouth in the middle, and you will carry me without any difficulty." And so they started. But as they flew over the village, the people were attracted by the strange sight of the aerial caravan, and with open mouths and eyes they began expressing their wonder and admiration at the strange contrivance, and asking, "Who ever could have thought of such a bright idea?" This was too much for the frog. He was in danger of losing the credit of this splendid scheme, and so, without stopping to think, he shouted, "I did it!" But of course the moment he opened his mouth he lost his hold, and down he dropped with a groan of agony, and was dashed to pieces among the villagers as the penalty of his vain glory.

The fable has found its fulfilment hundreds of times in the punishment of the boaster and the braggart, both in temporal and spiritual things.

BOIL IT DOWN.

The following story is going the rounds of the press, and is published as a sort of apology by the editors for their treatment of not a few of the contributions offered them, and especially for their treatment of what are regarded as news items. Now and then one writing to *The Journal and Messenger* can read it with profit:

"He was just from college and had secured a place on the reportorial staff of a morning newspaper. His first assignment was over on the West Side to report a fire. He wrote it up in grand style, making a half-column article of it, beginning thus:

"Suddenly on the still night air the shrill cry of fire, and simultaneously the devouring tongue of flame whose light played along the roof's edge, had caught the eagle eye of the midnight watcher, leaped forth, no longer playful but fierce and angry in its consuming greed. Like glowing, snaky demons, the lurid links entwined the building; in venomous hisses and spurts the flames shot into the overhanging darkness, while from every window and door poured forth a dense sulphurous vapor, the deadly, suffocating breath of an imprisoned fiend," etc.

Next morning the embryo journalist was up early to see how his brilliant effort looked in print, and this is what he read:

"Mike Mahoney's grocery, at 216 North Desplaines Street, was destroyed by fire last night. Loss, \$200; no insurance."

Men make the world within your reach,
Somewhat the better for your living,
And gladder for your human speech.

SELF ADMIRATION.

It was Bidly's wedding day. Patrick had on lavender trousers, and his first kid gloves, lavender too, and a new silk hat he knew not what to do with; and Bidly was arrayed in splendor, with a vast picture-hat of the most picturesque, surmounted by a peck of roses that vied with the damask of her cheek. As they went up the aisle, Bidly trod on golden clouds. As they knelt at the altar, as they sat before it while mass was said, as they walked down the aisle, she got glances, through her modestly downcast lashes, of admiration that gave her sighs of rapture. At the door stood the populace, in assorted sizes and ages, applauding, and there was an open barouche adorned with streamers of white ribbon. As they rode away, Bidly leaned her head on Patrick's shoulder, regardless of the picture hat, and said, out of the fullness of her bursting heart: "O Paddy, dear, wouldn't it be hivenly if we could just stand on the sidewalk and see ourselves go by!"

Poor Bidly, how much was she, just then, like many today, who, puffed up with vain conceit, imagine they are mowing a very wide swath when the fact is, in the eyes of God and sensible people, they are of very little account.—*The Telescope*.

A FRONTIER MISSIONARY.

The Methodist Episcopal church in California recently held memorial services for William Taylor, the first missionary of that church in the State.

The story of William Taylor's career in the wicked mining-camps and in San Francisco during the early fifties is more thrilling than fiction. Lawlessness was unbridled in the town. Murderers went without trial.

"In all my travels over the world," Mr. Taylor used to say, "I never have seen such human degradation, such woe-ful immorality and recklessness of human life as in San Francisco in 1849."

It took courage to speak to the swearing, drunken crowds who spent their time in gambling and intoxication. Many a time he was threatened with personal violence. One of his first efforts was made in Pat Donovan's dance hall. A murder had just been committed. The body was hauled into an adjoining room, and the drinking, cursing, gambling and dancing were resumed as noisily as ever. Suddenly Mr. Taylor's stalwart frame appeared in the door of the place.

Catcalls and yells of derision greeted the missionary; and one man drew his pistol and told Mr. Taylor to get out or be shot. He stood quietly for a few moments, and then said:

"I have not come for trouble. If you will let me sing a few songs and say a few words, I'm sure you won't regret it."

"Go ahead," some one yelled. Mr. Taylor began to sing in his full, clear voice some of the familiar church hymns. The crowd was quickly won by the music.

"Go on!" shouted the men when he stopped. Then he sang one or two Scotch songs, and finally, getting up on the platform where the fiddler sat, he spoke plainly and forcibly upon the evil life his auditors were leading, and they listened quietly.

When the preacher had ceased, a big strapping Irishman, who had served time in prison in Australia and New Zealand, and had been the terror of the water front in San Francisco, proposed a collection for the new Methodist

church, and he himself passed his old battered sombrero among the men and women. Money, gold dust and jewelry went into the hat.

With an invitation to them to come to the new church, the preacher withdrew. The next morning he came with a coffin that he had made with his own hands during the night, and with the help of several sailors, properly buried the body of the murdered man, and at the same time called on the better feelings of his listeners in the lesson he drew from the crime.

Fearless, kindly, of firm faith, he was the type of man to succeed as a missionary.

TWO GREATEST EMPIRES.

The mightiest masses of population under one scepter are exhibited by the British and Chinese Empire, the former with 389,000,000, the latter with 407,000,000 people. But what contrasts!

China, whose vast majority is devoted to a dry moralistic Confucianism or a quietistic Buddhism, is religiously less divided than Western peoples, and maintains a primeval culture in rigorous local seclusion. She has rounded her territory into a compact mass, and thus contains within herself a mighty force of resistance. Yet, lacking initiative, she has been politically thrown into the background by the more active powers of Europe, and is even menaced in her original innermost sphere of life and influence.

On the other hand, in England a European predominantly Germanic and Protestant people, now 40,000,000 strong, has reached out boldly over the seas, and has seated herself on every coast; she has founded great colonies and has subjugated ancient realms; she has thus become literally an ecumenical empire, which, in fact, spans the whole world, and unites in itself all the religions, races and civilizations of the world. In the fact that the Christian seventh of the population of the empire controls a wide-stretching realm including 330,000,000 heathen and Mohammedans, England affords the overwhelming demonstration of the religious and moral superiority of Christianity.—*Allgemeine Missions Zeitschrift*.

LOOKING HIS BEST.

A certain boy of about sixteen years, whom I know, is very careful about his personal appearance, and yet I do not believe he has a trace of vanity in his make-up. He is not the least "dudish." He does not affect startling neckties, nor fancy waistcoats, nor canes with great bulging heads on them, nor anything at all striking in appearance, but he sees to it that his clothes are free from dust or soil of any kind. His boots are always carefully polished, his hair neatly combed, his linen clean, his nails in the same condition. Moreover, his mother does not have to beg and implore him to wash the back of his neck and his ears. He always has an appearance of freshness and neatness that is good to look upon.

A CASE OF BRIBERY.

Jim Webster was being tried for bribing a colored witness, Sam Johnsing, to testify falsely.

"You say the defendant offered you \$50 to testify in his behalf?" asked the lawyer of Sam.

"Yes, sah."

"Now, repeat what he said, using his exact words."

"He said he would give me \$50 if I—"

"He didn't speak in the third person, did he?" z

"No, sah; he tuck good care dat dar were no third person 'round; dar was only two—us two."

"I know that, but he spoke to you in the first person, didn't he?"

"I was, the first pusson myself, sah."

"You don't understand me. When he was talking to you did he say, 'I will pay you \$50?'"

"No, sah; he didn't say nothin' 'bout you payin' me \$50. Your name wasn't mentioned, 'cepting he told me ef eber I got into a scrape you was the best lawyer in San Antonio to fool de jedge and de jury—in fac', you was de best in town to cover up reskelity."

For a brief, breathless moment the trial was suspended.—*Detroit Free Press*.

THE DANGER OF BEING ALIVE.

The *Southwestern World* publishes the following sarcasm in reply to the theories of the bacteriologists:

"Drink water and get typhoid fever. Drink milk and get tuberculosis. Drink whiskey and get the jim-jams. Eat soup and get Bright's disease. Eat meat and encourage apoplexy. Eat oysters and acquire toxæmia. Eat vegetables and weaken the system. Eat dessert and take to paresis. Smoke cigarettes and die early. Smoke cigars and get catarrh. Drink coffee and obtain nervous prostration. Drink wine and get the gout. In order to be entirely healthy one must eat nothing, drink nothing, smoke nothing, and even before breathing one should make sure that the air has been properly sterilized."

We All Have Missions in the World.
—There is a work to do for every man on earth, there is a function to perform for every thing on earth, animate and inanimate. Everything has a mission, and the mission of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is to heal burns and wounds of every description, and cure coughs, colds, croup and all affections of the respiratory organs.

It is a life-time honor to have a gift accepted by a king. Would not you be glad even to know a man from whom King Edward would receive a present? And yet, how little we think of the honor when the King of kings deigns to accept a gift from our unworthy hands.

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