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In the Interests of the Colored People of the Country.

Able and well-known writers will contribute to its columns from different parts of the country, and it will contain the latest General News of the day.

THE MESSENGER is a first-class newspaper and will not allow personal abuse in its columns. It is not sectarian or partisan, but independent—dealing fairly by all. It reserves the right to criticise the shortcomings of all public officials—commending the worthy, and recommending for election such men as in its opinion are best suited to serve the interests of the people.

It is intended to supply the long felt need of a newspaper to advocate the rights and defend the interests of the Negro-American, especially in the Piedmont section of the Carolinas.

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W. C. SMITH Charlotte N C,

A NOTED DESPARADO'S FATE.

The Tragic End of Owen Manning at the North Carolina Penitentiary in Raleigh.

For two years a desparado named Owen Manning, alias Obed McReedy, committed all sorts of crimes in South Carolina, stealing horses in several counties. Last winter he was run out of that State into North Caralina and at once recommenced his crimes. He stole horses and all sorts of property and in Onslow County stole an organ from a church, running off with the organ, playing upon it at places where he stopped for the night.

In this way he went over the State, sometimes narrowly evading pursuit. Finally he reached Beaufort County, and began a series of outragcous crimes. Governor Scales received a requisition for him, and the pursuit became warm. Last April he was found entering a swamp in Beaufort County, and he began firing on the possee pursuing him, and there was a regular fusilade. Finally he was shot down, and thus wounded was secured. Even then he was defiant. He was taken to jail at Washington.

The news of the capture soon spread, a search of the swamp was made and it was found that Manning had his quarters in a hollow cypress tree of enormous size, which stood on a sort of island. In this tree he had a stove, bedding and clothing—even books and pictures, besides food and some stolen property. A bark door was fitted to close the opening in the tree quite naturally.

He was tried for horse stealing and sentenced to a twenty years' term. He remained defiant, and when he was taken to the Penitentiary said he would escape. On the train he nearly filed of his shackles and was put at work in the prison. A few days ago he did not answer roll-call. The officers of the prison at once concluded that he was hiding somewhere in the great enclosure or among the numerous buildings. Day and night the search was kept up. Fires blazed at intervals around the log stockade, which surrounds the prison, and the guards were always on the alert. No visitors were admitted to the prison. No trace of Manning could be found.

At three o'clock in the morning in a pouring rain-storm, he sprang out of a partially furnished building and with a short ladder in his hands dashed across the enclosure towards the stockade. As he reared the ladder against it he was seen, and a guard riddled his legs with buckshot. Nothing daunted he mounted the ladder and the stockade. As he dropped on the outside another guard began firing with a rifle and Manning dashed down the railway track towards the city. Three shots were fired unavailiagly, but a fourth struck him in the abdomen. He was then taken, but was still defiant. At 1 o'clock in the afternoon death hushed his voice. He was about 30 years old.

The reason why truth is stranger than fiction is that it is much rarer.—*Life.*

EATEN BY SHARKS.

Terrific but Vain Fight by a Mail Carrier With Man Eaters.

The dread of the mail carriers on the Florida southeast coast are the Hillsboro and New River inlets, which have to be crossed by small boats. Here the dark waters of the Everglades empty into the Atlantic with tremendous force at this season, and if the ocean is rough the meeting of the cross currents produces heavy and dangerous seas. Sharks of the fiercest kind fill all the inlets.

James E. Hamilton, the mail carrier from Miami to Lake Worth, was an athletic young man and carried the light mail on his shoulders, walking the entire distance, seventy-five miles, on the beach. He left Lake Worth in the morning, and should have reached Refuge Station, twenty-five miles distant, that afternoon.

Late at night a fisherman named Waring came to the station and told the story of Hamilton's horrible death. Waring was about one-half mile from Hillsboro Inlet when he saw Hamilton get into his boat to cross. He noted that the sharks were about in unusual numbers, and just as Hamilton reached the centre of the crossing a huge one drove at the boat and bit a piece off the gunwale.

Hamilton struck at the sharks, but nothing could drive them off. Soon both oars were bitten in two, and then the fierce tigers of the sea seemed perfectly ravenous. They tore at the boat, snapped at one another, and the water for yards around was dyed with their blood. The boat began to fill, and the sharks, scenting their prey, redoubled their dashes.

Hamilton stood on the middle seat as if stupified glaring at them. Looking up he saw Waring, he cried out to him, but in vain. Even as he shouted a huge shark dashed up and hit the partially filled boat a tremendous blow, throwing Hamilton out into the midst of the monsters.

A cry of agony was heard as he went down, and the devourers had him piecemealed before the horror stricken spectatator could take in the full measure of the tragedy. As soon as Waring recovered his senses he went to the station and told of the affair. A searching party went out at once, but nothing was found save the remnants of the boat cast on the shore.

The terrible catastrophe has cast a deep gloom over the coast people, and no one has yet accepted the position of mail carrier over that route.

HE SCOOPED TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.

The Paying Teller of the New York Sub. Treasury Runs off to Canada.

A dispatch from New York says: The The sub-treasury has now its representative in Canada, in the person of Henry Jackson, its paying teller. He has gone with exactly ten thousand dollars of Uncle Sam's money, but there is this satisfaction for the treasury officials, that Jackson might have taken more. He did not, however, have access to the vaults, as more stringent rules concerning admission to the vaults were made under the present assistant treasurer. Jackson took the money, on the day of his departure. His cash was carefully examined on the 13th instant and found to be correct. On the 17th instant, when Jackson was absent, through illness, Mr. Canda said his accounts were again gone over and no deficit found. On Monday morning last the discovery was made and measures taken to intercept him, his default meanwhile being kept secret. Mr. Canda said.

"I know no way that has been devised to prevent paying tellers in banks or other institutions from taking part of the money necessarially committed to their charge if thay are dishonest. Jackson was appointed in February, 1879, and was recommended by several of the most influential men in the city. He was previously in the National Currency bank and other financial institutions of this city, occupying smaller salaried positions. When he was first appointed he was promoted successively until he reached the position of paying teller at three thousand dollars per annum, under present assistant treasurer. He was a self-possessed and capable man."

Jackson was not under bonds, so Mr. Canda will have to bear the loss. Mr. Canda spoke of the default of $185,000 under Assistant Treasurer Millhouse of several years ago, showing that this is not the first loss of the kind to a teasurer.

Made Insane By The Disaster.

Chas. Moore, a telegraph operator employed at Huntington Ind., in the train despatcher's office of the Chicago and Atlantic Railway at the time the terrible wreck occurred at Kouts, has become insane. Moore resigned hisposition several days ago. He said his heart failedhim every time he entered the office and recalled the scenes enacted therein while officials were receiving news of the killing and burning of the passengers. On the day following the wreck Moore states that a number of officials of the road met in the despatcher's office at Huntington, and they, with telegraph operators and trainmen, wept in each others arms as the horrible news came in. The chief despatcher sickened of reporting each hour additional deaths and horrors and called Moore to the key. The young man stated the above facts before he became insane.

The Democrats of Baltimore elected Mr. Latrobe, their candidate for Mayor, and twenty councilmen out of thirty.

Mr. Jefferson Davis reviewed thirty thousand Confederate veterans at Macon, Ga.

THE REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Unoccupied Fields."

[After the church was full of people, and all the adjoining rooms packed, as many people went away from the doors as got in.]

TEXT: "*Lest I should build upon another man's foundation.*"—Romans xv, 20.

Stirring reports come from all parts of America showing what a great work the churches of God are doing, and I congratulate them and their pastors. Misapprehensions have been going the rounds of some of the religious press depreciating the generosity of this church; $781,316.24 have been paid cash down in this church for religious uses and Christian work during the nineteen years of my ministry here. This church was built by all denominations of Christians and by people from all lands, and hence we have been raising money for many objects outside our denomination, and that has sometimes interfered with our contributions to the Boards of our denomination. Subscription books for all good objects, Christian, humanitarian, collegiate, and missionary, have been here as common as the daylight, and no church in Christendom has been more continuous in its benevolences than this. Beside that we have received during the year 723 souls on profession of faith in Christ, a fact that I mention, not in boasting, but to show that this church has not been idle. The most of our accessions have been from the outside world, so that, taking the idea of my text, we have not been building on other people's foundations.

In laying out the plan of his missionary tour Paul sought out towns and cities which had not yet been preached to. He goes to Corinth, a city mentioned for splendor and vice, and Jerusalem, where the priesthood and the Sanhedrim were ready to leap with both feet upon the Christian religion. He feels he has especial work to do, and he means to do it. What was the result? The grandest life of usefulness that a man ever lived. We modern Christian workers are not apt to imitate Paul. We build on other people's foundations. If we erect a church we prefer to have it filled with families, all of whom have been pious. Do we gather a Sabbath school class, we want good boys and girls, hair combed, faces washed, manners attractive. So a church in this day is apt to be built out of other churches. Some ministers spend all their time in fishing in other people's ponds, and they throw the line into that church pond and jerk out a Methodist, and throw the line into another church pond and bring out a Presbyterian, and there is a religious row in some neighboring church, and a whole school of fish swim off from that pond, and we take them all in with one sweep of the net. What is gained? Absolutely nothing for the general cause of Christ. It is only as in an army, when a regiment is transferred from one division to another, from the Tennessee to the Potomac.

What strengthens the army is new recruits. What I have always desired is that while we are courteous to those coming from other flocks, we build our church not out of other churches, but out of the world, lest we build on another man's foundation. The fact is this is a big world. When, in our schoolboy days, we learned the diameter and circumference of this planet we did not learn half. It has a latitude and longitude and diameter and circumference of want and woe and sin that no figures can calculate. This one spiritual continent of wretchedness reaches across all zones, and if I were called to give its geographical boundary I would say it is bounded on the north and south and east and west by the great heart of God's sympathy and love. Oh, it is a great world. Since 6 o'clock this morning 60,800 persons have been born, and all these multiplied populations are to be reached of the Gospel. In England, or in our eastern American cities, we are being much crowded, and an acre of ground is of great value, but out West 500 acres is a small farm, and 20,000 acres is no unusual possession. But there is a vast spiritual field here and everywhere unoccupied, plenty of room for more, not building on another man's foundation.

We need, as churches, to stop bombarding the old ironclad sinners that have been proof against thirty years of Christian assault. Alas for that church which lacks the spirit of evangelism, spending enough on one chandelier to light 500 souls to glory, and in one carved pillar enough to have made a thousand men "pillars in the house of our God forever," and doing less good than many a log cabin meeting house, with tallow candles stuck in wooden sockets, and a minister who has never seen college or known the difference between Greek and Choctaw. We need as churches to get into sympathy with the great outside world, and let them know that none are so broken hearted or hardly bestead that will not be welcomed. "No!" says some fastidious Christian, "I don't like to be crowded in church. Don't put any one in my pew." My brother, what will you do in heaven? When a great multitude that no man can number assembles they will put fifty in your pew. What are the select few to-day assembled in the Christian churches compared to the mightier millions outside of them, eight hundred thousand in Brooklyn, but less than one hundred thousand in the churches? Many of the churches are like a hospital that should advertise that its patients must have nothing worse than toothache or "run-rounds," but no broken heads, no crushed ankles, no fractured thighs. Give us for treatment moderate sinners, velvet coated sinners and sinners with a gloss on. It is as though a man had a farm of three thousand acres and put all his work on one acre. He may raise never so large ears of corn, never so big heads of wheat, he would remain poor. The church of God has bestowed its chief care on one acre, and has raised splendid men and women in that small inclosure; but the field is the world. That means North and South America, Europe, Asia and Africa and all the islands of the sea. It is as though after a great battle there were left 50,000 wounded and dying on the field, and three surgeons gave all their time to three patients under their charge. The Major General comes in and says to the doctors: "Come out here and look at the nearly 50,000 dying for lack of surgical attendance." "No," say the three doctors, standing there fanning their patients, "we have three important cases here, and we are attending to them, and when we are not positively busy with their wounds, it takes all our time to keep the flies off." In this awful battle of sin and sorrow, where millions have fallen on millions, do not let us spend all our time in taking care of a few people, and when the command comes: "Go into the world," say practically, "No, I cannot go; I have here a few choice cases, and I am busy keeping off the flies." There are multitudes to-day who have never had any Christian worker look them in the eye, and with earnestness in the accentuation, say: "Come!" or they would long ago have been in the kingdom. My friends, religion is either a sham or a tremendous reality. If it be a sham, let us disband our churches and Christian association. If it be a reality, then great populations are on the way to the bar of God unfilted for the ordeal, and what are we doing?

In order to reach the multitude of outsiders we must drop all technicalities out of our religion. When we talk to people about the hypostatic union and French Encyclopedianism, and Erastinianism, and Complutensianism, we are as impolitic and little understood as if a physician should talk to an ordinary patient about the pericardium and intercostal muscle, and scorbutic symptoms. Many of us come out of the theological seminaries so loaded up that we take the first ten years to show our people how much we know, and the next ten years get our people to know as much as we know, and at the end find that neither of us know anything as we ought to know. Here are hundreds and thousands of sinning, struggling and dying people who need to realize just one thing—that Jesus Christ came to save them, and will save them now. But we go into a profound and elaborate definition of what justification is, and after all the work there are not, outside of the learned professions, 5,000 people in the United States who can tell what justification is. I will read you the definition:

"Justification is purely a forensic act, the act of a judge sitting in the forum, in which the Supreme Ruler and Judge, who is accountable to none, and who alone knows the manner in which the ends of His universal government can best be obtained, reckons that which was done by the substitute in the same manner as if it had been done by those who believe in the substitute, and not on account of anything done by them, but purely upon account of this gracious method of reckoning, grants them full remission of their sins."

Now, what is justification? I will tell you what justification is—when a sinner believes God lets him off. One summer in Connecticut I went to a large factory, and I saw over the door written the words; "No Admittance." I entered and saw over the next door: "No Admittance." Of course I entered. I got inside and found it a pin factory, and they were making pins, very serviceable, fine and useful pins. So the spirit of exclusiveness has practically written over the outside door of many a church: "No admittance." And if the stranger enters he finds practically written over the second door: "No Admittance;" and if he goes in, over all the pew doors seems written: "No Admittance," while the minister stands in the pulpit, hammering out his little niceties of belief, pounding out the technicalities of religion, making pins. In the most practical, commonsense way, and laying aside the non-essentials and the hard definitions of religion, go out on the God-given mission, telling the people what they need and when and how they can get it.

Comparitively little effort has as yet been made to save that large class of persons in our midst called skeptics, and he who goes to work here will not be building upon another man's foundation. There is a great multitude of them. They are afraid of us and our churches, for the reason we don't know how to treat them. One of this class met Christ, and hear with what tenderness, and pathos, and beauty, and success Christ dealt with him: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. This is the first commandment, and the second is like to this; namely, thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. There is no other commandment greater than this. And the scribe said to him: "Well, master, thou hast said the truth, for there is one God, and to love him with all the heart, and all the understanding, and all the soul, and all the strength is more than whole burnt offerings and sacrifices. And when Jesus saw that he answered discreetly, he said unto him: "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." So a skeptic was saved in one interview. But few Christian people treat the skeptic in that way. Instead of taking hold of him with the gentle hand of love, we are apt to take him with the iron pincers of ecclesiasticism.

You would not be so rough on that man if you knew by what process he had lost his faith in Christianity. I have known men skeptical from the fact that they grew up in houses where religion was overdone. Sunday was the most awful day of the week. They had religion driven into them with a trip hammer. They were surfeited with prayer meetings. They were stuffed and choked with catechisms. They were often told they were the worst boys the parents ever knew because they liked to ride down hill better than to read Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." Whenever father and mother talked of religion they drew down the corners of their mouth and rolled up their eyes. If any one thing will send a boy or girl to destruction sooner than another that is it. If I had had such a father and mother I fear I should have been an infidel.

Others were tripped up of skepticism from being grievously wronged by some man who professed to be a Christian. They had a partner in business who turned out to be a first-class scoundrel, though a professed Christian. Twenty years ago they had lost all faith by what happened in an oil company which was formed amid the petroleum excitement. The company owned no land, or if they did, there was no sign of oil produced. But the President of the company was a Presbyterian elder, and the Treasurer was an Episcopal vestryman, and one director was a Methodist class leader, and the other directors prominent members of Baptist and Congregational churches. Circulars were gotten out telling what fabulous prospects opened before this company. Innocent men and women who had a little money to invest, and that little their all, said: "I don't know anything about this company, but so many good men are at the head of it that it must be excellent, and taking stock in it almost as good as joining the church." So they bought the stock, and perhaps received one dividend so as to keep them still, but after a while they found that the company had reorganized and had a different president, and different treasurer, and different directors. It was said, by way of explanation, that other engagements or ill health had caused the former officers of the company, with many regrets, to resign. And all that the subscribers of that stock had to show for their investment was a beautifully ornamented certificate. Sometimes that man looking over his old papers comes across that certificate, and it is so suggestive that he vows he wants none of the religion that the presidents and trustees and directors of that oil company professed. Of course their rejection of religion on such grounds was unphilosophical and unwise. I am told that one-third of the United States army deserts every year, and there are 12,000 court martial trials every year. Is that anything against the United States Government that swore them in? And if soldiers of Jesus Christ desert, is that anything against the Christianity which they swore to support and defend? How do you judge of the currency of a country? By a counterfeit bill? Oh, you must have patience with those who have been swindled by religious pretenders. Live in the presence of others a frank, honest, earnest Caristian life, that they may be attracted to the same Saviour upon whom your hopes depend.

Remember skepticism always has some reason, good or bad, for existing. Goethe's irreligion started when the news came to Germany of the earthquake at Lisbon, Nov. 1, 1775. That 60,000 people should have perished in that earthquake and in the after rising of the Tagus river so stirred his sympathies that he threw up his belief in the goodness of God.

Others have gone into skepticism from a natural persistence in asking the reason why. They have been fearfully stabbed of the interrogation point. There are so many things they cannot get explained. They cannot understand the Trinity, or how God can be sovereign, and yet man a free agent. Neither can I. They say: "I don't understand why a good God should have let sin come into the world." Neither do I. You say: "Why was that child started in life with such disadvantages, while others have all physical and mental equipment?" I cannot tell. They go out of church on Easter morning and say: "That doctrine of the resurrection confounded me." So it is to me a mystery beyond unravelment. I understand all the processes by which men get into the dark. I know them all. I have traveled with burning feet their blistered way. The first word that children learn to utter is generally papa or mamma. I think the first word I ever uttered was "Why" I know what it is to have a hundred midnights pour their darkness into one hour. Such men are not to be scoffed at, but helped. Turn your back upon a drowning man when you have the rope with which to pull him ashore, and let that woman in the third story of a house perish in the flames when you have a ladder with which to help her out and help her down, rather than turn your back scoffingly on a skeptic whose soul is in more peril than the bodies of those other endangered ones possibly can be. Oh, skepticism is a dark land. There are men in this house who would give a thousand worlds, if they possessed them, to get back to the placid faith of their fathers and mothers, and it is our place to help them, and we may help them, never through their heads, but always through their hearts. These skeptics, when brought to Jesus, will be mightily affected—far more so than those who never examined the evidences of Christianity. Thomas Chalmers was once a skeptic, Robert Hall a skeptic, Robert Newton a skeptic, Christmas Evans a skeptic. But when once with strong hand they took hold of the chariot of the Gospel, they rolled it on with what momentum! If I address such men and women to-day I throw out no scoff. I implead them by the memory of the good old days when at their mother's knee they said: "Now I lay me down to sleep," and by those days and nights of scarlet fever in which she watched you, giving you the medicine at just the right time and turning your pillow when it was hot, and with hands that many years ago turned to dust soothed away your pain, and with voice that you will never hear again, unless you join her in the better country, told you to never mind, for you wold feel better by and by, and by that dying couch where she looked so pale and talked so slowly, catching her breath between the words, and you felt an awful loneliness coming over your soul; by all that, I beg you to come back and take the same religion. It was good enough for her. It is good enough for you. Nay, I have a better plea than that. I plead by all the wounds, and tears, and blood, and groans, and agonies, and death throes of the Son of God, who approaches you this moment with torn brow, and lacerated hand, and whipped back, and saying: "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Again there is a field of usefulness but little touched occupied by those who are astray in their habits. All northern nations, like those of North America and England and Scotland, that is in the colder climates, are devastated by alcoholism. They take the fire to keep up the warmth. In southern countries, like Arabia and Spain, the blood is so they are not tempted to fiery liquids. The great Roman armies never drank anything stronger than water tinged with vinegar, but under our northern climate the temptaion to neating stimulants is most mighty, and millions succumb. When a man's habits go wrong the church drops him, the social circle drops him, good influences drop him, are all drop him. Of all the men who get off the track but few ever get on again. Near my summer residence there is a life-saving station on the beach. There are all the ropes and rockets, the boats, the machinery for getting people off shipwrecks. Summer before last I saw there fifteen or twenty men who were breakfasting, after having just escaped with their lives and nothing more. Up and down our coasts are built these useful structures, and the mariners know it, and they feel that if they are driven into the breakers there will be apt from shore to come a rescue. The churches of God ought to be so many life saving stations, not so much to help those who are in smooth waters, but those who have been shipwrecked. Come, let us run out the life boats! And who will man them? We do not preach enough to such men; we have not enough faith in their release. Alas, if when they come to hear us we are laboriously trying to show the difference between sublapsarianism and supralaprarianism while they have a thousand vipers of remorse and despair coiling around and biting their immortal spirits. The church is not chiefly for goodish sort of men whose proclivities are all right, and who could get to heaven praying and singing in their own homes. It is on the beach to help the drowning. Those bad cases are the cases that God likes to take hold of. He can save a big sinner as well as a small sinner, and when a man calls earnestly to God for help he will go out to deliver such a one. If it were necessary God would come down from the sky, followed by all the artillery of heaven and 1,000,000 angels with drawn swords. Get 100 such redeemed men in each of your churches, and nothing could stand before them, for such men are generally warm-hearted and enthusiastic. No formal prayers then. No heartless singing then. No cold conventionalisms then.

Furthermore, the destitute children of the street offer a field of work comparatively unoccupied. The uncared for children are in the majority in Brooklyn and most of our cities. When they grow up, if unreformed, they will outvote your children, and they will govern your children. The whisky ring will hatch out other whisky rings, and grog shops will kill with their horrid stench public sobriety, unless the church of God rises up with outstretched arms and enfolds this dying population in her bosom. Public schools cannot do it. Art galleries cannot do it. Blackwell's Island cannot do it. Almshouses cannot do it. New York Tombs and Raymond Street jail cannot do it. Sing Sing cannot do it. Church of God, wake up to your magnificent mission. You can do it. Get somewhere, somehow to work.

The Prussian cavalry mount by putting their right foot into the stirrup, while the American cavalrymen mount by putting their left foot into the stirrup. I don't care how you mount your war charger, if you only get into this battle for God and get there soon, right stirrup, or left stirrup, or no stirrup at all. The unoccupied fields are all around us, and why should we build on another man's foundation? That God has called this church to especial work no one can doubt. Its history has been miraculous. God has helped us at every step, and though the wheels of its history have made many revolutions, they have all been forwarded, and never backward, and now with our borders enlarged and with important re-enforcements we start on a new campaign. At Sharon Springs, nineteen years ago, walking in the park, I asked God, if he had any particular work for me to do, to make it plain and I would do it. He revealed to me the style of church we were to have, and he revealed to me the architecture, and he revealed to me the modes of worship, and he revealed to me my work, and, as far as my ignorance and weakness I have seen the right way, I have tried to walk in it. We decided that we wanted it a soul saving church, and it has been almost a constant outpouring of the Holy Ghost. Ye powers of darkness, ye devils in hell, we mean to snatch from your dominion other multitudes, if God will help us. I have heard of what was called the "thundering legion." It was in 179 a part of the Roman army to which some Christians belonged, and their prayers, it was said, were answered by thunder and lightning and hail and tempest, which overthrew an invading army and saved the empire. And I would to God that this church may be so mighty in prayer and work that it would become a thundering legion before which the forces of sin might be routed and the gates of hell be made to tremble. Now that the autumn has come, and the gospel ship has been repaired and enlarged, it is time to launch her for another voyage. Heave away now, lads! shake out the reefs in the foretopsail! Come, O heavenly wind, and fill the canvas! Jesus aboard will assure our safety. Jesus on the sea will beckon us forward. Jesus on the shining shore will welcome us into harbor. "And so it came to pass that they all escaped safe to land."

A Fall of Manna in Turkey.

Mr. Cole, of Bitlis, a missionary of the American Board in eastern Turkey, in describing a journey from Harpoot to Bitlis, says:

"We traveled for four days through a region where had newly fallen a remarkable deposit of heavenly bread, as the natives sometimes call it—manna. There were extensive forests of scrubby oaks, and most of the deposit was on the leaves. Thousands of the poor peasants, men, women and children, were out upon the plains gathering the sweet substance. Some of them plunge into kettles of boiling water the newly cut branches of the oaks, which washes off the deposit until the water becomes so sweet as to remind the Yankee of a veritable sugaring off in the old Granite State as he takes sips of it. Other companies of natives may be seen vigorously beating with sticks the branches, that from having been spread on the ground have so dried that the glistening crystals fall readily upon the carpet spread to receive them. The crystals are separated from the pieces of leaves by a sieve, and then the manna is pressed into cakes for use. The manna is in great demand among these Oriental Christians. As we were traveling through a nether dry region the article came in play for our plain repasts.

A Suitor Scared.

She (blushing deeply)—"And you wish to pay your addresses to me?"

He (enthusiastically)—"That has been the dream of my existence since I first met you."

She—"I scarcely know what to say. I think I must consult with mother."

He—"Certainly. I should expect you, as a dutiful daughter, to consult your mother on a matter of so much importance."

She—"You have never met mother?"

He—"I never had that pleasure."

She—"You will be delighted to know her. She is a noted woman's rights woman and President of the Society for Female Emancipation."

He (somewhat frigidly)—"H'm! Is that so?"

She (proudly)—"Well, you would think so if you heard her talk. Why, she is just boiling over with fervor on the subject of woman's wrongs.

He (consulting his watch)—"Well—er—I—I—er—ought to have told you that I—er—couldn't stay but a minute this evening. My—er—Uncle is in town and—er—Well, I will call again when we can renew the subject of this evening's conversation.—*Boston Courier.*

A Test of Courtesy.

De Musset cordially detested dogs. When a candidate for the Academy he called upon a prominent member. At the gate of the chateau a dirty, ugly dog received him most affectionately and insisted on preceding him into the drawing room, De Musset cursing his friend's predilection for the brute. The academician entered and they adjourned to the dining room, the dog at their heels. Seizing his opportunity, the dog placed his muddy paws upon the spotless cloth and carried off a bonne bouche. "The wretch wants shooting!" was De Musset's muttered thought, but he politely said:

"You are fond of dogs, I see?"

"Fond of dog!" retorted the academician. "I hate them!"

"But this animal here?" queried De Musset; "I have only tolerated it because it was yours, sir."

"Mine!" exclaimed the poet; "the thought that it was yours alone kept me from killing him."—*Cassell's.*

A Chinese Sailor's Burial.

A sailor belonging to a Chinese vessel lying at Spithead, England, died recently, and was buried in the cemetery there. After the coffin had been lowered four sailors, who occupied a position at the foot of the grave, produced in succession a tin pail, a parcel of matches, a number of fagots and various pieces of brown paper. A fire having been kindled, out of the pail were brought forth several plates, which were disposed round the fire, a lump of pork, various pieces of meat, a few eggs and a quantity of salt and sand. These, having been divided into fives, were cooked and placed on the plates, and on the consummation of the sacrifice they were all gathered together and returned to the pail. A sailor now partly filled in the grave, after which the captain of the ship and a couple of subordinate officers came forward and prostrated themselves three times, uttering a prayer at each genuflexion. This completed the ceremony.

A Window of Shells.

Its windows were a curiosity, the first I had seen in India where the panes were of the pearl oyster shell, cut thin, and about an inch and a half square. This was the Portuguese window. The labor of making great windows of such small pieces of shell neatly cut and smoothed must have been immense, even for one building. At least one-half the light was obstructed by the shell strata, and when one adds to this the wooden framing for the shells, there must have been a considerable addition to the semi-opaqueness. But then this is India, and it is always a study to keep out of the glare of the Sun.—*Harper's Magazine.*