

## The Bird and the Man.

(Willis Boyd Allen, in 'Wellspring'.)

Dick Wilton was very fond of canaries. He had a large cage, and raised several nestfuls of young birds, giving them all away except one, which was an especial pet. He had watched it from the day when it broke through the small blue egg-shell, and lifted its awkward little head to receive the food prepared by Dick and brought by the anxious and proud mother. The fledgeling had developed into a strong, finely-colored bird, and its owner bestowed a great deal of time and thought on its food and surroundings.

The only trouble was that the bird proved absolutely insensible to kindness. In vain Dick lavished chickweed and cracker and hempseed upon it. The little creature proved absolutely indifferent to him. It accepted its food every morning as its right; it flew merrily about the room when Dick gave it an hour or two of freedom each day; but when the boy held a choice tidbit up to the wires and coaxingly called to his pet, the bird would fly away in foolish fear, or remain on the upper perches as if its master were the veriest stranger.

At last, having tried every other means without success, the boy with a heavy heart resorted to severity. He took away the seed dish and kept the obstinate little canary without food for twenty-four hours. Then he approached the cage once more, holding a seed between his fingers. One moment's hesitation, and the canary yielded. He picked the seed eagerly from Dick's fingers; another and another; a bit of cracker and a refreshing sprig of chickweed. The battle was won, and the bird, recognizing at last the source of all his benefits, became from that hour not a prisoner in a cage, but a firm friend of his master, accepting food from his hands, fluttering to meet him and singing his sweetest songs whenever he heard Dick's footsteps on the stairs.

Years rolled by, and Dick became the Hon. Richard Wilton, president of a great railway, wealthy and honored among men. But with his prosperity he forgot the Father of Lights, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift. He did not scoff at religion; he ignored it. Never a penny of his money went into his Master's treasury; never a grateful thought went upward to his Father.

There came a change. A great financial panic descended on the business world. A scheme for extending the railway system failed; the railway itself was paralleled by another and better one, which took away its business. The stock fell, fell, until it was announced one morning that receivers had been appointed to wind up its affairs, and that its great promoter, the Hon. Richard Wilton, was insolvent.

Poor, discouraged, weary of life, almost hopeless, Dick sat in his room thinking bitterly of the past. Mechanically he rose and opened a cabinet drawer which contained a few relics of his boyhood. His eye fell upon a little empty seed dish, and like a flash the story and meaning of his life were spread before him.

'The Lord gave, the Lord has taken away,' he groaned, falling upon his knees for the first time in many years.

Dick is now an old man. He is not rich, but he has material comforts enough to render his life a pleasant one; and to

look at his face is a benediction, his friends say. For he has at last found his Father, or, rather, he has found out that he was all the time, unknowing, in his Father's house, and that the loving hand which he has now grasped, and which 'leads him in green pastures and by still waters,' was outstretched to help him all through those proud, empty, lost years.

## What Wise Men Say About Gambling.

Illegitimate speculation has become a greater source of mischief than drink.—Justice Wills.

A gambler will let his wife and children starve, he will starve himself, and still risk his last coin on the hazard of the die, the turn of a card, or the speed of a horse.—G. R. Sims.

Work faithfully and you will put yourself in possession of a glorious and enlarging happiness, not such as can be won by the speed of a horse or marred by the obliquity of a ball.—Ruskin.

In my opinion, there can be no words too strong for denouncing suitably the abominable practice of gambling—now, I believe, more rife even than during my youth—and the ruinous consequences to which it directly leads.—W. E. Gladstone.

The happiness of the winner involves the misery of the loser. This kind of action is, therefore, essentially anti-social, sears the sympathies, cultivates a hard egoism, and so produces a general deterioration of character and conduct.—Herbert Spencer.

The most remarkable thing about the little punters, the men who back horses without knowing anything about horses, is that no amount of loss, no amount of milling, ever makes them see the utter hopelessness of their task. Gambling is a form of insanity. It is as hard to wean a gambler from gambling as it is a drunkard from drink, a vicious man from vice, or a criminal from crime.—G. R. Sims.—'Westminster.'

There have been great days in the history of the human race—days of triumph whose victories have enriched the world; days of honor whose brightness has made the world lighter; days of great deeds which have lifted man to loftier, diviner heights; days of heroic, self-forgetful love which has made the air sweeter with its odorous perfumes. But the day of all days in blessing and good, in the world's story, was that Good Friday when the Son of Man gave his life to save men.

'From thy blessed gloom

The hope of all the world does rise and sing;

By thy sweet pain, immortal joy is won;  
And in the happy shadow of thy tomb  
Is hid the root of Easter's blooming.'

There could have been no Easter without a Good Friday; no rising again without the dying on the cross. Christ must taste death for every man before he could offer deathless life to every man. The touch of the cross is on every hope of Christian faith. The light that shines in soft lustre throughout all the world streams from the cross. The sorrow of Calvary is that which is softening all human hearts and making all life gentler and sweeter.

## Christ Our Example.

Go to dark Gethsemane.

Ye that feel temptation's power:  
Your Redeemer's conflict see;  
Watch with Him one bitter hour:  
Turn not from his griefs away:  
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment hall;  
View the Lord of life arraigned:  
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!  
Oh, the pangs His soul sustained!  
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;  
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb;  
There admiring at His feet,  
Mark that miracle of time,  
God's own sacrifice complete;  
'It is finished,' hear Him cry,  
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb  
Where they laid His breathless clay;  
All is solitude and gloom:  
Who has taken Him away?  
Christ is risen; He meets our eyes:  
Saviour teach us so to rise.  
—Montgomery.

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give three cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers are entitled to the special price of seventy-five cents.

## 'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue of March 28, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.  
The Coal Strike Report—New York 'Daily Tribune.'  
Reform in Russia—'Daily Telegraph,' London. London 'Times.'  
The Woolwich Election—'Commonwealth,' London; 'Daily Mail,' London.  
The Laws of Hammurabi—By L. T. Hobhouse, in the 'Speaker,' London.  
The Day of Terror—T. P.'s Weekly, London.  
A German Aristarchus—'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.  
An American Comparison of English and American Methods—New York Evening Post.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.  
An American Point of View—By C. L. G., in the 'Spectator,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.  
March—By John Vance Cheney, in 'Country Life in America.'  
Over the Hill Gaps—G. G. G., in the 'Speaker,' London.  
Mr. George Meredith—By A. T. Quiller-Couch, in the 'Daily News,' London.  
Robert Browning—By the Rev. P. H. Wicksteed, in the 'Contemporary Review,' abridged.  
Our Modern Froissart—'Daily News,' London.  
First Notices of Mrs. Humphry Ward's New Book—By W. L. Courtney, in the 'Daily Telegraph,' London; 'Daily News,' London; 'Morning Post,' London.  
Sunshine and Shadow—By Frances Campbell, in the 'Westminster Budget.'  
An Author at Grass—'Fortnightly Review,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.  
A New Misdemeanor—'American Medicine.'  
English and American Railways—'The Times,' London.  
Time and Professor Huxley—By C. F. G. Masterman, in the 'Daily News,' London.  
The Case for Spiritualism—By W. E. Garrett Fisher, in the 'Daily Mail,' London.  
The British Association—'Morning Post,' London.  
Breakfast Table Talk in 1939—Imagined in 1825—T. P.'s Weekly, London.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON.

'World Wide'

Will be sent to any  
address for twelve  
months for  
\$1.00.

**75 Cents,**

by sending this coupon, or they can have the 'Messenger' and 'World Wide' for 12 months on trial, the two papers for a dollar bill.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.