

You are kind. We had no breakfast this morning. There was nothing in the house to eat. The landlord put us into the street,' said Mary Wildon rapidly.

'We were not always poor,' she said. 'Until three years ago I did not know what want was. See how rapidly we have gone to the bottom. We lived on a fine farm just north of Elmville. We sold it and went to live in the city. My husband lost in a speculation. Poverty came. It was more than his proud nature could endure. We buried him among the graves of the poor.'

'Since, I have been trying to support these. My health failed. It was useless to try in that wicked city—I see it all now. I would not give up. We are being taken to the poor-house. God have mercy on the poor who have seen better days! At first I rebelled, but I could get no work and did not want to starve. I was so cold and faint this morning I did not think I could walk when the wheel went to pieces. You have been very kind to us. God will reward you!'

A sturdy knock at the door announced the hackman who had brought them there. Elizabeth tucked the thick blankets around the wasted forms and kept back the raw east wind with woollen shawls. While she was doing this, she told the driver to take this woman and her children back home, and that she would drive over later in the day and make arrangements for their comfort.

The puzzled driver started for the city, while tears of joy streamed down Mary's face, and the children shouted with delight.

The relatives came at noon. Dinner was served with the same dignity as usual. But a joyous spirit seemed to pervade the atmosphere. Such a flowing of genial good humor. Elizabeth almost forgot about the change that had come into her life.

When she related the events of the morning, her action was applauded, and the planning for Mrs. Wildon and the desolate children was beautiful to hear. Elizabeth was to carry the things to her.

I think Mary must have been glad she started for the poor-house on Thanksgiving morning, for it all turned out for the very best. I know Elizabeth thanked the Great Giver, who said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'—Exchange.

Stick to the Farm.

The above advice is gratuitous, but we are sure it is good. The city has many attractions for young country people, but it has, as well, many snares and pitfalls for unwary, inexperienced feet. Hundreds and thousands of the unsuspecting youth who rush from the farms into the cities, with pure intentions, noble ambitions, and high hopes, land in the slums, the dens of infamy, the penitentiary, and go down to premature graves with blasted lives and broken hearts.

This is no fancy picture; it is an awful, deplorable fact! Had they stuck to the farm they would have become prosperous, thrifty citizens, lived pure, happy, healthy lives, and gone down to honored graves. Going to the city was their ruin. Why? A secular paper answers this question graphically, yet truthfully, in the following:

'Thousands of boys and girls and young men and women are coming to the cities. They are attracted first by the commercial idea, the earning of wages and the making of a fortune, all of which are right in themselves. Their intentions, when they arrive are generally laudable. They never think one moment of going wrong or landing behind the bars; but on the start they are not guarded

enough in forming their associations. They drop into low levels, and are never able to rise above them. Many of them fall into pit-holes at the very beginning, and are not able to extricate themselves. They are trapped by their surroundings, and swallowed up by evil companionships. They come from Christian homes but fall into tempting dives. They are swept from their feet by the first attack of temptations. The boy from the country who arrives in the city to stay must fortify himself with courage as with a coat of mail, if he would withstand the assaults that the visions will make to win over to them.'

But, our young friends, suppose you do leave the farm, go to the city, keep straight socially, morally and religiously, engage in business and make a very fair average success of it; will you then be happier and have a better, easier time than you would have had, had you remained on the farm?

'It is not all gold that glitters.' The residents of the cities have their special advantages, advantages of church, society, literary entertainment, free libraries, and all that; but think of the heart-burdens, the weary brains, the sleepless nights spent in planning how to tide over financial crises, how to make business a success, how to satisfy the demands of employees, the demands of society and social position, and a thousand and one other perplexing problems of which the farmer knows nothing.

The farmer is a king. He reigns over his farm and his home. He has at his command the resources of subsistence for himself and his. He has his days of recreation, especially during the winter. The merchant, the mechanic, the manufacturer, the professional man are all dependent upon him. He can stay at home or go to town, one day or another, as he pleases. They must attend to business promptly and diligently, day in and day out, or they fail; and this all through the live-long year. The farmer, having sown his seed, then, as the rhymester puts it:

'He stamps his foot and claps his hands,
And wheels around to view his lands.'

When night comes, the farmer, as the result of the day's toil in the open air, and having had plenty of pure, wholesome food to eat, retires at an early hour to enjoy a night's healthy, refreshing sleep. The business man, the clerk, the professional man whose name is famous, the editor, these reach their homes at a late hour, nervous, perplexed, with no appetite for food, and retire not to enjoy a refreshing sleep, but to toss nervously on a restless bed, lie awake striving to solve a knotty problem of business, or, tortured with insomnia, spend most of the night in a vain effort to find rest in the embrace of 'Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep.'

Boys, girls, the above is not an imaginary portrayal. On the contrary, it is the picture of things real, drawn from a long life of actual experience and practical thoughtful observation.—'The Telescope.'

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Boys That are Wanted.

(Charlotta Perry, in the 'Australian Christian World'.)

'Wanted—boys,' this want I find
As the city's wants I read of
And that is so,—there's a certain kind
Of boys that the world has need of.
The boys that are wanted are steady boys,
Unselfish, true and tender;
Holding more dear the sweet home joys
Than the club or the ballroom's splendor.
Boys who have eyes for the sister's grace,
Swift hands for the household duty;
Who see in the mother's patient face
The highest, holiest beauty.
Boys of earnest and noble aim,
The friends of the poor and lowly;
To whom forever a woman's name
Is something sacred and holy.

Boys are wanted whose breaths are sweet,
The pure air undefiling;
Who scorn all falsehood and smooth deceit
That lead to a soul beguiling.
Boys who in scenes that are glad and bright,
Feel their pulses beat the faster,
But who hold each animal appetite
As servant and not as master.

Boys are wanted whose strength can lead,
The weaker upon them leaning;
Boys whose 'No' is a 'No' indeed,
And whose 'Yes' has an equal meaning.
Who are strong not only when life decrees
Its bitter and heavy trials,
But can practise its small economies,
And its everyday self-denials.

David Hodge's Inspiration.

A STORY OF THANKSGIVING DAY.

(Lena Blinn Lewis, in the 'Union Gospel News'.)

David Hodge was 'well-to-do,' but some people spoke of him as being 'a little close.' If that was true it was due to inheritance and not intention. David was sometimes a little slow to comprehend the meaning of, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive,' but he was never known to refuse to help a good cause if only in a small way. He and Mary Anne had lived happily and comfortably on the old farm for many years, and had been satisfied with what life had brought to them. Their friends were few, but they were company each for the other and their interests had always been the same.

There had been talk at one time of a possibility of Mary Anne's looking with favor upon a likely young man from the city, but that was twenty years ago. To Mary Anne it was only a bit of color in the setting of her life, for she had been true to the promise to her mother to 'look after David,' and, although Mary Anne had been a spinster for forty years or so, she did not look it. Her round rosy face and gentle ways gave one the impression that she was fitted to mother the whole world as well as David. She was wondering if she had failed in any detail, as she put the finishing touches to the supper table, and her brother's cheery voice broke in upon her dreaming.

'They're all ready, Mary Anne; don't yo' want to take a look at 'em?' and holding the lantern to carefully light the path, he led the way to the great shed near the barn.

'Well they do look fine, David,' and she raised herself on her toes to peep into the waggon. Barrels of apples, bags of potatoes, huge yellow pumpkins and green hubbard