

latest acquisitions, including, this time, the pretty gowns she had brought from the city.

Helen looked at them with honest admiration, but to her great surprise, with none of the envy with which she had been accustomed to regard Grace's possessions. Could it be possible, she wondered, that there was no longer cause for envy on her part? Then the situation analyzed itself as she remembered, with pardonable pride, that May had taken first rank in her class at graduation; and when she compared Grace's gowns with her own, turned and remodelled many times, but into each separate renovation wrought self-sacrifice and self-conquest, and instinctively felt that the latter possessed qualities, in consideration of which Grace's costumes, faultless as they were, appeared but the merest vanity. After all, the giving up had not been hard. On the contrary, Grace felt as never before that girls who have everything lavished upon them, do not, at least, know what pleasure may be found in denying one's self for others. She knew that nothing could have induced her to exchange her lot for Grace's more favored one, and the glad tears filled her eyes as she realized that her reward was a fulfilment of the text of the sermon of the preceding Sabbath: 'He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.'

### A New Plan

(*'Christian Standard.'*)

The Golden Link Mission Band had decided to give no more entertainments to raise money. But there was their little orphan girl in India whom they had adopted, and they must keep their pledge to support her. It would have been very well if the girls of the band had had plenty of money, for they were all in earnest and willing to make any sacrifice; but none of them were rich, and if they had given all their pocket money, it would not have made up the required sum. They were holding a meeting to talk over the important question.

'I don't see what we are going to do,' said Lilly. 'Last year we cleared twenty-four dollars on our ice-cream social.'

'Yes,' said Irene, indignantly, 'by giving the people such stingy little dishes that I was ashamed to carry them in. I am glad I'll never have to do anything like that again.'

'We must send the money next month,' said Alice, 'and we lack thirty dollars yet.'

'Well, we must just ask the people for money,' said energetic Ruth. 'Mr. Ellis says that Christian people ought to be glad to give directly to any worthy cause.'

'I can't beg,' declared Ada; 'I just simply couldn't ask people for money.'

'It wouldn't be begging,' declared Ruth, stoutly, 'it would just be giving them a chance to help the missionary cause along.'

'Perhaps you are right,' said Ada, 'but it would seem like begging and I couldn't do it.'

'I don't think my mother would allow me to ask for money,' said Irene.

Emily had not spoken yet. She was a quiet girl, who had never taken a part in the entertainments which the band had given. She sat thinking while the others were discussing the question. At length she said:

'Girls, I believe I have a plan that will do. You know it is necessary to get the matter before the church in some way, else they won't know that we need money. Let us give a social, not one for money, you know, but a free one just for people to come and enjoy themselves. We will en-

tertain them as well as we can, and perhaps serve some simple refreshments; then we will ask Mr. Ellis to tell the people about our need, and those who wish can give us some money for our orphan.'

Half a dozen voices chorused enthusiastically, 'That's just the thing,' and 'How did you think of it?' and modest Emily flushed with pleasure to think she had been of use.

In due time the members of the church and Sunday-school were invited from the pulpit to attend the Mission Band social.

'You will observe,' Mr. Ellis said, in making the announcement, 'that this is a free social, just a social gathering as one of your houses would be free. We have an enlightened Mission Band that does not believe in obtaining money for the Lord's work under various undignified disguises.'

The girls decorated the church parlors with wild flowers and branches from the woods; the refreshments consisted of chocolate and little home-made tea cakes; a young lady soloist in the church consented to sing for them, and that completed the preparation.

The church and Sunday-school turned out in full force, and the delighted girls exerted themselves to entertain and serve their guests. Before the evening was half over every one was saying that the social was a splendid success. Then Mr. Ellis arose to present the society's needs. He told about the orphan in India who was receiving Christian training through the exertions of these young girls; he told how they had resolved, in common with all other societies of the church, that hereafter all money for the Lord's cause must be raised by direct giving. In conclusion he said, 'We are not even going to take up a collection, for in that case some might give simply for the look of it, as they say, or because they are ashamed not to. We don't want any of that sort of money; we want every penny to be consecrated to the Lord. Those who wish to help us may find one of the members of the Mission Band, and give the money to her. We are ready to receive contributions as small as a cent, and as large as any one's generosity can make them.'

When the people began to disperse, the girls were busy. It seemed that every one wanted to give something. Little Laura May brought a penny; poor Miss Dodd, the seamstress, gave ten cents with a tremulous wish that it were more; Mr. Alstock, the merchant, left a shining gold piece in Emily's hand, and many more gave, according to their means. When the people were gone, and the girls gathered with Mr. Ellis to count the money, they found that they had more than sixty dollars.

'And we can send it all to our orphan,' cried Lilly, 'for there isn't a bit of expense to pay.'

'We never made more than thirty dollars before at any entertainment,' said Ruth.

'And just think, we haven't had any tire-some rehearsals,' said Alice, 'and nobody is mad because somebody else had the best part.'

'And we haven't had to sell tickets to people who don't want them,' said Irene.

'And, best of all, you've found out that people do love the mission cause,' said Mr. Ellis as the meeting adjourned.

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Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

### Clean Speaking.

(*The 'League Journal.'*)

You ask me why I do not swear,  
And, mate, you ask me kindly;  
That moves me more than you're aware,  
Where bitter words fall blindly.

I have a reason true and right,  
And you, my mates, shall hear it;  
I follow but the world's true light,  
Christ's law, and I revere it.

Suppose that someone scorned your friend,  
His name to vile use turning;  
You quickly would his name defend,  
With indignation burning.

There is one Blessed Holy Name;  
No other name above it;  
Which some use lightly to their shame,  
I honor it, I love it.

Who made the ear, shall he not hear  
Unclean communications,  
And oaths, and blasphemies, and sneers,  
In high or lowly stations?

It may seem very quick, and smart,  
With energy o'erflowing,  
To use the words that chill the heart,  
To set the workers going.

But let the fear of God within,  
And love be there the master;  
The eager hands will quick begin,  
The willing feet run faster.

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Episodes of the Royal Progress on Oct. 25—Manchester 'Guardian,' Edinburgh 'Scotsman,' and 'Morning Post,' London.  
The Education Debate in the British Parliament—Report of Manchester 'Guardian.'  
A Bundle of Aphorisms—Academy and Literature, London.  
Municipal Socialism, VII.—Municipalities and Direct Labor—'The Times,' London.  
The Anthracite Strike: Its Social and Religious Effects—By an Observer in the Field, in 'The Outlook,' New York.

#### SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Photography as a Hobby—I.—By an Amateur Photographer in the 'Young Man,' London.  
Grieg as a National Composer—By A. M. Wergeland, in 'North American Review.'  
Ruskin as I Knew Him—II.—By Sir W. B. Richmond, in 'St. George,' the Journal of the English Ruskin Societies.

#### CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The King's Thanksgiving—Poem, by the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley, in the 'Westminster Budget.'  
Rapids at Night—By Duncan Campbell Scott.  
Sir Alfred Lyall on Tennyson—'The Spectator' and 'The Athenaeum,' London.  
The Hibbert Journal—'The Speaker' and 'The Pilot,' London.  
Missionary Work in China—The 'Western Mail,' Cardiff.  
Literary and Musical Plagiarism—New York 'Evening Post.'

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