

my meals. Then I was speaking in the streets two or three nights every week, and I walked ten or twelve miles every Sunday to preach twice in the villages, and was back to business at seven o'clock on Monday morning.'—The General was converted under the preaching of the Rev. James Caughey, the Methodist revival preacher.

Our Model.

Frank Crossley was an Irish lad who came to seek his living in England. He tried engineering. After failure and hard times, he met at last with great success. In his early manhood he became an intensely earnest, kind-hearted Christian. For instance, a man purchased one of his engines, but it was too small and weak for the intended purpose. He was unable to replace it, and was threatened with bankruptcy. He told his case to Mr. Crossley who promptly replaced the old engine by a new and larger one, without charge, and made up to him his losses in business caused by his own blunder. That man, speaking of Crossley said, 'I have found a man who treated me just as Jesus Christ would have done.'—This, after all, ought to be the model for every man,—Jesus Christ.—'Onward.'

God's Promises.

Suppose that a poor ragged boy goes to the house of a rich farmer near you. The farmer has compassion on him, gives him a good dinner, and tells him that he will get him clothed as well. So he gives him a letter to a well-known clothes merchant in the town near at hand, asking the merchant to give this boy—the bearer—coat, waistcoat, trousers, shirt, cap, shoes, and stockings, for which he will be responsible, and signs his name. The boy goes to the shop. Perhaps as he walks along toward it, he begins to think with himself—I am ragged and poor, and have no money. The shopman does not know me. He will not give me the goods. It is all folly for me to go in and ask them. So he walks backward and forward in front of the shop for a time, sometimes thinking he will go in and try, and at other times thinking it would be utter folly. At last unbelief gets the victory. He walks away, and leaves the place, and so loses all the things from want of faith. If he had only gone in, and presented the letter, the merchant would have been glad to give him everything mentioned in it, even though he knew nothing about him personally, for the rich farmer's sake. It was the farmer who asked, and not merely the boy. Reader, do you understand this, that though you are poor and needy, when you ask in the name of Jesus for things he has promised, it is Jesus who asks, and God will give you everything he has promised, in his name?—William J. Patton.

About Our Premiums.

We have a large variety of miscellaneous premiums, as well as the ever popular Bibles and other book premiums. Write us for particulars, also sample papers to show your friends.

We give just one premium offer as sample.

MAPLE LEAF BLOUSE SET.



As popular this year as last.

This year we offer a set of 3 pins in large or small size, as desired.

Large pins have word 'Canada' across the face; small ones have no inscription. All made of best hard enamel, beautifully colored.

One set either size for only TWO NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents.

Watch this corner again next issue.

The Victor.

(By Ed. F. Church.)

This mighty world is but a battlefield,
On which the conflicts of a life are fought;
Where victor cries unto the vanquished,
Yield!

Within our breast in tumult surging high,
The same long silent struggles: A weary strife
Against dark, treacherous foes, from which,
To die,
Doth not redeem the life.

And yet a secret lies within our heart,
Which but to know is wondrous force bestowed,
A spring that strength eternal does impart;
Hast thou found where it flowed?

See now how calm and dignified
The victor stands, his spirit all aglow.
Go ask him where his enemy hath died,
If you this truth would know.

Upon his face no mark of selfish lust,
No spiteful bickerings do shadow there,
All petty strifes to him are but disgust,
His brow serenely fair.

'Thou son of Conquerors tell us whence thy strength!
How is it that thou winnest all thy fight?
Thy body seemeth not of bulk or length,
To force thy foes to flight.'

The victor smiles: A quiet reigns,
Whilst yet ye hang upon expectancy,
A voice speaks low: 'Tis love that never deigns
To be content with bonds of galling chains.

'Tis God's redeeming love that makes my soul
Sure that this God will help me reach the goal,
And with this love to keep me free from sin,
There is no fight that God and I can't win.'

A Marvellous Tree.

Have you ever wondered when you will stop hearing of the wonders of nature? A very marvellous tree grows in Mexico, and is called the maguey. It actually supplies a needle and thread all ready for use! At the tip of each dark green leaf is a slender thorn needle that must be carefully drawn from its sheath; at the same time it slowly unwinds the thread, a smooth, strong fiber attached to the needle, and which may be drawn out to great length. —New York 'Herald.'

Saved by Discipline—A Story.

(By Edgar White.)

Some workingmen were setting in place the heavy stone cornice on the top of a four-story building in a Western town. Ropes had been stretched around the walk below to prevent pedestrians from venturing on the dangerous territory. But a careless teamster had run against one of the stakes and for a while the guard rope lay on the ground unnoticed. A man walking leisurely along, as if in study, stepped on the granitoid alongside the building where the improvements were being made. Suddenly he heard the crashing of timbers above and cries of dismay. But louder than all the rest was the brief authoritative command of the military:

'Halt!'

The pedestrian instantly stopped, straightened up and became rigid. Almost with the act a great stone crashed to the walk hardly three feet ahead of him. The man didn't move until he looked up. Then the workman aloft, who had given the order, called down: 'You're all right now, cap'n; lucky you obeyed orders.'

Out of all the yells and the hubbub the soldier had regarded only the command, which he had been trained, and he gave it instant heed. That alone saved his life, for

in the mild medley of other cries there was no suggestion by which he could profit.

The captain sought out the workman who had given the timely warning, and learned he had been a soldier in the Philippines. The captain had also served there, and the soldier had recognized him when he saw him coming up the walk. So his choice of direction was not a chance.

There a bond was formed between the two men, and though their respective business interests kept them widely apart, they corresponded regularly, and the captain made it a rule every Christmas to remember the workman and his family with some token of the season.

During the hard times that came with the close of 1907 a large number of workmen in all parts of the country were thrown out of employment. Some of them, discouraged at their repeated failures to obtain work, sought such freedom from worry as could be found in the taverns where liquor was kept.

One cold day following hard on the heels of Christmas a man stood on a Broadway corner near the elevated road, St. Louis. His garments were sadly frayed and the bare hands were thrust deep in the pockets of the rusty trousers. As he looked up and down the icy street and noted the indifferent crowds passing by him, his face hardened. He felt lonesome and forsaken, and there is no place on earth so lonesome as a great city where you have no friends. The bare hand clutched a dime. Turning from the callous crowd the man walked resolutely down a side street until he came to 'The Elevated Bar.' Inside he could hear the merry jests of the drinkers, and the tinkle of a music box. There was holly and mistletoe among the bottles in the show windows. Ten cents would purchase at least an hour of cheer, and it was awfully desolate outside. The man's hands reached for the outer door.

'Halt!'

He straightened up and touched his hat. The man who gave the order was some years older than himself, but well dressed and of prosperous appearance.

'Attention, company! Right about, face! Form twos! Forward march! He! He! He!'

Silently the two marched with even step up to Broadway, out of danger, and the captain gave the order to 'Break ranks!'

'Comrade,' he said, laying a kindly hand upon the other's shoulder, 'why didn't you let me know what you were up against. Did you think I'd forget?'

'I was retreating under fire,' said the soldier-workman; 'I'm a coward.'

'Not so; when I ordered you back to the firing line you went there,' returned the captain, taking his companion's arm, and starting up street. 'Now, my boy, you're going to fight this battle out and I'm going to help you. I know where there's good work in your line and you shall have it. Meanwhile you'll dine with me and we'll talk it over. We've won another victory and we'll enjoy our rations. But let us never forget our watchword.'

'Halt!'' said the soldier, with a shudder; 'not while life lasts.'—The 'Advance.'

An Open Secret.

Readers of the 'Messenger' will find the advertising columns becoming more and more valuable and interesting to them week by week. The splendid bargains that are being offered will prove money-savers.

Moreover, the size of the 'Messenger' will be increased if a sufficient quantity of high class advertising makes this possible, and it will also save our having to increase the subscription rate. So that the advertising accomplishes three advantages for the subscriber:—

It gives the news of store bargains.

It ensures an enlarged paper.

It ensures a low rate of subscription.

Therefore, it is to the advantage of each reader to patronize the advertisers in the 'Messenger,' and in this connection let us add the advertisers always like to have people say: 'I saw your advertisement in the 'Northern Messenger.'