

## POEM FOR RECITATION.

WHAT THE LECTURER TOLD THE BOYS.  
Kit and I (he's Christopher, but it's pretty hard to speak)  
Had been talking about the lecture, the better part of a week.  
I was fourteen last Wednesday, and Kit is twelve and a half—  
We're getting to be big fellows; folks call us "twins" for chaff.

One of the famous lecturers was to lecture in our town hall—  
Our father used to know him, when both of them were small.  
We are the minister's boys, you know, and live in the house on the hill;  
The rest of us is mother, and Susie, and little Will.

Father went to the station, to bring the lecturer home,  
And mother had supper ready, waiting for him to come—  
He was what Sue calls "splendid!" talked lots to Kit and to me,  
And took up little Willie, and held him on his knee

And while he was eating supper said a good many funny things,  
And joked with mother and Susie—it seemed as if time had wings—  
But O, that grand, grand lecture was the best we ever heard!  
Folks held their breaths to listen, for fear they should lose a word.

They cried, and they applauded, and then they laughed outright—  
Kit and I decided to lecture before we went home that night.  
He was going back in the morning, on the early morning train,  
And father let us sit up that night, said "it wouldn't happen again."

One of us sat each side of him, as near as we could to his chair,  
And then Kit noticed, and so did I, a scar near the edge of his hair.  
He saw us looking, and then he said, "My boys, you see that scar,  
It isn't a wound of honor, but something different far.

"I am going to tell you about it. I got it on a day  
When I was young as you are, and that isn't so far away.  
You think it easy to move a crowd as breezes sweep the sea,  
It may be easy for some men, it never has been for me.

"I was the timidest, awkwardest youth that ever fished in a pool,  
Or ever on Wednesday afternoons ran away from school—  
That was the day we 'spoke pieces,' but that I never did,  
I stayed at school and was punished, or ran away and hid.

"But I honored the boys who did it, in particular the one who told  
'How well Horatius kept the bridge, in the brave days of old!'  
I admired the high heroic style, I longed to do the same,  
And watched the others with beating heart, and cheeks that were all aflame.

"I had an elder sister then, such an one, my boys, have you—  
Good, and sweet, and pretty"—and then he smiled at Sue—  
"She said I could learn a simple piece, learn it, and speak it well;  
I didn't want anything simple, I wanted a piece that would toll.

"And so I chose for my first attempt: 'The Seminole's Reply,'  
You'll find it in some old reader—tells how Indians defy—  
And Kate she taught it to me, taught me to speak each line—  
'Twas for the exhibition; I practised what hours were mine.

"I practised when I went after the cows, when I went to gather eggs,  
And frightened the hens and roosters off of their yellow legs.  
Up in the garret chamber, back the old rafters gave;  
'I ne'er will ask you quarter, and I ne'er will be your slave!'

"The day of exhibition came, as all such days will come,  
The schoolroom was packed and crowded—all of them went from home—  
And I sat there and trembled, from my shining boots to my crown,  
And wished that the floor might open and quietly let me down.

"At length I mounted the platform, but how, I never know,  
I knew they had called upon me, and somehow I must get through.  
I made my bow, I know I did, I raised my head to speak,  
Then the people swam around me, I felt my knees grow weak—

"Blaze! with your berried columns!" 'twas to sound like a clarion's call,

I opened my mouth, and formed the words, but I didn't blaze at all.  
My throat was parched and swollen, there was ringing in my ears,  
There was blackness all around me, I forgot my awful fears.

"I reeled, and then plunged headlong down from my lofty place,  
And next I was out in the dooryard with water on my face,  
And Kate was bending over me, fanning, to give me air,  
And mother was gently bathing that wound near the edge of my hair.

"And that was how I got the scar; but boys, I didn't give in,  
I resolved as old Demosthenes, sooner or later to win.  
I resolved to be an orator, then and there, that day,  
And so I never faltered, though to me 'twas a thorny way.

"But, let me tell you one thing, here: whatever you aim to do  
You'll be pretty sure to do it, if you will to carry it through."  
And then the lecturer said: "My boys, it is late and we must part."  
But father said: "Robert and Christopher, take that lesson to heart."  
—Emily Baker Smalle, in Pansy.

## ALICE'S MARMALADE.

The warm, pleasant sunshine of the June day made even the prosaic street of the city poetic, and charmed out-of-doors the most persistent stay-at-home.

Alice Eaton was busily at work in the back basement, singing gayly. Nothing in her suggested the heroine, but she was one of the highest type, as you will say when you hear her story. Her first recollections of a home were of a lovely stone house standing in a park and all that goes to make life charming. No change came to her until her eighteenth year. She scarcely knew there was such a thing as money, or that lives were limited and burdened for want of it.

In one week a complete change: her father was ruined by the dishonesty of trusted employees; her home was given up, and a few weeks found the family, consisting of the father, mother, two brothers, and a sister younger than Alice, settled in a cottage in a small village miles away from their former home. The family were dependent on a small income derived from the remnant of the mother's fortune. In a short time another change was made to a less desirable location in a city where the boys would find employment and Alice might be able to get small pupils. The boys were successful, but Alice found the market overstocked with young girls anxious to teach small children. She became almost discouraged with the struggle.

Her mother, never very strong, gave evidence of breaking down under the strain imposed upon her by the limited means of the family and the effect of their misfortune on her husband's mind. He saw no peace, because he blamed himself for his misfortune, saying over and over to his wife, "Margaret, if I had been trained to my business in life as you were to yours, this would never have come. It was due to ignorance." No love, no argument, could change this feeling, which deepened the cloud that shadowed the home.

Alice had been trained by her mother to a knowledge of all departments of household work. She had rebelled against this, as none of her school friends were required to do any household work. Many times these proposed duties had interfered with her girlish pleasures, and she felt even now that her time might have been better employed.

One day she came in from a call with both cheeks shining, her breath coming and going quickly, and a large brown paper parcel in her hand.

"Why, Alice, what is the matter? What have you got?"

"The key to unlock the gold mine, mamma!"

"What do you mean, child?"

"I went out, you know, to get away from myself and my wicked thoughts. As I passed along the street I decided to call on Nelly White. She was not at home, but Mrs. White insisted on my going upstairs. I found her almost buried under a pile of sewing, and worrying because she was not able to send some delicacy to Mr. Hatfield, who, you know, is quite ill at his boarding-house. Mamma, I thought of my marmalade, and said: 'Mrs. White, I'll make some orange marmalade if you will furnish the

materials.' She looked perfectly delighted. And here I am, ready for work."

"It was very kind to offer, Alice, but I fail to see why you are so excited."

"Why, you precious mamma, I mean this to be the first step to my business life! When I take the marmalade to Mrs. White I shall tell her that, if she is suited, I would be very grateful if she would recommend me to her friends. You know I can do all kinds of preserves and pickles, and my canned fruit cannot be beaten, and as for cake it's literally 'angels' food,' and Alice flung both arms around her mother's neck."

"My child, not a cook!"

"Why not, dearest? Surely, mamma, anything is better than this horrible struggle. I am really shabby; Helen will soon be kept from school, unless she can have new shoes; and mamma, I know that you have been forced to stay in for other reasons than because you were tired. I am not blind, mamma, dear," and a tremble crept into the loving voice. As if to hide it, Alice jumped up, and began tossing the oranges from hand to hand.

"You see, mammy," she said, "I shall really make these gold, and by the same magic make apples silver, and you shall ride in your coach."

"My brave, true girlie! Come, dear, I'll help." In a little time the marmalade was ready, and proved to be a great success. Mrs. White was delighted at Alice's success, though greatly surprised at her request that she should recommend her to her friends as one capable of making all kinds of preserves, jellies, pickles, canned fruits, and cake.

The first orders came in on note-paper, and her patrons tried to ignore the fact of having had money transactions with her when they met her. But Alice had too much honest pride to allow this attitude, and surprised her friends by the cool, dignified way in which she referred to her business. In a little while she gave her friends her business cards, on which was a list of her prices, with the request that they circulate them and recommend her work.

Orders began to come in, and she realized a little of the success of which she had been dreaming. It still requires close economy to live within the income of the family from all sources. Alice knows that her success depends on doing her work in the very best manner, and at fair prices. She does not allow the generosity of her friends to assert itself by paying her more than her work is worth. By this method she keeps their respect as well as her own. Her home duties are such that she could not give all her time to any outside work. This that she has undertaken gives time and opportunity to be all that her home duties demand. Is it easy? No. Many times she stands flushed and tired over the stove when her heart cries out for fresh air and sunshine. But one look at the changed faces of her father and mother, and the consciousness of how much she has lightened their burdens, reconciles her to the petty trial her work demands in comparison with its compensations.—*Christian Union.*

THE PRINCIPLE of local option is not only sound in theory, it is effective and satisfactory in application. As a movement it is sweeping Canada with a storm of success; and in the South it has rid hundreds of counties and towns of the hateful business. There is scarcely a state in all that section that cannot point to free communities, and, if the movement goes on as it has begun, in a few years the South will be liberated, and the North still in slavery. Local option is just as good for Northern counties as for Southern, and we are glad to know that it is proposed to introduce it in New Jersey. A bill has been carefully drawn on the basis of the Georgia Act, the Scott Act of Canada, the New York Bill, which Governor Dix vetoed, and other similar acts. It is in the hands of a competent committee of earnest men, who will be supported by the temperance sentiment of the state as expressed in various organizations. The legislature which has had various excuses to offer in the past, not the least of which was that temperance men are divided and don't know what they want, will be brought face to face with the question this time. It will not find it wise either to ignore or to refuse.—*New York Independent.*

## Question Corner.—No. 21.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

## ACROSTIC.

1. Called of God while yet a child,  
His life by passion undofiled.
2. A king who chose the evil way,  
And led the people far astray.
3. The land where dwelt the patient one,  
Left without daughter, goods, or son.
4. She taught her grandchild at her knee,  
And made him wise in piety.  
My whole, a God-deserted man,  
Who, reckless, to his ruin ran.

## BIBLE SCENE.

A political prisoner, in charge of a garrison of troops, is visited by a messenger bringing a piece of information to him, who has him sent to the commander of the post, and he, after a brief interview with him, dismisses him, with a charge to keep his own counsel in regard to his errand. The officer in command sends a detachment of his army away on some special errand, with an important personage in their company, to an official in a distant city, who reads the communication they bring him, and makes an appointment, to be kept when other parties interested are ready.

## Where is it recorded?

1. Who said "Show a miracle for you"?
2. Who put a stone book into a box and placed the box in a tent.
3. Who built cities in the mountains of Judah and castles and towers in the forests.
4. Who said "My sons be not now negligent for the Lord hath chosen you to stand before him and that ye should minister unto him and burn incense."

## ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS NO. 20.

## SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

- 2 Sam. 19, 31-40.  
1 Kings 2, 7.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Jonah 3, 9.
2. Rev. 2, 21.
3. Obadiah 4.
4. Sam. 4, 17.
5. Psa. 141, 7.

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