

face made David's heart glad. The man put out his hand.

'This is too good to be true. It has been so long since anyone gave me a helping hand.'

'Come here at six to-night and we will talk it over further. I want you to do me a favor then. Now I wish to know your name. I have not learned it.'

'Edward Walker.'

'A good name.'

'Better than I deserve.'

Then the young man went out. David wanted his mother to see this man, and thought he would ask him to go home with him that evening.

Walker came at half past six. David wondered at the delay, for up to this time he had found the young man to be very punctual; but when Walker was fairly in the office it did not take him long to see that something was wrong. The flushed look upon his cheek told David the whole sad story.

For a moment, David knew not what to say. Now he knew why the young man had fallen to his present condition. What could he do? Could he carry out his promise to help Walker further? One thought troubled him. Then, what should he do about taking him to his home, as he had planned? The idea seemed repulsive to him at first; but the more he thought of it the surer he became that he ought to go on just as he had planned.

Walker sat at a window silently watching David, as he pulled down the top of his desk and prepared to go out.

'Come, I am ready.'

'Ready! You won't turn me over to the police? I know how I am. I went out this morning, feeling so happy because I found something to do! I did not mean to do anything wrong again; but I went past a place where some fellows like myself were lounging, and—you know how it was. I was tempted never to come back again; but I seemed drawn to do it.'

'I had no thought of turning you over to the police, Edward,' David said. 'I'm glad you came back.'

Yes, it was true. Much as David hated rum, and hard as it was for him to think of this man's fall, he was glad he had not gone beyond his reach. The Lord would tell him what to do next.

'Glad! You glad! God bless you for saying it!'

'Now I want you to go home with me,' David said, when they stood on the pavement. 'I promised my mother to bring you up to-night.'

'I can't do that!' Edward exclaimed, stopping short on the walk. 'I'll go anywhere with you but there! I have a mother myself, somewhere, and I wouldn't want her to see me in this way. Come, let me go back to the office.'

The thought of going home with David seemed almost to sober young Walker. A crisis had come into his life, and it must be met. If he went back now, all would be lost.

'We will walk up together. I know you will like mother when you see her,' David said, gently. 'You won't refuse me this favor?'

'I'd do anything for you but this!'

For some time they stood there almost silently. The battle was raging fiercely.

'I'll go with you,' Edward exclaimed at last. 'I know you think me a coward, but I am worse than that.'

That evening at the home of David Gregg and his mother came back to Edward Walker in after years like a sweet vision from the better world.

There was music and singing, in which all joined. The Bible was brought out, and David read a chapter. Prayer, earnest and heartfelt, followed, and when the evening was gone and David showed his guest to his room, Edward said:

'Isn't there a passage in the Bible like this: "I was a stranger and ye took me in; I was sick and ye visited me?" Just such a poor, sin-sick stranger I am, and I have been received into your home and hearts as if I had been a king. While we were singing, these words and many more like them, which my mother used to read to me, came back to my mind. Now I am myself again, and I tell you that, the Lord helping me, no one will ever see me yield again to the temptation of strong drink.'

And with the Lord as his helper, Edward Walker remained ever true to his promise.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
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Correspondence

Malakoff.

Dear Editor,—My brother takes the 'Messenger,' and I like to read the Correspondence. I am in the fourth class. Our teacher's name is Miss Minnie Manes. My birthday is on March 2. I go to St. John's Church. Our house is near a marsh. I like to pick the flowers. In the spring, my brother and I make a raft and we often go for a sail.

BOWER BRADLEY. (Aged fourteen.)

Gillies, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in New Ontario, in the White Fish Valley. It is a new country; we just came here one year ago last spring. There were very few settlers here then, but there are new ones coming all the time. Each settler gets 160 acres of land free. We like to see good settlers coming. We have no school here yet, but there is a school house started on one corner of our place. I have taken the 'Messenger' in my own name for quite a while. I think it is a nice paper. I have two brothers and two sisters. I am eight years old.

EVELYN B.

Banks, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been taking the 'Messenger' for nearly two years, and I like it very much. I go to day school and Sunday-school. I have no pet cats and dogs like a great many of your correspondents, but I have the dearest little sister in the world. I have three brothers, all younger than myself.

ETHEL M. B. (Aged ten.)

Belmont, Man.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for about three years and we like to read the letters, so I thought I would write one. I go to school every day and I like my teacher. Her name is Lizzie Kinley. I have four kittens and we have one dog, his name is Collie. I have no papa, he died three years ago and we do feel very sorry.

SUSIE M. (Aged 8.)

Hyde Park, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Northern Messenger' at Sunday-school. I am a girl. I have one sister and two brothers; one of my brothers is in heaven. One of them is a baby. I was nine year old on June 16. I go to Sunday-school and I go to school. I am in the second book. My sister is four years old.

LOUISE A. R.

Central Kempt, Yar. Co., N. S.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I am ten years old. I live on a farm. My papa is dead. I have one brother and sister, they are twins, they are thirteen years old. I have four pets: a dog, his name is Nebbie; and a cat and two kittens. We have a horse, his name is Harry, and three cows, and quite a lot of young cattle. We have a nice orchard with over three hundred apple trees. We have a nice Sunday-school all the year. I have only missed two Sundays since last spring. We live two miles and a half from the church. Our minister's name is the Rev. David Patterson. He is a great worker. We all belong to the White Ribbon Army. I go to school and like our teacher. I am in the seventh grade. We have a mile to walk. I have taken the 'Messenger' three years. I like it very much. I would like to know how many of your little ones are trying to live a Christian life. I am trying to be a Christian, and am going to work for Jesus, and if we commence to work for him when we are young, we will always be happy.

REGINA M.

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