

and remorse her young husband hung over her as her life was ebbing fast away, the life that might have been preserved for many years to come, if it had been shielded and preserved from the bitter blow that had laid 'the axe at the root of the tree' months before.

'Oh, my darling, can you, will you forgive me? Oh, how have I failed in my duty to you! Do not leave me, oh, do not leave me! How can I fight against that mocking fiend alone?'

She opened her dying eyes, and fixing them upon her husband, with a look of ineffaceable love and longing, she said, 'One above alone can help you! Oh, look to him for deliverance! Begin a new life for the sake of our little darling, and in divine strength turn your back forever upon your besetting sin. Oh, Hugh! promise faithfully that you will live a new life in the future, that you will be kind to our little Janet, and that you will meet me in that land above.'

Choked by sobs he gave the promise asked, and then as the sun sank slowly down to rest, and the night shadows crept on apace, so also that precious life, which he would have given worlds to retain in his possession, slowly went out forever.

He found a foster-mother for his child, and by dint of hard seeking, and recommendations from former friends in London, he succeeded in getting a practice in a remote and isolated part of the country, where he took a house, and lived with a working housekeeper to attend to his wants.

For three years he kept the promise he had made to his dying wife. The struggles he went through during the first part of that time no one but his God will ever know. At the end of the third year he ventured to fetch his little daughter, and for a time all went well.

But one unlucky day one of his London friends, who had been so kind to him, went to see him, and to his eternal shame he said, offered this man, to whom liquor in any shape or form was as the very flames of hell, a glass of wine, 'for old time, you know; "Should auld acquaintance,"' etc. The result was what might have been expected. He fell again, and began the same fearful struggle. Again his patients all left him; his practice gone, he was obliged to go too. Wretched and degraded he went to London, where it is so easy to get lost and disappear for ever; and not very long ago I saw in one of the London dailies an account of the suicide, in a miserable, squalid garret, by a half-starved wretch, who turned out to be the once brilliant, clever, witty and affable man who has been the subject of this sketch.

The Peace of God.

(By Jane Fox Crewdson.)

Oh, for the peace which floweth as a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and smile!

Oh, for the faith to grasp heaven's bright
'for-ever,'
Amid the shadows of earth's 'little while!'

A little while for patient vigil-keeping,
To face the stern, to wrestle with the strong.

A little while, to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves, and sing the harvest song.

A little while, to wear the weeds of sadness,
To pace with weary step through miry ways;

Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,

And clasp the girdle round the robe of praise.

A little while, the earthen pitcher taking
To wayside brooks, from far-off fountains fed;
Then the cool lip its thirst for ever slaking
Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.

A little while, to keep the oil from failing;
A little while, faith's flickering lamp to trim;

And then, the Bridegroom's coming foot-steps hailing,

To greet His advent with the bridal hymn.

And He who is Himself the Gift and Giver—
The future glory and the present smile,
With the bright promise of the glad 'for-ever.'

Will light the shadows of the 'little while.'

A Mother's Lament for Her Daughter.

On the death of Ruby Edmonson, aged 18, died Jan. 7, 1902, Parkdale, Toronto.

Our darling has gone to her heavenly home
And escaped from the sea of sorrow,
On which we still sail in this sad mortal vale
But we'll meet in the glad to-morrow.

She had come to be more than daughter
to me,

A companion, a help, and a friend;
We miss her, the dear, with her counsel and cheer,

All the household in sorrow doth bend.

Though broken the tie, 'tis fastened on high,
Where God in his infinite love,
Now bids us look up and rejoice in the hope
Of a glorious reunion above.

Yes, Lord, we reply, to His voice from on high,

And haste on our journey along;

Though rough is the way yet short is our stay,

Lord, help us to cheer it with song.

Let us sing of Thy love and the home up above,

Which Jesus has gone to prepare,

A place for His own and He shortly will come

And transplant us His glory to share.

Let us, too, prepare, be this our first care,
To know that our sins are forgiven,
Through the blood that He shed when He died in our stead,

And thus opened the kingdom of heaven.

DEBORAH.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is March, 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Correspondence

Egmondville.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm about one mile from Egmondville. I go to Sunday school pretty nearly every Sunday, and I like my teacher very much. I like your paper very much. We keep six horses and a number of cattle. I am in the fourth book at school. I am nine years old. I helped to make a scrap book for the sailors.

NETTIE C.

Fingal, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My Aunt Jane has sent me the 'Messenger' for three years. I am ten years old on April 6. I go to school every day and I have not missed a day since last summer holidays until I had the measles, and I had to stay out two weeks. I have got for pets a little cousin Irene, and two pet cats, Duff and Fun.

FLOSSIE E. B.

White Rock, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' a year, and think it is a nice

paper. I would not care to do without it now. I go to Sunday school and day school. My favorite studies at school are geography, grammar, history, health-reader, practical spelling, reading, writing, drawing and arithmetic. I have two brothers and no sisters. My brothers' names are Lennie and Clinton. I had a very happy day on Christmas, Santa Claus brought me a nice fur collar and a stationery box and two books and a yard of blue ribbon.

VERA E. F. (aged 10)

Pennville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years old. I got the 'Messenger' for a Christmas present, and I like it so much that I would like some of my little friends to have it too. I thought I would try to write you a letter and send some names. I live on a farm and have two sisters and two brothers. My sisters and I go to school in summer, but the snow is so deep we cannot go now, so on fine days we have good fun sleigh-riding and when it is stormy we play hide and seek in the barn. I hope you will send the 'Messenger' to these little girls and boys.

LAURA B.

Herdman, Que.

Dear Editor,—I go to the Episcopal church and Sunday school; at Christmas we had an entertainment for the Sunday school, at which we made over twenty-six dollars. We are getting a library of one hundred and fifty volumes. My sister is organist for both church and Sunday school, and my brother is secretary-treasurer for the Sunday school. Our minister's name is Mr. Fyles, we like him very much. There is a large number of young people round here, and we all have good times together. We have a debating club, which is very interesting. My sister and two brothers belong.

K. B. L. (aged 12).

Stronach Mt., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am twelve years old, and live on a farm four miles from the seashore. My great grandfather came here over a hundred years ago, and at first he lived in a log cabin, then he built this house, which is the oldest house on the mountain. I like living on a farm, and I like it best in haying time. I would like to be a dressmaker and milliner when I grow up. I make lots of dolls' clothes and hats now, and I enjoy it very much. We used to take the 'Messenger,' and we have received a few copies lately and are going to take it again. I like it very much and I think the children's page is fine.

MARGARET B.

Hall Stream, Que.

Dear Editor,—My sister Alice has taken the 'Messenger' for the past three years, and we are just renewing again. We all think it is such a good paper. My birthday is on April 5, same as Wesley W. I. I have a little sister, Jennie, three years old. I saw a letter from William Geo. M., Westville, N.S., saying that his aunt took him to Little Harbor; that is where my mamma lived when she was a little girl, and she has often told us about how pretty it was there.

GRACE LILIAN C. (aged 10).

London, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for four or five years and think it very interesting. I always hurry home on Friday to get the 'Messenger' before my sister. I am just learning to skate and like it better than playing in the snow. We go sleigh-riding on a large hill near the river. You can start with your sleigh on one hill, go bumping down to the next and away across the river. I like reading and got several books for Christmas, and two of them happen to be Robinson Crusoe. I am in the second reader and like studying geography and the different cities.

OLIVE S.

Kells P.O., Ont.

Dear Editor,—My cousin that was in South Africa came up to see us for a few days. He had the honor of seeing our beloved Queen Victoria, and hearing her speak. They were nine days in London, and were taken to all the places of amusement. He was delighted with the hospitality they received while there. My favorite studies in school are drawing, composition,