

His wife hands him the wallet and gourd, and, if the weather be very wintry, a long brown cloak of homespun. Then he is prepared for a long run if necessary.

No peasantry are more free from vice than those of the Landes. They really seem to live in the simplicity and peace of the time of the patriarchs. Every man trusts his neighbor and respects his rights. The horror of theft and violence is so strong in the people that police and magistrates might be almost dispensed with throughout their sandy, solemn country.

Music is their chief pastime, and it is charming to listen to the Landais peasants singing in chorus at nightfall in some village, when the flocks and herds have been brought home.

A New Brunswick Hero.

(Mrs. D. M. McLean, in the 'Silver Link.')

It was the noontide hour, and a day on which the very elements seemed at war with each other; and the usual tranquil waters of Courtenay Bay, a lovely body of water winding around the eastern end of the city, were so angry a mass of foaming billows that those who had seen many tides come and go never had seen the water so storm-tossed.

A young man of eighteen summers was hurrying back to his work; and, as he neared the shore, there arose a cry of distress, for a lad playing beside that maddened flood was borne away by one fierce blast upon its waves, then rolling mountains high. A brave heart beat in the bosom of the approaching young man; for, though of tender years, had he not in previous occasions snatched from a watery grave more than one that had gone beyond his depth in these waters?

With the agility of youth, and a staunch, strong nature he fled to the workshop near by, almost immediately appearing with a life-buoy, to which was attached a coil of rope. Slipping the buoy over his head, and entrusting to the care of those on shore the life-line, noble Frederick Young plunged into those raging waters, while the hundreds that had gathered on the shore stood awe-stricken, and almost breathless, as they anxiously watched the brave boy fighting his way through the mad breakers with apparently superhuman effort, now borne on the crest of the tempest-tossed waves, and again disappearing beneath their treacherous depths.

Ah! he has reached the lad, and his glad shout of joy is re-echoed by the excited hundreds on the shore, and as he triumphantly raises the drowning child above his head, that all might know of the rescue, with a voice that rose loud and clear above the roar of wind and wave he shouts, 'Now you may haul us in, boys; haul us in.' Alas, alas! the rope attached to the life-buoy was too short, and just as another coil of rope was at hand, in a manner never explained, the lifeline slipped away, and heroic Fred Young was left to the mercy of the surging billows, with the precious burden in his arms.

All human efforts proved unavailing. Boat after boat was launched, but was as quickly dashed to pieces. Men tied ropes around their bodies, and tried to reach him, but all in vain. After battling with the infuriated waves for an hour, Fred Young was seen to raise his eyes heavenward, and throw up his hands, after having been obliged to drop the child. The life-buoy floated away, and all that was mortal of the brave young man disappeared for the last time beneath the troubled waters of Courtenay Bay.

A sad crowd wended its way homeward,

men wondering why they could not have found some means of rescue; mothers, with swelling hearts, thinking of their own boys, some of whom were being engulfed in a vortex more terrible than the one on which they had just looked, one that would ere long destroy both body and soul.

While it is common to speak only good of the dead, much that was good could be said of our hero in life. When but seven months old he lost his mother, but was tenderly cared for by two aunts and an uncle, who never knew him to shirk any duty. When but a lad, he joined temperance organizations and the Y. M. C. A., and his bright cheery face was often seen at the Christian Endeavor Society. He was often heard to exclaim, 'I want to be something,' little dreaming that the whole of Canada would ring with his name some day when the ambitious heart was still, and the ear that was so sensitive to praise could no longer hear.

The citizens of St. John felt, and fittingly, that they should signalize the event in some becoming manner and in a short time a large sum of money was raised and a very handsome monument to his memory has been erected on King's Square; and if any of my readers should ever visit that city, let them not go away without seeing this monument; and as they view the finely sculptured stone, representing our hero in the act of raising in his arms the drowning boy, may they carry home with them higher and nobler ideas of life, and inwardly resolve ever to be found in the path of duty.

An Incident of a Providence.

(J. T. Beckley, D.D., in the 'Independent.')

God never makes a half providence, any more than a man makes a half pair of shears. This was one of the favorite sayings of Dr. A. J. Gordon. What to another man seemed a natural impulse was to him an impact of the Spirit. What to others seemed mere moods and fancies, to him were inflections of the divine life. When the Spirit said 'Arise and go,' even though the way were desert, he went, sure of finding the other half which would make the perfect sphere of the divine thought.

Under this conviction he preached. Richly endowed with popular gifts, he crucified them that he might be the simple mouthpiece of the Almighty. A born orator, he eschewed oratory. He effaced himself, that he might be the medium through which the divine light might pour, unflecked by stain of color. Let others speak according to the spirit of the age if only he might speak according to the spirit of God. And there came to him almost daily such an experience as another might call coincidence, but which to him was evidence of divine co-operation.

One day in Dr. Blackie's class room, in the University of Edinburgh, at the time when Barrie and Crockett were students, and were preparing to tell the world the stories that have charmed it, there was enacted a dramatic scene. A country boy named Geggie was called upon to recite. He arose, holding his book awkwardly in his left hand.

'Take your book in your right hand, mon!' said the teacher.

'I hae nae right hand,' answered the youth, as he held up the stump.

There was a moment's silence. Tears rose to the boy's eyes. The students hissed. Dr. Blackie came down from his desk, and, putting his arm around the boy, said: 'I did not mean to hurt you, lad;' and then, turning to the

class, he thanked them for the privilege of teaching a class of gentlemen.

It was when the boy was only four years old that he was caught in the threshing machine and his right arm was torn off. As the mother held him to her throbbing heart she prayed that God would make him his own prophet. He could never be of service on the farm, her poor, maimed child; but the Master could use him for a nobler husbandry. And the boy grew up with the mother's prayer of dedication ever in his heart. It troubled him. He held out against it, but it seemed to shut him in. When Major Whittle came to the university, and that work of grace began; so far reaching, Geggie was the first of the students to give himself up.

One day, years afterward, he found himself in Boston, a stranger and lonely. He went into Clarendon Street Church. That Sunday, in the sermon, Dr. Gordon told the story of Geggie and the incident of the Scotch class room. At the close of the service Geggie went to him and made himself known. Dr. Gordon called the congregation back and made him enter the pulpit and continue the service. I remember the glow upon the noble face of the preacher, as, a few days later, in his own study, 'his watch-tower,' he rehearsed to me the story of the Spirit's guidance.

To-night at the close of a great meeting in Charlottetown, in the Island Province, 'The Garden of the Gulf,' Geggie, his face all aglow with the same spirit, told me how God led him that day into the Boston church, and gave him that contact with the revealed preacher; to him, it has seemed ever since, like a special anointing and a divine benediction. Geggie is now the devoted minister of the church in Truro, and the great Grecian, and the great evangelist are to him two of the sweetest memories of life.

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Acknowledge God in Business

A recent writer in 'The Christian Advocate' deals with the importance of consulting God regarding every detail of our lives. He writes: 'Take the matter of business. It is God's will that we should devote our lives to some useful employment; but what that shall be in particular cases is often a matter of considerable difficulty. How frequently wrong choice leads to bitter failure! It is overlooked that only a few men, if any, can really succeed in everything. Yet so many parents think their children to be such prodigies! Oh, the sad and terrible mistakes that are made in this matter! There are grocers who ought to be ministers, drapers who ought to be lawyers, doctors who ought to be cabinetmakers, commission agents who ought to be miners, and vice versa. All this is because God's guidance is frequently neither desired nor sought. It seems as if only a few people ask: "Will this be approved by him?" Too many say "It pleases me." That is often said by self-willed fathers, who resolve that their sons shall succeed them, instead of asking: "What can our boys do best?" In what sphere can they best serve life's purpose?"

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