

God that reaches out after every wandering soul, ready with a tender welcome to receive it home again.

Dan knew little about religion. Somehow, it had never seemed a real thing to him—a thing that belonged to the every-day life of every-day people. But now the earnestness of the minister's voice, the certainty that looked out of his eyes, took hold of his very soul. And when the minister gave out an old hymn and asked that during the singing of it those would stand who were ready to take for themselves the forgiveness and the welcome, Dan wavered no longer. 'O Lamb of God, I come,' sang the praying people.

They sang them through—the verses that everybody knows—and others beside Dan had risen, stood for a moment, and sunk back into their seats. An old man, a careworn woman, two or three boys in their teens, and one girl, whose young face showed already the traces of a sinful life.

The minister had left the platform, and was moving about among the people. He stopped beside Dan, just to take his hand in a cordial grasp and to ask him to remain for a little after the meeting. They stood with bowed heads while prayer went up, and then, before they went away, all flung their voices into the thanksgiving of the exultant song, 'Ring the bells of heaven.'

Dan stayed all night at the mission; for the minister, when he had heard his story and learned his homeless, friendless, penniless state, gave him shelter and supper, as well as the cheering words and helpful counsel that he needed. And when Dan woke up Thanksgiving morning, it was with courage and hope in his heart, and a purpose, the strongest and truest he had ever cherished there. He carried a written paper with him when he left the mission. 'I'll take it to my wife,' he told the minister.

It was night when he reached the town where Margaret lived, and as he approached the little house to which he had been directed, he wondered what her Thanksgiving Day had been.

It is late now and Daisy must be sleeping. He remembers, as he stands beside the door, that prayer has just gone up that 'God will bless and keep him and bring him home again.' He knocks, and the door is instantly opened. But Margaret does not see his face. He has stepped back into the shadow, and she sees only an outstretched hand holding out a paper—a letter—to her.

She takes it, wondering. 'It needs an answer,' he says in a voice she fails to recognize. Beside the lamp, within the room, she opens it. What is it she is reading? 'Trusting in God for help and strength, I solemnly promise to forever abstain from all use of intoxicating liquors.' Beneath these words, her husband's name, and below the written questions, 'Can you trust me, Margaret? Will you help me to keep it?'

Thanksgiving Days have come and gone many times since then, but peace and happiness still reign in the little house. The little paper Dan brought home is worn now, and ragged. Its place is in the family Bible—for there is a family Bible, and a family altar; and since Dan's home-coming no day has passed that he has not taken his written pledge in his hands, and, with a prayer to God for strength and help, renewed again the promise that it holds.

In this lies the secret of the victory that has been won. There have been temptation and struggle; discouragement many times; but through it all, the 'trusting in God for help and strength,' the 'simply

trusting every day' has kept the life and saved the soul, as it ever will save and help other fallen lives and other tempted souls.

(The End.)

One Day at a Time.

(Helen Hunt Jackson.)

One day at a time! That's all it can be;
No faster than that is the hardest fate;
And days have their limits, however we
Begin them too early and stretch them
too late.

One day at a time!
It's a wholesome rhyme!
A good one to live by,
A day at a time.

One day at a time! Every heart that aches,
Knowing only too well how long they can
seem;
But it's never to-day which the spirit
breaks—
It's the darkened future without a gleam.

One day at a time! When joy is at height—
Such joy as the heart can never forget—
And pulses are throbbing with wild delight,
How hard to remember that suns must set.

One day at a time! But a single day,
Whatever its load, whatever its length;
And there's a bit of precious Scripture to say
That according to each, shall be our
strength.

One day at a time! 'Tis the whole of life;
All sorrow, all joy, are assured therein;
The bound of our purpose, our noblest strife
The one only countersign sure to win!

One day at a time!
It's a wholesome rhyme!
A good one to live by,
A day at a time.

A Fair Share.

A zealous rector in Philadelphia told me that he accepted his call from the vestry of one of our most fashionable churches on the positive condition that for every dollar spent for current church expenses, they would contribute a dollar for work among the poor. And this pledge was kept, and the work done by that church has brought many blessings into the dreary homes of those who find life hard, and has made the Church seem a Bethel.—Dr. Charles Dickey.

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

ABOUT THE LETTERS.

Dear Children,—We want to ask you to be very patient about seeing your letters in print. Do you know there are about three hundred waiting for their turn! We think that perhaps it would be better to ask all readers of the 'Messenger' not to write any letters to this page for the next month, otherwise we shall never get all the waiting ones printed. We must also make it a rule to publish no more letters which merely state such dry facts as your age, the number of your family and the number of your pets. Unless a letter is fairly interesting, relating

something that makes it a little different from the other letters, we must pass it over in favor of a letter which every subscriber will enjoy reading. Letters must also be neatly written on one side only of the paper and the paper must be clean. Your friend,

EDITOR OF THE CORRESPONDENCE.

Cornwall, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We all enjoy the 'Messenger,' and I think it is our favorite paper. We have four pet rabbits; three are black and white, and one is grey; they are very cute.

HAROLD B.

Arcadie, Yarmouth County, N. S.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. This is the first time I ever wrote to you. I saw quite a long list of letters in the 'Messenger,' so I thought I would write a short one. I go to school most every day, and am in the fourth royal reader. My school teacher's name is Miss Knowles. I have a brother and a sister, whose names are Harold and Mildred. I like your paper very much. My birthday is on Nov. 3.

HERMAN L. P. (Aged 10.)

Red Lodge, Montana.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write you a letter. We have 48 hens and 28 head of cattle. My papa is a farmer. For pets I have a dog, named 'Tricks,' and a white pony. I have two brothers and a father and mother. I am eleven years-old. I like the 'Messenger'; I have taken it for about nine months.

JOHN T. H.

Ste. Onge, S. Dak.

Dear Editor,—My aunt sends us the 'Northern Messenger' every year. I enjoy reading it very much. I have three sisters and four brothers. We are going to have a Christmas tree at our school. Our teacher's name is Miss Belding; I like her very much.

L. F.

Belleville.

Dear Editor,—I have never seen a letter from Belleville, so I thought I would write one. I get the 'Northern Messenger' every Sunday at Sunday-school, and I like to read the Correspondence. I am in the second book and I am going to try for the third book on Christmas. I have no pets. I had a pair of pigeons and they went away. I am ten years old.

JAMES A. C.

Prince Albert, Sask.

Dear Editor,—I have only seen one letter from Prince Albert, and that was from my uncle, Mr. McTaggart. I have three pets, a cow, horse and a cat. I had a dog but he is killed. I have three sisters and no brothers, and I am the eldest in the family. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday, and take the 'Northern Messenger.' I have taken it for about two years.

KATE E. S. (Aged 9.)

Fitch Bay, Que.

Dear Editor,—We live in the country and on a farm. We have eight cows, four yearlings, four calves, six sheep and seven hogs. I go to school every day, and I like my teacher and his name is Vincent Davis. I have one sister, I have no brother.

G. S. B. (Aged 10.)

Aikenside, Man.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time I tried to write to you. My sister takes the 'Messenger.' I have one sister and two brothers. I am a boy ten years old. I go to school and I am in the second book. My teacher's name is Miss Cuddy. I like her very much. I go to Sunday-school. My birthday is on Oct. 4.

WILLIAM A. F.

Kingarf.

Dear Editor,—As I did not see any letters from Kingarf, I thought I would write one. My sister is helping me to write this letter. I have a little dog and a doll. I have three sisters and three brothers, the youngest is four years old. My father is a blacksmith. I go to Sunday-school and get the 'Messenger,' and like it very well. I do not live far from the Sunday-school; it is just across