

# Northern Messenger

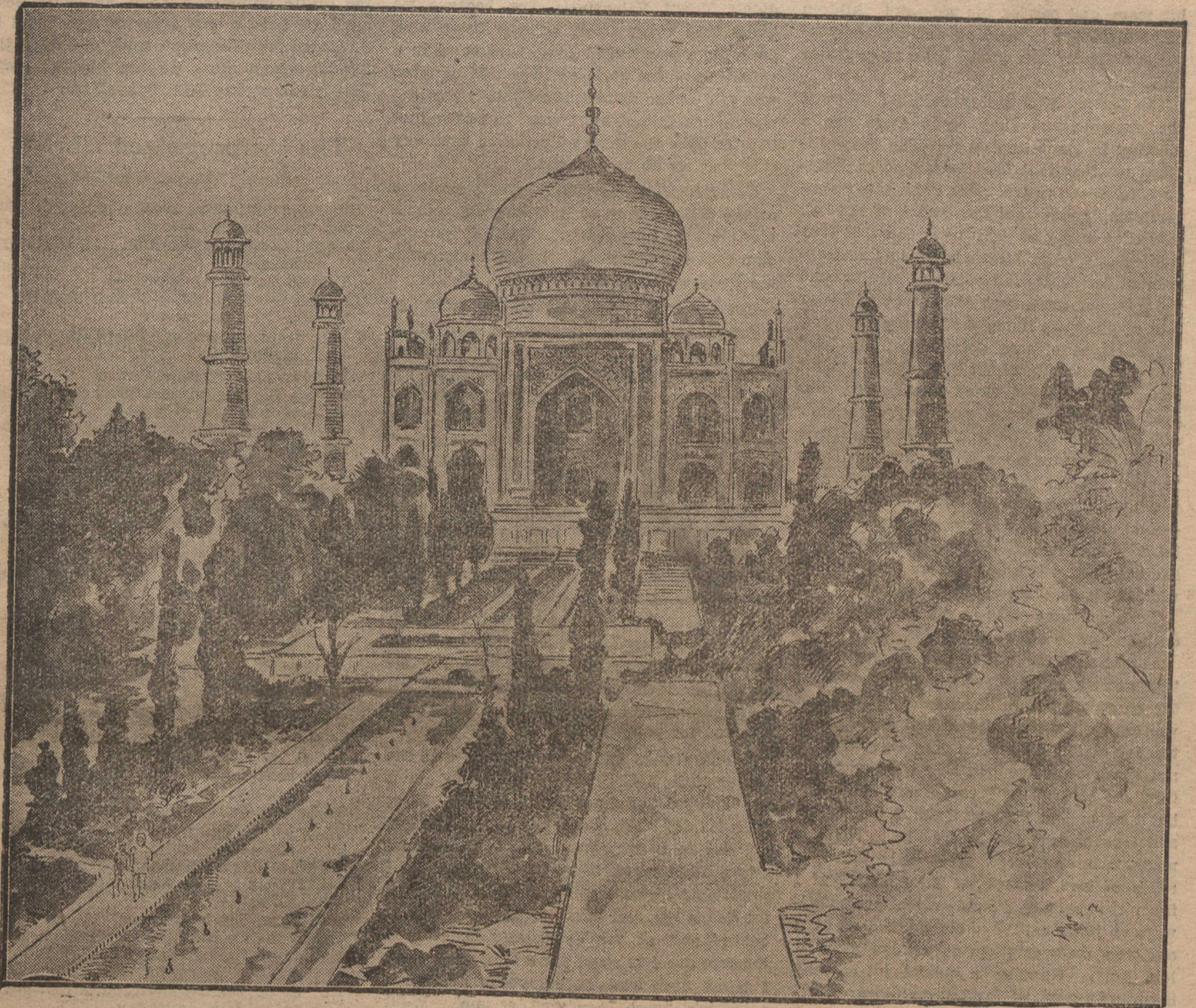
AUBERT GALLION QUE  
Mrs W M Pozer 3 cop

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This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.—John 15: 12-14.



THE TAJ MAHAL, AGRA, INDIA.

Built by the Mogul Emperor, Shah Jehan, as the mausoleum of his beloved Empress, Mumtazi Mahal. It was designed to be, and doubtless is, the most magnificent tomb ever erected.

This man spent \$15,000,000 in memory of an admired wife, for her tomb. It commands the admiration of the world.

If we loved our Lord and the humanity he represented, and should give our love and effort and ourselves, it would command the love of the world.—'Union Gospel News.'

## Valentine's Day.

(By Annie A. Preston, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

Even in this age of progress may be found here and there a neighborhood where frivolity reigns supreme, and you will find it dominated by one person or one family.

Phoenixville was of that class. At one time an enterprising manufacturing hamlet, it was devastated by fire one dread winter's night and the factory, boarding house, store and meeting house being burned, there was not much encouragement to begin anew and the owner removed his business, his employees followed him, and only a few market gardens remained. A new man came and built a large general store and tenement for his family, with a dance hall on the second

floor, and announced that now there would be something going on, and there was.

A dance hall is an unprofitable exchange for a meeting house, and it wasn't long before, in Phoenixville, dances and card parties were the only gatherings in a social way thought of. Cider and all sorts of domestic wines and beer were as plenty as brook water and valentines seemed to constitute the highest expression of art or literature.

The standards, moral, spiritual or mental, were not high when Miss Mayfield went in to teach the district school. Some one described this young woman by saying that she reminded one of a dainty bundle made up of many small and useful articles wrapped and tied as is only possible at some long established place where perfection is not only expected, but demanded.

Such a compact little parcel, indeed, was Miss Mayfield that even the children on the first day of school waited as anxiously for her words as if a National gramophone had been adjusted for their benefit, and they were anxiously waiting for what it would say or sing next.

Certainly Miss Mayfield was puzzling, charming, interesting. Her pupils found her pleasant, but it was a pleasantness they dared not encroach upon. She sang in school, she taught drawing and writing, filling every moment entertainingly, even teaching an evening school for the benefit of a class of older boys and girls who were occupied during the day.

A dancing school had been planned, but when asked if she danced, her reply was that she had never found time for dancing or card