



The Big Wheel.

See, now, the wheel of the traffic keeps grinding

Greedily, noisily whirling away;
Round the limbs of the Empire all stealthily winding
A chain, which grows longer and stronger each day.

Bustling and heedless, the crowd onward rushes,

Plucking at pleasure and snatching at gold,
And the great wheel grinds on all unchecked while it crushes

The lives that were fair and the hearts that were bold.

Mangling and maiming them one by one
The wheel of the traffic grinds on and on!

On whirls the wheel—from the rushing crowd snatching

The gifted, the richest, the fairest and best;
Up to its spikes, with a cruel laugh, catching

The singer of song, and the maker of jest.
Stretching the dimple of innocent gladness

Into a grimace, a groan or a leer;
Whirling the song into shrieking of madness,

Crushing the courage to shrinking and fear.
Snatching and catching them one by one—
The wheel of the traffic grinds on and on!

In goes the grain, which the summer sun ripened

To full luscious glory—the earth's golden wealth;

Out comes the liquor—the working-man's stipend,

Which robs him of manhood, of pleasure, of health.

In drops the grapes, with their life-giving nectar,

The beautiful fruits of the rich trailing vine;

Out flows the wine, where there moveth a spectre

Of death which lies low in its bubble and shine,

Stealing the land-jewels one by one—
The wheel of the traffic grinds on and on!

In tumbles wealth with a gleam and a glitter,
Great bags of gold that are full to the rim;

Out comes black poverty, loathsome and bitter,

Gaunt staring hunger, all naked and grim;

In creepeth genius with noble thought soiling
The heights of the mighty, the summit of fame;

Out rushes madness, with curses and wailing,
Great intellects shattered, and brain all a-flame.

Bright talents blasting one by one,
The wheel of the traffic grinds on and on!

In goes a laughing maid, sparkling with beauty,

Eyes fair with innocence, brow smooth with youth;

Out comes a hag, lost to virtue and duty,
Cursing at innocence, railing at truth,

In goes a boy, true of heart and clean-handed,
Born to inherit the treasures of right—

Out sneaks a thief, with his name thickly branded,

To walk in the shade of dishonor's black night.

Youth's blossoms withering one by one,
The wheel of the traffic grinds on and on.

In goes the mother, her gentle eyes lighted,
With love for her little ones, rosy and sweet,

Out comes the fiend, and the children, affrighted,

Shiver and shake at the sounds of her feet.
In goes the father—the sturdy breadwinner,

Whose worth and affection the long years have proved;

Out comes the murderer—earth's greatest sinner,

His hand stained with blood of the child he once loved.

Crushing God's little lambs one by one,
The wheel of the traffic grinds on and on.

In goes the patriot, warm with ambition,
The lover of country, the valiant and strong;

Out comes the schemer, all black with sedition,

The worker of evil, the spreader of wrong.
In goes the preacher, all pure and God-fearing,
Heaven's zealous servant—with faith in his breast;

Out comes the infidel, scoffing and sneering,
At faith and religion, and all that is blest.

Slaying God's holy souls one by one,
The wheel of the traffic grinds on and on.

On and still on through the march of the ages,
Dotting the land with the suicides' graves;

Tracing black stories on history's pages,
Changing the freemen to cowards and to slaves.

Ever and ever that shameful chain winding,
Till one day the nation shall turn from its play,

To find in the wheel that keeps grinding and grinding,

The glories of Empire have rotted away.
Weakening our country's powers one by one,

The wheel of the traffic grinds on and on.
—Mary Magdalen Forrester, in 'National Advocate.'

What a Little Girl Did.

The city was putting water pipes through the street in front of a modern suburban home and the little daughter of the house became very much interested in the process.

The ground was torn up, and muddy coats and grimy shirts disfigured the trim fence. The gang on duty were a hard-working, harder talking and an exceedingly thirsty lot of men.

A little girl, Hetty by name, watched them from the house with absorbing attention. It was cold autumn weather, and their voices were sharp upon the still air. One noon the child came to her mother in great distress.

'They are passing a black bottle around, and one man is talking very loud and saying wicked things.'

'Perhaps they are drinking; you had better keep away,' replied the cautious mother.

Hetty's face grew quite sad, and that night she prayed for the 'poor man who drank while laying the water-pipe.' A little before noon the next day she approached her mother very timidly.

'What do you wish, my dear?'

'Please, do you think I may make some coffee for the men, mother? I think they would like it.'

Then the thought flashed through the lady's mind: 'There are many to sell them beer and none to sell them coffee.'

'Why, there are nearly thirty of them,' she said aloud. 'I don't think I can afford to give all of them coffee.'

'Oh, mother!' exclaimed the disappointed girl.

'Well, if you are disappointed, you have enough money in your bank,' said the mother.

'You can go to the grocery store and buy coffee and sell it to the men at two cents a cup. If they want coffee at all they would rather pay for it.'

To the grocer's then the child flew. 'It ain't any use,' said the grocery man, promptly. 'The men will have their beer. They won't take coffee if you give it to them.'

'I shan't give it,' said Hetty. 'I'm going to sell it.'

And sell it she did.

At first the rough men were greatly surprised at the girl's steaming pail and her pretty, business-like manner; but soon they bought and drank, and smacked their lips.

Some of them declared that hot coffee like this was 'better than beer.'

The girl-peddler soon had all she could do. She took another girl as partner the next day, and was successful beyond her sanguine hopes.

The neighborhood was all alive with interest in the new venture; but the most surprising thing of all was that the oaths and rude language were now seldom heard upon that street.

A new gentleman seemed to have been born in the spirit of these rough men. Their foreman declared that for the time the little miss came he never had a better gang of laborers under him. He, too, had found it possible not to swear at his men.

But, too soon the men passed on up the street, and Hetty could no longer serve them; but the incident that took place in an Eastern town recalls the fact that we by thoughtfulness and attention, can find little ways of serving and benefiting others that will make both them and us happier and better. It is because of our indifference that it is not done.

Ernest Thompson Seton on Tobacco.

The anti-cigarette league committee of the Twentieth Century Club of Detroit, of which Mrs. Charlotte S. Angstman is the chairman, recently received the following letter from Ernest Thompson Seton, whose books are so popular with boys:

Dear Madame,—In response to yours of June 27, I have never smoked in my life, and I have always been strongly opposed to the use of tobacco by boys. In my camp of boy Indians, of which we have between sixty and seventy in the country, a constitutional law is 'no smoking.' I would give a great deal if I could stamp out this pernicious habit.

Wishing you success in your fight, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON.

New York, Jan. 30, 1904.

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Behind the Scenes in Russia—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Last Letters of Vassili Verestchagin—English Papers.
Corea and its Royal House—The Murder of Queen Min—Manchester 'Guardian.'
The Situation in Tibet—The 'Spectator,' London.
On Purchasing a Motor-Car—W. E. Humphry, in the 'Outlook,' London.
Relics of the Spanish Armada—The 'Scientific American.'
Teaching or Lecturing—The New York 'Evening Post.'
At Home vs. 'At Homes'—Lady Colin Campbell, in the 'Bristol Times and Mirror.'
The Royal Commission on Tuberculosis—By a Physician, in the 'Standard,' London.
New York and London Servants—The New York 'Evening Post.'
Sympathy for Mark Twain's Bereavement—The 'Daily News,' London.
A Negro Potentate—The 'Pall Mall Gazette,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

A New 'Light of the World'—Dr. Furnivall, in the 'Westminster Gazette,' London.
A Speech by Sir Henry Irving, Foreshadowing His Retirement—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Sir Henry Irving as He Now Appears—The 'Outlook,' London.
The Harmony of Discord—Vernon Blackburn, in the 'Musical Times,' London.
The Herkener Art School—The 'Speaker,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Song—Sir Charles Sedley.
Radium—Poem, by R. H. Law, in the 'Pilot,' London.
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A View of the English Character—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
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The Mind of St. Peter—The 'Spectator,' London.
Thoughts of the Wise—Count Tolstoy.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Nests and Their Effects—O. H. Latter, in the 'Pilot,' London.
The Elusive Bird Nest—The New York 'Evening Post.'
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