NORTHERN MESSENGER.

THE OLD MAN SINGING PSALMS. BY MRS. FINDLEY BRADEN.

8

Each night he sits before the fire, with silvered head bent low. And tries to sing the good old tunes he learned

so long ago. "That man hath perfect blessedness who walketh

not astray In counsel of ungodly men nor stands in sinners

> way.' Straying never From the right,

Walking over In the light

Perfect blessedness he knows, As he onward, upward goes.

So weak his voice, it does not wake the grand child on his knee: He is as the alone with God, he seems no face to

"The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want, He

makes me down to lie pastures green, he leadeth me the quiet In waters by.

He has led him 'Long the way. Amply fed him Every day.

All around him pastures green, Simply on his staff to lean.

But stronger grow the palm-tunes now, his hear is in each word :

As clear and sweet each melody, as ever mortal heard !

'I waited for the Lord my God, and patiently did bear :

At length to me he did incline, my voice and cry to hear.'

> God still hears him, Noon or night, And it cheers him Makes life bright.

Trusting, hopeful to the end, Will his prayers to Heaven ascend.

But soon his grandchild half awakes, with sudder start and sigh,

He rocks her gently in his arms, this psalm for lullaby:

I to the hills will lift mine eyes, from whence doth come mine aid :

My safety cometh from the Lord, who heaven and earth hath made." n made." 52 Dim cycs lifting

To the hills ; Earth's scenes shifting-Gone life's ills!

God has kept him in his care. Quiet comfort is his share.

Once more the child is fast asleep, lulled by each quaint old line .

To echo elcar to Slumberland, the tune and words combine.

"My heart not haughty is, O Lord, mine eyes not lofty be:

Nor do I deal in matters great, or things too high for me."

He is lowly, Good and kind. Wandering slowly,

Almost blind, He is like a little child-

Always loving, meek and mild,

But now the old man droops his head upon an honest breast,

He softly croons these last lines out, while cheel to check is prest:

"Goodness and mercy all my life shall surely follow me,

And in God's house forever more my dwelling place shall be.

Eighty-seven His mile-stone,

A home in heaven. Soon his own.

He is only waiting now

For a crown upon his brow. -N. Y. Observer.

SOLON.

Raoul and Rene are two dear little men. Raoul is nearly ten years old, and his brother seven and a half. Their father is money of our own, you know; we should a clergyman in a town, and they live in a so much like to make a present to Solon. from one rge 01150. perceive a prison, and sometimes between the bars of a small window the head of a miserable prisoner. This sight naturally affected Racul when he was yet little more which the than a baby, and as he was a pious child,

he began early to pray for the prisoners. I believe that Raoul has always been pious. His parents at his birth had conse-crated him particularly to God, and the blessing has settled on him. He has his faults, and is a real boy. But he has often been ill, and his intelligent trust in God,

Rene is more material. However, a few months ago he told his mother that now he had given himself to Christ, and proved in several instances that he perfectly understood the meaning of this act. One day that they were both of them inclined to rebellion, Rene said suddenly, "But I belong to Christ; I must obey. Let us obey, Raoul !" which was done at once. They are praying boys, and it is a pleasure to assist at their evening worship, they sing so sweetly and so heartily. I never met children of their age who knew so many hymns.

But we must return to the prisoners. Raoul has been so persevering in praying for them that some Christians in the town are sure that his petitions have greatly contributed to open the prison. Formerly it was inaccessible to every one ; now it is allowed to go in to evangelize those poor sinners, and a work of grace has begun One rich gentleman, Mr. L there. takes particular interest in it, and has besides founded an asylum for the liberated prisoners, where he provides them with a home, some work, and all the encourgement that he can. A certain Solon has given him trouble during many years. Apprehended for theft, and repeatedly imprisoned, as soon as he was let loose he began afresh. Nothing seemed to have any effect upon him. But he had always been so wretched. A father he had never known; his mother, a very bad creature, had cast him off almost as soon as he could walk. When a boy of about fourteen, someone having told him where she was, he walked many miles to find her. She said, "Yes, I remember naming one of my children Solon, and I dare say it was you. But I don't want you now." And she sent him off with violont threats. He never knew a home nor what it was to be loved. When out of prison he used to sleep in an old barrel under a bridge.

This man Mr. L ---- recommended to Raoul's prayers, and there he was remembered with compassion. How often, when it was Rene's turn to pray, have I heard his brother whisper to him, "Do not forget Solon !" This during years. At last one day the children said, "Mamma, we have praved so long for Solon, do you not think that we ought now to begin to thank? God must have heard us." Their mother having assented, they used to say, "O God, we have now prayed thee so many years for Solon. If thou hast converted him, as we believe, we thank thee very much." They did not know that he had had a fresh relapse, and was in prison ; they had never seen him.

A few weeks later their mother met Mr. walking with a most disreputablelooking man, in appearance about fifty. He stopped her, saying, "Oh, Madam _____, God has given us such a great joy ! We are so happy !" "Indeed !" said Madam ----, with a side-glance at his sinister companion, "it is Solon, perhaps?" "Yes, Solon, now a child of God, as we truly hope. Madam Raoul's prayers are answered." - lost no time in carrying the good H. news to her sons, who capered round the room for joy at the confirmation of their hopes. Often in the days that followed they repeated, "Solon is converted." Once during Divineservice Solon was heard to sob, and on being afterwards asked the motive, he answered : "Oh, sir, I am so unhappy when I think that the clothes which I wear have all been stolen. They seem to burn me. If I could once have something on of my own! I fear it may be a long time yet till I earn enough money to buy myself some clothes." That same afternoon our boys were saying to their mother : "Mamma, dear, we have some 'we ?" Yes," was the answer shall go to a shop to-morrow, and after-wards to the timber yard where he works." During spring and summer, which they always spend in the country, the boys earn a few sous in weeding, doing some commis-sions for mamma, &c. These little profits of their very own are given with great pleasure for the missions. Just now they had a few francs left. Thus, on the Mon-day they went out with mamma, and there was enough to buy a good striped shirt and

were to see him for the first time. It was a touching meeting, for the two children, as if or because Solon was an old friend, immediately kissed him, and put their little arms round his neck. Then Rene jumped round him, saying, "Oh, Solon, Solon, 1 have known you since five years." He said: "I have known thee," according to the French custom, which is to use tu with loved friends. Persons witnessing the "Oh, seven and a half; but I man ?" am so glad to see Solon !"

To describe the feelings of the latter is impossible. I suppose the common saying. He did not know whether he was standing on his head or heels, was particularly applicable to him. What is sure is, that he had never before felt dear little loving arms round his neck, nor rosy lips kiss his brawny cheek. He wept for joy.

Next Saturday the boys pleaded again "Mamma, we should so love to invite Solon." He was accordingly asked for the He was accordingly asked for the morrow, and now and then afterwards on a Sabbath. The appointed hour is halfpast two, but at half-past one Solon is already before the gate, walking discreetly up and down, until it is time to go in. The jubilation of the children was uproarious the first time they saw him enter attired in his blue handkerchief. They sat round the table, a boy on each side of the man, and opposite, in her high chair, their only sister, just three years old, merry little Rose, calling, too, "Solon, Solon !" For the first time in his life he was admitted into a happy home. Madame H. provided coffee, pudding, and buns ; then sat in the next room, from where she could hear the children's prattle and Solon's answers. Not one improper word passed his lips ; he felt, I suppose, respect for his young friends. They sang many hymns in their hearty manner, and Solon, who can read, sang also from the book ; his notes hoarse and false, anything but harmonious, but the children did not mind ; they were happy to sing with him. Rene lent him his book, "The Life of Jesus," with pictures, a valued gift from his grandmother. Truly that table with the three children and the poor old man, a brand plucked out of the fire, is a sight over which the angels look down from heaven and rejoice.

Two or three weeks ago, since the weather has become milder, the boys said on a Saturday: "If it is fine to-morrow may we not take a walk with Solon?' This was almost too much for Madame H --, yet she believed it right to consent, but she managed to walk behind at some distance, unseen by the group. She observed how people in the streets looked with surprise at the two nice little boys chattering on each side of the queer-looking man. She noticed, too, a policeman dressed as a civilian, and watching the trio feeling in duty bound so to do, as Solon was well-known to him, but not those children. Madame H ----, stopped him a moment, saying : "I am following ; there is nothing to fear." God bless Raoul's and Rone's missionary work ; and if ever through the force of habit poor miserable Solon was to fall again into sin, may the remembrance of those children's love be in the hands of the Lord the means of his rescue and his salvation !-- A. R. de V., in the Christian.

WINEKIN, UNFERMENTED WINE.

An Australian journal publishes the following detailed account, as made by Mr. E. Hulme, before the Victorian Vegetable Commission, of the preparation of grape juice to keep it in an unfermented state. The method is so simple that anyone may follow it :

Hulme manu Mr. mented wine on the Wright (London) process. The grapes are picked when they are well ripened, and the juice expressed and bottled as soon as possible afterward. The bottles are filled brimful, and placed up to their necks in vats of boiling water within ten degrees of boiling point. When the must is as hot as the water, the cork is forced into the bottle, expelling a portion of the liquid to make room for itself. This is a particular point; for if the least meaa blue handkerchief for Solon's neck, to sure of air is left between the cork and his patient endurance, his calm, firm, and which Madamo H ---- added a pair of liquor the oxygen contained in the air will

simple faith are as striking as in much worsted stockings. Then with their parcel set the saccharine matter contained in the older Christians. wine in motion, and fermentation will en-sue. When the cork is forced into the bottle the liquid is in a state of expansion from the heat. As it cools it contracts, leaving a vacancy between the cork and the liquid. But the vacancy must not be an atmospheric chamber. The cork must, of course, be thoroughly air-tight, exclud-ing the least quantity of air. If fermenta-tion does set in, it may be driven off by reheating the wine. The bottles are then scene were touched to tears, and some one laid on their sides in a cool place, and the asked Rene : "But how old are you, little organic foreign substances in the must alorganic foreign substances in the must allowed to settle so that the liquid may become clear.

The settling may occupy whatever period the manufacturer chooses. Sufficient time should, however, be given for the foreign substances in the wine to settle on the side of the bottle. But, apart from that, it can lie six months or a year without drainage. At the end of the settling period it is decanted into other bottles, the sediment, of course, being left behind. These bottles must be brimful, and are again set into vats of hot water heated up to the same degree as at first, and corked in precisely the same manner, using scaling wax to ex-clude the air. The wine is then left to cool in the ordinary way, and must be kept in a cool place.

It is now ready for use, and will keep as long as it is kept free from contact with the atmosphere. It forms a delightful beverage, entirely free from alcohol, and is valuable for invalids and children. Mr. Wright, of London, has manufactured this beverage for many years. He colors his liquid with one or two varieties of grapes, one of which grows in Austria, and another in America. He also uses berries and coloring matter. This, however, is simply to render it more tempting to the eye. It adds nothing to its nutritious qualities. Mr. Hulmespoiled the first wine he manufactured by not filling the bottles quite full, and thus imprisoning quantities of air between the corks and the liquid. This caused fermentation. But all his subsequent operations have been successful, and he can now manufacture as good unfermented wine as Mr. Wright, from whom he obtained the secret.

WITHOUT HIM YOU CAN DO NOTH-ING.

A little boy once said : "How hard it is to do right! I've tried and tried, and there's no use trying any longer.

But one day, after reading his Bible, he id : "Why, I've been trying to change said : " myself all the time, and here I read that only God can change me. I can no more change my heart than a colored man can make himself white. How foolish I have been not to ask Him !"

And he was right. Are you trying to change your own heart? You can never do it. It will get worse and worse, until you ask Jesus to give you a new heart.-Exchange.

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