

In an age when so much is being preached and written about ethical Christianity, salvation through personal righteousness alone, and following Christ only as an example, such passages as Romans vii. and viii. ought to be more often presented with force and frankness. Without Christ as a Saviour, and his indwelling Spirit, man is lost beyond hope.

Next week we have the subject of Paul's voyage and shipwreck, Acts xxvii., 33-44.

C. E. Topic

Sunday, May 31.—Topic—Missions in the island world. Isa. xliii., 10-17; lx., 8, 9.

Junior C. E. Topic

EVERY CHRISTIAN A MISSIONARY.

Monday, May 25.—Through prayer. Matt. vi., 10.

Tuesday, May 26.—Through faith. I. Chron. xx., 17.

Wednesday, May 27.—Through gifts. I. Chron. xxix., 8.

Thursday, May 28.—Through testimony. Rom. i., 16.

Friday, May 29.—Through invitations. Rev. xxii., 17.

Saturday, May 30.—Through example. Matt. v., 16.

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The following are the contents of the issue of May 9, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The 'Affaire'—Paris Correspondence of the 'Pilot,' London.
Paul P. du Chailu—The 'Evening Post,' New York.
Life's Little Ironies—The 'Speaker,' London.
The Kaiser's Speeches—The New York 'Times' Saturday Review.
The Re-creation of Chaldea—The 'Manchester Guardian.'
The British Food Supply—The 'Standard,' London.
National Physical Training—By J. B. Atkins, in the 'Manchester Guardian.'
Prayers for the Dead in St. Paul's—The 'Telegraph,' London.
Comments on Golf—By Horace Hutchinson, in the 'Westminster Budget,' London.
Shakespeare Day—The Birmingham 'Daily Post.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

'Everyman'—By Q. V., in the 'Westminster Budget.'
Everyman and Lord Quex—By P. F. W. Ryan, in the 'Week's Survey,' London.
The Triumph of Everyman—By John Corbin, in the 'New York Times.'
The Tuning of Bells—The 'Daily News,' London.
A Gruesome Story—New York 'Evening Post.'
The Della Robbins—By A. H. M., in the 'Daily News,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

In May—By John Burroughs, in the May 'Century.'
The Child in the Garden—Henry van Dyke, in 'Atlantic Monthly.'
The Countess of Winchelsea's Works—'The Nation,' New York.
The Mystery of the Sea—'The Morning Post,' London; 'Daily Mail,' London; 'Manchester Guardian,' 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
The True History of the American Revolution—'The Atheneum,' London.
The Blind Faith of the Oriental—'The Spectator,' London.
Imaginary Criticisms—The 'Academy and Literature,' London.
Sermon of the Week—By the Rev. F. B. Meyer, in the 'Daily News,' London.
Boz Memories—By Percy Fitzgerald, in 'T. P.'s Weekly.'
General Information—By E. B. O., in the 'Pilot,' London.

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A Fight Against Odds

(Kate Anderson, in the 'Union Signal.')

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTER I.

[Mr. Kilgour, a railway conductor, is killed in the wreck of his train caused by the blunder of a drunken engineer. His sons plan to keep the home together.]

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

The widow burst into tears, and Ralph threw his arm about her and continued in a forced, dry voice: 'The remainder, when invested, will yield you a little income of about \$100, with a free home and fine garden, and no rent or interest to pay. Then I can't afford to retain my clerkship at the ticket office with promotion a mere promise of the perhaps distant future. To be sure, I stand the chance to become city agent in time, but as matters are now I can't afford to wait on a salary of \$200, so I accepted an offer from Cruickshank this morning as clerk with a good deal of the manager's work in his absence, at a salary of fifty dollars a month and board if I wish it. I think the job will suit me, and I know I can give satisfaction.'

A murmur of gratification rose from the little circle, 'And I'm going to stop school at the end of the term and go to Model School, and teach for two or three years,' announced Willie.

'You needn't do that, Billy,' said Ralph kindly. 'Stay right on till you get a first, and then you can boost yourself through college by teaching or anyway you like, but I'll stand you another year or two at home here.'

Willie protested hotly, but was silenced by the unanimous vote of the family.

Allie had already been employed for some months as stenographer and clerk in Lawyer Lively's office, and was earning a nice little salary of twenty-five dollars a month.

'You bet I'll earn money, too, mamma. I'll get a job in the holidays,' spoke Claude eagerly, 'and when I'm old enough Mr. O'Hara says he's going to take me into his office and make a famous editor of me.'

All eyes turned with affectionate pride to their darling. Of course Claude would never make aught else than a great man, whatsoever calling he might choose in life.

A shadow loomed in the open doorway, and a very tall, very portly, handsome man was warmly greeted. Mr. Cruickshank was almost the richest man in Riverton. He was sole owner and proprietor of the immense hotel which rivalled in exclusiveness and magnificence some of the best houses in Detroit. Riverton was perhaps the only town of its size in the Province which could support such an enterprise. However, Riverton, being a racing centre, and adjacent to the great Republic, the hotel was extensively patronized by moneyed people on both sides the line. Mr. Cruickshank also owned miles of river and lake front, besides having other extensive business interests in Riverton. Mrs. Kilgour rose to greet him, thanking him warmly for his interest in Ralph.

'My dear Madam, the favor is on Ralph's side; I am most fortunate in securing him for my manager. There is not a lad in five thousand to whom I should offer so much responsibility. Why, any other fellow I know couldn't be trusted to keep straight a year up there. And now, my dear Mrs. Kilgour, I called to ask you to let me know if there is anything I can do for you. Don't hesitate to call on an old friend.'

Mrs. Kilgour again thanked him warmly for his kindness, protesting that he had already done too much.

'Nonsense, nonsense! Kilgour was my

oldest friend, and the finest fellow that ever stepped. Many's the unselfish turn he's done me in our boyhood days. Well, Claude, my man, I suppose you will be wanting to earn money like other boys during the holidays. We'll find something for you up at the place where you'll be under Ralph's eye, eh? And, Billy Boy, I've got your job laid out. Ralph will want some help on the big ledger at once. My books are in a sad way since that drunken fool of a Stokes has been clerking it for me.'

'Thank you, Mr. Cruickshank,' said Willie, 'but I had other plans.'

'Eh, what's that?' said Cruickshank, good-naturedly. 'Perhaps I can help you out.'

'Well, sir, I think I can get a job on the new tunnel-work during the holidays, or I am sure of work, for that matter, on the docks.'

Willie was regarded by the family with open looks of disapproval and surprise, and Mr. Cruickshank laughed boisterously.

'Pretty good, Billy, but I'll do better than that for you.' Willie thanked Mr. Cruickshank courteously and said no more.

However, to the chagrin of the family, when the time came, Willie stuck to his resolution not to accept a position of any sort in the Palace Hostelry. Moreover, he urged Claude against taking the job of elevator-boy through the summer holidays.

When pressed for a reason, Willie, who like the rest of the family, was not a professing Christian, and held no pronounced views on temperance or prohibition questions, only shrugged his shoulders impatiently, exclaiming:

'Don't bother me; I just won't, and that's all. I'm no crank, but I have taken an idea that I'm never going to have anything to do with any business which is mixed up, in any way, with liquor.'

'A person would imagine you had been called to act in the capacity of bar-boy in a third-rate tavern. What's the matter with you, Billy boy?' said Ralph, who seldom got irritated at anything, was inclined to let others mind their own business, and never argued with people or despised the principles or even the hobbies of others, though not sharing them himself.

Willie turned away with a petulant frown. He was the opposite in type to his calm natured, strong-minded, even-tempered elder brother, possessing a highly nervous, imaginative and introspective temperament, deeply sensitive and easily touched in his affections and emotions.

In truth, the boy could not explain to himself his reasons for the stand he had taken. He could only feel with his intense, poetic, passionate nature that the father he adored was slain, cruelly, irretrievably, horribly sacrificed, because of rum. Were there no buying or selling of whiskey, his goodly young father would still be alive. He held no principles on the liquor question, had formed no hatred of the traffic as a business, but had only turned away with a vague personal shuddering from the very shadow of the thing which had indirectly wrought this awful woe, as one shrinks from an object, innocent in itself, perhaps, but which has been associated with some fearful grief or memory.

(To be Continued.)

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