



The Family Circle.

IN SCHOOL DAYS.

Still sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jackknife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its walls;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting:
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled,—
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered,—
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you,
Because,"—she brown eyes lower fell,—
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing,
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her,—because they love him.

—J. G. Whittier.

"DON'T FORGET."

Written by Maudie Tate, Brookfield, Manorbhamilton, Co. Leitrim, Ireland.

CHAPTER I.

"Oh! Madge, how I envy you, going off for a whole month to the country, where you will have nothing to do but amuse yourself from morning till night," said Nannie Warren as she stood by the door of the railway carriage where her sister was seated.

"If I thought you envied me I should not enjoy my visit much," returned Madge, a tall, slight girl, with a fair, oval face, lit up by beautiful dark blue eyes—eyes that, as she spoke to her sister, gave a wistful, lingering look along the crowded platform.

"Oh! well, you know, I don't grudge you your visit," laughed Nannie. "But we shall all miss you so much. You are mother's right hand, so it goes without saying that she will miss you."

"Don't let her miss me," interrupted Madge. "Nan, dear, try and make the evenings bright and cheerful for her."

"Yes, I know," said Nan; "and I wish I had your knack of doing things; but the boys, at all events, think I shall never arrive at that. While as for the twins, they are like little lambs with you, but with me they are as wild and unmanageable as untamed monkeys."

"Try being more gentle with them, and enter more into their little world, and they will soon resume their lamb-like condition," said Madge, laughing.

"To secure that desirable state of things I must become more Madge-like," said Nannie. "And—oh, good morning, Dr. Ellis!" she added, shaking hands with a gentleman who had just come up.

"Good morning, Miss Nan!" he responded, and then turned to Madge, into whose cheeks a pink flush had mounted—"such a race as I've had," he said, after greeting her. "And I was afraid I would be too late after all."

"Are you travelling by this train?" asked Madge demurely.

"I only wish I was!" he returned, looking up into her bright sunny face.

"Dr. Ellis, are you ill?" asked Nannie suddenly. "You are as white as a ghost, and your eyes look as if they had not got half enough sleep. Were you up with a patient last night?"

The young man colored a little under Nannie's scrutinizing glance, and avoiding looking up at either of the girls, he said—

"No, Miss Nan, I was not up with a patient; but we had a meeting at the Club, and it was most unconscionably late when we broke up."

Then turning to Madge, he added, in a lower tone—

"I intended to have gone to see you last night, but the Club meeting prevented me. Will you let me go down to Brierly? If you say 'yes' I shall ask your mother's permission also."

The engine here gave a shrill whistle, and the train began to move slowly out of the station. Madge glanced shyly at her eager questioner, while a bright color dyed her cheeks.

"Say I may go, Madge," he pleaded, keeping his hand on the handle of the door and walking along the platform.

"If mother permits, you may," she said; and then the train glided swiftly away, and Dr. Ellis, returning to Nannie, escorted her home, and meeting Mrs. Warren, asked and obtained her permission to visit Madge at Brierly.

Mrs. Warren was a widow with six children. Her husband had died soon after the twins were born, leaving his family very badly provided for. Madge, as Nannie had said, was her mother's right hand. She had taken entire charge of the twins from their birth, and was, in fact, sole manager in their small household.

Her mother at length becoming uneasy at her thin, delicate appearance, insisted upon her taking a holiday. Madge, after some resistance, consented, and as she had a long-standing invitation from a cousin living in the country, she wrote apprising her of her visit.

About a year before our story opens, Dr. Ellis had purchased a practice in the Warrens' neighborhood. He was a tall, good-looking young fellow of about twenty-eight, with a frank, kindly manner that won him many friends. From the first it was evident that he and Madge were mutually attracted; and as the train bearing her to Brierly sped swiftly on its way, she thought with a smile and a blush of his intended visit, and of the "something important" he had to say to her, feeling happier than she had ever been in her life before.

But yet there was a little cloud on her bright horizon. True, it was only a tiny speck as yet, but there was a danger of its increasing; and Dr. Ellis's pale looks, and heavy, slightly bloodshot eyes, as he said "Good-bye" to her, helped to darken it.

When Madge got out at the little country station, she looked eagerly about for her cousin, Mrs. Lawrence, whom she had not seen since she was married, five years before, but, to her surprise, could not see the well-remembered face.

"You are Madge, I think!" said a soft voice behind her.

"Yes, I am Madge," she said. "Did Mrs. Lawrence send you to meet—Why!" looking more closely at her—"I do believe you are Mary!"

"Have I changed so much?" said Mrs. Lawrence, with a sad smile.

"You are more like the old Mary when you smile, and I remember your eyes, but—" and Madge stopped in some confusion.

"Let me introduce you to my little Daisy," said Mrs. Lawrence. "Daisy, this is your cousin Madge, whom I have so often spoken to you about."

"Cousin Mads," lisped Daisy, a lovely child of four, who had been peeping at Madge from behind her mother's skirts, and now, coming nearer, gazed shyly up at her with her big brown eyes.

"You darling!" said Madge, kissing the sweet little face; "I hope we shall be great friends."

"Yes; and you may play with my dolly," said Daisy, slipping her hand into her cousin's.

"I am sure cousin Madge will be delighted to avail herself of the permission," said Mrs. Lawrence, laughing. "Now, Madge, if you have seen your luggage taken

out, we will go home. You must be tired, but we have not far to walk."

The village consisted of one long, straggling street, and when they had walked about half way through it Mrs. Lawrence stopped before a small, shabby-looking house, and, as she opened the door with a latch key, observed to Madge—

"We lived in a larger house when we came to Brierly first, but we were obliged to change."

Mr. Lawrence was a solicitor, and at the time he and Mary were married had established a very good practice at Brierly. Theirs had been a love match, and for the first few months Mary's bright dreams of happiness were fully realized. Her home was a little paradise, and her husband as loving and devoted as ever a woman had. But alas, a change soon came. The demon drink by degrees took possession of Edward Lawrence, changing him, as it never fails to change those who give themselves up to it.

Poor Mary wept and expostulated in vain, and prayed, as she had never prayed before, to Him whose ears are ever open to His children's cry, that her husband might be led to give up drink.

After a little, the household expenditure had to be curtailed, and Mary economized in every possible way, but soon her once happy home became stripped of all its luxuries and comforts. Then they had to move into a smaller house, and a short time before Madge arrived the servant was dismissed.

Edward Lawrence had once been a handsome man, but now no remains of good looks could be traced in his bloated face and bleared, bloodshot eyes. Madge, of course, soon discovered the grim spectre that was wrecking poor Mary's home, although for the first few days after her arrival Edward kept perfectly sober, and endeavored in his naturally good-natured manner to make her visit an enjoyable one. He was passionately fond of his little daughter, and during these few happy days Daisy and he were almost inseparable. Mary's sad eyes brightened as she watched them, and a longing hope filled her heart for the sake of his little daughter he would, with God's help, forsake the wine cup.

But, alas! his love for drink proved stronger than his love for wife or child, and the fifth day after Madge's arrival he was brought home helplessly intoxicated. He fell headlong into the little hall as soon as the door was opened, and Madge, who came running out of the parlor on hearing the noise, felt as if she never could forget poor Mary's look of hopeless agony.

Between them they dragged the senseless man to his bedroom, where, after putting him on the bed, they left him to his drunken sleep.

When Mary had calmed a little she told Madge the whole miserable story of her husband's temptation and fall.

"A man who allows the love of drink to grow on him, and to give way to it, is the most contemptible creature in existence!" said Madge, with flashing eyes. "Mary, this life is killing you! Something must be done. Darling, you and Daisy must come home with me. Mother, and all of us, would be so glad to have you."

"What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder," said Mary softly. "I thank you from my heart, Madge, for your loving sympathy, but my place is with my husband. You know I took him for better, for worse, and I have not given up hoping yet that he will reform, for I know, Madge, that nothing is impossible with our Heavenly Father."

After a little, Mary resumed, earnestly—"Madge, dear, I pray you may be warned by my unhappy experience, and never, never marry a man who touches the wine cup."

(To be Continued.)

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Question Corner.—No. 2.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

RIVERS.

1. Beside what brook did a king of Israel burn his mother's idol?
2. By what brook were the prophets of Baal slain?
3. By what brook was a prophet told to go and hide himself?
4. What rivers did a Syrian captain mention as he asked a question of a prophet of Israel?
5. What river is connected with the captivity of Israel under Pul and Tiglath Pileser?
6. By what river had the prophet Ezekiel several visions?
7. What river occupies the most prominent place in Bible history.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS NO. 1.

1. Dan. 10: 4.
2. Jer. 13: 4.
3. Gen. 15: 18.
4. Gen. 32: 22, 24.
5. Num. 22: 36.
6. Deut. 2: 18, 14.
7. 1 Sam. 3: 10.

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