

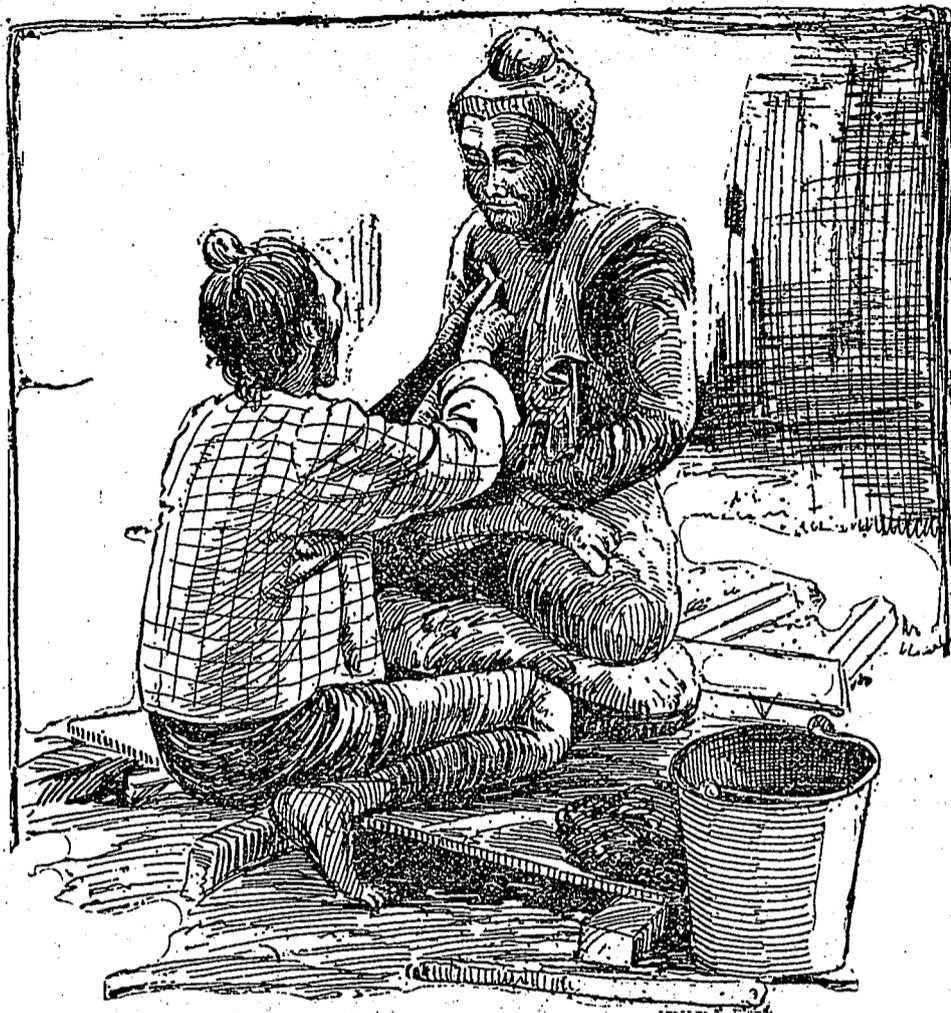
# Northern Messenger

HUBERT GALLION  
QUE  
KTS W. M. POZET  
3 COP

VOLUME XXXV., No. 3.

MONTREAL, JANUARY 19, 1900.

30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.



THIS IS A HEATHEN MAN'S IDOL—WHAT DOES YOUR IDOL LOOK LIKE?

'Who hath formed a god, or molten a graven image that is profitable for nothing. \* \* \* He maketh a god and worshipeth it; he maketh it a graven image, and falleth down thereto \* \* \* and worshipeth it, and prayeth unto it, and saith, Deliver me; for thou art my god. He feedeth on ashes; a deceived heart hath turned him aside that he cannot deliver his soul,

nor say, is there not a lie in my right hand? Remember these, O Jacob and Israel; for thou art my servant. \* \* \* I have blotted out as a thick cloud, thy transgression, and as a cloud, thy sins: return unto me: for I have redeemed thee.'—Isaiah lxiv., selections from verses 10, 15, 17, 20, 21, and 22. Little children, keep yourselves—from idols.—I John, v., 21.—'Union Gospel News.'

## The Turning Point.

A thick carpet had lately been put down in the dining-room at the squire's residence, which was found to prevent the door from opening and shutting easily, so Wedge, the village carpenter was sent for to ease it.

At six o'clock, while he was at work, carriage wheels were distinctly heard, and the squire's lady with her children came down into the hall ready to welcome home Mr. Cary, who had been that day to town.

Wedge, who was working inside the dining-room, listened with astonishment to the shout the children gave when their father stepped out of the carriage. He saw, also, that the two eldest had caught hold of his hands, while the younger ones were clinging like barnacles to his coat-tails; all dragging him along as if, once having got him into their net, they meant, spider-like, to bind him hand and foot and devour him, as that interesting insect would a great blue-bottle, at their leisure.

That the squire's return should cause such delight was a puzzler for our worthy friend; for had he not with his own eyes seen this gentleman go off at half-past nine in the morning, no one could have persuaded him otherwise than that he must have been away a month, to put it at the lowest figure.

He saw, moreover that the squire was holding tightly in his hand a little parcel, which, shaking off the children by a number of little dodges of which loving fathers only know the secret, he quickly untied, for all the world as if he were a boy of five years old (and not a great man of fourteen stone weight), who could not wait a moment for anything.

In a shorter time than we take to write it he had pulled out the contents, and gave them to his wife with three distinct kisses.

Wedge could swear there were three, for he counted them, and wondered how many more there was to come.

This was evidently a very beautiful pre-

sent, for the children, as well as Mrs. Cary, expressed their admiration in the liveliest manner, and all seemed, if that were possible, more pleased and happy than before.

Soon the merry party went upstairs, the echo of their voices died away, and Wedge was left to finish his work on the door, while his heart and conscience began their work on him.

He, too, had a home and wife and children; he, too, had been away all day; but the thought struck him uncomfortably that his welcome home, if indeed he got one at all, would seem poor and cold after that he had just witnessed.

This reflection was not so sweet as to make his work go smoothly; his saw seemed as blunt as a double-plated sixpenny knife, and the wood of the chair, whose legs he was cutting down, as hard as bog oak.

In fact, he was feeling jealous of the squire, and discontented with his own wife and children. Why were they not eager to rush out and welcome him, after the fashion of the squire's family? He frowned as he thought how badly he was used, and his saw grated away as though very dull.

But conscience had a word to say to him, and said it loud enough, too, for him to hear, although he was making noise enough to prevent anyone from trying to gain attention.

It told him the fault was chiefly in himself, for, if his wife and children were not like the squire's, neither was his likeness to that worthy gentleman particularly striking.

He couldn't blame his wife for not making enough of his presents, for he well knew he never gave her any; nor did he greet her with those kind words which would not have failed to draw the same from her.

Wedge was a good husband, without being a kind one, spending his money for the most part on his family in a hard, business-like kind of way, but showing no affection toward his children, who consequently did not love him.

As Wedge walked home, his tools on his back, he came across an old friend, carrying carefully a dainty bunch of snowdrops in his big, rough hand.

'Here, Will,' he said, walking along by the carpenter's side, 'I've just given a trifle for these flowers—pretty bits of things, ain't they?—for my wife makes so much of any little present I take her home; she never minds what I bring her, so long as I give it to her myself, for to be sure I always tack on a little something in the way of a few kind words, which makes the thing seem valuable in her eyes. I don't know how I should get on sometimes, if it weren't for having flowers pretty handy; you can get them for little or nothing at any time, and yet they are more beautiful than anything we can make. Perhaps that is what God gave flowers for—in part, at least—that the poor man may have within his reach the means of showing kindness and giving presents, which, without them, he might seldom or never be able to give at all.'

Wedge's road now lay in a different direction from his friend's, so they parted company, Joe Sparks putting a couple of snowdrops into Will's hand, supposing he